

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 862.

SATURDAY JULY 3, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT.

THIRD ARTICLE.

ST GILES' CATHEDRAL church, Edinburgh, of which we have now to speak, has, like many similar buildings, had its days of tribulation, but is at length in the course of being set to rights. Its history can be satisfactorily traced to the early part of the twelfth century, when it superseded a much older but less imposing structure. Occupying a prominent central position in the old city, its lofty and beautiful spire is seen from a great distance. No existing ecclesiastical edifice in Scotland has passed through so many vicissitudes, or has been so cruelly maltreated, and yet has so tenaciously survived as an interesting memorial of the past. Identified with many stirring events in Scottish history, St. Giles' may claim a national character, while it invites examination as a relic of art from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. We shall try to tell its story.

The date of St. Giles' Church is about 1120, in the reign of Alexander I., king of Scots. At this period the Norman style of Gothic architecture was in vogue, and in that strong sturdy style of art it was erected in the usual form, with choir, nave, and transepts; the spire or tower being supported on arches, and octagonal pillars at a central point between the choir and the nave; the whole producing a singularly solemnising effect. Endowed by royal and local munificence, the church was ministered to by a Vicar, probably deputed from a distant Priory, with his assistants. In a preceding article we attempted to shew how the higher class of ecclesiastical edifices in Scotland lying south of the Firth of Forth suffered by ruthless warlike invasions from England. Suddenly, with a vengeful sweep, abbeys and churches were laid in ruin. We are perhaps not to impute these attacks to unprovoked hostility. For centuries, with little intermission, there were wars between English and Scotch, in which it would now be difficult to say which of the two contending nations was in the right. Anyway, there

were vast devastations, extending from the Tyne to the Forth, which might be called the international battle-ground, where there was no absolute certainty at any time of settled peace and comfort.

St. Giles' came in for a share of these unhappy disasters. Richard II., in retaliation for alleged wrongs, invaded Scotland in 1385. He laid waste the country, took possession of Edinburgh, and after an occupation of five days, committed the city to the flames. St. Giles' perished in the conflagration. All that remained of the building were the entrance porch, a part of the choir and nave, with the heavier portions that formed the base of the spire. One wonders how so very substantial a structure should have been so effectually laid in ruin by burning; but the fact is beyond dispute, for on the occasion of late repairs, the marks of the disastrous fire were still visible.

Rallying after this grievous calamity, the town was rebuilt, and the civic authorities made a strenuous effort to reconstruct St. Giles'. They entered into a contract for the building of 'five chapels' in St. Giles', with pillars and vaulted roofs, covered with stone, and lighted with windows. The contract was dated 29th November 1387, in the reign of Robert II., and we may assume that the reparation was completed early in the fifteenth century. The part so executed was on the south of the nave. The style of art was lighter and more ornamental than that which had been destroyed. Afterwards, some aisles were added through the munificence of pious individuals. The most remarkable of these additions was the Albany Aisle, which occupies the north-west corner of the nave.

In the centre of this beautiful aisle stands a light and graceful pillar, which sustains a groined roof all around. The aisle takes its name from Robert, Duke of Albany, the second son of King Robert II., who, having been intrusted with the custody of his nephew, David, Duke of Rothesay, cruelly starved him to death in a dungeon in the castle of Falkland, 1402. Though escaping punishment for this atrocious act, Albany and his prime

associate, Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, seem to have been haunted with a consciousness of guilt. According to the practice of the period, they are said to have built the Albany Aisle in St Giles' as a chapel expiatory of their crime. The capital of the pillar in the centre of the aisle bears two shields. One of these bears the Albany arms, in which the Scottish lion is quartered with the fess chequé of the Stuarts. The other shield has the heart and other armorial bearings of the Earl of Douglas.

Our historical sketch now brings us to the middle of the fifteenth century, when the renovated edifice received an extension of the choir or chancel eastwards in its present form. The new part embraces four pillars with arches in the ornate fifteenth-century style, with royal shields corresponding to that period. We place the date of this newer part of the building at 1460. About the same time, the community of Edinburgh, in grateful acknowledgment of the services of William Preston of Gorton, built an aisle with vaulted roof on the south, divided from the choir only by a row of pillars. Shortly afterwards, the ecclesiastical organisation of St Giles' underwent an important change. In 1466, a charter of James III. converted the parish church of St Giles' into a collegiate foundation, with a chapter to consist of a Provost and other officials. One of the early Provosts of the new organisation was Gawin Douglas, third son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, and who with poetical tastes did good service to Scottish literature, which was still in its infancy. His longest poem was the 'Palace of Honour,' an apologue addressed to James IV. The most remarkable of his productions was a translation of Virgil's 'Æneid' into Scottish verse, being the first version of a Latin classic into any British tongue. Gawin Douglas was promoted to be Bishop of Dunkeld, and died in 1522.

From his literary attainments, as well as from his social position while Provost of St Giles', we are to imagine Gawin Douglas as a favourite guest at Holyrood, where James IV. held court with his queen, Margaret, both of whom were encouragers of learning and the useful arts. The art of printing had been introduced by Caxton into England about 1477; but it was unknown in Scotland until it was introduced by Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, under the auspices of James IV. and his queen, in 1507. The types, apparatus, and workmen appear to have been brought from France. Chepman was the moneyed man in the concern, and from all we can learn, he was a person of extraordinary energy. The first work attempted was a collection of ancient ballads, forming a thin quarto volume in black-letter, which appeared in 1508. A fac-simile was reprinted in 1827, under the editorship of Dr Laing; but copies of it are exceedingly scarce. Myllar finally gave up the printing profession, which continued to be carried on with success by Chepman, who became a wealthy and respected citizen.

The wealth, piety, and munificence of Walter Chepman, the Scottish Caxton, were manifested in various endowments connected with St Giles'. On the 21st August 1513, he founded a chapel, or aisle, in honour of his royal patron and kind friend, James IV., the Queen Margaret, and their offspring. In less than a month, James perished at Flodden, 9th of September 1513. This unfortunate event did not stop the completion of the aisle. It projected southwards from the Preston Aisle, one of the windows of which was appropriated to form the entrance, and was immediately east of the south transept, of which exteriorly it seemed an enlargement. This handsome aisle became a family chapel and place of burial. Walter Chepman died in 1532. A brass tablet has lately been set up to his memory in the aisle he founded.

In 1558, at the dawn of the Reformation in Scotland, a tumult occurred, in which the ecclesiastical organisation came to an end, and the interior of the church was disfurnished. It was a clean sweep. Excepting, perhaps, a pulpit or a reading-desk, and a few benches, nothing was left in the old edifice. At the settlement of affairs in 1560, St Giles' resumed its original character of a parish church, with John Knox as pastor, and here he sometimes preached to three thousand people, his voice resounding through the far withdrawing aisles. Knox occupied a conspicuous position when acting as chaplain at the funeral of the 'Good Regent,' James Stuart, Earl of Murray, who was assassinated at Linlithgow, 23d January 1569-70.

Now ensues a remarkable incident in connection with St Giles'. The death of Murray led to a keen contest as to who should be Regent. The choice fell on the Earl of Lennox, paternal grandfather of the young king, James VI. This gave offence to Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange, who had hitherto belonged to the king's party, and as such was Governor of Edinburgh Castle. He now changed sides, went over to the party of the exiled Mary Queen of Scots, and commenced a fierce civil war, in which he fortified Edinburgh, and on the 28th March 1571, placed a military force on the roof and steeple of St Giles' Church, to keep the citizens in awe. The craftsmen of the city, however, were not easily daunted. They broke into the church, and to bring matters to a crisis, proposed to pull down the pillars which sustained the roof. Alarmed for their safety, Kirkcaldy's men, on the 4th June, began to make holes in the vaulted ceiling, from which they fired down with muskets on the crowd of assailants. Calderwood, the church historian, says they 'made the vaute like a riddle to shoot through,' which gives us an impressive idea of this warlike strife inside a church. Kirkcaldy withdrew his forces in July 1572. Under the merciless Regency of Morton, he was hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, 3d August 1573.

The roof of the church being duly repaired after the late hostile visitation, things went on in their usual quiet way. But St Giles' was destined to suffer infinitely more damage than anything that had been done to it by the operations of Kirkcaldy of Grange—damage that has taken three centuries to remedy, and is not remedied yet. Previous to the death of Knox, the magistrates and council began to section the church of St Giles' into

separate divisions. This proceeding was commenced within twelve years after the Reformation; and ultimately, by means of built partitions, there were four places of public worship, besides accommodation for other purposes, under one roof. To aggravate the violation of all taste, the different churches were fitted up with galleries and staircases, while the practice continued of interring deceased citizens in the building.

Consequent on the introduction of Laud's Service-book into Scotland by Charles I., an overturn ensued in the ecclesiastical character of St Giles'. Edinburgh was erected into a bishopric 23d September 1633; and an order was given to the magistrates and council to convert the edifice into a cathedral church. The tumult that took place on the attempt to introduce the Service-book—Sunday, 23d July 1637—along with subsequent events, restored the church for the Presbyterian form of worship. St Giles' ceased to have the status of a cathedral; but this was resumed on the establishment of Episcopacy in 1662, and it remained so until the Revolution of 1688. The building, however, is still popularly designated St Giles' Cathedral Church. In point of dimensions, it equals that of the medium-sized English cathedrals, being a hundred and ninety-six feet in length within the walls, by a hundred and thirty feet wide at the transepts.

Possessing the possibilities of grandeur, and interesting as an historical monument, what will strike every one with surprise is, that throughout the eighteenth and the early years of the present century, there should have been such a general acquiescence in the hideous internal condition of St Giles'. Accomplished men of letters, now reckoned as national luminaries, did not imagine there was anything unseemly in the condition of this ancient edifice. Within our recollection, in 1817, there were still four churches, and the city Police Office in St Giles'. Twelve years later, a plan was matured by W. Burn, an architect, for partially remodelling the building at a cost of about £20,000, towards which sum the government contributed £12,600; the remainder being paid by the corporation. Burn commenced operations in 1829, and the work was finished in 1833. At this period, there was no proper awakening among architects or the public to the necessity of preserving the Gothic character impressed on the ancient ecclesiastical buildings. The chief idea was to make things pretty. Burn made dreadful havoc with St Giles', and nobody found fault with him. As has been observed by Lord Cockburn in his 'Memorials,' the building 'might have been painted scarlet, without anybody objecting.'

Mr Burn changed the entire aspect of St Giles', the spire alone excepted. He removed two of the five aisles founded in 1387, and made changes on the west end of the nave. Picturesque roofs and pinnacles disappeared. The whole fabric was cased in a bald style of art. Whether these alterations were executed under special orders from the public authorities, has never been explained. The best thing done was the expulsion of the Police Office. At this time, the number of churches accommodated in the building was reduced to three, and by a subsequent statute, the number that remained was only two—namely, one in the choir, and another in the nave, with a strip of

vacant aisles in the south. In the course of the later alterations, the custody and administration of St Giles' passed by statute from the civic corporation to a body of local Ecclesiastical Commissioners; the heritable proprietary rights of the Magistrates and Council being rendered of no substantial avail.

When the present writer, or to speak more personally, when I had the honour of being Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1865-69, I had often occasion to attend public worship officially in the choir or High Church of St Giles'; and so offensive was the cram of old-fashioned pews and galleries, and such the mustiness of the atmosphere, that I conceived the idea of clearing out the whole building, and of bringing it back, as far as practicable, to its original condition. I was not able to commence the scheme of Restoration until 1871, when, with the concurrence of the civic and ecclesiastical authorities, a Committee, of which I was chairman, was appointed for the purpose, and began operations. The design was to restore the edifice, bit by bit; no second part to be begun till the first was finished; and trusting that the requisite funds might be obtained by public subscription. The part earliest executed was the choir, which was thoroughly cleared out. Every pew and gallery was removed; the walls and pillars were repaired; and from the floor there were dug up and taken away cart-loads of mortal remains. Finally, the interior was fitted up with open oak benches for the congregation, an elevated ornamental pew for royalty, pews for the judges and magistrates, and a pulpit of Caen stone, richly carved, for the officiating minister. Altogether, including the cost of heating by hot-water pipes, the expense amounted to four thousand four hundred and ninety pounds. The subscriptions actually realised fell short of that sum to the extent of six hundred and fifty pounds, which deficiency was made good by several members of the Committee, myself included. The newly restored church was opened for public worship, 9th March 1873, and was much admired. Under the incumbency of the Rev. Dr J. Cameron Lees, the church in its improved form has become one of the most attractive in Edinburgh. All the windows in the choir, nine in number, are now filled with stained glass, representing scenes in Biblical history, executed as memorials of deceased relatives by private individuals. Others are in preparation.

The second step in the process of Restoration was the clearing of a series of aisles along the southern side of the building, which had formerly been a separate church, and now lay in a very uncouth condition. A similar consent being obtained for the restoration of this part of the edifice, I went to work upon it at the beginning of 1879. The estimated outlay was fifteen hundred pounds, which, looking to past shortcomings, I resolved should not be left to the hazards of a subscription list, but be undertaken by myself. Operations on these aisles extended over eighteen months. With the professional assistance of Mr W. Hay, architect, the restorations have been most effective. Lath and plaster partitions between the pillars which divided the Preston Aisle from the choir have been removed, and the pillars which were grievously shattered have been repaired. The roof of the aisle, reckoned to be the gem of St

Giles', has been cleared of plaster and whitewash, and now exhibits a remarkably fine specimen of groined vaulting in stone, with ornamental bosses. The other side aisles have been laid with encaustic tiles, and the remainder properly paved. At the western extremity, Mr Burn had left a huge ungainly doorway, like that for a coach-house. This has been superseded by a lesser doorway of antique character, surmounted by ornamental carved work in stone representing the Royal shield environed by the national thistle, with the legend 'Robertus II. Rex Scotorum,' and the date of foundation 1387. The doorway is specially designed as an entrance for the judges of the Court of Session, but it is also available as a door of exit.

In the course of general operations, it became necessary to examine some vaults which were reputed to contain the remains of the Marquis of Montrose and several other distinguished individuals. The search was disappointing. The remains sought for had vanished. During the alterations in 1830, and I have no doubt without Mr Burn's knowledge, some leaden coffins had been emptied into heaps of rubbish, and the lead carried off and sold to plumbers. Such was the explanation offered by an aged individual acquainted with the circumstances. The tomb of the Good Regent, James Stuart, Earl of Murray, had been spared this desecration. There we found three leaden coffins in a partially decayed condition, with their contents undisturbed. One of these coffins was that of Alexander Stewart, fourth Earl of Galloway, who died 1690. The coffin of the Regent had disappeared; but there was a mass of bones in the tomb, with a skull of excellent development, which it was conjectured had been his. As a concluding measure in the work of Restoration, the tombs have been carefully indicated by marble slabs with names and dates in the pavement. The monument to the Earl of Murray, which had been removed as insecure, has been re-erected in the Moray Aisle, immediately adjoining the tomb. By the munificence of the present Earl of Moray, the window of the aisle is to be of stained glass; the upper lights representing the assassination of the Regent, and the lower lights representing the memorable funeral service over his remains by Knox.

The cost of restoring the southern aisles has considerably exceeded the estimate—it is unnecessary to say how much. All that is now required for the complete Restoration of St Giles' is the clearing out of the nave; but here an unpleasant interruption has taken place. The nave is occupied as a parish church, known as West St Giles', and nothing can be done till a new church is found for the congregation. In April 1879, I made the offer to restore this portion of the building at my own expense, provided such offer was accepted on or before the 15th May 1880, and the keys delivered up by Whitsunday 1881. The proposal was seemingly appreciated. An Act of Parliament was procured to authorise the removal of the congregation on the payment or guarantee of paying the sum of ten thousand five hundred pounds. Following up this measure, an effort was made to raise the requisite sum by subscription; but it signally failed. Only about half the sum was subscribed, and the offer accordingly lapsed.

Here the narrative must suddenly break off. At the time this is written, nothing has been definitely settled as to when the nave shall be rendered up, so as to permit of an entire restoration of the edifice by myself or others. In a future number of the *Journal*, an account of final proceedings may be given. So much remains to be done, that were the work to be commenced immediately, it could not be completed in less than two years. W. C.

June 5, 1880.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXV.—HISTORY.

The cruel road seems lovable, though the feet bleed and are weary.

THERE are many places in London where the struggle of poverty for its daily bread is visible to the eye of the most careless wayfarer. But there are not many places where the simile of a fight for life is so palpably true as it is at the gates of some of the London Docks, twice a day. At almost any of the docks you may see this strange conflict at early morning, or at the close of the time set apart for the mid-day meal. Round the closed gates are gathered some scores of men in rough working-dress, who lounge about with their hands in their pockets, kicking the pebbles on the highway in a listless fashion; or leaning in listless fashion against the gate or the walls; or standing listlessly, with humped shoulders, on the kerbstone, spitting at a mark on the road. They are for the most part sturdy fellows, with a general aspect of uneasy massiveness; an aspect strengthened by the cut and weight of their loose clothing. Suddenly the incurious traveller who observes these things is startled by a yell in which many voices mingle, and the lounging crowd is thrown into a state of mad activity. Everybody converges to one point, and there is a fight to get there. At that point a human head and shoulders appear above the high dock-wall, and a hand showers down a little snow-storm of limp tickets. The snow-storm lasts for a second or two only, and every man in the crowd fights for a flake of it, for dear life. Like other flakes, it will melt in his hand, though somewhat more slowly than the common, since it will at least last until meat and drink are found. The scrambling fight goes on until the last ticket is rescued from the dust or mud; and never did men put their muscles to the task more strongly, though it were round the last banner of an army on the battle-field, and hand to hand with an overwhelming enemy. When the last ticket is secured, the winners in the fight range themselves outside the dock-gates; the losers subsiding suddenly from their heat of passion, lounge again as listlessly as ever; and the two who have torn a ticket between them toss up for it, or bargain for it, or fight for it, as chance or their nature may determine. The small gate within the large one being opened, the winners go in, and are allowed to work; and the losers hang about outside on the chance of being wanted in the course of the morning or afternoon. And by

this conflict, twice renewed daily, men earn the right to earn their bread in the capital city of the world's most prosperous empire.

Two days' rest had restored Frank to something of his old strength, and had left him penniless. For a shilling and a halfpenny husbanded never so carefully, will not find food for any great length of time in London. On the morning of the third day he arose, and wandered into the street before the faintest light of dawn had touched the sky. With returning strength came appetite; and before he had gone far he pulled from his coat-pocket the heel of a loaf saved from last night's meal, and munched it as he went. His mind had not lost the power to grasp, but he had lost the will; and all mental outlines were dim and clouded to him. Hardship in itself is not so pitiable a thing. It is the feeling in a man's mind that he suffers hardship, which crushes and kills. The young athletes of the Thames every year challenge discomfort with joyful hearts, and flourish in it, and go back to the routine of business or professional strife, made strong by it. But if they faced the same discomforts—light as they are, when compared to those of poverty—with a spirit already broken by the insupportable burden of fruitless hope, the very things that bring health might carry death with them. As for Frank, he had borne the chief agony of his remorse, and a dull rest which had no sense of rest in it had taken the place of pain. It was rather that the passion of his grief had wept itself to sleep, than that Peace had as yet even touched him with one feather of her healing wings. But if he had not the jocundity of spirit which makes hardship pleasurable, he had at least a careless contempt for it, which made it a thing of no moment to him. He was in the wilderness, with no land of promise in sight, even for the soul's eyes; but he had no longings after the flesh-pots of lost Egypt. He scarcely went back to his old life, in thought, at this time; and whatever change went on within him, whatever process of gathering strength, whatever growth in duty, was unconscious. Creeds shift and change, and the light fades here and flashes there in broken gleams on nebulous faiths and hopes which are not steadfast. But in their midst stands one rock solid and fast-rooted, and he who sets his foot thereon is blest, even though he be not happy. The name of that rock is Duty, and who walks the harsh and difficult way which lies along it, gathers no clogging load from quagmire, dies no soul's death by the miasma of that murky world which swelters down below it. We slip, we fall, we bemoir ourselves, we choke in the deadly fog; but to the sincere soul the hand of guidance comes, and the weak feet find a standing-place again, and the cruel road seems lovable, though the feet bleed and are weary.

It was but a dim sense of Duty which left death by starvation in its budget of obvious chances, yet threw suicide out of it. Yet it was something; and the light broadened above the head and about the feet of this forlornest soul, and lo! the firm eternal rock was there beneath him and the way was clear.

Frank walked, vacuous and unobservant, as the day grew. The twilight was chill and faint, and the wind swept in shivering gusts along the line of street-lamps, and the little pools of water in the road. He had travelled altogether out of his

knowledge of London, taking no note of the unaccustomed streets. There were few signs of life in them, and the steps of here and there a solitary workman sounded with a strange and melancholy distinctness. But at length the road he took brought him to a high brick wall, into the colour of which the smoke of myriads of chimneys had entered—a desolate bleak black wall which stretched as far as he could see along the lonely road. Rounding the corner of this wall at length, he saw before him a small mob of men, who lounged with lazy shoulders at the roadside, or propped themselves against the wall, or talked in uninterested knots with each other. Whilst he noticed them in that vague way which had now become habitual with him, he was startled into interest by a simultaneous shout from half the unoccupied assembly; and almost before he had time to ask himself what this might mean, the men before him were tied in one great knot of struggling legs and arms. He walked on faster than before, and reached the place just as the crowd dissolved of its own accord and melted back to its own elements. Though he did not yet know the reason of the struggle, he could single out at a glance those who had won and those who had not won. The former were full of alacrity, and moved with a definite step, like men who had got what they wanted and knew what to do with it. The others fell back into the old lounge, or moved irresolutely from side to side of the road, and were evidently undecided as to whether they should go or stay. Whilst Frank stood still to see what would come of it all, a heavy hand came down upon his shoulder, and a hoarse voice with a genial chuckle in it cried: 'Hillo! shipmet. Want a day's turn at work? Eh?'

Frank nodded.

'You look as if you did,' said the man with the hoarse voice. He was a red-faced, bright-eyed fellow, past middle age, and had a grizzled beard of a fortnight's growth. He stood something over six feet high, and his shoulders were broad and square. He had on a sou'-wester, and big sea-boots very much the worse for wear; and his great arms and chest shewed their swelling muscles through a tight-fitting gray jersey. 'I've picked up two tickets,' he said, 'and you're welcome to one of 'em.' Two or three of the unsuccessful loungers stood staring hungrily at Frank's new acquaintance; but when they saw him hand over the little ticket, they drew back with disappointed looks, and joined the scattered throng in the road.

Frank had no notion as to the nature of the work or the character of the pay; but he ranged himself beside the man who had befriended him, and when the little gate opened, followed his companion through it. They were employed in ordinary dock-labour, and were kept at it until noon, when they were paid and dismissed. Frank had no fear of labour; but he was unused to it, and was not altogether grieved when he failed to secure a ticket in the afternoon's scramble. The pay was poor, but it was better than nothing; and Frank was on the ground early next morning. As Fortune had it, the shower fell about him as he stood a little apart from the rest, and he secured two tickets. Looking round, he saw that the man who had helped him the day before was going away; and bethinking him of that good turn, ran after the burly figure.

'One good turn deserves another,' said Frank. 'I have two tickets.'

'You're the right sort,' said the Dockman with an oath, to make the statement more emphatic. 'Half these dogs ud kick your heart out as lief as look at you, even if you saved 'em from starving a day before.'

All that morning he worked alongside Frank and lightened labour for him; but by mid-day the unaccustomed muscles were tired and stiff again, and Frank was glad to betake him to Bolter's Rents before nightfall. He walked on calmly enough until he reached the boundaries of his old haunts, and there his heart began to beat with the fear of recognition. He bent his head and slouched along, determined to give as little chance to any scrutiny as possible; and as he walked, he thought how necessary it would be to get lodgings out of the way of his friends, if he meant to live in London. I do not know if I have yet made this clear, that Frank Fairholt's sole dread was that a further sorrow might fall on those whom he had so much wronged already. If it had been possible to surrender himself to justice and to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds without their knowledge, he would even have rejoiced so to quiet his conscience. Therefore he dreaded detection, not for his sake, but for theirs. It is not easy to see how any wretchedness could have added one pang to his sorrows. Walking along, bent on nothing so much as escaping without notice, and feeling that now and again the eyes of passers-by were upon him, and knowing what a blot on the spring sunlight he must look as he crept through the streets, he heard his own name mentioned by a familiar voice. Those genial young people the Messrs Brooks and Bonder were at his elbow, and were talking of him. His heart almost stood still; but he bent his head yet lower, and they passed him by unnoticed.

'Poor Fairholt!' one said. 'What has become of him, I wonder?'

'I think he went to the bad about Tasker's business, and bolted somewhere,' said the other.

'Hastings has been spending money like water, trying to find him.'

With that they went on out of hearing, and a new dread arose in the listener's mind. It gave him an impulse, and he began to make an effort to see and understand. He reached his lodgings, and sat down alone, to think. What were the chances of detection, and what would come of it? It was clear that Frank Fairholt and the crime of Spaniard's Lane were not associated, or Hastings would not be hunting for him, and Brooks and Bonder would have had some inkling of it. If it were true that his friends were seeking him—and that he could not doubt—they were striving to restore him to his old place in the world. From the lifelong hypocrisy and horror involved in such a restoration, he shrank back appalled; and rising from his seat, he paced to and fro along the crazy floor, turning over in his mind the chances of escape. Here in London, he thought—I am safer than I could be elsewhere. Who could look for him, he thought, contrasting what he was with what he had been, in such a den as this? What better hope of escape could he find from that inexorable love, which was harder to bear than any severity of punishment, with which he now felt sure some of his old friends would pursue

him? Remembering how Maud's uncle loved her, it came into his mind that Hastings had received from him the money he was said to be so lavishly spending, and he trembled as he thought how far Maud's love might follow him. The image of her tenderness, the thought of the heart-breaking sorrow and anxiety he knew she bore, the place he dwelt in, the clothes he wore, the life he lived, the black secret that lay hidden in his own soul, love, remorse, self-loathing, the hideous prospect of his life—all these were in his mind, and tore him with unutterable anguish. How sweet seemed the quiet of the grave! How the chill voice the river's waters uttered as they lapped against their oozy banks called to him! No, no, no! Not that! He cast out his hands in resolute refusal of that drear enticement, as the voiceless words shaped themselves within him. Then a thought came to strengthen his resolve. 'If I were hunting,' he said within himself, 'for any one I cared for, who had vanished out of life as I have, I should look out for suicides. What if that dread is in their minds, and they should find their search rewarded *there!*' And the Water-Siren beckoned no more.

He kept his place till dark, and then stole out for food. In the darkness before dawn he set out for the scene of his chance labours; and failing, hung about till noon; and failing again, lounged there still until night came on, and under the shelter of its gloom stole home again. It was a hard life; but it held body and soul together, if by a most uncertain tie; and since nothing else opened, he stuck to it. As he became inured to the labour, his daily fatigue decreased; but that was scarcely a thing to be thankful for. His broad-built acquaintance, who answered to the improbable name of Gorridge, stuck to him with great faithfulness; and the two entered into a sort of unspoken compact to supply each other's failing in the fight for tickets, whenever occasion offered. Frank bethought him often that he might avoid the familiar parts of the town, and the risk of detection which attended his travels through them; but the solitude he generally secured at Bolter's Rents, made the place more easily endurable than any other. As time went on, his clothes by small additions here and there began to assume a heavy long-shore look; and his hair and beard were rapidly whitening, whether with suffering, or from neglect, or by purely natural causes. After a month or two, a change came over his life, and the coarse employment he had fallen upon became secured to him. The man whose business it was to distribute the tickets took a fancy to this gray, quiet, inoffensive Dockman, who was always to be depended on, who never squabbled, never drank, never shirked his work, and who now began to go about his business with an air of sense and aptitude which the rougher and stronger had no chance to reach to. So whenever Frank was thrown out in the scrimmage, which was not very often, since the distributor meant to help him, it came to pass that another man was wanted, and he was called in. His needs were so few, that eightpence a day supplied them; and the residue of his poor earnings anybody in want was welcome to. This was the sacrifice to which he set himself—to live among these people, and do his duty as one of them, and to help such of them as stood in need. It came about that after a while the rough fellows

got to know him, and seeing how his money was mainly spent, forbore to envy the favouritism shewn by the ganger; and some of the set whom he had helped in times of especial hardship, would have belaboured any who dared to offer him an insult. It got about somehow—for he never spoke a word concerning it, and might indeed almost have been a dumb man—that he had a special dislike to the vile blasphemies which seasoned their common talk; and though they were as coarse and hard a set as might be found in London, they were contented after a time to let their conversation go without that gruesome flavour.

In his old life, Frank had been remarkable for the sweet clearness and manly delicacy of his speech. The accent of an English gentleman is not a thing to be acquired by a dock labourer, and it is not easily mistakable. He had never given a thought to the rare beauty of his own speech. He was unconscious of that gift of nature and breeding, and so made no attempt to hide it. It went with his blameless conduct and his unfailing industry and his open-handed generosity, to make him noticeable in that rough crowd; and they conferred upon him the name of 'The Duke,' half in genuine admiration, and half in satire. When it happened, as it sometimes did, that Frank found himself addressed by any of those in authority, his speech surprised them; and there were legends about him among the clerks, one of which was that he had been worth half a million, and had lost it every penny on three successive Derbies. Had he known these things, they would have re-awakened the fears that slumbered in him, and he would have left the place and returned no more; but he knew nothing except that the inward burden was no lighter, whilst the outside burden seemed too light to think of.

Under these conditions, his bodily health returned, and his native dexterity made him more than a match at his work for those who were vastly stronger. Meantime, there came even to his ears the news of a great war. The recruiting sergeant became a common figure at the dock-gates at mid-day; and Frank had longings to be out in the Crimea, where, haply, Fate might be good to him and give the only thing it had to give—an unknown grave. But his gray beard made the recruiting sergeant laugh at his proposal to enlist, and he went back quietly to his work again. The sergeant might well be excused, for the gray beard and wrinkled face doubled the applicant's apparent age; and Frank passed commonly amongst those who knew him for a man of fifty or five-and-forty at the least. Sundays were the days on which his inward burden seemed heaviest, for he dared not leave the house to wander in the streets, safe as he might have been, and the hours were leaden-footed. But one day he picked up a scrap of pencil in the docks and absently put it in his pocket. Finding it there next Sunday, he began to sketch upon the dingy whitewash of the wall; and growing interested in the task, wore the pencil down to a stump, sharpening it roughly with an old table-knife, the back of which was keener than the edge. He was a born artist; and his old passion awaking again within him, he took to saving all manner of scraps of paper and bearing them home with him. There on Sundays he would sketch all day, for Penkridge was generally absent; and at night would

burn his work carefully, lest any of it should by any chance get abroad and betray him. Many faces of old friends, many scenes in which he had been happy, his busy pencil traced as he sat alone; and many a time his eyes were too full of tears to see the lines he had drawn.

The old habit took such a hold upon him anew, as old abandoned habits will when reassumed, that he caught himself sometimes in lonely corners at the docks in disengaged moments sketching on the walls, on fragments of board, on anything, with any bit of charcoal or chalk that came to his fingers. There was a certain English official there who for some occult reason had an ambition to pass for a Yankee, and always spoke through his nose, in transparently unsuccessful imitation of the American twang. This man's face was in Frank's mind, and somehow went from his mind into his fingers, which conveyed it through the medium of a piece of chalk to the top of a tea-chest. It was an absolute likeness; and when the man came that way and saw it, he stared in amaze.

'Come yer,' said he to a passing clerk from the Customs. 'What do you think o' that?'

The clerk laughed, and said it was an amazing likeness.

'Now,' said the depicted one, in nasal following of the typical down-Easter of the British stage, 'who could 'a done that thar? Ain't it like? Why, if I didn't think I'd took a white outline and got spread out on that old tea-chest. Petrified fact. I did.'

The official did little else that day but march up to the tea-chest with newly-caught friends and acquaintances, to whom he displayed the outline with the same unvarying formula. No man with whom the official had the slightest acquaintance went through the yard free of that joke, until in the course of the evening the tea-chest was removed. Frank was at work in the neighbourhood, and overheard it half-a-dozen times; but it carried no merriment to him, though every one to whom it was offered was complaisant enough to smile at it. It awoke anew his dread of discovery, and he thought: 'I must do no more sketching here. It would surely be too strange a thing to find an artist in a place like mine to pass without some comment or suspicion.' He kept watch upon his fingers after this; and in Bolter's Rents he still burned his Sunday's work with rigid care. The inhabitants of that doleful region saw but little of him, and for a long time his evident desire for solitude was humoured to the full. He learned from Penkridge occasional news of the doings of the place, which otherwise would not have reached him. He relieved that broken creature's necessities at times; and once or twice bestowed some charity upon the neediest, where all were needy. Very often his companion talked to him for an hour together on his return from the docks; and Frank sitting stock-still, heard scarce a word, but murmured mechanically Ay and Yes and No.

One evening he sat thus; and Penkridge's talk gurgled on unnoticed till the current of Frank's thought suddenly ran silent, and his companion's voice went on to this effect: 'Which she's a reg'lar angel, if you'll believe me, sir. It isn't what she gives, though I do assure you as that's quite considerable; but it's how she gives it. Many's the 'elping' and she's lent me sence I've been brought

so low ; and many's the 'elping 'and as 'er 'usband lent my poor dear pardner.'

'Ay,' said Frank, not caring whose praises were thus spoken ; and turning to the dingy window, he looked out upon the night, where for once the moonlight laid a sanctifying hand upon the squalors of Bolter's Rents. For the pure light of the moon seems only to rest on beauty, and makes ugliness lovely when it beholds it ; as the light of a kindly spirit lays a kindly glow on the hard world, or as love beautifies that which it loves. And for a while the laden heart rested itself upon beauty, and Frank's thoughts roamed sadly, but without anguish, into the autumn fields. He came back from his reverie in time to hear a creaking on the stair—perhaps that awoke him—and a second later, the jarring door was pushed back on its one creaking hinge. But for the moonlight, the room was dark ; and as the door was in shadow, Frank could not make out even the outline of the new-comer. The new-comer looking towards the light, saw a bent figure with a long beard which looked white in the moonbeams. Frank stood to listen, and his profile was thrown out clearly against the light. There was silence for a second, and Penkridge cried : 'Who's there ?'

'Have you a candle, Penkridge ?' a female voice asked in tones of great sweetness. The owner of the voice looked at the profile from where she stood, and could have borne to look longer, such a picture the clear-cut face and sweeping silver beard and the bent shoulders made. But Frank moved away from the window, and when Penkridge struck a light, had thrown himself upon his rough bed in a shadowed corner, and was shrouded from observation there. With a side-glance thrown towards him swiftly, the new-comer sat down upon a tea-chest placed for her by Penkridge, who was imprecating blessings upon her with a whining fluency.

'I have been to see Mrs Closky,' she said when she could get a word in ; and Frank's eyes, as he regarded her from his shadowed corner, confirmed his ears, and told him that she was a lady. 'I am pleased to hear so good an account of you as she gave me. But why don't you give up drinking altogether, my poor fellow ? I think that if I knew you had signed the pledge and would keep it, I could take you out of this place, and put you into a situation where you could live in greater comfort. Will you try ?'

Mr Penkridge, who had that evening taken much more than was good for him, and who bade fair to go on taking more than was good for him daily to the end of the chapter, shed maudlin tears at this appeal. Which, he said, he would do anything to oblige such an 'evingly lady ; but the lady perceiving his condition, forbore to press him. 'Is this,' she asked Penkridge, 'your companion ?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Penkridge, sobbing audibly. 'That's the gentleman which I spoke of, ma'am. And a real good sort he is, ma'am. O yes, ma'am, that he is indeed.'

The visitor turned round, and looked to where Frank lay upon the heap of shavings in the corner. 'I know,' she said pleasantly, 'that you have been helping me already ; and I want you, if you can, to help me more.'

'In what have I helped you already ?' asked Frank, speaking unwillingly from the darkness.

'I should have said rather that we had worked together without knowing it.'

'How ?' said Frank, helping to keep the talk going, but much against his inclination.

'There are many in Bolter's Rents who are very poor and comfortless. I have been trying to help them a little ; but I am almost helpless. I do not know them ; and those who are really poorest will not let me know them ; though the undeserving come to me with all sorts of terrible stories. "Now you who know them, might"'

'I do not know them,' Frank made answer.

'I have tried to meet you before now,' the visitor continued ; 'and finding that you were never at home in the daytime, I came down to-night on purpose to see you. Will you help me ?'

'I am as poor as most of those about me,' he answered ; and his tone shewed more clearly than he intended, how little he desired to speak at all.

The visitor persevered. 'You give me the best of all reasons for believing that you will help me. There is no generosity in giving away that which you do not want.'

'I want one thing only, madam,' Frank answered, 'and that I cannot give away.'

'What is that ?' the visitor asked quickly.

'My solitude,' he said in answer ; and with that he turned his face to the wall.

'I shall try again,' said the visitor, rising to go.

'A second trial can have but one result,' he answered, raising his head, but not turning it. 'It will drive me from the only home I have ; and wretched as it is, I have no wish to leave it.'

'Then,' said the visitor, as she moved towards the door, 'I will trust to time.'

GOSSIP ABOUT TRAVELLERS.

If it does not necessarily follow that the study of travellers is travellers, there is—at least to the older members of the fraternity—an almost never-failing fund both of amusement and pleasure to be derived from it in the persons of all classes of the genus Traveller, from the tyro who is making his first trip, to the seasoned old veteran whose bronzed face testifies plainly to many a year passed under other and brighter than our own British skies. Between those of the last-named class there exists a sort of freemasonry, the signs of which, although not easily explained, are quickly recognised by the brotherhood, and are a ready passport to a mutual introduction. The proverbial stiffness of the English traveller is not for them, for thoroughly national in their national feelings, they are cosmopolitan in everything else. Whether it be among our continental neighbours or with our American cousins, in Mexico, South America, or Africa, they have a way of adapting themselves so thoroughly to circumstances and people, doing in Rome as the Romans do, that none but one of themselves would be likely to make the discovery, on meeting with one of them away from home, that he was probably for the first time in the country where he appears as entirely at his ease as though he were an old resident.

We were once travelling by rail to Southampton, the compartment being occupied by an elderly gentleman, a younger man apparently about thirty-

two or thirty-four, and ourselves. One or two furtive glances at our companions were enough to make it quite plain to us, that although the elderly gentleman would respond with a quiet 'Certainly, with pleasure,' should we request the loan of one of his newspapers; and the younger of our fellow-occupants would courteously reply to any observation we might venture to make, there was no need for us to count upon their society for making the dreary journey on a cold dismal autumnal day seem either shorter or more agreeable. By and by a full-bearded, middle-aged gentleman made his appearance at the door of the carriage, and giving a glance into our compartment, was about to turn away, when our eyes met. He understood our mute welcome; for he at once entered, and took the vacant seat opposite. We almost immediately entered into an animated conversation; for there was no need for any hesitation here. We were, or rather we felt mutually assured of our ground. That we were both travellers, and both going by the *Moselle*, was learned almost without surprise; and that we should stay at Radley's was a matter of course. Our lively conversation was listened to with evident interest by our companions until they left us at Winchester; and after a few hours' pleasant interchange of experiences and inquiries about mutual acquaintances in various parts of the world, a friendship was formed; and renewed when we again met, some years afterwards, under a tropical sun.

How easy on board an ocean-going steamer to pick out, from a crowd of about two hundred passengers, those who are embarking for the first time! Their anxiety about their luggage, the greater part of which they want in their state-rooms; the constant persecution of stewards, who are busily engaged in preparing luncheon for the passengers and their numerous friends; annoying the purser with requests that their room may be changed; asking every one but the right man the most absurd questions about time of starting, sending letters ashore, and the exorbitance of the baggage-agent's charges—all betray the individual whose inexperience, and more especially his want of coolness, are so productive of worry to himself and to those around him.

Let us advise intending travellers never to annoy even the most obliging of all the obliging pursers of the numerous steamship lines, with requests during the bustle and confusion of sailing, for other rooms than those assigned to them on their ticket, nor with complaints about baggage which they are 'certain has not come on board.' Let them take things calmly. If it be possible, the first will be attended to on the day after sailing; and the latter is certainly in the ship, and will be found sooner or later. We were once in trouble with our luggage. It could not be found after we had started, and our entire available wardrobe consisted of a few things in a dressing-bag. It was only after a hunt lasting several days that the missing portmanteaus were found in the very bottom of the hold. But such *contre-temps* rarely occur; and neither our temper nor our appetite suffered from the fact that we were dependent on the good-natured little doctor for nearly a week's supply of clean linen.

We like to see the boyish enjoyment of some young *voyageurs* who are determined to make the

most and the best of everything, and who invariably get entrapped into that part of the bow where a mystic chalk-line is drawn on the deck by one of the sailors, cutting off all retreat except by the door which is only opened by a silver key; grudgingly used by some, but willingly enough by sensible passengers who are not of the class to indulge in threats of complaint to the Captain or the Company.

Do you see those three hearty-looking old gentlemen with white hair and beaming countenances? No second glance is required to tell us that they are thoroughly at home here, and that the number of their voyages can be counted by teens. They are old West Indians, on their way out to Jamaica; and we know, without asking, where their places at the table will be; so, quietly placing our card on a vacant plate at the purser's end, we feel that we are now sure of the quartet for evening whist, excellent company, capital stories, and a most enjoyable time while the voyage lasts.

There is one class of travellers, happily not a very common one, and indeed it would not exist, could those who comprise it see how ridiculous they make themselves in the eyes of sensible people. They have travelled a little, perhaps on the continent during the vacation; and on their return, affect a superior distaste for everything at home, and an exaggerated admiration for all things foreign; which is the more amusing from their mistaken impressions and hastily formed opinions, the result of a few weeks' residence. We once knew a youth who had spent a few weeks principally in the French capital, where he had acquired what he no doubt imagined was a thorough acquaintance with France and its people. On his return to his native town he affected *café au lait* in the morning on rising, and a ten o'clock breakfast in town, with claret instead of coffee as his beverage. His sisters Mary and Jane were 'Marie' and 'Jeanne' to him. He forsook the local paper and the *Times* for *Le Temps* and *Galvani*, and would insist on translating for the benefit of the home circle the news from Paris, which could have been more correctly obtained from the English journals of the previous day. The Englishman's 'I beg your pardon' found a substitute in the Frenchman's *pardon*; and in short he carried his affectation to such an extreme that he was voted a bore at home and laughed at by his friends.

Stay-at-home people may be long in the society of a man who has perhaps seen half the world, without their even suspecting it; and the reason is, that although travellers may write about their wanderings, they are averse to speaking of them to those who are unable to sympathise with them, or to enter into their feelings, and into the spirit of old recollections. Only travellers are able to thoroughly appreciate travellers' stories. The necessity for explanation which constantly interrupts the relation of an incident, mars its effect, and takes away much of the interest. But let an old East or West Indian meet with one even of the younger generation who has been over the same ground, and watch the enthusiasm which brightens his face as experiences are compared and inquiries are made about the old places and the old life which he knew fifty years ago. Incident crowds on incident, and anecdote on anecdote, and for a

time the old traveller is again living in far-away lands. Though the veteran be seated round the funnel, or in the snug smoking-room of the gallant ocean-goer, the cigar he is smoking is being puffed away under the grateful shade of the broad veranda, with a cloudless sky overhead; or out in the cane-fields amid the rustling of the sea-breeze through the long leaves, and the shouting of the negro bullock-drivers as they goad on their slowly moving cattle. Or perhaps he is riding through the country, tall trees festooned with tangled creepers and clothed with parasites, shading his bridle-path, and the discordant screams of the parrots falling on his ear as he recalls and narrates an incident which occurred long ago, when the now gray hairs were brown and curly.

Where is there an old traveller who would not sympathise with the feelings of two old Anglo-Indians who have met for the first time in many years? There is no fear of either being bored by the other. Old campaigns are gone over again; and the hunt of 'that man-eater,' in which poor young Lieutenant Bungler lost his life, is as eagerly rehearsed as though it were an event of yesterday. And yet neither Colonel Dash nor Major Blank, who have long since retired on half-pay, disgusted with slow promotion and hard work, would care about talking over these old times with their military friends who have never seen India. The old Indian campaigner who is constantly pestering his friends with oft-repeated stories of his adventures at the storming of Suchabore, is, after all, oftener to be met with in novels than in real life.

Why is it that among a certain class of travellers there exists such a mania for rushing into print? Without the qualifications of a long residence in the country, and an acquaintance with the language, they will unhesitatingly give a description of the society, morals, and customs of a people, which is often little less than a libel on the place where they have met with so much hearty hospitality. This is neither fair nor just. In order to make their book readable, they caricature everything they see, and give it out as a faithful portrait of the country, in which they have probably passed but a few months. They describe habits and customs which to the English reader appear to be ridiculous in the extreme, but fail to shew how thoroughly they are adapted to the necessities of the country. Were they to do this, much would be made plain which is incomprehensible; and in spite of the many errors in the work, the reader would have a better if not altogether a correct idea of countries which are out of the beaten track of tourists. We know an author who, after making a trip lasting two or three months through a country as large as England, but without the same facilities for travelling which it possesses, actually wrote a good-sized volume as the result, and obtained for it a large sale in America. We never could understand why books of this class cannot be written entirely in English. Why should they be so interlarded with phrases in a foreign language, which are often left untranslated? To a certain extent it may be pardonable when French is used, since every one nowadays understands it more or less; but it is surely presuming too much and trying the patience of the reader too far when bad Spanish and Portuguese—or a

Creole jargon of both combined—are pressed into service.

One word to those about to travel. Try to remember, when you find yourselves elsewhere than in your native Britain, that your arrival is not going to cause a revolution in the customs of the country you are visiting. Nothing will be changed to suit your home tastes and home prejudices. Then, for your own sakes, study your own comfort, and gain the good-will of the people amongst whom you are a guest, by conforming as far as possible to their tastes, their customs, and especially to their prejudices. If you do this, you will meet with fewer annoyances and more enjoyment than usually fall to the lot of British travellers.

STORY OF PETER, THE TAME SEA-GULL.

No one ever knew exactly how the name 'Peter' came to be selected out of all the possible names that could have been chosen for a pet sea-gull; but 'Peter' was the name given to the tiny little creature which arrived one day in Falmouth from the Scilly Isles. And as time went on, Peter learned to know his name perfectly well, and answer to it in his own peculiar way whenever he was called. Until he got the use of his wings, his history was uneventful. He was well looked after in a house where pets of every description were received with special favour; and on a daily diet of fresh fish he grew to be a very fine bird. As it was altogether against our traditions to tolerate such things as cages, and as we were inclined to look upon cut wings as almost as bad as cut ears and docked tails, Peter was permitted to enjoy entire liberty. He soon discovered his privilege, and made good use of it.

At first his flights did not extend farther than the grounds in which his home was situated; but tempted most likely by the sight of the sea close by, he one day flew away, and enjoyed himself thoroughly in the bay and on the waters of the harbour. There was no anxiety about his absence. Firm faith in the power of kindness to animals made us feel certain that, if no accidents happened, Peter would return to his friends and his comfortable quarters. And return he did, generally announcing his arrival by shrill cries as he flew in circles over the house. These daily expeditions went on for some time, and no casualty occurred. At last one day Peter did not return after his morning swim in the sea. The afternoon wore away, and night came, but still Peter was absent. We then knew that something must have happened; and when days passed away without any signs of him, we came to the melancholy conclusion that our interesting pet was lost. Friends suggested that he had deserted us, and determined to live henceforth with his natural companions; and said that we could not expect to keep a bird which was allowed such liberty. We concluded, however, that he had in some way been killed.

A few weeks passed, and all hope of seeing Peter was gone, when some of the younger members of the family chanced to hear the cry of a gull coming from a cottage-garden not far from the harbour; and upon inquiry, there certainly was the truant! It transpired that he had been

captured in the harbour by some boys bathing. The poor bird suspecting no danger, and swimming close inshore, was thus easily taken prisoner.

After this episode it was decided to put a stop to Peter's flights and excursions to the sea. One of his wings, therefore, was cut just sufficiently to prevent his rising from the ground; but he was allowed to roam where he pleased in the extensive gardens surrounding the house. If he had been allowed to go away where he pleased, he would certainly have been either shot or captured again; for no pet of the kind is safe, unless most carefully guarded, as there are so many miserable people about who never lose a chance of capturing or destroying every living creature that they can attack with impunity.

Not long before Peter left Falmouth for a new home in Staffordshire, two young rooks were tamed, and fed daily in the same place where the gull took his food. These birds were never caged, nor was their liberty interfered with in any way. They lived in the trees with their feathered companions, but always came down when they were called, and were so tame that they would take food out of the hand of any one who offered it. Peter soon began to notice these frequent visits of the rooks, and with strong signs of disapproval. Whenever he got the chance, he attacked them, and did his best to shew them that he preferred their room to their company. A plate of food was often placed on a low wall for them; but if Peter was anywhere near, some one had to be present and keep guard while they took it; for if he found them at it alone, he at once chased them away; and in true 'dog-in-the-manger' fashion, remained close by to see that they did not return to enjoy it. However, shortly before we left Falmouth, the poor rooks disappeared. The probability is that in an expedition to the neighbouring fields they were shot; so Peter was no more troubled by their visits.

During the whole of the time that he lived at Falmouth, Peter was fed on fresh fish. He would eat nothing else; so on his removal into Staffordshire it became a serious question how to provide food for him. Fish it was impossible to get for his consumption every day; and he shewed the greatest aversion to meat or anything else with which we tried to tempt him. Nor did he seem to care about even the fish that was got for him, unless it was perfectly fresh. We were at last beginning to despair of keeping him alive, when a most fortunate discovery was made. There was at the time an unusual number of snails and slugs devouring the green-stuff in the garden. By way of experiment, a slug was given to Peter, when, to the great satisfaction of all his friends, he swallowed it with evident relish. This was his first change in diet; and as long as a slug or a snail could be found, Peter lived on the succulent food, when no fish could be got for him. But after having once learned to do for a time without fish, he soon became much less fastidious. Then, feeding him was a very simple matter. He took meat freely, did not object to a little chicken for his dinner, and soon displayed a decided partiality for mice. Every mouse that was caught in the house was at once given to Peter. If it was thrown to him alive, he killed it instantly by a sharp blow from his powerful bill. Then the dead mouse was carried off to the water to be prepared for

deglutition. It had often been noticed that Peter very seldom took his fish without first washing it in his pan of water. The snails he invariably treated in this way, as they always had some grit and dirt adhering to them. It was the same with the mice; but as they were hairy, and difficult to swallow, they were thoroughly soaked before they disappeared head-first down Peter's capacious throat. Sometimes he used to be seen standing for a few minutes with the tail of the partially swallowed mouse hanging out of his bill; he evidently had some little difficulty in accomplishing the process of swallowing.

With a constant eye to the main chance, our pet gull shewed the strongest attachment to the cook who always fed him. Whenever she called him, he invariably answered with his peculiar cry. Of other people's calls he took but little notice. One of the great objects of his life was to get into the kitchen and sit before the fire. If any one attempted to drive him out, he screamed and pecked vigorously, a blow from his beak being no joke. Shortly after he had been given the *entrée* to the kitchen, a couple of black kittens were brought to the house. Regarding them as interlopers, Peter at once displayed the same hostility towards them that he had previously shewn to the rooks. He would not allow them to sit on the hearth-rug under any circumstances. They might lie as close to it as they pleased, but not on it. The moment they ventured to place a paw on the appropriated rug, they were attacked, and compelled to retire; so that very often Peter was seen comfortably resting in the middle of the rug, while the two little black victims reposed behind him, with their noses close up to its edge. Sometimes he objected to the kittens amusing themselves in their own mild way. If one of them began to play, according to the manner of kittens, with a bit of stick or a piece of string, Peter solemnly marched up and took possession of the plaything, placing it where he could see that it was not again touched. On one occasion he bullied one of the kittens in a very curious way. Out in the yard there was a surface-drain terminating over a sink in a tolerably large red pipe. While Peter and the kittens were out there, one of the latter ran up into the pipe. Peter, always keenly observant, noticed this; and before the kitten had time to come out, he had taken up his position close to the mouth of the drain. The moment the kitten shewed its nose, it received a peck, admonishing it to retreat within the pipe again. There the kitten was kept prisoner. At last some one saw Peter, and little Puss was liberated; but no one ever knew how long it had been kept a prisoner in the drain-pipe.

Peter certainly had the bump of mischief largely developed; consequently it was necessary to exclude him from the kitchen-garden, for he pulled up everything that he had strength to drag from the ground. Sticks or labels stuck in the earth at the roots of plants, he invariably pulled up whenever he got the chance. One day he happened to be in the garden when the gardener was bedding out some young vegetables in long rows. Peter watched the performance with great interest; and as soon as the man's back was turned, went to the bed and worked away until he had taken up every single plant! After this performance, he was never permitted to remain in the kitchen-garden

alone, as such curiously directed energy was not appreciated by the gardener.

Until he arrived at his inland home, Peter had never seen ducks, so it was greatly hoped that when they arrived he would recognise them as near relatives, and give them the benefit of his society. But such hopes were disappointed; for when the ducks made their appearance on the ornamental water where Peter spent much of his time, no notice whatever was taken of them by the proud little gull. So the ducks enjoyed themselves after their usual fashion, while Peter looked on at their performances from a distance. But he never went near them, not even after he had long been accustomed to swim on the same water with them by day, and sleep in the same yard with them by night. Evidently he did not care for their society, though, curiously enough, he became very much attached to a large black dog. Peter was often to be seen lying close up beside his big black friend. Sometimes the dog submitted to have his dinner stolen, and to have his tail pecked every time he wagged it. This friendship between Peter and the dog was an instance of the curious intimacies that are sometimes witnessed between the most unlikely looking creatures. It would have been natural enough if the gull had fraternised with the ducks and taken no notice whatever of the dog. It was also remarkable that the dog should have consented to such an intimacy. But strange friendships are often heard of in the animal world, as all lovers of our dumb pets know.

One of Peter's peculiarities was a love of perching himself on anything higher than the ground. If a load of earth was shot down anywhere within sight, he was not long before he got to the top of it. This partiality of Peter's for perching himself on anything high was so noticeable, that a little pillar of bricks about three feet high was erected for him in the duck-house. On this pillar he went to sleep every night; and there was no doubt that Peter preferred his elevated and cold bed to the warm place in which the ducks spent their nights. So his fancy was respected, and no one was allowed to disturb or remove Peter's bed.

Of course his wings were kept cut, for if he had been allowed to fly about in the neighbourhood of a large town, he would certainly have been killed by some of the hedge-and-road 'sportsmen'; but nevertheless poor Peter was doomed to perish a victim to that miserable propensity which prompts a certain class of Englishmen to destroy the life of every bird that comes within range of their guns. Although Peter's wings were cut, he was allowed as much liberty as the ducks. He was free to roam about the grounds and fields in which his home was situated. But he seldom went far from the water, which was close to the house; and generally when he had had enough swimming and bathing, he used to remain in the back-yard near the door or the kitchen-window. However, he sometimes did wander about the fields; and on one of these occasions, while he was in a field near the road, the gardener of a neighbouring gentleman espied him, and deliberately shot him. It is proverbial that pets generally come to an unfortunate end, and such was the fate of our pet sea-gull. The sorrow and indignation of his friends may easily be imagined by all who are capable of becoming attached to such pets. Naturally, no one was more distressed about the occurrence than the

employer of the fellow who had so wantonly destroyed the bird. He offered to send for another gull to replace the one lost; but pets are not always to be replaced, and no one cared to have a stranger in the place of the one that was lost. We still deplore the unnecessary and cruel death of the graceful little bird, with its quaint ways and interesting habits.

It is exasperating to think that there are numbers of people whose only idea when they see or hear of a rare bird in the neighbourhood is to kill and stuff it. No rare bird coming to our shores has a chance of settling down and living unmolested. Some one is sure to shoot it as soon as he gets the chance. The pleasure of seeing the bird and letting it live, perhaps to breed on our inhospitable shores, men of this class never seem to understand. Their one degraded notion seems to be to kill.

BRICKS AND BRICKMAKERS.

AGRICULTURAL labourers, who work out of doors, are not necessarily rough and savage, though often ignorant and rude-mannered; but from time immemorial, brickmakers have been credited with uncouthness, almost amounting to brutality. One reason of this probably is, that from the nature of their occupation, it is generally carried on in the most ugly and unattractive districts—districts so bare and marshy, that the agriculturist declines to have anything to do with them, and they are valuable therefore only for their beds of clay. Brick-fields, when of any size, are usually found on the flat banks of extensive rivers, such as the Thames and Medway, remote from the village populations, and consequently far from the moral supervision of the parson or the kindly visits of the Squire's family. Indeed, the only visitor, as a rule, is the policeman, in search of somebody 'wanted'; or of late years, the Factory Inspector, who is persistent in his endeavours to reclaim the little barbarians of the brick-fields, and to whom the undoubted improvement in their condition is due. But little is known by the outside world of many of our English trades, and still less of brickmakers; and I propose in this article to introduce them to my readers, that they may see what manner of men—and women—they are.

To look at a brick-field, whether in a country district or in the frowsy outskirts of a large town—to observe the kind of work—to hear the vernacular in which the conversation, usually very forcible, is carried on, one would scarcely imagine that woman had part or parcel in the matter, for she certainly seems out of place here. The brickmaker's wife and daughter, however, are very important items in the manufacturing brick community, although recent legislation has forbidden the services of the latter until they have attained a certain age, by which proceeding the master brickmaker considers himself very hardly used. Nevertheless, it was a happy thought of the legislature to include brick-fields under the Factory and Workshop Act, and thus be the means of rescuing so many young boys and girls from undue slavery.

For the ordinary building-brick, the principal districts are in Essex and Kent, by the sides of the

Thames, Swale, and Medway; Somersetshire in the vale of Parret, Norfolk near Thetford, and Bedfordshire in the flat valley of the Ouse. Poole and Wareham in Dorsetshire, with St Austell in Cornwall, are the chief repositories of the china-clay, the excavation and preparation of which form a special trade. Farther north again, when we get into the coal country, we have the clays which are required for fire-bricks and those for glass-making. Those who are anxious to study the habits of the common brickmakers on a large scale, should take a Chatham and Dover train to Faversham or Sittingbourne, the neighbourhoods of which are dotted for miles with the red fields and the huts or 'stools' in which brick-making is carried on. Uninviting as these great tawny flats are, they are worth exploring, if only to see what hard work young children are capable of performing.

The introduction of machinery into brick-making was in many places attended with violent contests; the men who had hitherto had a monopoly in making the bricks by hand, having united in bands to prevent the use of machinery in the trade. We have not lately heard of any such insurrectionary movements, and trust they are at an end, leaving the conviction in this as in other cases that in the long-run machinery increases the number of hands to be employed. But although machinery has been largely introduced, and has to a certain extent displaced some of the processes which required most physical strength and endurance, there are still plenty of places in England, and particularly in the Eastern Counties, where the machines have not penetrated, and probably never will; for in a small brick-field, the first expense would be too great; and the master-brickmaker, who is generally the owner of a family, would prefer seeing the family doing the work which otherwise the machine would be doing.

The first process in brickmaking is that of digging a quantity of clay from its bed, which is done by a workman called the 'temperer,' whose place it is to wheel it to the pug-mill, which is sometimes worked by steam, but more frequently by horse-power. Where the pug-mill is not used, the clay is trodden by children, who are kept at work tempering it from morning to night. Everybody knows what it is to have to walk through a deep country lane after wet weather, and how difficult it is to emerge with one's full complement of boots or shoes. We can fancy, therefore, the intense physical strain on the legs and feet of the wretched little urchins, who have not only to temper the clay by continually treading it, but also to load it in barrows and drag it off to the 'moulder' or master-brickmaker. One of the Factory Inspectors tells us that in Suffolk he found a child 'puny and half-fed, about nine years old; he had to load a barrow with stiff unworked clay, then wheel it to a grinding-machine; and so he went to and fro, harnessed like a donkey. The barrow was a heavy load even for a man; and this was admitted by the foreman.' In brick-fields where there is a pug-mill, the unnecessary cruelty is of course avoided; and as it is usually placed close to the moulder's stool and is self-delivering, there is no occasion for the pug-boy to carry the clay at all. The moulder then, having received the clay from the pug-mill

or boy, through the medium of an assistant called the 'walk-flatter,' who is usually his wife, and who gives a preliminary dab to the lump as it passes through his or her hands, empties it from his mould on to a pallet-board by his side called the 'page;' after which another child, the 'barrow-loader,' appears on the scene. These little helps were, like the pug-boys, fearfully overworked. The barrow holds some thirty bricks, or rather clay-moulds; and the weights which have to be lifted of wet sticky clay are very heavy. Twenty-five tons per day was an average estimate per child, who was as often as not a young girl; and if the weather had been wet, the weight and cohesiveness were of course increased.

It was an act of humanity when the legislature passed a law in 1871 that no child should work in a brick-field under ten years of age, and no girl under sixteen. A witness before the Children's Employment Commission in 1862, stated that from six to eight years was the usual age for this kind of employment; and mentioned the case of a little pug-boy who always went to his work at four or five in the morning, and never got home again till eight or nine p.m. and in the long days not until ten. Messrs Clayton and Bawden and other devisers of brickmaking machinery, have helped to lengthen the days of many an unfortunate child—and looked at in this light, have been, though unconsciously perhaps, true philanthropists. The greatest drudgery, however, is completed when the barrow-loader has delivered his tale; the next workman who takes it in charge being the 'off-bearer,' who places the bricks, or 'skintles' them in the 'hacks' to dry. After that, they are taken to the kilns by the 'crowder,' who gives them over to the 'setter' to be burned.

It will be seen that even a simple building-brick—which is made in this country by thousands of millions every year—involves much treatment, and gives employment to at least half-a-dozen people during the short interval that intervenes between a lump of clay and a regular brick. It is impossible, of course, to arrive at any definite estimate of how many bricks are annually produced; but we are told of a single moulder in the Manchester district who turned out six hundred and twenty thousand bricks in the season, assisted only by his son, aged fourteen, who 'barrow-loaded,' and his daughter, aged seventeen, who 'walled' or 'set' them. He had, however, a third daughter, aged nineteen, who worked at another 'stool.' Twenty-four thousand bricks in a week of forty-five hours is considered an average—for it must be remembered that 'brickies' only work in fine weather. Go into a field on a wet day and it is deserted, the huts empty, the tools lying about, and not a living creature to be seen. Where are they all? Most probably in the public-house; for whatever other buildings are conspicuous by their absence, the beer-shop is sure not to be far off; and the moulder and his staff are probably engaged in drinking away the earnings of the last fine day.

No wonder, then, that brickmaking—though, it must be remembered, much improved—is still in a great measure a demoralised occupation. Within the last half-dozen years the testimony of an Inspector in the Eastern Counties described thus graphically the condition of these men: 'A most barbarous, semi-civilised, ignorant

set. Men and boys like Red Indians, the sand used in brickmaking being burned red, with which their bodies are covered, working bare-headed, bare-footed, with exposed breasts and wild looks. Drinking all day Sunday, Monday and Tuesday dog and man fighting, they resume work on Wednesdays, when the poor little unfortunates are made to toil away, stamping and carrying, and pressing a good fortnight's work into three or four days. One man, who last week earned in four days twenty-eight shillings, took his wife home a loaf of bread and sixpence.' Indeed, the Factory Inspector who has charge of these benighted districts deserves more than ordinary credit for his labour; for it must be remembered that he ventures single-handed and far from help amongst a set of the very rudest and roughest men in England. It is true that he comes backed by the Law, and so far would scarcely be exposed to maltreatment even by them; but the whole aim of the Inspector is to appeal to the common-sense and good-feeling of the brick-masters, and thus to win, when sternness and threats would only provoke bad blood; and by patiently pursuing this system, it is surprising how it softens the manners even of brickmakers, as any one may judge by reading the half-yearly Factory Reports.

Another great improvement was the prevention of the labour of girls under sixteen, though even for those above this age, the occupation is undeniably a bad one. But there is this favourable point about brickmaking—namely, that in most cases the work is a family one. The father may perhaps be a drunken fellow—the mother drunken too; while the girls and boys may be accustomed to strong language, coarse and rude. But at all events they are a family, and so far are free from the dangers of promiscuous companionship.

The class of children who always seem to be the most miserable and neglected, are those who are engaged in the brick-yards attached to the iron-works and collieries of the Black Country. Although in all practical points the process is the same, the surrounding circumstances are very different. Instead of working in a remote country district, where at all events the air is pure, the boys and girls live in an atmosphere black with smoke and reeking with foul odours. Of all the juvenile population that labour in the Midland Counties, the brickmakers are of the lowest grade, and the most difficult to supervise. There is here no family community of work; but the children come from all parts of the neighbourhood, and except during their actual occupation, are utterly without control. The girls are unsexed, alike in dress, manners, and language, and if possible, are ruder than the boys. But even here the presence of the Factory Inspector is making itself felt, though the difficulties are of a different kind from those of the country brick-fields.

So great is the anxiety to obtain employment for the children, that the law as to age is daily and hourly evaded; and the appearance of the Inspector—guarded against as well as may, be by a system of scouts—is the signal for a general withdrawal and hiding of the delinquents. Indeed, Her Majesty's representative is obliged to be exceedingly wary in his proceedings; for he well knows that the moment he leaves the

railway station, every man's hand is against him, and that he has nothing to expect in the way of active assistance. It is, however, cheering to learn that their success in the brick-fields of the country districts has already been most marked; not only has overwork been substantially checked, but a great improvement has been shewn in the rough manners and defiant attitude of the workmen.

HOW I GOT PROMOTED.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

'Tom,' said the chief, 'there has been a rather mysterious robbery at Barrowtown, and it's likely to give the "locals" some trouble. So I wish you to go down as soon as possible.'

This order I received one hot day in August, on the day after the robbery had taken place. Of course I did not let much time pass before I was at the station and fairly started. Once there, Barrowtown is a quaint, picturesque little town, like many another in goodly England. It seemed almost too dull to be able to boast the doubtful honour of having had a full-grown robbery. Still I like the quiet little town, for it was there that I gained my first promotion. I was met at the station by the local inspector, a stout, pompous, excitable little man, who looked doubtful as to the prudence of the Scotland Yard authorities in sending down such an ordinary-looking mortal as myself.

'Oh,' he remarked at last; 'so it's you, young man, is it? I don't think we are likely to trouble you much this time. The fact is, ahem! we have caught the culprit ourselves.'

I merely bowed, and expressed a wish to see the prisoner; and we both set off for the county gaol, perhaps a mile or so away.

Well, it certainly seemed as plain as day to me that the unhappy wretch on whom Inspector Muggridge had laid his fell grasp, could easily have proved an *alibi*, had not that worthy officer continually interrupted him with: 'Better keep all that for your examination, my good fellow; or it'll all be brought up against you, my man, you know.'

I told him seriously, as soon as I could, in private, that the man he had arrested was no more guilty than I was; but he simply smiled incredulously, and asked who else could be the culprit, as this was the only really abandoned character of the town, and it was plainly the work of some one who knew the place. 'Besides,' he added, 'it isn't very likely that any one could beat me on my own ground, where I know everybody, you know; and if he didn't do it, who did?' With which really unanswerable argument he accompanied me to the scene of the robbery, where we were shewn over the premises by the mistress of the house.

When I saw the ground-floor window by which access had been gained to the house, I quite agreed with the worthy 'local,' that it was the work of a 'new hand'; and that from the fact that his footprints, wherever we could trace them, shewed no hesitation, but rather a thorough acquaintance with the grounds, the culprit, whoever he was, must have had some opportunity of visiting the scene of operations, and probably lived somewhere in the neighbourhood.

It seemed that the thief had entered the house

by a window in the rear, and carried off a small box of valuables from the room of the master of the house, who had been staying at a friend's on that night. Both these facts shewed an intimate knowledge of the premises on the part of the culprit, and strengthened our former belief. We were informed that the lost casket—an ordinary tin cash-box—had been almost filled with various articles of jewellery, and therefore the loss was rather heavy. Of course the knowledge that there would be a good reward for the recovery of the missing property did not abate my zeal. Still, in spite of my eagerness to discover the culprit, I could make but little of the case, and might even have come over to the opinion of the 'local,' but for one very important fact, namely, the foot-prints in the garden-bed were all smaller than those of the prisoner! Now, although a man may wear boots several sizes too large for him on occasion, yet he can hardly walk with comfort in shoes an inch or so too short.

Very much annoyed at my want of success, and dreading the chaff I would be sure to get when, compelled to give it up, I should return to town, I was not particularly delighted next morning to see Mr Muggridge coming up the road to the house, accompanied by the editor of the *Barrowtown Weekly Banner*, who had determined, he said, to write up the account of the robbery himself. But there was no escape; and so, prepared for a host of questions, I was walking slowly to meet them, when my eye was caught by something bright among the bushes by the roadside. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; there lay the lost box, empty of course. Without stopping, however, I walked as calmly as possible on to the inspector, and was introduced to Mr Shears the editor. It was simply wonderful how obliging I had become. I even, when Mr Muggridge hinted that he was pressed for time, volunteered myself to give Mr Shears the information he wished, and to go over the premises with him. Once left alone with the zealous representative of the press, I gave that gentleman all the points of the case, and a few more, as you shall see.

The next forenoon, as soon as a copy of the *Banner* came to the house where the robbery had occurred—I had for the last two days spent from the forenoon until dusk there—I turned to the end of the column devoted to the 'Great Robbery,' and read, with a chuckle, the announcement that 'the loss of the jewels would be less felt had there not been between the two bottoms of the box almost two hundred pounds in bank-notes, of which, unfortunately, the numbers had not been taken.'

Probably the intelligent reader sees my plan; but certainly I did not choose to explain it to Mr Muggridge, when, an hour later, that worthy but excitable gentleman rode, very hot and very red, up the shadeless road, to complain of my having 'made a confounded mess of the account, you know.' I simply advised him to wait for a very few days, and then I would be happy to explain everything.

That evening, as usual, I left the grounds at dusk, after spending most of the day in watching—though apparently engaged in something else—whether any one went near the spot, a few hundred yards from the grounds, where lay the box on which I especially depended as a bait to

hook the thief. By walking slowly, I managed to let the shades of evening close around me before I was far beyond the spot where I had made up my mind to watch and wait.

Eight! Nine! Were they never coming? and was my trap laid and baited in vain? Ten! Surely they should have come by this time. Still—Was that a sound on the road? Yes, and coming from the village too. There were evidently several of them, and I began to regret not having brought some help. Nearer they came, laughing and talking, as I cautiously drew farther back from the road. And now they were opposite the spot where the box lay hid. But—what! They've gone by; and in the hearty guffaw of the man farthest away of the three, I recognise Farmer Lobbins, an honest fellow, whose acquaintance I had made during my short stay. After this sell, I had almost given up, and was actually making up my mind to abandon the affair, when a faint sound from down the road made me crouch as low as possible once more. It was no hoax this time. A short thin man, whom I easily recognised as a man-of-all-work who had been helping the gardener that day, was creeping stealthily down the road, close to the bushes. As soon as he reached the spot where the box had been thrown, he lit a small lantern to aid him in his search. This time I felt sure; and so, when the man blew out the light, after securing the supposed treasure, the capture was made.

'Oh! why, yes,' observed the worthy Mr Muggridge, who was in the office when I brought in the prisoner that night, 'I thought as much; I've had my eye on that fellow all along.'

The man made confession; indeed, he was caught in the act, and could not deny it. The jewels were all recovered, and the reward proved very useful in helping me to marry and settle down quietly, when, one month later, I received my promotion.

MORE USES OF PAPER.

In a former notice of the new uses to which paper has of late been applied, some allusion was made to the utilisation of this material as a lining for the garments of poorly clad persons in severe weather. We now hear that an invention has been patented for making bed-coverlets of paper. The difficulty, we are reminded, which has hitherto prevented the more general adoption of this simple but effective substitute for woollen blankets, has been the impossibility of free ventilation ensuing from the use of bed-coverings manufactured from paper. This objection, however, has, we are assured, been now successfully overcome in what are known as the 'Chartaline' blankets, patented and manufactured solely by one firm. When we are told that these new coverlets are light, cleanly, fully as warm as two pair of blankets, besides being comparatively cheap, it will be seen how admirably this invention is adapted to the purposes for which it was designed.

Mention has been made from time to time of bricks, planks, and various articles being manufactured from this useful material by ingenious inventors, so it is not surprising to hear that water and fire proof paper has been patented. According to the *Scientific American*, this is made by putting a mixture of ordinary pulp and asbestos reduced to

pulp, in the proportion of about two-thirds of the former to one-third of the latter, into a strong solution of common salt and alum. This mixture is put through the pulp 'engine;' and the paper thus made is run through a bath of gum-shellac dissolved in alcohol or other suitable volatile solvent of that gum. The effect of this strong solution is greatly to strengthen the paper and to increase its fire-resisting qualities. The shellac bath to which it is treated is said to cause the paper to become thoroughly permeated with the gum; so the paper becomes water-proof to such an extent that long boiling in water does not disintegrate it; and the presence of the gum in and upon the surface of the paper seems to present no obstacle to the proper and usual absorption of ink either in printing or writing. Thus, by the combination of the asbestos, salt, and alum in the paper, it is rendered so far fireproof that a direct exposure to an intense fire does not burn up the substance of the paper to an extent that interferes with safely handling it; and when exposed to great heat in books or between metallic plates, a number of sheets together, it is still less injured by fire. The addition of the gum-shellac to the paper makes it for all practical purposes water-proof; so that if account-books, bank-bills, and other valuable documents for which this paper is used, be subjected to the action of fire and water, either one or both, in a burning building, they will not be injured to such an extent as to destroy their value. Alluding to paper as a protector of documents, it may not be out of place to refer to a deed-envelope brought out not so long since for the convenience of the legal profession. It is lined with linen, and therefore nearly untearable; and is designed to contain a large packet of deeds, being capable of expansion according to the number required to be inclosed.

A possible rival to esparto grass, used so much in the manufacture of paper, has, it seems, been found in the red melac grass which grows in large quantities in parts of Ireland and Scotland. Straw is used in making millboard. A new use has been made of these straw-boards in America, which is worthy of notice in connection with our subject. Several sheets of these boards, such as are produced in paper-mills, are passed through a chemical solution, which softens the fibre and saturates it. They are then rolled, dried, and hardened; and emerge from the machine a compact block, closely resembling a hard wood, impervious to water, and capable of taking a polish. On sawing this material, it is said to be very difficult to distinguish it from real wood. This important innovation in the building-trade has attracted much attention, and is likely to relieve the great strain continually being made upon the American forests, extensive as they are. In San Francisco, kegs and pails are said to be made of this new material. As machines turn them out in hundreds daily, they can be purchased for the same price as wooden ones. How wood in its turn enters into the manufacture of pulp, is well known. This form of industry is shewn to have received a very rapid development in Norway, for instance, the wood-pulp manufactured for paper having increased from one hundred and ten tons annually to nineteen thousand tons in about eight years; twenty mills being, we are told, at work in that country on the preparation of this material.

As so much paper is made from wood-pulp, it is not a little curious hearing from time to time how the former material is used as a substitute for the latter. An attempt has been made, for example, in Germany, to substitute paper for wood in the manufacture of lead-pencils. The paper for this purpose is steeped in an adhesive liquid, and rolled round the core of lead to the required thickness. After drying, it is coloured, and resembles an ordinary cedar pencil. The pencils, it is said, are sold to retailers at about sixty-five cents a gross. But a more useful application of paper for general uses appears to be the invention of pasteboard window-shutters, for which a patent, we hear, has been taken out in Ohio. Panels made of this substitute for the ordinary material can be covered with coloured or stamped paper, so as to resemble any pattern of wood that the purchaser may desire. The advantages claimed by the inventor for shutters of this description are, that they are lighter and cheaper than wood, can easily be fitted to new positions, and are not liable to warp or split; an undoubted desirability in these days of so much scamped work in a certain class of buildings. Moreover, being susceptible of a great variety of patterns, says the inventor, they will contribute to an improvement in the appearance of cheap dwellings.

MY LOST LOVE.

'He ran and shouted Lost! Lost! Lost!'

WHEN I awake from heavy-lidded sleep,
And through the sternest labour of the day,
And when I watch the dying sun's last ray,
And while my soul in fancy's dreams I steep—
For ever ringing through my work or play,
Those words, like a perpetual moan,
Make to my life a constant undertone.

What have I lost,
That such a murmur ever haunteth me?
What sad enchantment hath my life so crost,
And taught me such a minor melody?
I will look back into the past and see
If I can find why I so haunted be.

This do I find:
That I have lost a love—a love that seemed
With such a passion to my own resigned,
That I had deemed
That love for ever mine; but Love hath wings,
And soon departs, as do all happy things.

And yet I had not sought
This love; it came unasked, a shivering bird,
Half frightened lest in seeking me it erred;
But I received that love with sorrow fraught,
And my whole heart opened to give it room,
And find for it a warm and friendly home.

It was a frail and weakly thing,
That little Love—and I did strive
Most anxiously to keep the thing alive;
And so it lived all through the early spring.
I did not know that when its wings were strong,
My bird would fly and leave me.
O Love! my love! whom I have loved so long,
How couldst thou so grieve me?

MARTIN DANIELL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 863.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

LEISURE-TIME STUDIES.

To have a pleasant and intelligent companion during a holiday or leisure-time, is one of the greatest advantages possible. If your friend be a zoologist, then the varied forms of animal life to be met with in field and forest, by lake and river, and along the sea-shore, will have a new interest for you. Even the ditch with its stagnant pools, or the horse-trough with its scum of green confervæ, will each be found teeming with living things after their kind, from the water-beetle in his changing armour of bronze and green and gold, to the lazy larvæ and other incipient forms of insect-life that sidle and creep among the mud at the bottom. Or if your friend be a botanist, you will find lesson-books everywhere around you—in the trees of the forest, in the heath on the hill-side, in the sedges that brighten the fen by the water's edge, and in the greenery growing at your feet. Or if he have studied geology, then every crag and quarry and exposed surface of rock will afford matter of interest and information. Even the stones which you dislodge as you climb the hill-side or scramble through the glen, will be ready to divulge their story, as they ever are, to whomsoever has the skill to read it. Not only your leisure-time, but also your recreations, may be brightened and improved by this observance of Nature, and instruction will thus come to you as naturally as the ozone you inhale. If there be any royal road to learning of this sort, surely it exists beneath the blue sky, beyond the bounds of the class-room, with a companion who knows quite enough regarding his subject to be fresh and interesting without boring you; telling and translating these wonders into the familiar language of daily life. Such a pleasant and interesting companion in book-form we find in a volume of *Leisure-time Studies*, by Dr Andrew Wilson (London: Chatto and Windus), which we intend to glance at for a little.

The book is the result of a collection of lectures and magazine articles—some of them for ourselves—written under various conditions, but all aiming at the popularising of science. These

articles, diverse though they be, are so graduated and arranged that a perusal of the whole might form a good popular introduction to biology, and an excellent field-companion to the thinking and observant yet non-scientific reader. The two introductory articles strongly advocate the necessity of science-culture amongst the people. Our author contends that the study of biology in the schools of the country is in the most unspecialised state in which it is possible for any study to exist. Many heads of schools have not yet awakened to the importance of the question in the education of their pupils. Science-teachers and science-teaching will never flourish until the study is looked upon as a necessary part of a liberal education, instead of being made a matter of chance.

The late Charles Kingsley was a powerful and successful exponent of popular science-teaching for the young, and we need not mention how fully he himself refreshed both body and brain while fishing amongst sea-side pools or wandering on the sea-shore. This early teaching need only include the general phenomena of plant and animal life. Good diagrams are a necessity of the case; and thus early may be taught the metamorphoses of insects, in which each young mind could draw upon its own observation of what it had seen regarding such familiar instances as silkworm eggs or common caterpillars. Perhaps the *lecture* is the best form in which a teacher can impart his knowledge to the pupil, imitating so far the style of Professor Huxley, who condenses 'the substance of the hour's discourse into a few dry propositions, which are read slowly and taken down from dictation; the reading of each being followed by a free commentary, expanding and illustrating the proposition, explaining terms, and removing any difficulties that may be attackable in that way, by diagrams made roughly, and seen to grow under the lecturer's hand.' Forty or forty-five minutes is a quite sufficient length for such a lecture; the remainder of the time might be well occupied in an oral examination on the subject.

Frequent note-taking will also be found beneficial; the notes copious in number, but short in individual extent.

In their universality of application, their suitability to students of both sexes, and through a longer period of life, our author contends that the natural sciences present means of wider application than are afforded in the study of exact science. Thomas Carlyle well expressed the need for science-culture amongst the masses when he said: 'For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history—so far at least as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged or wingless neighbours that are continually meeting me with a salutation that I cannot answer as things are. . . . Why did not somebody teach me the constellations, and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?' How many boys and girls have grown up into men and women, with the same question on their lips! All of us have not the force of character of Hugh Miller, Robert Dick, and Thomas Edward the Banff naturalist, who, with persevering enthusiasm, settled this matter for themselves.

Is it because journalists have had other things to think of, that we have heard so little of late as to the sea-serpent? This may be so; but whether or not, the subject is always interesting. Everybody professes to laugh at it, but everybody all the same reads about it. And few pages of Dr Wilson's book will be read with more interest than those in which he pleasantly gathers together the gossip on this subject, giving details of many of the ancient and modern legends current regarding the mysterious animal. The weight of collected evidence amounts to this—that most certainly appearances like huge serpentine forms have been repeatedly seen at sea by trustworthy observers. Science has never been able to say that the existence of such a marine serpent is an impossible thing. A dried ribbon or tape fish seen in the Newcastle Museum of Natural History, suggested to the author's mind that a giant development of such an animal might very well account for many of the sea-serpent tales. The specimen mentioned measured twelve feet three inches in length, the greatest depth being eleven and a quarter inches, and the greatest thickness only two and three-quarter inches. The body of these fishes is greatly compressed, the breast-fins small, the back-fin long, and the ventral fins spine-like. As an instance of the remarkable dimensions these fishes may attain, it might be mentioned that the smack *Sovereign* of Hull, forty tons burden, in trawling in the Firth of Forth for Lord Norbury—at that time resident in Fifeshire—captured during these operations a giant tape-fish. When extended, it stretched beyond the limits of the vessel at stem and stern, and in length must have measured at least sixty feet. The fish was ordered to be cut in-pieces and thrown overboard. The trawlers stated that they had met with even a larger specimen. Without making our interpretation either too decided or too

general, we may accept in the ribbon-fish a probable explanation of many a sea-serpent story.

We can fancy nervous housekeepers reading the section on 'Parasites and their Development' with horror; a knowledge of the facts contained therein being very useful, however, in the economy of human life. It is a history of the hidden enemies and the poison-traps which beset humanity, as also the lower animals. The lesson taught by the history of parasites of certain kinds which space forbids us to mention is, to avoid uncooked or half-cooked animal food in any form; the same holding good regarding unwashed vegetables, which may also contain the embryos of numerous parasites.

Speaking of the 'Genesis of Life,' our author regards the Germ theory—which holds that lower forms of life, developed in infusions of organic matter, proceed from the germs originally contained in the fluid, or which have gained access thereto from the atmosphere—as fully proved. The narrative of the crucial experiments which lead to this conclusion is extremely interesting, the result of these experiments being that 'the present state of our knowledge furnishes us with no link between the living and the not living.'

In the 'Law of Likeness and its Working,' we have the very important truth expressed, that we do not come into the world like clean slates, upon which anything can be written; but that, in spite of ourselves, we are largely the product of past times; that the physical and mental constitution we inherit has been in a great measure wrought independently of us. It is interesting in this connection to note, in the words of Darwin, 'the wonderful fact that the child may depart from the type of both its parents, and resemble its grand-parents or ancestors removed by many generations.' Our mental, like our physical characteristics, often run in the blood. The offspring of parents of high moral and mental refinement, may be expected to shew some traces of their descent in their character; and in the same way the children of great criminals have a hereditary taint and natural impulse to crime. Moral infirmities, like moral sweetness, can thus be transmitted from one generation to another. Even genius may occasionally be but the gathering into one of many pre-existing shades of the same mental character; in much the same way as Sir Walter Scott became the voice which gave utterance to the latent poetry which had gathered round the lives of several generations of Border shepherds and yeomen.

We have all in our time suddenly lifted a stone and witnessed the fright of the tenant-ants beneath, as they raced to and fro in the wildest manner, until they recovered presence of mind sufficient to look after their eggs and other belongings. The common ants and their neighbours belong to the order of insects called Hymenoptera. The termites, or white ants of the tropics, do not, however, belong to this order, being more nearly related to that of the dragon-fly. The nests of these termites may attain a height of five feet, and when finished, have the appearance of conical hillocks. The ground in the neighbourhood of the nests is honeycombed with underground passages, along which the ants convey their building-material. The termites are small soft-bodied animals of a pale colour, and are of different

grades—males, females, and blind 'neuters.' The workers have a never-ceasing round of duties, building nests, making roads, training up the young ants, and attending the sovereign ant. The males and females form a class apart, and have wings, in order that they may move about and disseminate their kind. The soldiers and the workers are wanting in wings, and differ in the shape and armature of the head. While the mouth of the labourer-ant is adapted for the working of materials in hive-building, the head of the soldier is of very large size, and provided with horny processes resembling spikes, for offence and defence. The true parents of the colony are the king and queen, who are wingless, and of larger size than the others. When a disturbance occurs in a colony of termites, the ordinary workers disappear, and the soldier-ants appear ready to do battle in self-defence. The common ants also possess three grades of individuals, and more than those who come under the category of sluggard might be sent to witness their domestic economy.

Space compels us to limit our closing observations to but one more subject, namely 'A Summer's Day,' one of the most charming papers in the book before us. The history of a summer's day has all the brightness of the reality, and transports the reader to the brook-side, with its wealth of animal and vegetable life, and pleasantly records what is to be seen there. The locality the south of England, the brook a small tributary of the Thames. The greenness of the water-meadows, with the old mill standing out from a background of green foliage, and a side-setting of willows; the river beside it is innocent-looking now as it appears at its summer level, but in winter it submerges the haughs and undermines its banks, and sometimes deflects its course. Lazily dreaming by its banks, the author tells us what a medicine to mind and body he finds this utter quietude and greenness, surrounded alone by nature. The sight of a dragon-fly is suggestive of the history of that insect, which is given; a trout in the stream awakens a longing for a rod and memories of Izaak Walton, who speaks of 'anglers and honest men' in one breath. The harvest of wild-flowers and weeds; the duckweed, water-crowfoot, sweet-sedge, forget-me-not, butterwort, 'ragged-robin,' and others, all engage his attention, and are described in turn. Then the catching of eels is hinted at, closing with a sail in a punt down-stream to the Thames, amongst the gathering shadows of the night.

We cordially recommend this excellent book to the notice of all who would learn something of Nature in her most attractive moods.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXVI.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'My delirium reached its height in the summer season.'

THE first sign of manly down had appeared upon my chin, and since the Crimean War—closed a few years before with great glory if little profit—had left behind it the fashion of beards, I shaved assiduously, to promote the growth of that appanage to manhood. I have above my mantel-piece a portrait of myself taken at that time; and though I know it on good testimony to be accurate, there is in it a flat contradiction of my own remem-

brances. At eighteen I felt myself quite aged, and I used to look not without pride on incipient wrinkles. In the smooth face which looks upon me from the wall, I find nothing of that stern manhood on which I prided myself. Poor lad! I am not an old man yet, but I am too old to wish for age; though at eighteen I should have been glad to have pitchforked myself into the forties, had such a feat been possible. I wrote a prodigious deal of verse, much of which I remember at this day with an odd mixture of shame and affection. Most of it was addressed to Polly or in some way concerned her, and she was still my deity.

The time came when I should leave school. I think I feel the emotions proper to that hour more keenly in the remembrance than I did in reality. What a gap it made in life, had I but had the eyes to see it! How many with whom I had spent eight years or part of these in life's journey, faded out of life there and then, and now refuse to be summoned even as the thinnest shadows! It was not of the break in life I left behind, but of the opening to the world which lay before me, that I thought, as the train whirled me homewards. I was not so distinguished in the school as Gascoigne or Gregory had been before me in their last days; but I had done fairly well, and Uncle Ben was amply satisfied. It was not easily possible for Uncle Ben to be balder than he had been in my first knowledge of him; but he was grayer than of old, and his face was more deeply lined. He was always genial and good-tempered, and I have known few happier men. His ambitions were satisfied, even to the gradual formation of a relationship with the country magnates; though he confessed to me privately that he didn't want them for himself, but only for the good of the house; and that if it had not been for his sons and Maud and me, he would rather they had continued to stay away.

'But I'll tell you what it is, Johnny,' said the old man, with a twinkle in his eye. 'It's the golden bait as draws all them pretty fishes here. Don't you think now as I overvalue money. Their's a lot o' things in the world as money can't buy, and they're mostly the things as are best worth havin'. But these nob's is a poverty-struck lot, and the poor Major's drove nearly off his head with invitations. Their ain't a lord in the county as wouldn't jump at him for a son-in-law. But then you see I'm a weight to 'em. Their's no more polish on me than their is on so much oak-bark. I begun too late, Johnny; and it ain't no use tryin' to train a tree when it's got stout and stiff—is it! Eh?' Therewith Uncle Ben would laugh and poke me in the ribs, and felicitate himself upon the polish which belonged to the Major and to Mr Horace St John, the Major's brother, and to Maud and me.

The time which came between the last of my school-days and the beginning of my career at college went smoothly, and held only one thing worth chronicling. At that time, a certain police

case was reported daily and at length in the London newspapers. An expert in handwriting gave the chief evidence in this case, and there were doubts expressed by some visitor at the breakfast-table as to the value of such testimony as the expert had to offer. The visitor, I remember, was an army-man, an old campaigning comrade of the Major's, and he pooh-poohed the whole business.

Uncle Ben broke in calmly. 'Well, I don't know as you can call it a science, but it's a knack. I've had to deal with more than one forgery in my time, sir, and I know a handwriting I've once seen. I don't care how good the disguise is; I can tell it. You may think you've drawn my signature stroke for stroke, and you may practise till you're black in the face if you like, but I'll pick my own out of a hundred; or yours, sir, if the cleverest forger as ever cheated the gallows spent a lifetime in copying it.—No, no, 'sir! Don't tell me,' said Uncle Ben, who was in some heat by this time. 'There's them as knows what time o' day it is about handwritings.'

'The guv'nah's quite right,' said Major Hartley. 'I've known him do it.'

'Don't you think there's a possibility of being mistaken?' asked the Major's friend.

'Not for a man as has the knack,' Uncle Ben protested stoutly. 'I ain't sticking up for the experts, mind you. They may be duffers and impostors. But the thing is to be done, and is done; and there's scores o' men about in business as wouldn't pass the forgery of a name as was known to 'em if they just so much as cast their eye on it.'

'M'm!' said the Major's friend, not yet convinced.

'Well,' said Uncle Ben, 'you get any clever feller to forge anybody's name on me, and see if I don't spot him.' There was a general laugh at this, and the subject dropped. It fell from my mind, until circumstances brought it back again, in a singularly unpleasant manner.

Uncle Ben accompanied me to Oxford, and put up at the *Mitre* until he had seen me fairly settled. I took the rooms of a man who had left his furniture and pictures to be sold at a valuation; but all these, at Uncle Ben's instigation, were cleared out, and he furnished me anew. I think he disapproved of the art decorations, which were probably a little too erotic for a quiet taste. When everything was arranged, he came up to the rooms and looked over them with much enjoyment; and finally we sat down together, and he gave me a great deal of advice, drawn from his knowledge of the world. 'I don't think,' he said, 'as you're the sort of feller, Johnny, to be stuck up because you've got a rich uncle; but if you don't think of that, there's them as will. Do you remember that feller Tasker coming to my place, three or four years ago?'—I nodded.—'Do you remember what I told you then about bills?'—I nodded again.—'Don't you disappoint me now,' he said with a show of feeling, which was rare in him. 'I shan't make you any reg'lar allowance, Johnny; but I shall trust you. Everybody'll know afore you've been here a week as you're the nevey of

old Hartley the great millionaire'—he grinned a little at that—and they'll be on to you with offers of unlimited trust and credit. Now, I don't ask you to live stingy; but I ask you to be honest. Don't buy anything you can do without; but at the same time live like a gentleman. If you've got a head on your shoulders, you won't want to buy wine here. I'll send that to you from my own cellar, and you needn't spare it. Write to the butler when you want any. Don't bother me with that; but send me all your bills of whatever sort, and I'll pay 'em. I know what it is when a warm-hearted young chap makes friends, and one of 'em comes to him and says: "I'm in a bit of a hobble, I am. Just put your name on to a bit o' paper for me, will you?" Now this is my last serious word. If you get into a mess yourself, send me word. If you want money—no matter if you're ashamed of what you've come to want it for—send to me. If any one of your friends ever asks you to back his name, you tell him it's more than your income's worth to risk it. For that's the one thing I won't forgive; and now I've told you. If ever you put your name to a bill while I'm alive, I'll disown you. No, no, Johnny. I don't want to threaten you, my lad, and I don't mistrust you; but you must promise me.'

I gave the promise, and would have thanked him for all his countless kindnesses; but he stopped me. He gave me a cheque for such an amount that I should have been wasteful indeed had I exceeded it. 'Make it last as long as you can in reason, Johnny,' he said; and then, with a hearty shake of the hand and a slap on the shoulder, he went down-stairs, blowing his nose so violently that the hollow staircase echoed to the sound.

It is not within my scheme to relate the story of my college life. I fell amongst a wholesome set; and though I spent more time on the river and in the cricket-ground than I passed above my books, I contrived—considerably to my own surprise—to scratch through for a degree. Uncle Ben was greatly pleased at this, and prophesied that I should make a great man—seeming to regard the achievement of a B.A. degree as a thing till then unheard of. But it is not the life I led in Oxford which comes back to me most strongly when I recall that time. Mr. Fairholt comes within the range of mental vision, for one. I do not think I read him too unkindly when I believe that he found a wide difference between the John Campbell who was cast a friendless orphan on his hands and the John Campbell who was acknowledged by his own rich neighbour. I do not think I read him too unkindly if I say that the money question made the whole difference. But when once Uncle Ben had, by sending me to college, made his responsibility for my future complete, Mr. Fairholt made me a welcome guest at Island Hall. In spite of the enormous edifice Uncle Ben had built, I am fain to confess that Island Hall remained 'The Hall' to the country-people, as it had been time out of mind before Uncle Ben was heard of. Nor will I deny that apart from its one attraction for me, I liked it better than I liked the barbaric splendours of my uncle's palace. To me at that time it was a Bower for Beauty—nothing more or less. I was welcome there at all times; but I took an insane delight in wandering outside it, and making surreptitious sketches of it, as though

to go near it or to sketch it had been a thing forbidden. I used to rise at unearthly hours to ramble there; and I used to sketch her window with the Virginia creeper and the climbing roses about it until I could have almost drawn them with closed eyes, until closed eyes can summon them now at least and see them as clearly as if their fresh reality were before me. And the dreams I had! I would go into parliament, and become Prime-minister, though that went without saying if I once got there. Or I would go into the army, and distinguish myself in some tremendous campaign. Or I would go for authorship—in the poetic line—and write an epic, and be crowned with bays. But whatever I promised myself—and up to two-and-twenty one lives in the land of promises, if not in the Land of Promise—I never ventured to hope for a happy termination of the pangs of love. Nobody ever wrote more love-lorn verses. Nobody was ever more involved in a more hopeless passion. I used to go about in the moodiest fashion and watch the sunsets and the sunrises alone, and improvise verse, and declaim it in the silent lanes, to the great astonishment of the yokels, and my own shamefaced embarrassment when discovered. I confided my hopeless love to Gascoigne, who had a curacy hard by; and he used to smoke his pipe and listen to me with great forbearance. I confided it to Gregory, who accepted my belief in my own probable early death with marked composure, and undertook to provide an epitaph. Hawkins of Exeter and Bills of Wadham knew of my helpless and hopeless slavery. I think that in a gloomy way I was rather proud of it. In all the castles I ever built upon this cloud-foundation, there hung no picture of a happy union. I was going to be great, and then I was going to die; and Polly was to know how splendid a treasure she had cast aside. Yet I cannot remember that she treated me with anything but kindness, and I know she must have had a difficult task at times.

My delirium reached its height in the summer season which followed the close of my time at college. Polly had a paid companion, and Miss Hurd and I were great in friendship. I suppose Miss Hurd was thirty if she were a day; but we were kindred spirits, spite of this disparity of years. She had a fine deep melancholy-sounding contralto, and she used to sing in what I took to be a patent allusion to my own case:

Let us talk of love no more
While the bat is flying;
Fitter friendship's solemn lore
When the day is dying.

Other ditties bearing on her own condition she sang, as though the lower octaves of an organ were concealed within her. She could not sing the old songs, and the like. Except for a general and uncultivated fondness for the art, I was not in any manner musical; but I used to shake my head at this, and murmur inly that I could not sing the old songs either—a question as to which there existed no shadow of a doubt. I supposed that Miss Hurd was aware of my passion, until one evening when I came across the fields on horse-back and found Polly absent. Miss Hurd sat at the piano and played *The Heart Bowed Down*, and I sitting at the window sighed as I thought of my own.

'You are not well, Mr Campbell,' said Miss Hurd.

There was a dusky light in the room, and the window was open, and the quiet scents and gently stealing sounds of the country mingled with it soothingly. I rose and crossed to the piano, and said with much solemnity that I was well enough—'In body,' I added with a sigh.

'Thou canst not minister,' said Miss Hurd in her lowest contralto tones, 'to a mind diseased.'

'No,' I answered, sighing again, and carried on the quotation, though when I reached the 'yesterday,' I thought it a little inappropriate.

'What is it, Mr Campbell?' said Miss Hurd. 'Confide in me.'

I seized Miss Hurd's passive hand as it lay upon the keys of the pianoforte, and I told her in sepulchral tones that my heart was breaking. I believe I quite believed it.

'With what?' asked Miss Hurd. But I returned no answer. She pressed my hand, and murmured again: 'With what, Mr Campbell? Confide in me.'

'With love!' I answered, not unconscious of a comic side to the whole episode, the mere hint of which in my own mind made me perhaps a trifle more morose and tragic than before.

'For whom?' said Miss Hurd with my hand in both of hers. I laid my melancholy head upon the cold smooth polish of the top of the piano, and murmured my divinity's name. Miss Hurd dropped my hand, and sat still in the dusk of the room and made no sign. How she left the room, I know not. Nor do I know how I left it; but when I came to myself, I was in the fields again in the moonlight, putting Bob at a fence. I screeched with demoniac laughter. Miss Hurd! In love with Miss Hurd! Could she have dreamed of it? Could Polly have thought it? Horror! And I laughed bitterly to myself as I said that this was Fate's last and cruellest burden, and I would endure no more.

'When a tooth aches,' I told myself, 'the best thing to do is to have it out at once.' I resolved that I would go over next day, and compel Polly to turn spiritual dentist; but when morning came, the thought of Miss Hurd daunted me; and I hung about the stables in a weak irresolute way until, to my self-worrying mind, the very stable-helpers could read my vacillation and its cause; and I rode away in self-defence. Miss Hurd daunted me, as I have said; but though she held me back from the house with the memory of last night's episode, she could not keep me, nor could I keep myself, away from its neighbourhood. And there, as those serio-comic Fates who rule the destinies of lovers would have it, I found Polly alone in the fresh green lanes, with a frond of fern in her little gauntleted hand, and a wreath of young oak-leaves twined about her hat. I dismounted, and walked by her side, in a foolish compound mood of ecstasy and misery. Prompted by those serio-comic Destinies, I must needs drift in mystic and bewildering speech about last evening's episode with Miss Hurd. I tried at first to assume a tone of banter, which failed me miserably. Had Polly, so I asked her, ever deigned in her own mind to associate me with the matrimonial condition? Had she ever contemplated the possibility or probability of my being some day married? She regarded me gravely and frankly, but without a

suspicion of humour or confusion. No, she said; she had never thought of me in that connection.

'But,' she added, standing still to speak, and shading her eyes with the fern, held lightly in both hands, and making the sweetest picture with beautiful unconsciousness, 'you are getting to be a man, Jack. And I suppose,' with her eyes opening just a thought wider at the fancy, 'that I am getting to be a woman. One is a woman at nineteen, I think. Do you know?'—she spoke as though this were altogether a discovery—'I think that a girl is more a woman at nineteen, than a boy is a man at twenty.'

In my bewildered compound mood, this hurt my feelings. It seemed to widen the space between us, and to make despair more despairing. Canon Kingsley's charming novel of *Two Years Ago* was new just then; and I asked Polly, who had read it recently, if she remembered a passage in which it is declared—apropos of a Mr Creed, who carried a warlike message to Tom Thurnall—that if a man is ever to be a man he will be one at twenty.

'O yes,' said Polly, holding to her colours; 'but I think a woman is more a woman at nineteen.'

But, I persisted, with an aching feeling that my head was growing empty—had she ever thought that I was in love? With—with—anybody?

'No,' she answered, facing round again, with the fern still lightly balanced in both hands above her eyes. I felt that I had a hangdog guilty look, and beneath her glance I could feel that unpleasant aspect deepen. A little light of humour in her eyes ripened into a full smile of friendly mirth. 'O Jack,' she said, 'is this a confession?' Before I could answer or think of answering, her sudden question had so staggered and bewildered me, she dropped the fern, and clapped her hands together. 'It is Miss Hurd!' she said with a gravity as sudden as the gesture; and with the swift vivacity which was a part of her, and is still, she passed her arm through mine, and in a tone of cosy confidential friendship, she said: 'Tell me all about it.'

'O Polly,' I cried, not thinking how answerable I was for the situation, 'how could you think such a thing of me?'

'I don't know,' said Polly, with a little shrug. 'Miss Hurd is very nice, I'm sure.'

'I daresay,' I answered with Byronic bitterness of soul.

'I beg your pardon, I am sure,' said Polly, moving her arm a little to-and-fro in mine, as if to decide upon the most comfortable position there. 'And now,' she said, giving my arm a little hug, as if to emphasise her own satisfaction in the approaching confidence, 'tell me all about it.'

I said: 'Never mind,' darkly; and Polly said coaxingly: 'Yes; now do tell me all about it.'

I responded still darkly that she would know some day; and at that she was a little offended, and withdrew her arm. The empty aching of my head left me incapable of doing or saying anything to retrieve myself; but it left me the power to make myself feel still more hangdog and more desperate. Perhaps, I said, she did not care to know. It could make no difference to her.

'How can you say so?' she demanded with a little flash of her old childish petulance. Then with stately gravity: 'You are a stupid boy. You are undecided and self-contradictory, and'—with a complete change of face and voice, she took my arm again—'I am sure that you are not happy; and if I can help you, you must let me do it.'

I was quite melted at this, and told her that I felt I was a villain; but I added that it had been my fate all my lifetime to appear before her in an unfavourable aspect.

'That is all vanity,' she said with calm decisiveness. 'You have always been a little too self-conscious. Fight against it.'

'No,' I said, feeling desperately that the tooth was coming out at last; 'I have been awkward and constrained before you all my life.'

'Before me?' she asked in a voice which told me she was wounded.

'Yes,' I answered, 'and before you only. Ever since I saw you first, when Aunt Bertha took me to the nursery, and introduced me to you as your cousin.'

I had thought she would know my meaning; but her tone convinced me that she was still ignorant of it. She answered only: 'You are very unkind and cross to-day.'

'Unkind to myself,' I responded fatuously; 'but not so unkind as I deserve.'

'You are incomprehensible,' she answered in a tone of pique; and we walked on in silence until we came to the gate of the drive, when she asked me smilingly if I would 'Come in and be good.' Baffled in my purpose, and being altogether wretched and forlorn, I shook my head, and gave her my hand in silence.

'Bring your *Œdipus* with you,' said Polly lightly, 'if you come again in so Sphinx-like a humour.'

'I will send him by the penny-post,' I answered, conscious of a lucid interval and a resolve.

'He shall be welcome,' said Polly with a laugh; and then with a nod and a bright 'Good-day' she passed out of sight behind the curve of the trees.

I mounted Bob again, and in the tumult of my feelings, took him helter-skelter over the fields homeward. Arrived there, I sought the solitude of my chamber, and sat down to abuse myself for being so egregious an ass. I had said nothing I meant to say, and had said many things I had no right to say. I remembered my share in the whole conversation, and blushed over its inconsequence, its testiness, its want of purpose. I caught sight of my own face in the glass, and shook my head at myself savagely, announcing with perfect seriousness that if I could only get outside myself, I would kick myself from there to Land's End for an impracticable, disgraceful, unworthy idiot! I tried to write a letter to Polly, and made thirty or forty beginnings, and threw them all aside. So far as they went, I believe they all breathed unalterable devotion and a desire to die. I began one, I can remember, with: 'What am I, O pure and beautiful, that I should dare'—; 'Dear Polly' sounded too familiar; and 'Dearest Miss Fairholt'—apart from the distant coldness of the form—seemed to suggest that there were several Misses Fairholt—three at least. Why then, I thought, should I use any introductory phrase at all? Why not plunge *in medias res*, like 'some epic poets?' Whilst I sat thus bewildered, a message came from Uncle Ben, who

desired to see me; and having crammed the blotted and crumpled pile of unfinished notes into an escritoire and locked them there, I obeyed the summons.

Uncle Ben was strolling in the gardens, smoking a big porcelain German pipe. 'Have you got any notions, young un, about your future?' was the question with which he met me. I had within five minutes expressed the ideas I had upon that point, in writing; but feeling that Uncle Ben would scarcely care to know that I meditated an early death, and was quite indifferent as to what came before it, I contented myself by asking if he had thought about anything for me.

'I've thought about 'em all,' said Uncle Ben. 'Theer's the church, and theer's law, and theer's physic, and theer's th' army and navy. One, two three, four, five. Then theer's art, and theer's litterychewer. I take it for granted as you ain't got a special call to neither of them two.'—I believed I had to each of them, but I kept silence. 'Well then, about the church?' he questioned, turning round upon me with a finger on a thumb in act to tell off the five.—I shook my head, having very serious and decided ideas on that matter.—'Very well. About the law? How should you like to be a barrister?'—I had but a mean idea of the legal profession, and I said so.—'Very well,' said my uncle, going on to the middle finger. 'Then theer's physic. Now, th' army and navy is only professions to them that's got a lot o' money, and don't want a profession. To anybody else they're slavery. How about physic?'

I thought I saw that 'physic' was what Uncle Ben most favoured, and I said 'Yes' tentatively.

'It's a honourable profession,' said my uncle, 'and it's a useful un. Now, what do you say to physic?'

I told him I thought I would say 'Yes' to physic; and he asked me then what I should say to Dr Brand.

'A real first-rate man, Johnny,' said Uncle Ben. 'Last time I was in town, I asked him if in a few years' time he'd be prepared to admit a smart feller into his place to look around him; and we had a bit of a talk about it; and he's willing to take you under his wing, my lad; and make a friend of you, and make a man of you. You'll see if you like it; and if you don't, you needn't stick to it. It's a great favour, mind you; but he'll look after you when you get up there, and you must cultivate him.'

It seemed all very easily settled; and Uncle Ben, who was always for striking whilst the iron was hot, advised me to go at once to London and spend a week there—see Dr Brand—walk through the hospitals, get a first general idea of things, and decide as soon as I could see my way to a decision.

'Look you,' said Uncle Ben, clapping me jovially on the shoulder, 'we'll go up to-morrer, and have a look round together. Eh, Johnny?'

That was settled at once. I made a fire of the blotted and crumpled fragments of notes, and sent a brief letter to Polly. Uncle Ben's proposal had cleared my wits a little, I suppose; for I wrote without overwhelming embarrassment that Oedipus and I were going up to town with Mr Hartley, that we all three hoped to be improved by the trip, and that it was probable that the journey would result in my adoption of a profession. And having

despatched this letter, I lay for a long time awake, a little excited by the prospect of life in London, and a good deal less disposed to an early death on desert shores. When I fell asleep, I dreamed that I was appointed Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, and that I was Sir John Campbell.

ICE-MAKING.

WRITERS have always been fond of dilating on the contrasts that London presents, and some of them certainly are striking enough to an observant eye. It would, however, be difficult to find anything in the way of contrast more curious than that experienced by a parched and panting Londoner when he steps out of the heat and glare of a broiling day in July or August into an establishment in which one of the latest ice-making machines is at work—an establishment, for instance, such as may be found just by the side of the Thames, near the foot of Blackfriars Bridge. There, however hot it may be outside, winter reigns supreme. The van standing just within the entrance is being loaded with slabs of ice, eight or ten inches thick, which have been dragged out from a glittering mass stowed away in an ice-house on the right. On the left-hand side as we enter, a roaring fire throws out intense heat, notwithstanding which the machinery in the place is patched here and there with hoarfrost and little tufts of what looks to be snow; while from several points are suspended glistening icicles—all genuine products of the more than wintry temperature which science has succeeded in producing and maintaining, in contempt of almanacs, and in defiance of dog-stars and noon-day suns.

This creation of a frosty temperature has long been a very simple matter. It is the result of the absorption of heat occasioned by the rapid conversion of a solid body into a liquid, or of a liquid into a vapour. When either of these changes takes place, the liquid or the vapour absorbs all the heat within its reach, and thus for the time being lowers the surrounding temperature. If in any way you can carry on the process so as to absorb so much of the surrounding heat as to reduce the air to thirty-two degrees, then your liquid will freeze and become solid. The temperature might in this manner be reduced far below freezing-point, even under the hottest of July suns. All this has long been understood, and scientific men have been able to produce any amount of ice. But to turn out the artificially made article at a moderate price has, till recently, been quite another matter. Now, however, the art has been brought to great perfection, and ice made by machinery can be sold at a very much lower figure than what we may term natural ice, taking cost of gathering, conveyance, and storage into account.

There were two things to be done in order to bring about these results—first, to discover the most efficient refrigerating agent; and secondly, to devise the apparatus by which it could be set to work in the freezing of water. Both problems have been solved with a completeness that seems to leave very little to be wished. The refrigerating agent adopted in the newest machines is ammonia. Everybody knows that different fluids will boil at different temperatures. Water boils at two

hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit; ether, at ninety-five degrees; sulphurous acid boils at fifteen degrees, or seventeen degrees below the point at which water freezes; while ammonia in liquid form, and under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, will boil at twenty-eight degrees below zero, or sixty degrees below the freezing-point of water. It not only vaporises or boils, as we say, at a very low temperature, but the vapour has an immense capacity for latent heat. The keen eye of modern science had noted these peculiar characteristics of ammonia, and machinery has been devised to take advantage of them. It would be useless to attempt to describe it without illustrations, and without a good deal of technical detail, for which few of our readers would care. It looks a little complicated, but the whole contrivance has just two objects in view—first, to reduce a quantity of brine to a very low temperature; and secondly, to keep it circulating round the tanks in which water is to be frozen. The circulation is a simple matter of force-pumping, so we need not trouble ourselves with that part of the machinery. All the rest of it is merely an apparatus for changing the form of the ammonia from the liquid to the gaseous, and from the gaseous back to the liquid.

A certain amount of liquid ammonia is introduced into the machine; and assuming that there is no leakage or breakage, it will do permanent duty. It will start here, go through the apparatus, and come back, ready to do duty over again as often as required. Here it is a liquid; a little further on, it flies off into a gas; then it condenses into a liquid; and again a little further on becomes a gas, once more to settle into the liquid state towards the end of its journey at the original starting-point. Now, if the reader will bear in mind that liquid ammonia on changing into a gas absorbs an immense quantity of heat, and is bound to have it from somewhere or other, he will easily understand that just at the points in the machinery where the change takes place, there will be intense cold. The ammonia, as fast as it becomes a gas, must have caloric to generate, and it will suck what it requires out of the machinery and the surrounding air or anything else that happens to be near. It is at those points in the apparatus where this process is going on, that we find the icicles hanging and the little patches of snowy-looking ice and hoar-frost. Just at these points you may reduce temperature to almost any degree you please; and if you want to cool your brine, all you have to do is to pass it through a coil of pipe winding round the receptacle in which this heat-sucking process is going on; and if you choose, it may be made cold enough to freeze a tank of water in a baker's oven.

Most people know that ordinary brine, that is salt and water, requires a much greater degree of cold to freeze it than pure water. Hence salt cast upon ice or snow, melts it. A solution of chloride of lime, which constitutes the 'brine' in this machine, may be cooled down to fifty degrees below zero without freezing. In connection with the ice-making machine, it is not necessary to reduce the brine to such a temperature; but after passing through a spiral pipe in the 'cooler,' it issues in a frigid torrent which freezes water more rapidly than the severest winter's night ever experienced in this country.

We will now leave the machinery and pass into the adjacent apartment in which the actual ice-making is going on. Here is a huge tank, nearly fifteen feet square, and three feet and a half in depth. This is divided longitudinally into a number of troughs by hollow iron walls, through which the brine, at a temperature representing sixty degrees of frost, or thereabouts, is pumped in one continuous stream, circulating round these tanks and back again to the 'cooler.' The 'ice-making by machinery' being nothing more than the natural process of freezing, is of course very slow work even at the lowest of temperatures. As soon, however, as the brine begins to rush round the tanks, a thin covering of glassy ice may be detected all round the inside of their walls, and this glassy covering grows thicker and thicker until, at the end of four-and-twenty hours, there is one solid lining about eight inches thick, hard as rock, and looking as though no strength short of that which would destroy the tanks themselves could ever detach it from the iron walls. Nothing, however, can be more easily accomplished. The stream of brine is cut off, and water at the ordinary summer temperature turned on in its place. This may involve an increase of some one hundred and thirty degrees of temperature, and instantly we hear a crackling and splitting on all hands, as the ice becomes detached from the sides of the tank. It may afterwards be lifted in huge slabs and blocks—eight or ten tons of it as the produce of one day's work.

There is one very curious feature in the process as here carried on. It is characteristic of the best ice that it is clear and transparent—free from those white, milky streaks which are commonly attributed to air. This appearance is not, however, attributable to the presence of air, but to the irregular formation of the crystals, which, by shooting out in various directions, present a broken and irregular surface, from which the light is reflected, instead of being allowed to pass through. Now it has been found that a slight, oscillating motion of the water in the tanks will give uniformity to the direction in which the crystals shoot out from the iron walls. The sway of the water determines the direction in which they dart out, and causes them to present a smooth and even surface to the play of light upon them. By a simple arrangement, this stirring is effected by bars of wood, which gently sway to and fro in the middle of each tank while the ice is forming on the walls all round.

It may safely be affirmed that ice turned out by this process is better than that which is taken from lakes and rivers. It is so for the most part in respect to its purity and transparency. But what is of more importance is its increased density and hardness. The harder the frost, the denser and more durable the ice produced by it. Nevertheless there are some purposes for which very hard ice is not desirable. Where it is to be mixed with salt for freezing purposes, for instance, the more rapidly it liquefies the better, and the ice that 'has the most gravy in it' is preferred. For such purposes, therefore, ice from our own ponds and streams has generally been used rather than that from the more rigorous climate of Norway or America. English ice can be got cheaper too. For merely cooling purposes, however—for use in the larder, in fishmongers' shops, in the cooling of

liquids, &c.—the harder the ice and the longer it will last, the better; and the produce of the tanks, or 'ice-boxes,' with their fifty or sixty degrees of frost, is far superior to the ice yielded by either our own or foreign waters. Bearing this in mind, and considering also that our native or imported 'natural' ice fetches from three to eight pounds per ton in the market, our readers may judge of the revolution that is going on in the trade, when we state that by one of these machines—Reece's for instance—some ten tons of ice may be turned out per day at a cost, as we are assured, of five-and-sixpence a ton.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

Two or three years ago, we lived in a lonely country-house at Dullenthorpe, a little hamlet twelve miles from the large seaport town of Liversedge. Being so far from a large town, was a great drawback in obtaining servants; and we had to pay high wages and put up with anything in the shape of 'help' that we could get. My mother had been wonderfully fortunate, and had retained her two good servants for nearly three years; so when our neighbours discussed their misfortunes, we listened with a feeling of superior pity. After my father's death, as she had four daughters at home, my mother no longer thought it right to keep two servants, considering that expense might be saved, and the extra work would keep us from moping. After several journeys up and down to different registry offices, I answered an advertisement that looked promising: Going down to Liversedge, a clean tidy-looking woman was presented to me by the name of Bridget Maloney. Her country was betrayed by feature and accent as well as by name. Her clothes, though very plainly made, were good in material; and there was a good-tempered and honest look in her dark-gray eyes that prepossessed me in her favour.

'Why did you leave your last place?' I said, after her capabilities in the cooking and washing line had been discussed, and both of which were satisfactory.

'Sure, Miss, there was a stepmother; and she used to bate the children of the first wife, and I couldn't stand it at all at all. Not but they was tiresome monkeys; and many a slap I've given them meself; but that's different to bating with a strap.'

I saw her last mistress, who gave her the character of being a 'thorough servant;' and I engaged her to come on the following day.

Bridget arrived while I was out; and on entering the parlour, my mother observed: 'That woman looks tidy and capable, Marian; but she is an awful talker. She nearly deafened me when she came, about the trouble she had to find the house; so, to get rid of her, I suggested it was five o'clock and she might like a cup of tea.'

Like most of her countrywomen, we found her wonderfully quick to understand when it suited her, and equally dense when it served her purpose to be stupid. However, as she was generally

willing and always good-tempered, her little eccentricities only amused us; and feeling quite comfortable about us, my mother and two sisters went off to pay a visit to some friends in the north, leaving Gwendolin and myself alone.

As one servant in a large house and in such a quiet country-place had a very lonely life of it, we talked more to Bridget than we should otherwise have done; and after a while it struck me she rather presumed on it. Her want of respect indeed amounted at times to an unaccountable mania.

It was now the end of November, and Gwen and I found the evenings very long and dull; therefore when the front-door bell rang about nine o'clock one night, though rather startled—for so quiet was Dullenthorpe, and so little given to visiting were its inhabitants, that we could generally account for every ring—it was with a feeling of pleasurable excitement we waited for the result. The bell rang again. As Bridget didn't attend to it, I pulled the one in the breakfast-room. She answered it in a great temper; and going to the front-door, pulled it open on the chain, and shouted out: 'Who's there?' so roughly, I was quite ashamed. As there was no answer, she opened the door; and then came in to say there was no one there. There was a large boys' school in the neighbourhood; so we decided one of the boys had done it for mischief. In about a quarter of an hour the bell rang again, with the same result; and Bridget retired, muttering sundry threats as to what she would treat the young spalpeens to, if she caught them. The next night the bell rung in the same way about six o'clock; but though annoyed, we resolved to take no notice, but let the boys tire themselves out.

About nine o'clock, Bridget appeared in great excitement. 'I was pickin' a chicken in the laundry, Miss, when a man with his head wrapped in a white cloth, came and pressed his face against the winder; and I want you to go round the garden with me and find him.'

'Is the back-door locked?' I asked.

'Troth, Miss. Don't I lock it every night when the milk comes.'

'Then put out the light in the laundry, and finish the chicken in the kitchen,' I said. I knew that if the back-door was locked, the house was safe; and our man, who was gardener and groom combined, was so careful, that I was certain the stables and outbuildings were quite secure. As we were not far from the station, where the natives congregated in the evening, and who were very fond of practical jokes, I was sure one of them had seen the light and had put his face to the window to startle her.

For several nights the bell-ringing went on with great regularity, always once or twice about six and nine o'clock. One afternoon, as I sat in the drawing-room, a violent peal echoed through the house. Now, our drawing-room had a large bow-window, commanding a full view of the drive and approach to the front-door. Resolved this time to see the provoking ringer, I moved to the window. At the same moment, Bridget opened the room-door and said very crossly: 'If it's the tea you're wanting, Miss Helyard, it will be in directly.'

'It was the front-door,' I said. 'See who is there.'

I heard her open the outer door ; it was now too cold to keep it open all day ; and a moment after she appeared in the drive, shaking her head. 'There was a man, Miss Helyard,' she called out ; 'and he ran first up to the stables, and when he found that door was locked, he ran down again, and jumped over the garden-wall ; and he called out he knew the place long before I did.'

'What was he like ?' I inquired breathlessly.

'Sure, Miss, he went past me like a streak of light, and I couldn't tell you at all at all.'

'But you must know what he was like,' I persisted.

'No, Miss ; indeed I can't tell you a bit. He ran like a hare.'

And that was all I could get out of her.

That night, the bell kept us on the constant start ; and I began to think of a gardener we had dismissed a year before, who had taken to drinking, and had lately, I fancied, favoured us with very black looks. The next day we concocted a scheme to catch the mysterious ringer. We tied a cord to the farthest arch of the veranda which covered the porch, so as to cross the step ; so that if it were taken in at the breakfast-room window, it could be jerked up when the bell rang, and no one could go down the steps without touching it. After half-an-hour's watch, without a crackle of the asphalt or a foot-fall on the step, the bell rang violently. For a second I sat paralysed, then I jerked up the cord. It remained tense in my hand without shock or jar. At the same moment Gwen suddenly opened the front-door. There was no one there ! We closed and double-locked both door and window with great celerity, and betook ourselves to the bright, well-lighted drawing-room, where we sat down to talk it over.

We were beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable ; we had scarcely got over the shock of my father's sudden death ; the house that used to ring from morning to night with song and laughter, was now so quiet that every sound seemed to echo ; and for the last month the weather had been steadily wet and foggy. All these causes combined put us both in a nervous excitable state ; and after the discovery that the bell rang without hands, Gwendolin retired to bed with a racking headache. I remained in the drawing-room ; but at Gwen's special request, left the door open. I heard Bridget running up-stairs with the hot-water bottle for her feet, murmuring as she did so : 'Poor little girl ! poor little girl !'

The ringing still went on ; and unable to bear the strain, we told our neighbours ; and gentlemen for several nights patrolled the garden and road, but on these occasions—to our great mystification—we were left in peace. One afternoon a lady-friend came in ; and as we sat talking, a peal at the bell startled us all.

'Oh, Miss Helyard, let us sit in the breakfast-room and watch,' said Mrs Marsland. 'It must be some one ; and it is so light we shall be sure to see them.'

Accordingly, we adjourned to the next room. Within the shadow of the veranda, it was perfect darkness ; but against the white drive we could have seen the movement of the smallest animal. Gwendolin crept to the front-door and held the handle turned in her hand ready to jerk it open instantly. While we were watching, Bridget came

in. She seemed to be in a state of great excitement. 'And is it watching you are ?' she said. 'Let me stay with you.'

'If you don't speak a word, you may,' I said.

But she went on talking in the strangest manner, and wound up a disconnected harangue with : 'Sure, are you stopping for tea, Mrs Marsland ? Do stop to tea.'

Mrs Marsland looked amazed, as well she might ; and I said sternly : 'Leave the room, Bridget.'

She glared at me, and at last departed, muttering something very like a suppressed malediction.

A few seconds after, without a sound from outside, the bell pealed through the silence. Gwen jerked the door open, and shut it again with great precipitation. There was no one there, she said. We all turned a shade paler ; and Mrs Marsland besought us to escort her to the end of the drive. I did so, and did not linger on the way back. When I entered, I found Gwen still more terrified : the bell had rung while she stood in the doorway ! I went into the kitchen to reprove Bridget for her conduct to Mrs Marsland ; but finding the gardener there, began to give him some directions. Bridget interrupted me several times ; and at last I told her, in a peremptory tone, to take the tea-things into the drawing-room, and not to come into the kitchen again until I had finished talking to David.

As soon as she had gone, he said : 'I would like you to let me sit in the veranda, Miss. I am determined to find it out ; and won't I just break the head of the scoundrel that has troubled you so much !'

The night was terribly cold ; it was freezing hard ; and I was very loath to expose David, who was rather a delicate man, to its severity ; but he pressed so hard, I couldn't refuse him ; and it was arranged he should be supplied with plenty of warm wraps, and should sit in the veranda from half-past eight till after nine. I returned to the drawing-room, where Bridget was banging the cups and saucers about in a most vindictive manner.

'Bridget,' I observed with great dignity, 'once for all, you must learn to curb your tongue, or you leave this house !'

This was the signal for a burst of screaming and crying, during which she said that if I had scolded her for big things, she could have borne it ; but it was always for little things, that no one else would have noticed !

In the middle of the excitement, there was a knock with the hand at the front-door ; and feeling much ashamed of the noise, I opened it, and discovered Mrs Marsland, escorted by her housemaid. Leaving the girl in the passage, she came into the drawing-room, the door of which she carefully closed, then taking us quite to the far end of the room, she demanded in a low voice : 'Does your servant drink ?'

'O no,' I said. 'She can't get at anything ; and once when she was ill, I had great work to get her to take a little brandy.'

Then said our friend in a most impressive whisper : 'If she doesn't drink, she is mad ; and we have come to the conclusion it is she who rings the bells. And I don't like to leave you two girls in the house with a madwoman.'

I explained that, mad or not, I was much stronger than Bridget, and that if we felt uneasy, we would get David to sleep in the house. On which assurance, but only looking half-satisfied, our friend departed.

While sitting over our tea, Gwen and I discussed the new idea. Now we were both almost teetotalers; and since my mother's departure, except to take out a little sherry for a pudding, the cellaret had not even been opened.

'I am quite sure there were both whisky and brandy in the decanters,' said Gwendolin; 'and didn't you decant some sherry for mother to take with her?'

'But she couldn't be drunk for three weeks on that,' I said; 'and it is only about that time that she has been rather strange.'

She had certainly changed for the worse both in her dress and temper. We had noticed that the slightest things seemed to excite her; but this we had put down to Irish eccentricity, increased by nervousness at the mysterious ringing. That night, her conduct certainly justified Mrs Marsland's suspicions. About nine o'clock she appeared, and flinging wide open the drawing-room door, said with the air of a Duchess: 'Miss Helyard, I demand of you, is David in the veranda or no?'

'I really don't know if he has come yet,' I replied.

'If I can't get an answer out of you,' she said vehemently—'and it's just lies you're telling me—I must see for myself.' She rushed to the front-door, threw it open, and disappeared into the garden, where we heard her shrieking out frightful abuse. We followed to the door, being afraid she meant to admit thieves, and that her excitement was feigned, to frighten us into keeping to one room. In a short time she came in, exhausted by her violence, and went straight to bed—as I took care, without a light.

The next day, to our inexpressible joy our mother came home. 'Why, that woman is mad with drink,' she said, after seeing Bridget a minute. 'Where is the key of the wine-cellar?'

'In the cellaret,' I said; 'and I have had the keys of that quite safely.'

The next day, Bridget was informed she might have a holiday to see her friends. In her absence, we took the opportunity of making a thorough examination. The wine-cellar revealed a dreadful tale. A dozen bottles of my father's splendid old port, half-a-dozen sherry, and different bottles of rum, whisky, and gin—thirty bottles in all, made a dismal gap in the stores my mother had thought would last for years. How any woman could consume so much in less than five weeks, and yet have gone about her work, and how we could have been so blind as not to find her out, were alike mysteries to my mother.

An examination of the sideboard shewed how the key had been obtained. It was made of beautifully carved old oak; but its interior arrangements were very badly contrived. The bottom of the drawer formed also the top of the cellaret; and when the drawer was withdrawn, anything below could be easily fished up by a piece of wire or pair of tongs. Behind one of the kitchen-doors, which always stood open, was found a mop of tremendous length, meant for brushing lofty ceilings, and which could therefore be easily used

for reaching to where the bells were hung. Its proper place was the housemaid's closet up-stairs; so that accounted for our not thinking of it. The absence of any motive for such malicious conduct supplied a reason for our blindness in not connecting Bridget with the bell-ringing. It could only be accounted for as the freak of a woman mad with drink.

When she saw we had found her out, she came to my mother with a table-knife clenched in her hand; but a little quiet decision soon cowed her; and when she departed that night, she was evidently as glad to leave as we were to see the last of our 'Perfect Treasure.'

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HOBBIES.

A HOBBY is, according to the dictionary, 'an object of affection'; but this definition, if not altogether wrong, is very different from that generally ascribed to the word. It is really understood to mean every self-imposed task which is taken up as a pleasure, in contradistinction to those only pursued for profit. Hobbies are so varied in their nature, that it would be next to impossible to arrange them in a classified form. But a large number may be placed under the head of '*Collecting Hobbies*.' Even in childhood this trait may often be detected. Who does not remember the heterogeneous mass of odds and ends which he or she so jealously guarded in days gone by? Again, what a strange mania possesses the boy who gathers together about a bushel of marbles? There is, however, some method in this form of madness; for marbles at school are to a certain extent legal tender for all kinds of small transactions in pocket-knives and other necessities of boyhood. Cherrystones, horse-chestnuts, buttons and knuckle-bones have also their claims on the regard of the young collector. Defaced postage-stamps were also affected by many long before the demand brought its natural supply of gaily bound albums in which to preserve them. It would be curious if it could be ascertained that those who in boyhood have given themselves up to these hobbies, carried out their destiny later in life by giving fabulous prices for scarce cups and saucers and bric-à-brac.

Another trait which shews itself in a very marked manner during childhood—and which is often afterwards developed into a hobby—is the natural love for the lower animals. This feeling, so general, should be surely encouraged in every way. The pets usually in vogue among little folk are fowls, rabbits, and guinea-pigs; for they are easily obtained, and can in great measure shift for themselves. But animals of a far more unpleasant nature occasionally engage the affections of youth, such as frogs, lizards, and toads. Hobbies such as these are the abhorrence of the careful housewife; but all the same they must not too readily be discouraged. There is a certain amount of good in them, which should not be sacrificed altogether to the love of order, which by the way is with many people a rampant hobby in itself. We have regarded such inconvenient pursuits as being not entirely destitute of good, because there is no doubt that very often habits of comparison and observation of natural things are thus implanted in the mind, which may afterwards bear good fruit in the shape of scientific research. The same may be said of the mania which possesses some

boys of trying everything in the shape of a chemical experiment—doubtless to their own satisfaction, but to the detriment of the household gods generally. It seems something like heresy to assert that boys should be encouraged in such amusements; but we do say it. For when we look around us and consider that every necessary we have, and every trade through which our wants are supplied, owes its present state of perfection in a great measure to the science of chemistry, we should not be too ready to discountenance, on the sole ground of minor inconveniences, the dawning love for such a splendid branch of study. In the present day, a good deal of attention is paid in our schools to natural philosophy; so it may be hoped that the rising generation will be a little more conversant than their parents with the phenomena which surround the daily actions of their lives. Ask any average middle-aged man in this nineteenth century the solution of such a simple problem as the composition of air or water, and in the generality of cases he will confess himself puzzled. But the best apology for permitting boys to flirt with chemistry, is the fact that our modern school of chemistry is founded upon discoveries hit upon by the students of old, who dabbled in the science in much the same spirit that possesses the boyhood of to-day.

Hobbies which bring pleasure and profit to others besides the promoter, should most certainly take a very high rank in our estimation. It is the peculiarity of many such occupations that while they bring good to others, they are usually fraught with expense and trouble to their originator; although of course in his case this trouble and expense are compensated for in seeing the results growing under his hands.

Of the various hobbies which engross men's minds, perhaps those connected with the arts are the most common. Music is now happily such a general accomplishment, that it can hardly be called a hobby. Still some people do make it one, and unfortunately many affect it who are incapable of securing any result save that of torturing the ears of their fellows. Putting aside vocal music as being of too ordinary a character to need notice, we will consider in a brief manner the instrumental part of the question. Unfortunately, the instrument which an amateur chooses for his first attempts is often of a very aggravating character. The flute in the hands of a learner is one of the most exasperating instruments to the enforced listener. It is so comparatively easy to tootle a melody on this instrument, that many amateurs adopt it. The cornet is even worse, and yet it is an instrument much affected by amateur musicians, to the inexpressible annoyance of those who are compelled to listen.

Stringed instruments offer so many difficulties to the aspirant to musical fame, that they are seldom meddled with, except by those who mean to take some pains to acquire proficiency. A moderately good player can always find a ready welcome to one of the numerous orchestras or quartet parties which are now common all over the kingdom. It is true that such orchestras do not always come up to a very high standard; still, they afford people the pleasure of working together in a friendly spirit towards one common end; and when a hobby takes this form, who can cavil at it!

The most usual fault of which amateur musical societies are guilty is the choice of work far beyond their powers of performance, and very often above the capacities of their hearers. People are apt to forget that the ear requires a certain education before it can distinguish good from bad. The dearth of this ear-education is exemplified in the enormous prices often paid for the copyright of wretched street songs, which spread over the entire country in a few days like a terrible epidemic; while it is a fact that competent musicians are told by publishers that it does not pay to produce works that are actually too good for the multitude to appreciate. This form of ignorance is by no means confined to our lower classes; it is more or less common to all.

From music to painting is an easy transition; indeed in very many instances the two arts have been successfully cultivated by one and the same person. It is certain that the love of the one is very likely to beget a fondness for the other. In painting, as in music, the common fault prevails of aiming too high at first, in forgetfulness of the axiom that one must creep before he can walk. The type of drawing-master, now happily almost extinct, is in great measure responsible for this; the necessity for making parents believe that their hopefuls have made rapid progress, by exhibiting to their partial eyes impossible landscapes duly furnished with impossible figures, being at the root of the evil. It is too much the custom to allow children to dabble with colours before they can describe a straight line with tolerable accuracy—under which circumstances the chances are that they will never master that essential element of art. Our art-schools have worked a healthy reform of late years; but it will be some time before their influence will make an inroad upon the false system of teaching which still prevails in many places, by shewing that servile copying from flat lithographic studies means egregious waste of time. The master who really means his pupils to shew advancement, will direct them to begin by sketching such solid objects as any household will afford—pots and pans and the like, such as the great Teniers was not too proud to introduce with such marvellous fidelity into the pictures which have handed down his name to posterity.

In the present day, there is too much affectation for what is called 'high' art; a kind of struggling after a vague ideal which has no counterpart in nature. It is the fashion to give this feeling encouragement, and in consequence a great deal of nonsense is talked about the decadence of art. The old masters, for whom we have the utmost veneration, are lauded beyond their deserts, and pictures cracked and generally disfigured, are called 'fine.' If they were painted nowadays by some obscure artist they would remain unobserved and neglected.

Another branch of art which many make a hobby, and which seems more perhaps than every other amusement to engross all the energies of its followers, is the histrionic. It would seem as though there was some subtle influence attached to a theatre against which some people find it very difficult to combat. The character of the stage-struck youth has again and again been introduced by old and modern dramatists as a subject for satire; and in real life it is by no means an uncommon one. In this particular, acting partakes

much of the nature, in its effect, of dancing. An inordinate love of the latter pastime is of course a trait immeasurably below that of acting, where the intellect is engaged, and where acquaintance is made with the works of standard authors. But still the time absorbed could certainly be better employed; to say nothing of the fact, that a dramatic club is usually a kind of mutual admiration society, and one therefore not likely to be of permanent value to its members.

In conclusion, we must readily admit that many of the hobbies we have mentioned are of great use to the community, as well as to the persons principally concerned. They give employment to many; they encourage trade in various ways; and they are in constant demand for benevolent purposes.

MAX GORDON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—PROLOGUE.

I HAVE spent to-night in the past—the past, which I fancied was safely buried beyond sight and resurrection. Not forgotten—ah, no!—but so far distant, so resolutely lived down, that it seems miserable a few old pages of faded writing should have power to ‘roll the stone from its grave away.’ It is lying open before me—the grave of a woman’s heart and hopes and happiness. And though the stern forms of Duty and Fate are sitting one at the head, the other at the feet, with the same smile on their pale faces that has hitherto been my only strength, I cannot look into their eyes to-night; I can but stoop yearningly over my buried treasures, and water them with unavailing tears.

Only a few pages of faded writing, found in an old desk, which two hours ago I opened for the first time in fifteen years. I am a proud woman, and a strong woman; and yet the written record of these few months’ of my life has swept away all the barriers raised by Time and resolute toil.

Let me copy the pages from Edith’s Diary and my own here; and consecrate this night at least to the loving memory of my dear sister—and others.

CHAPTER I.—EDITH’S DIARY.

March 1, 188—.

An event is about to take place. I do not remember ever having had previous occasion to make such an interesting announcement as the above. The story of our lives from day to day is about as dull as it well can be; and therefore—though we are very happy, Papa, Katrine, and I—an event is an event to us, and we are excited accordingly. And yet the prospective circumstance, to any but such a doctor-ridden house as ours, would not probably be regarded as one of momentous interest. It is only that old Dr Rousby—who brought me into the world, and has been in frequent and lively anticipation of seeing me go prematurely out of it—is about to retire from practice, and that Dr Max Gordon is coming to succeed him.

It is vain to disguise a notable fact, and I may therefore mention here that such lamentable failures—from a sanitary point of view—as my father and myself, are it is to be hoped uncommon. We both of us ‘enjoy’ almost constant bad health, and expect to be waited upon by the family physician regularly as by the postman. A change like the

one impending is regarded by us, therefore, as a matter of no small moment; and the advent in our midst of a stranger—for he is almost that, so long is it since we saw him—thrills us with expectation, not unmingled with awe.

One only of our household can boast of her due allowance of strength, physical and mental. I see her coming up the approach as I write—my sister Katrine. The cold wind is blowing a soft pink into her pale pure cheeks; the velvet and dark furs shew off her glorious hair—yellow like ripe corn; great lustrous eyes of darkest gray look up to the window at me; whilst a loving smile parts the sweet, proud lips. (Are you truly—as in very truth you seem to me—faultless, O my sister? Or, even as those fathomless eyes give your face its one wanted touch of earth, is that regal pride of yours in like wise the hall-mark of your spirit’s humanity?)

Our relation is deeper than even the deep one of ordinary sisterhood. Ever since I can remember, Katrine has been to me mother, sister, teacher, nurse, everything; and not for a single day during my recollection have we been separated. In truth, our travels have not been far or wide. Two visits to Scotland—five and three years ago—constitute our sole glimpses of the world lying beyond The Grove and its vicinity. The delicacy of Papa’s health and mine was always a sufficient barrier to our further peregrinations, and Katrine of course would not move without us.

Twelve years since, when Kate was nearly fourteen, and I was five, our mother died. I do not recall her well—though the dim image of a pale wasted face, and the sound of a hacking cough, haunt me sometimes when I look at myself in the glass. Katrine cannot speak of her even yet. Once after I had been ill, seized with a sudden anxiety as to the possible ravages left by disease in my small white countenance, I asked my sister to bring me the mirror. The sight of my thin face instantly revived more powerfully than ever the vision of that other one—perhaps because the likeness in my own to it was even more marked than usual.

‘Kate,’ I said, still contemplating my unenviable reflection, ‘you are like Papa, everybody says; am I like Mamma, then?’

My sister laid hands on the glass swiftly; and glancing at her, I saw her cheeks had turned as white as my own.

‘Am I, Kate?’ I repeated with the exacting pertinacity of convalescence.

‘Yes, darling,’ she answered, wrapping another shawl round my shoulders. ‘Too like, by far,’ I heard her sigh to herself as she turned quickly away.

Aunt Mabel, who is staying with us just now, told me yesterday that the night Mamma died she called Katrine to her, and whispered: ‘I leave our Edith to you, dearest. For the sake of our fourteen years’ unbroken love and friendship, you will shield our delicate darling, Katrine?’

And Katrine, her pale lips on Mamma’s, promised: ‘With my life, mother.’

Strangely enough, only yesterday for the first time an idea presented itself to me, or rather was presented, which I suppose to most other girls of my age would have occurred often, and long ago. I was tired, and had fallen asleep on the drawing-

room sofa. Aunt Mabel was seated by the fire, and I suppose Katrine must have come in whilst I slept; for presently I was conscious of murmuring voices, and listened to them lazily in a dreamy half-awakened way.

'Well,' Aunt Mabel was saying, 'in my opinion it is quite a misdirection of the natural and fitting order of things, for a girl of your beauty and accomplishments, and the rest, to be buried alive here with two invalids, when you should be adorning quite a different position. Lord Haricourt'—

'I gave Lord Haricourt my ultimatum long ago,' Katrine put in rather contemptuously. (Here my semi-comatose state became one of lively interest.) 'I must say I can't conceive how my lot—with which I am perfectly satisfied—could possibly be bettered by uniting it with *his*.'

'I don't know what you would have,' Aunt Mabel replied calmly. 'Viscounts with fifteen thousand a year don't grow on every bush.'

'The beauty of Nature would scarcely be enhanced if they did, taking this one for a fair specimen,' remarked Katrine dryly. 'Dear Auntie,' she added with a little laugh, 'what would you have me marry that half-witted boy for?'

'He has been a very constant boy,' Aunt Mabel observed, ignoring the question.

'Is he still of the same mind, then?' returned Kate, with lazy indifference, evidently tired of the subject.

'He is; and is in very earnest hopes that time may have changed yours. It is ridiculous to make Edith your excuse, you know, Katrine. There is no reason why you should not have her to live with you, if you like.'

'And what is to become of poor Papa? My lord does not want to marry us *en famille*, I suppose?' Kate returned sleepily—the influence of fire and easy-chair being apparently more seductive than the aspirations of her suitor.

'Parents must lay their account with such things,' continued Aunt Mabel with quiet pertinacity. 'It is not with regard to this case alone that I regret to learn your decision. You will have other offers, no doubt; but I should be very sorry if you intended applying the same rule to all.'

'I have had no temptation to break it,' said Katrine, with a leaven of unconscious pride in her voice, and rising as she spoke. 'No man ever yet had power to make me waver in my duty, thank God!—I trust Edie has been asleep,' she added quickly, bringing a hot flush of tardy shame to my cheek. 'I should not like the child to be disturbed with'—

'I don't think she is such a child as you fancy,' said Aunt Mabel quietly. 'Those sensitive fragile natures often possess a prematurely developed faculty of perception and insight. They have a quiet logic of their own, that carries them further than all our boasted knowledge and experience.'

I had my back to them, so I could not see the effect of this speech on Katrine; but I guessed the wistful expression with which she looked over at me in the silence that followed. And then with a start—which she no doubt took for a waking one—I met my sister's loving eyes looking down into mine, as though she would fain reassure herself that her child was one still, and

her own. Ah, yes, ever your own, Katrine, child or woman!

But I have wandered far from the subject with which I started—Max Gordon's approaching arrival. As I said, he is almost a stranger to us; for though he used to visit the Rousbys sometimes—his father was their dearest friend—the last two occasions on which he was here happened to be during the very two summers Katrine and I spent in Scotland. Kate may remember him, I daresay; but to me he will have all the charm of novelty—a charm by no means to be despised, when one hardly sees a new face from year's end to year's end.

My sister regards the impending change with unqualified approval. She says the old doctor—valued friend though he be—is professionally antiquated; and she thinks it will be a great advantage for Papa and me to have 'the last discoveries of science' brought to bear upon us. Our new physician's fame has preceded him. He had a brilliant career at college, and has since been abroad, gaining fresh laurels at foreign universities. In fact, had it not been an ancient family arrangement between the Rousbys and the Gordons that Max was to step into the old doctor's shoes, I hardly fancy that the luck of securing his services would have fallen to Hatherton. For the rest, as we know all about him—that he is of good family, a gentleman, and a scholar—we would seem for once to be in the distinguished position of having got the right man in the right place.

ROCKING-STONES.

SCATTERED over certain portions of the British Isles, and here and there in other parts of the world, may be found masses of detached rock, often of great size, poised so nicely on a narrow base that they move to and fro under very slight pressure, and known in Great Britain by the name of 'Logan' or 'Rocking' Stones. In some cases the action of the wind alone is sufficient to set them in motion.

Formerly, these stones, from their peculiar characteristics, were considered to be the work of human hands, and were classed among 'Druidic remains'—the common belief being that they were connected with the religious rites and ceremonies of the Druids.

One of the absurd beliefs was that if a supposed culprit was brought to a rocking-stone, his guilt or innocence would be at once proclaimed—if guilty, the stone would vibrate on his approach by unseen power; while on the other hand his innocence would be proved by its remaining stationary. An opposite belief—that the stone would 'rock' at the slightest touch of those pure at heart, but would withstand even a giant's power when exerted by the guilty—is thus well expressed by the poet Mason:

Behold yon huge
And unhewn sphere of living adamant,
Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock; firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose heart is pure; but to a traitor,
Though e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
It stands as fixed as Snowdon.

These beliefs, like many others connected with

so-called cromlechs and other remains, are, however, exploded, and it is now very generally agreed that rocking-stones are not works of art, but the result of natural causes.

There can be no doubt that in most cases the 'rocking' property of these masses of stone is entirely due to weathering; disintegration having been effected through countless ages by the action of wind and rain, and sometimes by sand blown by the wind upon the masses of jutting rock of which they are composed. In some instances too, there is little doubt the superincumbent mass has fallen or rolled from the rocks and heights above, and become accidentally poised on its present bed; and in others again, they may have been deposited in their position by glaciers or icebergs. In all cases, however, we shall be safe in attributing, in one way or other, their formation to natural agency. At one of the meetings of the British Association, this theory was clearly demonstrated by Mr Grove, who stated that by artificial attrition he had himself made several miniature rocking-stones; 'and thus he shewed how by the action of the atmosphere on their corners, many large masses of rock, which have a tendency to disintegrate into cubical or tabular blocks, might gradually become rounded into the rude spheroidal shape generally presented by the logan.'

There are a number of these singular formations in Devonshire, the most remarkable being known as the 'Nutteracker.' It is situated on a ridge near Lustleigh Cleave, near Manaton, and is so delicately poised that it can be moved with the little finger. The stone is about five feet in length and breadth, 'and rests as it were upon a keel, so that a push rolls it from side to side, its progress at each vibration being arrested by a stone against which it knocks;' and a nut being placed at the point of contact is easily cracked; hence its name. Another rock, also known as the 'Nutteracker,' which formerly rocked, but is now immovable, stands on Heytor near Moreton; it is about sixteen feet in length, and is poised horizontally upon an upright rock, surrounded by a wild cluster of masses of granite. Another and larger mass of granite near it oscillates with considerable ease. The rocking-stone lying in the bed of the river at Drewsteignton, is about eighteen feet in length, and in some parts seven feet high. It could formerly be easily moved with one hand; but now—probably owing to the constant washing of sand into its bed—it is immovably fixed. It has evidently fallen from the hill above. A smaller one, but capable of being rocked with greater facility, is situated on the brow of a hill at Holy-street, in the parish of Chagford. One on East Down, named the 'Whooping Rock' from the noise it yielded in tempestuous weather, has also long ceased its functions. Two other rocking-stones, now however fixed—the one called 'Rugglestone,' measuring twenty-two feet in length, nineteen in breadth, and five feet in thickness, and the other about ten feet by nine—are near Widdecombe.

In the neighbouring county of Cornwall, rocking-stones are plentiful. A very notable one is the 'Logan Rock' at Treryn Castle in the parish of St Leven, between Penzance and the Land's End. It is a stupendous block of granite, poised on the crest of an immense pile of rocks that jut out into the sea. In size it is about seventeen

feet in length, and thirty-two and a half in circumference near its middle, and its weight is probably about sixty-five tons. The portion in contact with the under rock is of very small extent; and the whole mass is so nicely balanced, that the strength of a single man applied to it is sufficient to make it oscillate. A superstitious idea used to be current among the peasantry that although one person might rock the stone, yet no power whatever would prove enough to displace or overthrow it. On the 8th of April 1824, a young naval lieutenant named Goldsmith, who was at that time in command of a revenue-cutter stationed off the Cornish coast, resolved in a fit of wantonness to put this popular belief to the test. Accompanied by his crew, he soon proved the fallacy of the superstition, for in a very short time the united strength of the party was sufficient to 'logg' or move the stone a short distance from its position; but an adjoining rock kept it from going over the cliff. Trifling as the alteration was, it destroyed the rocking property of the huge block; and the mischievous lieutenant found all the efforts of himself and men unavailing to restore it to the place which for ages it had occupied. His action so enraged the inhabitants of the district, that they complained to the authorities; and the result was, he received orders from the Admiralty to replace the rock. The task, on account of the peculiar position of the logan-stone and surrounding rocks, was a very difficult one; but at length, with the assistance of ropes and machinery from Plymouth dockyard, it was reinstated in its former resting-place. It now stands on a short iron bolt, but cannot be 'logged' nearly so easily as before it was so mischievously tampered with. There are a number of smaller logan-rocks in this district, the name 'logan' being taken from the Cornish 'logg' to move to and fro. One formerly in the parish of Constantine, between Penryn and Helston, was larger than the one last described; but the influence of the elements, which probably first caused its singular shape, has now robbed it of its facility of movement. At Sithney, four miles from Helston, is one called Mén-amber, the British word for the holy-stone. This used to be a fine logan, until it was thrown down by order of Shruballs, Oliver Cromwell's governor of Pendennis Castle, on account of the superstitious adoration with which it was regarded by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. In the southern corner of the isthmus leading westward to Carn les Boel are several rocks resting one on another; the uppermost, fifteen feet long, six high, and seven broad, is so delicately poised that from one position a child can easily 'logg' it. Others occur also in various parts of the county, one notable example being at Zennor. Several rocking-stones occur in the Scilly Isles, notably one at St Agnes, very high, and nearly globular in shape.

About three miles from Monmouth and one from the Kymin occurs the 'Buckstone,' a logan which can be rocked with a moderate degree of strength. The brow of the hill on which the Buckstone is situated inclines at an angle of twenty-five degrees, and any small stone laid down by the visitor will immediately roll down the declivity; but the great rock, which is of pyramidal form, and nearly sixty feet in circumference, has kept its place for ages. In Camden's *Britannia*, 1722, men-

tion is made of what was known to the learned author as Y maen Sigl, or the rocking-stone, situated on a sea-cliff within half a mile of St Davids, Pembrokeshire. This, like the one at Sithney, was thrown down by the Puritan soldiers during the Commonwealth. On the western brink of a hill near Elwysilan, Glamorganshire, about midway between Merthyr and Cardiff, is another example, known to the natives by the name of Y maen Chwyf. The block is composed of rough sandstone, and its size has been estimated at about two hundred and fifty cubic feet. A moderate application of strength will give it considerable motion, which may easily be continued with one hand.

Near Llandudno, Caernarvonshire, is one called by the inhabitants Crid Tudno—that is, St Tudno's Cradle. Some mischief-loving person has thrown it off its balance; and now, instead of rocking to and fro as it used to do on the application of one finger, it lies fixed like any other of the blocks near it.

On a hill on Ashover Common in Derbyshire is a rocking-stone twenty-six feet in circumference, called 'Robin Hood's Mark,' which oscillates with moderate force. On Hathersage Moor in the same county is one somewhat larger in size; and others also still exist in the same neighbourhood. Some small ones also occur at Stanton Moor; but the most notable examples are the 'Rowter' or 'Roo-tor' rocks at Birchover near Winster. The largest of these is about ten feet in height, and over thirty in circumference, and it rocks with great ease. On Whitsunday 1799, this fine stone was overthrown by a party of wild young fellows, by way of frolic, and although restored as near as may be to its original position, it has never rocked or 'roo'd' (rolled) so well since. On another part of this stupendous mass of rocks is a second rocking-stone known as the 'Finger-stone,' which although of considerable size, may with the most perfect ease be moved with one finger. On the Bradley Rocks close at hand, too, is a rocking-stone; and another of smaller size occurs on Winster Tor.

At Walton in Lancashire, five of these stones are situated so contiguous to each other that if one is touched, the motion is communicated to all the rest. Several interesting examples occur in Yorkshire. At Brimham Rocks, about a mile and a half from the Dacre Banks Station near Harrogate, is a remarkable group of three, composed of millstone grit, the centre stone being supposed to weigh a hundred tons.

At a short distance from these, the 'Boat' rocking-stone, of about forty tons weight, is perched on the edge of a precipice, and can be moved with very slight pressure. At Brandrith Crag, nine miles from Harrogate, on the road to Bolton Priory, is one weighing upwards of twenty tons, and capable of being rocked with great facility. There is also one at Thornthwaite in that neighbourhood. Another, near Halifax, is ten and a half feet long, nine feet five inches broad, and five and a quarter feet thick. One or two cases occur amid the Cumberland hills; and in *A Tour through the Island of Great Britain*, by Defoe and Richardson (1769), we find mention of one near Balvaird, in Fife, the oscillating power of which was destroyed by the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell.

Grose, in his *Antiquities of Scotland*, 1797, speaks of what he terms a logan-stone so poised as to

be movable with a small exertion of force. This huge stone, he says, stood near the summit of the Kell Rin Mountains in Galloway. It was known as the 'Mickle Lump;' and was eight feet nine inches long, five feet one inch and a half in height, and in circumference twenty-two feet nine inches. On the summit of the wooded pyramidal hill, Craig-y-barns, which forms so remarkable a feature in the landscape at Dunkeld, is 'what used to be a wonderful rocking-stone, but the stone has been fastened by the insertion of wedges.' In the Isle of Arran, an interesting example of rocking-stone may be seen near the shore at South Sannox.

Several instances occur in Ireland. Camden speaks of one at Clonmany, County Donegal, described to be of vast size and pyramidal form, and known by the name of Magarl. Fhin mhic Cuill. At Brown's Bay, on the coast of Antrim, is a remarkably fine rocking-stone, well balanced on a projecting rock; it can be moved with great ease in one direction. On the side of a lofty hill in the Coom Duv or Black Valley, near the Upper Lake of Killarney, County Kerry, is the Balance Rock, spoken of by Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall in their elegant work on *Ireland*, as a 'Druidical' memorial of great antiquity. This stone is likened by Moore to the poet's heart, which

The slightest touch alone sets moving,
But all earth's powers could not shake from its base.

On the side of Slieve Ban, near Rostrevor, is a large block of granite, probably deposited there, as so many have doubtless been, by ice, which formerly is said to have been easily rocked. Tradition affirms that the mass of granite 'was pitched there from the Carlingford Mountains by Fionn McComhal, who, having accepted a challenge from a celebrated Caledonian giant, travelled as far as Carlingford to meet him. Benandonner the Scotch giant having landed at Dundrum, came as far as Slieve Ban to meet his adversary Fionn. The latter, as a salutation or exhibition of his strength, is said to have taken this lump of granite from a gap—still shewn in the Carlingford Mountains—and heaved it across the lough. It fell at the feet of bold Benandonner, who was so much startled at the strength of Fionn, that he declined further competition, and returned at full speed to the quiet of his native Scottish hills.' At Luggala, on the eastern side of the valley, a rocking-stone is said to have been thrown down by a party of military in 1800, and now lies immovable some yards from its original position. On the Three-Rock Mountains, County Dublin, culprits are said to have been 'placed under the stone, which was made to vibrate over their heads and threaten death at every instant.'

It is unnecessary to prolong this list of examples of 'logan' or 'rocking' stones; those named being only a small proportion of what are known still to be in existence. They occur in most parts of the globe, and are associated in many ways with the beliefs, the superstitions, and the history, in some cases, of the localities where they occur; and are invariably of interest to tourists and others in quest of natural curiosities.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 864.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

SEA-SICKNESS.

BY A VICTIM.

MANY persons could have a much more pleasant and varied holiday if it were not for the suffering caused by sea-sickness. How real and how severe this suffering is, many readers will not in the least comprehend; while others understand it but too well. In the assured belief that it is possible to palliate its miseries, and sometimes to prevent it altogether, the following hints are submitted: several of them derived from personal experience.

In the first place, sea-sickness is mainly the result of the motion of the ship affecting the brain. This may be confirmed by observing that the motion of a swing, or even of a passenger-lift in an hotel, will affect many persons very unpleasantly. Hence it follows that persons of excitable temperament or susceptible nerves are the most likely to suffer at sea. In prospect of a voyage, persons liable to sea-sickness should keep themselves as calm as possible. If there is fuss and hurry and excitement up to the last moment before starting, the liability is much increased. It is also well to be specially careful of the diet and the general health for a few days before sailing, and particularly not to indulge in rich food. The marvellous connection between the brain and the stomach which causes sea-sickness may thus be turned to account in resisting it. Shortly before starting, a plain and nourishing but not heavy meal should be taken. This rule scarcely admits of any exception; on no account go to sea with an empty stomach. Even if it is perfectly certain that the meal will be thrown up shortly—if painful experience has convinced the traveller that he or she cannot possibly escape illness, it is most unwise, indeed it is somewhat dangerous, to encounter sea-sickness without food. Even between the paroxysms, something fluid may often be taken with advantage. Sailors say, avoid fruit in immediate prospect of a voyage; and the advice seems sound, for several reasons. At any-

rate, I have known free indulgence in fruit before starting to be severely punished ere very long.

The will and the imagination have much to do with this form of suffering. When mounted on a hard-trotting horse, and above all when leaping frequently in the hunting-field, the brain and stomach are rapidly agitated and in very active motion; yet no idea of being sick is entertained for a moment. Resolute resistance certainly has great power; while an apprehensive imagination can do much—as elsewhere and in other matters—to precipitate a crisis. It by no means follows, however, that the victim of sea-sickness is a coward. There may be no sense of personal danger, but even a high degree of intrepidity in the presence of danger, in persons who nevertheless will succumb to the unaccustomed sensations of a sea-voyage. But of course panic is most likely to aggravate these, and all that is possible should be done to reassure timid sufferers.

When the voyage is to be a long one, and the idea of altogether escaping can scarcely be entertained, it is best to go to your berth at once and remain there till the brain has got accustomed to the motion of the ship. Standing on deck and watching the receding shores of your native land may be very poetical, but it is often very injudicious, and incurs a heavy penalty. Better to lie down immediately, and take very light food for some time. On the Cunard boats—possibly on others—good beef-tea with oatmeal in it is supplied to the invalid passengers; and is in every way a suitable diet. Let the sufferer persevere in taking it at proper intervals, and by degrees more and more will be retained, till in time solid food may be attempted. Brandy is almost always a mistake, and in the majority of cases a very great mistake; it stimulates too strongly the already over-excited brain, and readily increases acidity in the stomach. Should it be given under medical orders—to relieve faintness, for instance—it is well to mix it with soda or potass water. The effervescence of the latter is often very welcome, and is considered helpful as

against the nausea, while the alkaline qualities may tend to relieve the acidity. If the state of the weather permits, plenty of fresh air should be admitted into the cabin.

But I wish to speak now of shorter trips—holidays—in which it is often so desirable to escape from sea-sickness. The first day or two of a short continental tour are sometimes rendered very uncomfortable by it; the prospect of the return sea-passage hangs like a dark cloud over the rest of the trip, and brings the traveller back fatigued and disgusted instead of being invigorated and charmed. No wonder that the idea of a submarine tunnel has been seriously entertained, for what with the 'chopping' sea and the small steamers necessitated by the very shallow tidal harbours at Calais and Boulogne, the passage—short as it is—is often horribly miserable. Here, as for the longer voyage, I say, lie down as soon as possible. Secure a place on deck or below according to taste, and assume the horizontal position without loss of time. On no account look about you. To watch the motion of the ship or the waves is a luxury that must be dispensed with by those who are fighting against nausea. For those who can afford it, a draught of good champagne at starting is excellent; and one or two more while *en route* may not come amiss. But beware of cheap and bad champagne as of a dangerous enemy. Total abstainers may find good soda-water serve almost as well. One glass of old dry port wine at starting will be preferred by some to the champagne, and has the advantage that it can be easily carried in a pocket-flask. Do not attempt to talk, or even to listen too intently to conversation. A condition of contented stupidity should be your aim; and if you are so fortunate as to go to sleep, you will indeed have gained a victory over the demon of the sea. For myself, I am so bad a sailor that even writing this paper gives rise to some very uncomfortable sensations; but the plan I have recommended, with a resolute effort of will, has seen me through the difficulties of a crossing when the Channel was far too lively to be pleasant. Happily, large new harbours are now in course of construction at Calais and Boulogne, which will enable a better class of steamer to be employed, and thus the horrors of 'the middle passage'—as it has been spitefully termed—will be much abated. Possible sufferers should decline invitations to the bridge, however tempting the breeze; they are so much farther from the axis of movement when the vessel rolls, and therefore run the more risk. The minimum of motion is of course on the cabin-floor. Beware of getting too near to the engines; their warmth and the smell of hot grease which always surrounds them, are most undesirable. And avoid bad company, that is, the company of any one who is certain to be overcome, the proximity of whose sufferings will perhaps be the drop too much for you, the 'last straw' that will overburden your own endurance. It has happened to me to find myself suddenly surrounded with sea-sick fellow-passengers. Previously I had been getting on remarkably well; but in five minutes I was as bad as any of them. If you stay on deck, take great care to be warmly clad, and especially to be well protected between the shoulders and around the stomach; a chill in these regions, says Dr Chambers in his *Manual of Diet*, is

highly calculated to bring on an attack of sea-sickness.

Curious preventives are recommended, and used, by different people, and according to their own testimony with very satisfactory results. Munching 'captain's biscuit' seems to soothe the system in some cases, and is persevered in with great energy. I have been assured by a woman who had several times tried it, that strong peppermint-lozenges, eaten freely, protected her. Some persons have faith in lemon-juice for the same purpose. For great invalids, it may sometimes be desirable to use chloral, and thus avoid the strain on their exhausted systems; but this should never be done without consultation with their medical adviser; and the proper dose should be put up beforehand, to avoid the risk of any mistakes when on board. Such mistakes might easily occur amid the confusion of travelling, and an overdose is a serious matter. As the effect of chloral usually lasts about seven hours, no one travelling alone should venture to employ it, or he may be suspected of intoxication. Some special arrangements will of course be needful for the comfort of invalids who may be landed ere they have fully recovered from the narcotic; their appearance may happen to be a little alarming.

As a cure, not a preventive, certainly, one of the boldest suggestions comes from a temperance physician, who maintains that tepid water affords the most effectual relief to sufferers from sea-sickness. He has administered it, he publicly asserts, with complete success, to persons who were enduring extreme suffering from violent sea-sickness. Its first action was just what might have been expected; the stomach rejected it immediately, but seemed to be at once tranquillised. After an interval of rest, during which perfect relief from sickness was enjoyed, a glass of cold water rapidly restored the tone of the system, and the rest of the voyage—from Jersey to Southampton, in rough weather—was much enjoyed. If a wider experience should establish the general efficacy of this most simple and inexpensive remedy, its discoverer will be entitled to a high rank among the benefactors of mankind.

But it is remarkable that treatment which is of the greatest service to one individual sometimes appears to have but little effect upon another; differences of temperament and constitutional idiosyncrasies come into full play here. The homœopaths confidently recommend their preparation of petroleum as a remedy, with a wet compress round the abdomen in severe cases; for a preventive they advise *nux vomica* thrice daily for several days previous to embarkation. Finally, it is confidently asserted that broken ice in a long narrow bag applied to the spine, has the power of abating and in some cases of entirely preventing sea-sickness. But this treatment is obviously difficult of application, and therefore ill-adapted for general use in short voyages on crowded steamers.

Just a word to the fortunate individuals who are exempt from this most distressing form of suffering. They can scarcely understand how much they escape, and are sometimes in the best of spirits, and prone to make light of sufferings in which they do not share. But some of them are guilty of real unkindness at such times; will 'chaff' their unfortunate companions and offer them

unsuitable refreshments. All this is very cowardly, and deserves the strongest censure. Could they but realise for themselves what sea-sickness is, they would at least refrain from adding to the annoyances which it entails. The poor Irishman stated the case very neatly who said to his friend: 'O Mike, it's just awful! At first, you're afraid the ship will go down; but afterwards, you're afraid that she won't.' It is too often the case, however, that the victim of sea-sickness has to endure ridicule as well. The crowds that sometimes assemble at watering-places to watch the landing of the drenched and exhausted passengers, too often behave in a way that does little credit to the civilisation of the nineteenth century. And the selfishness of smokers is sometimes painfully apparent at sea. The proximity of pipe or cigar may be fatal to a neighbour's chances of escape; yet the request to remove it, or to cease smoking, often receives but a sullen compliance, and sometimes even a positive refusal. When we reflect that the voyage may be an invalid's quest after health, or the brief holiday of some overtaxed and careworn toiler, the infliction of any needless suffering is no ordinary wrong.

For those who can enjoy it, travelling by sea is among the greatest of pleasures. Inexpensive, at least as compared with other modes of journeying, restful and invigorating in the highest degree, it is to be wished that all were capable of enjoying its benefits without any painful drawback. If science should at any time thoroughly surmount the discomfort now too commonly attendant on sea-voyages, a new era in human progress will indeed have opened. Meantime, let those who are compelled to travel thus, or who choose to do so whether they suffer or escape, find as much consolation as they can in the reflection that doctors frequently declare that however unpleasant a bout of sea-sickness may be at the time, it is often very serviceable in its results, and greatly relieves the system, though at the cost of severe temporary disturbance.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXVII.—HISTORY.

'He could not guess that the lost friend had been so near to him.'

DR BRAND was driving down Piccadilly, or rather was being carried along that thoroughfare, one blazing, glaring, dusty summer afternoon. He sat humping his back, with his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, looking straight before him and seeing nothing. The open carriage in which he rode and the pair of bays which drew it, were among the best of their kind; for Dr Brand was prospering greatly, and had a taste in equipages and horse-flesh, which he could afford to gratify. The turn-out was remarkably unprofessional, as might be expected in the case of a man so little conventional in all things. The Doctor was so deeply absorbed in the endeavour to solve the matter in his mind, that he did not notice a figure on horseback which came between him and the sunlight. The figure was that of a soldierly-looking bronzed young fellow who had lost an arm. The light-brown beard with some-

thing of a reddish tinge in it, and the close military cut of the hair, together with a certain set solidity of figure which had not of old belonged to him, might have made it necessary even for an old friend to look twice before he recognised Arthur Hastings. There was the same calm look of lazy and impudent humour in his eyes, though his bronzed skin made them seem curiously light in colour; and though his ancient jauntiness of carriage was subdued, it shewed itself a little still. He rode on alongside, until the Doctor became aware of the figure between him and the sunlight, and gave it a cursory glance of no-recognition.

'Why,' said a voice, 'should Æsculapius drive like Jehu, son of Nimshi?'

The Doctor turning, rose in his carriage and held out a hand of cordial welcome.

Hastings shook his head, and nodded in the direction of his empty sleeve. 'Can't,' he said. 'If I loosed the reins'—indicating his horse by another nod—'he'd bolt. How d'ye do?'

The Doctor called to the coachman to bring the horses to a walk; and Hastings having subdued his horse's inclination to get into the carriage, went soberly alongside.

'When did you get back?' asked the Doctor.

'Day before yesterday,' said Hastings. 'Was just coming round when I saw you.'

'I never heard of *that*,' said the Doctor bluntly, nodding at the empty sleeve. 'When did you get it?'

'I got it,' said Hastings, 'if you mean the limb, very early in life indeed, and parted with it about three days after the last racket at the Malakoff.'

'Never heard of it,' said the Doctor; 'though I heard you did your duty there, sir.'

'Thank you,' said Hastings, simply and sincerely. Early in their knowledge of each other, the elder man had given a little lecture to the other, in which he had developed his own ideas of duty with straightforward plainness.

'Where do you come from now?' the Doctor asked.

'From roaming to and fro in the earth, and going up and down in it.'

'Doing something better, I hope,' said the Doctor, 'than quote Satan by the way?'

'Better at times, I think.—Are you busy?'

'I am always busy. Nobody has a right to be anything else.'

'Some men are born idle,' said Hastings; 'some achieve to idleness; and some have idleness thrust upon them.'

'Will you dine with me to-night?' asked the Doctor. 'Eight o'clock. Don't dress. I never dress for dinner. Absurd habit. Won't encourage it at my table. Will you come?'

'On wings swift as meditation or the thoughts of love,' responded Hastings; and the Doctor waving his hand, cried 'Good-bye' and 'Drive on' in a breath, and was gone in a cloud of dust of his own raising. With a parting nod, the young man turned back and rode up the blazing street, passing a dusky Smyrniote, who in the uniform of an English groom had followed him at orthodox distance, and now resumed his place, and came on soberly in true oriental indifference to the glances levelled at him by the curious. When Hastings reached the Doctor's house, a little before the appointed time, the Smyrniote accom-

panied him still, and took up his stand in the hall outside the dining-room door, where he startled Mrs Brand more than a little, as she passed him on her way up-stairs from an inspection of the kitchen. She made no remark about him, however; but the Doctor coming in a moment later with Major Hartley in his train, had no scruple of delicacy.

'Where did you pick up the nigger?' he asked.

'I picked up the nigger,' Hastings returned—'to copy your own ungraceful location—on the tented field.'

'Why do you carry him about in England?' asked the Doctor ungraciously.

'Well, you see,' said Hastings, with a little flush upon his face, which nobody remarked, 'he took to carrying me about at first.'

'Now, that's not fayah, Hastings,' said Major Hartley, twirling his big moustaches with both hands.—'That's quaita unfayah, Mrs Brand, I ashaw yaw.' The longer the Major lived, the more he drawled, and the wilder grew his dandified distortions of his native tongue. The Doctor and his wife looked at Hastings, who blushed palpably, and had nerve enough to utter no more than 'Pooh!' The confusion of so fluent a person was too remarkable to go unnoticed, and both looked inquiringly at the Major. 'What an extraordinary fellah you are, Hastings, to be shaw!' said the Major.—'Now you'd really think, Mrs Brand, that a fellah would be proud of a thing like that.'

'Of a thing like what?' asked Mrs Brand.

'Don't be an ass, Hartley,' said Hastings in a low rapid tone, which was not intended for anybody but the Major, but was heard clearly by all three. The Major laughed pleasantly, with a look of mischief; and Hastings walked to the window with an abrupt and angry step.

'I insist on relating the incident,' said the Major; 'but in consideration of yaw feelings, I'll be brief. Hastings fetched the niggah out of a regulah storm of fiah one day, when the poor beggah was wounded by a fragment of a shell. Three months latah, the niggah retaliated, and fetched Hastings out of a storm of fiah, when he was lying quite helpless with a broken arm. And since then, they've been inseparables; and by Jove! Mrs Brand, I think they ought to be. Don't you, Madam, now, don't you?'

The Doctor strode across the room, and brought his hand down heavily on Hastings' shoulder with a loud cry of 'Bravo!' 'And,' said the Doctor, facing round with an air of serio-comedy, 'I'll knock the next man down, or woman either, who dares to say a word about it.'

An hour had passed, and dinner was nearly over before Hastings had recovered his equanimity; and for the first time in any man's knowledge of him, he was depressed at a scene which should have been festive. When the Doctor found him gradually recovering from the effects of the Major's exposure, he renewed his inquiries as to the movements Hastings had made since the close of the war.

'I come last,' he answered, 'from Basuto Land. I went from Hong-kong to Ceylon, and found a man with a steam-yacht who wanted to go to the Cape of Good Hope, and could get nobody to chum with him. So we cast in our lot together; but I

found him cantankerously inclined, and left him at the Cape, and rambled about alone.'

'What took you to Hong-kong?' asked the Doctor.

'Well,' said Hastings, 'I had some notions about going into the House at that time; and since a man must have a crotchet there of one sort or another, I thought the opium-trade would serve for mine, and went out there to look at it.'

'What made you change your mind?'

'I don't think I did change my mind,' he answered with a flippancy which was more a thing of habit than of feeling. 'I think my mind changed me. Anyhow, I came to the belief that there were things better worth doing than going into the House.'

'Ah!' said the Doctor. 'What are they?'

'I'll tell you one of them some of these days,' said Hastings calmly.

'By the way,' asked Dr Brand, 'do you remember Bolter's Rents?'

'Bolter? Bolter?' said Hastings questioningly. 'I had a horse of that name once, and he deserved it.' Then with perfect irrelevance, he quoted, 'For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles on me.'

'Bolter's Rents,' said the Doctor, 'is a haunt of thieves, and worse—a haunt of cadgers, tramps, crossing-sweepers, the riff-raff of the London streets; a tumble-down fever-den; a brick-and-mortar ulcer.'

'Ah! yes,' said Hastings; 'I remember. A place off Oxford Street. Mrs Brand was interested in some people there.'

'It's in the market,' said the Doctor.

'If I knew the owner,' said Hastings, with an approach to a smile, 'I might recommend him to somebody who would draw up a description of the place, and help him to sell it to some advantage.'

'I want to help him to sell it,' said the Doctor. 'But we can talk about that matter at another time.'

The talk drifted into other channels; and a little later than ten o'clock the Major took his leave, pleading an engagement at the Opera, which he had so far deserted for the pleasure of meeting Hastings.

'Now,' said the Doctor, settling himself easily in a deep arm-chair, 'light another cigar, fill your glass, and settle down to talk. I want you to do justice to yourself. You have heart and brains, and you mustn't waste them. Have you found a purpose yet?'

'Two or three,' said Hastings.

'I want to give you another,' said the Doctor, 'if your hands are not too full. That place I spoke of—Bolter's Rents—is one of the disgraces of London. If it got into the hands of a good man, it might be made a credit to any city. If it gets into the hands of an ordinary speculator, it will be pulled down, and its inhabitants will go all adrift into other places of its kind. If it came into the possession of a man who considered those poor wretches, it might be gradually rebuilt, and altogether purified, physically and morally. The poverty might live there still under cleanly conditions, and the scoundrelism be hunted out of it, or taught to behave itself; and the thing—though it could not yield an extraordinary profit—could be made to pay. I sha'n't apologise for suggesting this to you; for I believe it's just the sort of thing you want.'

'Don't you think the better course would be to pull the place down at once and build anew?' asked Hastings.

'No,' said the Doctor. 'There are a hundred people there who are half-civilised already, who would be scattered to the four winds in that way. If the place could be mended gradually, we could keep them together, and they would help under better circumstances to leaven the mass about them.'

'I will look into the matter,' said Hastings, 'and let you know what I think of it. Where is the place?'

The Doctor described it. An entry between two shops, numbered so-and-so, led to a court. There was no mistaking it. The name of the agent who had the sale of the property was noted; and shortly before midnight, Hastings took his leave with the faithful Smyrniote behind him. The Doctor's proposal went exactly with his own desires; and if the truth had been known, I am inclined to believe that it was chiefly with the idea of saving money for some such *coup* as this that Hastings had spent so much of his time in travel. Wishing to see the place at once, he turned into Oxford Street, and walked leisurely towards Bolter's Rents. The moon rode in a sky which was almost cloudless, and the street gleamed before him like a river. He reached the entrance to the court, and looked down its black perspective to the one dull lamp which twinkled at the bottom. 'Gel bourda, Ali,' said he to his servant; and the man came, and followed him closely down the fetid way, where nameless odours reminded him of the popular bath of his native land. They marched once or twice round the courtyard, Hastings looking up at the disreputable buildings, and the man following him in wonder. A door near at hand grated on the gritty floor of one of the ground-rooms, and a bearded man came out into the court with a basin, which he emptied upon the broken pavement. He looked up at Hastings and his servant and passed them by, leaving the door through which he had passed still open. The light of a candle shone through the doorway; and Hastings glancing in, saw a man tossing miserably on the quarried floor, upon a couch of straw and sacking. He had heard the murmur of a voice on passing the door in his first slow journey round the court, and knew it now for this sick man's moaning. Beckoning Ali to follow, he entered the room and looked about him; and it is not too much to say that he shook and sickened with pity and loathing. The man who lay upon the floor was muttering rapidly to himself in German, and tossing a weary head from side to side. Since we saw Hastings last, he had seen much of the world, and had looked on many of its worst troubles. But he had never dreamed of anything like the horror of this place being possible in England. I can only tell you of its desolation—not of its filth, for to set that down would be to make myself unreadable. The man himself, with his vast beard of matted black swaying to and fro across his half-naked chest, and his wild hair nearly a foot long straggling down to meet it, was terrible to look at. His eyes and his teeth gleamed as he rocked his head from side to side, and he moaned ever and always of trifles probably forgotten until fever brought a stimulant

to memory before quenching it. Hastings, who spoke German better than most Englishmen, addressed the man in his own tongue, asking if he could be of use to him; but he received no answer, and stood sorrowfully helpless for the minute, until the man he had first seen returned with the basin balanced carefully in both hands. The new-comer called out in German in some cheering phrase as he entered, and did not at first observe the two intruders. He started a little when he saw them, but said nothing, and kneeling down, busied himself by administering to his patient the contents of the basin.

'Has this man been long in this condition?' Hastings asked in English.

The man still tended the other, and returned no answer, but started again visibly at the sound of the voice. Hastings put his question into German.

'Yes,' the nurse answered in the same tongue, with his voice muffled in his gray beard and his head bent above his patient.

'Is he a friend of yours?'

'No.'

'Do you live here?'

The man pointed upwards to the roof, but gave no other answer. Hastings stood silent for a moment, and then asked: 'Has the man no other nurse?'

'No,' was the answer, still muffled by the beard.

'Can you not remove him to a hospital?'

'He will go to-morrow,' said the man, still assiduously bending over his patient.

Hastings' accustomed ear caught the sound of an accent foreign to the language in which the man spoke. 'You are not a German,' he said. 'What are you?'

The man returned no answer; and Hastings, thinking that the fellow's nationality was no business of his if he chose to conceal it, stood for a little while and watched the feeding of the patient. By-and-by he asked what the sick man was suffering from.

'Fever,' said the nurse briefly.

'Is the disease contagious?'

'Yes.'

'Are you not afraid of catching it?'

'No.'

'How long have you tended the man?'

'To-night only.'

'Has any one else attended him?'

'No.'

'If I give you a little money, will you expend it on him, and send him comfortably to the hospital?'

'I have given notice, and he will be sent for to-morrow.'

'Then you do not want money.'

'No.'

'How do you live?'

'I work.'

'At what?—No answer.—'Is there much sickness here? Are you often employed in this way?'

'Sometimes.'

'Who summoned you here to take care of this man? Who told you he was ill?'

'Nobody.'

Hastings crossed over to the patient, who lay quieter now; and the nurse walked away and looked out through the open door. Ali stood by,

and marvelled at it all, but said nothing. He had implicit confidence in his master, and believed that all he did was right. 'What is there in that face I know?' his master was thinking to himself as he bent above the fever-stricken wretch on the floor. 'Is it a fancy? Have I seen the face in the street? Whose is it?' He could find no answer in his thoughts, though he called scores of faces to remembrance. 'I have seen this man somewhere before,' he said aloud. 'Do you know who he is?' He received no answer; and turning round, he saw that the nurse had disappeared. After standing irresolute for a moment, he left the place, and walked back into Oxford Street, where he went on until he saw the red lamp of a surgeon, whom he summoned. The medical man did not care to enter Bolter's Rents at that time of night without a policeman, and indeed flatly refused to do so; but an officer was soon found, and he, happy in the *douceur* Hastings gave, led the way with an air of protection.

'I cannot help thinking,' said Hastings to the surgeon, as the latter knelt down to feel the patient's wrist, 'that I have seen the man before somewhere.'

The patient was murmuring still in German; but when Hastings spoke thus, he paused and seemed to listen. When he began again, he spoke in nasal English, and Hastings fancied he heard his own name amidst the murmurings. Stooping lower, he heard distinctly. It was of no use, the man was saying; he really couldn't do it. Money was very tight *zhoost* now.

'Tasker?' cried the listener suddenly, in a voice of amazement. The sick man made a motion to rise, but fell back again. For a moment, at the cry, his eyes took an aspect of intelligence; but the unearthly brightness of fever returned, and Tasker—for it was he—went back to his German murmurings.

'This man was a money-lender in the City six or seven years ago,' said Hastings, in answer to the look of astonishment and inquiry with which the surgeon regarded him. 'I had dealings with him in my noilage. He was almost scoundrel enough to deserve even this; but I was amazed to find him here. Where is the man who was tending him?'

The bearded man was just outside the door, and had heard the talk and the cry of recognition. Hastings stepping to the door, called after him as he drew off in the shadow of the great overhanging wall. The policeman who was posturing at the door with a set of knuckles at his ribs in the region of his waist belt, inquired if his honour wanted that man. Hastings, scarcely knowing why, said 'Yes;'; and the policeman went after him and brought him back. He came submissively with downcast looks.

'Why do you want me?' he asked in German. 'Let me go. I trouble nobody.'

'Take that,' said Hastings with a sudden impulse, slipping a sovereign into the hand which waved towards him in appeal. 'Good-night.'

With bent head he drew back into the shadow, and the deeper shade of the doorway seemed to absorb him as he entered it.

'Curious character that, sir,' said the officer, stiffly posturing like a model for a comic sculptor. 'Quite the gentleman to speak to. Name of Jones. Had a quarter of a milling o' money,

and lost it all on three Derbies. Calls him the Dook round about here and at the Docks where he works.'

'Indeed!' said Hastings, beginning to wonder whether all the residents of Bolter's Rents were broken men of substance. 'Have you known him long?'

'Hever since he come to grief, sir. I was at the Heast-end of town for several 'ears, and knowed him at the Docks. Quiet, hinoffensive feller, sir, as ever lived.'

Why was it, Hastings asked himself as he walked to his hotel, with Ali in his place behind him, that the image of a dead friend who fell before Sebastopol should be so closely with him? An echo of Frank Fairholt's voice was in his ear; in his mind's eye he saw the friendly candid eyes and the handsome wilful face, and in his heart he repented of the evil of his youth, and his spirit was sorely troubled.

'It was my fault mainly,' he confessed, 'that poor Frank went wrong at all. But time is merciful; and most of the griefs his loss created have been healed. And he is at rest, poor Frank, at least.' He saw the little round of palisades which marked the spot behind the trenches where the dead soldier lay, and the black knolls here and there which covered his old comrades. He could not guess—how should he?—that the lost friend had been so near to him. How could he dream that Frank Fairholt was kneeling lonely in that dark fever-den, praying God for patience that he might bear his burden to the end!

SOMNAMBULISM.

'NIGHT is the time for sleep,' sings the poet, and assuredly with truth. The hush of darkness lures us to repose, as naturally as the morning sun impresses on us the necessity to be up and about our labours. Nor is this state of things confined to the human system. At close of day, quiet settles on all things, and a cessation of activity and motion is to be observed in creation. Action is succeeded by listlessness, energy by languor, and the desire of exertion by the inclination for repose. But it is not by mere repose from action that our wasted powers can be recruited or our nervous energy restored. Oblivion of feeling and imagination is essential to sleep, and in a great measure a constituent part of slumber. The sensorial power must cease to be in an active condition; and it is only when the nervous system gets exhausted, that the sensibility and energy displayed by this power decline, and fall at last into a state of torpor or sleep.

But while this is so, it by no means follows that during sleep all the divisions of the nervous system are equally quiescent—that thought, sensation, feeling, and movement are alike suspended. In our waking moments, when the mental faculties are intensely occupied, we are in a great measure insensible to external impressions; thus Newton in a fit of intense thought placed his watch in the saucepan to boil, while he held the egg in his hand. So with us in sleep; one set of organs may be active, while the others are dormant; and

vice versa. Hence the phenomenon of somnambulism. Dreaming originates in a similar condition of the nervous functions, and consequently bears an intimate relation to somnambulism, the latter not infrequently arising out of the former. Thus if, during sleep, the clothes chance to fall off us, we are liable to suppose that some person has taken off our clothing, perhaps as we walk the street; and we feel all the shame and inconvenience we are thereby put to. We rush to hide ourselves in some place of refuge under this ideal misfortune, while everything is depicted with the force of reality. Or we hear perhaps the noise of a railway train in motion, while our sleep is still incomplete, and we believe that we are being pursued by some monster.

We have in these columns, on more than one occasion, given remarkable instances of persons who, while under the influence of somnambulism, have done strange things. The following cases will be found equally curious:

In the summer of 1877 the writer took a young friend to a sea-side town in order to enjoy a month's bathing. The boy—for he was only a boy of sixteen—had been travelling by steamer, railway, or coach from six o'clock on Sunday evening to four P.M. on Monday without cessation, and had slept scarcely or not at all during the night's journey. We retired to rest at ten P.M., my room being next to his, both being on the drawing-room floor. I had just lain down and was dozing off to sleep, when I heard a loud crash of glass, followed by hysterical cries, which seemed to come from some person at the foot of the staircase leading to the corridor, which opened on our respective bedrooms. Rushing to the head of the stairs, I demanded what was the matter; and with difficulty understood that some person had jumped through the window. Knowing that my friend was a somnambulist, I at once flew to his room, to find the window open, the bed empty, and the boy gone. Dressing myself hurriedly, I descended the staircase, and issued forth with the landlord to look for my friend. For some time no trace could we find of him; but at last, on turning a corner of the road leading to the cliffs, we beheld a white figure, to all appearance utterly inanimate, supported by two sailors, who fortunately happened to be there at the time. I soon recognised my friend; and happily found I had more reason to be frightened than alarmed.

He had been wounded, but on getting him back his wounds were dressed, and he was at last able to tell the cause of his well-nigh fatal accident. On going to bed, fatigue caused him to fall into a state of semi-sleep only, in which he had imagined himself in a large field. Suddenly he thought he saw an infuriated bull rush wildly at him; and catching hold of a tree, as he believed, which grew beside the hedge, he swung himself over and ran for his life. In reality, what he conceived to be a hedge was the window, which opened from the top, and which was at the time let down as low as it could go; while the seeming tree was the long white hangings which stretched down the length of the window. Having thus swung himself

down to the lower window-sill, he then jumped off—a height of only two feet—and ran along barefooted on the cut stones, which caused his wounds, but which confined him to his bed for fully a month afterwards. It was in jumping from the lower window that he struck the glass with his heel, thus causing the crash which awoke me. Here was a case in which so strong an impression had been made on the individual as to enable him to relate his thoughts and imaginations while under the influence of somnambulism.

But cases of an opposite character have also arisen, where the impressions were of so transient a nature as not to leave upon memory the slightest recollection of anything that occurred. A female servant in Scarborough surprised the family at four o'clock one morning by walking down a flight of stairs in her sleep and rapping at her mistress's bedroom door. When asked what she wanted, she replied in her usual tone of voice, that she had torn her dress, and hoped her mistress would forgive her, and let her have some cotton to mend it; at the same time bursting into tears. She then returned to her room; and a light having been procured, she was found groping for her workbox, from which she was offered an empty reel; but she refused it; and taking up her gown, she pointed to two holes, which she said she wanted to mend. To quiet her, her fellow-servant threaded a needle, but with black cotton; which she indignantly refused, saying she wanted brown. Another person then spoke, when she immediately said: 'That is my mistress;' which was not the case—thus clearly shewing that in this instance she did not discern the voice, while she could see the object before her, her eyes being wide open. With some difficulty she was at last persuaded to lie down until the usual hour of rising, those around her thinking that she might then awake in her accustomed manner. This failing in effect, her mistress went up to her room, and rather angrily ordered her to get up and go to her work, as it was now six o'clock. This she refused to do, saying that she would not rise at two o'clock, and pointed to the window as she spoke. She was then shaken violently, and awoke. She now rose; and seeing the cotton box disturbed, asked why it had been meddled with. In the course of the day, several questions were put to her, in order to try her recollection; but she had no remembrance whatever of her sleep-walking, or of anything that had occurred during the previous night.

The next case exhibits a dormant state of the sense of hearing, while sight appears to have been in active operation throughout. In the summer of 1870, a young man named Johns, who worked at Cardrew, near Redruth, being asleep in the sump-house of that mine, was observed by two boys to rise and go to the door, against which he leaned. Shortly quitting this position, he walked to the engine-shaft, and safely descended to the depth of twenty fathoms, where he was found by his comrades soon after, sound asleep, with his back resting on the ladder. They called to him to warn him of the perilous situation in which he was; but he did not hear them; and they were obliged to shake him roughly to awake him, when he appeared totally at a loss to account for his being so situated.

Morrison, in his *Medicine no Mystery*, speaks of a

clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again; being all the time fast asleep. A similar story, which the writer has every reason to believe authentic, is told of one of the most popular Dissenting preachers of the present day. He had been perplexed and baffled for some days in the treatment of a subject which he had chosen for his discourse on the following Sunday; and on Saturday night, still dissatisfied, he mentioned to his wife, on retiring to rest, the difficulty he had experienced. She advised him to clear his mind of it for that night, and go to sleep. In the course of the night his wife was awaked by her husband sitting up in bed and preparing himself as if to preach; which he accordingly proceeded to do, taking for his subject the text which had hitherto so perplexed him. When done, he lay down and slept as before. In the morning, he was still thinking about the discourse which he had to deliver that day; when his wife, without informing him of the source of her ideas, suggested to him a mode of treating the subject, going carefully over the chief points in the sermon he had delivered during the night. He was overjoyed by her suggestions, which were just what he was in search of, and proceeded at once to put them into proper form. Afterwards, when informed by his wife of how she came by her information, he was greatly surprised, having not the slightest recollection of the occurrence.

So extraordinary are some of the stories told of sleep-walkers, that were they not supported by the most incontrovertible evidence, they would seem fictitious in the highest degree. Guided by a certain portion of intellect, many a somnambulist pursues with safety his wild perambulations; while others driven on by the impulse of will—the reasoning faculties being locked up for the time in utter stupor—rush into dangers of every kind. It is a well-known fact that in the retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march on with their comrades. Nor is it always safe or advisable to waken a sleep-walker, and many cases of the fatal effects of doing so are on record. Even those of strong nerves might be violently agitated by awaking in a situation so different from that in which they went to bed. Cases are mentioned where the results have been most lamentably fatal; where the somnambulist has met with the accident which deprived him of life, through want of presence of mind and discretion on the part of the waking individual who gave the alarm. Too much care cannot be taken with individuals addicted to this unhappy affection. In all cases, care should be taken not to arouse the patient suddenly, however dangerous a position he or she may be in.

To prevent a recurrence of the malady—which somnambulism is—the cause which gave rise to it, as far as we know must be removed. Should it proceed from a disordered state of the stomach or biliary system, we must make use of the proper medicines in such cases. Above all things, sleep-walkers should take plenty, but not too much outdoor exercise, avoid late hours, excitement of all kinds, too much study, or giving way to fretfulness or irritability of temper. Whatever disease can be pointed out as directly or indirectly tending to somnambulism, or even dreaming, requires to be obviated in the first instance; and

its departure will follow as a matter of necessity. The worst of it is, that often we can find no reason for sleep-walking, and can refer it to no complaint whatever. In this case, the only thing to be done is to keep the individual from running in the way of any accident; and the knowledge even of being watched will often act as a cure, by impressing the fact so carefully on the mind as to make it be always present in the attack.

With an extraordinary instance of combined sleep-talking and somnambulism, narrated in the first volume of the *Lancet*—at a time when people were bled for almost any ailment—we conclude this article. 'It occurred on a Sunday evening, to a lad sixteen years and a half old, in the service of a butcher in Lambeth. At about twenty minutes after nine o'clock, the lad bent forward in his chair, and rested his forehead on his hands, and in ten minutes started up, went for his whip, put on one spur, and went thence to the stable. Not finding his own saddle in the proper place, he returned to the house and asked for it. Being asked what he wanted with it, he replied, to go his rounds. He went back to the stable, got on the horse without the saddle, and was proceeding to leave the place. With much difficulty, owing to his great strength, he was removed from the horse, and it was by great efforts that he was brought indoors. His master coming home at this time, sent for an eminent practitioner who lived near at hand, and who stood by him for a quarter of an hour, during which time the lad considered himself as stopped at the turnpike gate, and took sixpence out of his pocket to be changed. Holding out his hand for the change, the sixpence was returned to him. He immediately observed: "None of your nonsense—that is the sixpence again; give me my change." When twopence-halfpenny was given him, he counted it over and said: "That is, not right; I want a penny more;" making the threepence-halfpenny which was his proper change. He then said: "Give me my castor"—meaning his hat, which slang term he had been in the habit of using; and then began to whip and spur to get his horse to go. His pulse was at this time one hundred and thirty-six, full and hard. No change of countenance could be observed, nor any spasmodic affection of the muscles, the eyes remaining closed the whole of the time. His coat was taken off his arm, his shirt sleeves tucked up, and he was bled to thirty-two ounces. No alteration had taken place in him during the first part of the time the blood was flowing. At about twenty-four ounces the pulse began to decrease, and when the full quantity named had been taken, it was eighty—a slight perspiration appearing on the forehead. After the arm was tied up, he unlaced one boot, and said he would go to bed. In three minutes from this time he awoke, got up, and asked what was the matter—having then been one hour in the trance—and without the slightest recollection of anything that had passed; and wondered at his arm being tied up, and at the blood, &c. A strong aperient medicine was then administered; he went to bed, slept well, and next day appeared in his usual health, excepting debility from the bleeding, and operation of the medicine, and had no recollection whatever of what had taken place. None of his family or himself was ever affected in this way before.'

An easy mind, a good digestion, and plenty of

exercise in the open air, are the grand conduces to sound sleep; and accordingly, every man whose repose is indifferent should endeavour to make them his own as soon as possible.

MAX GORDON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

EDITH'S DIARY (*Continued*).

March 14, 1886.

THE 'event' is a matter of history. Dr Max Gordon dined here last night with the Rousbys. My evil star being of course on the ascendant, I rose in the morning with a wretched headache, which in spite of nursing and dosing, grew nothing better but rather worse as evening advanced. Katrine implored me not to think of leaving my room; but curiosity overcame prudence, and I descended as the gong sounded, fervently hoping that no one would look as if they noticed my dilapidated appearance.

'O goodness!' I thought to myself, stopping a moment to steady my nerves before opening the drawing-room door—'I do trust he won't look as that man did who came during the doctor's holiday last summer! A calm professional joy beamed in his weasel-like countenance at the very first glimpse of me. What an aggravation of the ills of life it is to be "an interesting case!"'

I am always shy—when I have a headache, agonisingly so; and it was with smothered resentment that I endured Miss Rousby's sympathetic stroking of my hand, and melancholy gaze at my suffering visage. The old doctor was as bad; he seemed annoyed, and ordered me to bed immediately after dinner. And then, as I was presented to him, I flashed a quick glance at Dr Gordon's face, having the memory of the weasel-man lively within me. Triumph! For all the awakened interest of his answering look, I might have been any ordinary person; and neither then nor afterwards during the evening did he give sign of suspecting me to be in any other than excellent 'form.'

To his various good qualities, the new-comer adds yet that of being uncommonly good to look at. On reflection, I may say he is the handsomest man I ever saw. To be sure, they have not been many. Lord Haricourt—whom I have hated retrospectively for a fortnight—was singularly plain, and squinted; and the others we met in Scotland were all, to the best of my recollection, ordinary. But sitting opposite Dr Gordon at dinner last night, I had to own him handsome exceedingly—in a big, Saxon, King Olaf kind of way. He has fair curly hair, dark fearless blue eyes, and a beautiful long tawny moustache. (It is almost a pity to hide such magnificent teeth, I think.) His foreign travels have bronzed him, which, as I dislike men with complexions, I observe with approval. He sat next Katrine; and I looked from one to the other with my aching eyes, thinking how pleasant they both

were to contemplate. My sister in her black velvet dress, with rare old lace, looked as she always does, an uncrowned queen, with marvellous deep eyes that saddened ever and anon as they rested on my flushed weary face.

I did not want to go to bed till Kate could go with me; so after dinner I sat on a low stool, with my head on her knee, and her mesmeric touch on my hair, till the gentlemen joined us. Then, dull and stupid with pain, I got a seat in the shade of the window-curtains, and prepared to watch in a dazed way what went on in the room. And the strange scene which enacted itself before me, I am half inclined now to dismiss from my mind as a dream.

I saw my sister rise and go to the pianoforte. I like when I have the chance to mark the effect on strangers of Katrine's singing; and now, though suffering too much to take more than a passive interest in anything, I turned my regards on the face of our new guest as the first rich mournful notes of Mozart's *Addio* flooded the room. He was standing by the fire, leaning his arm on the mantel-piece. Aunt Mabel, to whom he had been talking, rose and crossed over beside Miss Rousby as the music began, leaving the line of sight clear between fire and pianoforte. And Gordon, raising his eyes, fixed them on Katrine's face steadily, and kept them there.

I turned mechanically to my sister to note if she were conscious of being watched. No; though she was singing without notes, and there was therefore no intervening barrier, she sang on as she alone can sing, their long silky lashes veiling her eyes the while. I closed mine—drinking in the infinite tenderness, the infinite sadness of the voice I loved so well. I had never heard Kate sing as she sang to-night. The great master had surely found an adequate interpreter of his rare music at last, I thought. But the third verse broke on my ears with an intensity of feeling that was almost inartistic; and I looked wonderingly up at my sister. This is what I saw. Her gaze was riveted on that one opposite her, and as the last broken notes of eternal farewell dropped from her lips with an indescribable reality of woe, her eyes were dark with anguish, fear, appeal; and her face grew paler and paler, till I almost expected to see her faint.

I glanced hastily at the others—they were at the far end of the room looking at some albums. And then I turned to Max Gordon. The last *Addio* died away in a sob, and now only did he move his eyes from my sister's face. A hot flush rose under his bronze; and he bit his lip with an expression I could not define, as he crossed to Katrine and picked up a bracelet she had dropped in rising. Once again I saw their eyes meet—and this time she distinctly shivered.

In a moment recovering herself, she raised her proud head more proudly than ever, and thanked him calmly; then coming to me, she passed her white hands—they were still trembling—over my

hair, and murmured some loving words of sympathy. I was dazed, perplexed, and weary; and without saying good-night to anybody, I went off to bed.

Later, when the pain was so bad I could not sleep, my sister came to me, as she had so often done before when I was sick or vexed. Lying down by my side, she took me in her warm arms, and hushed me with caressing words into quiet, as though I were a child again. In the early morning hours I woke from a dream, crying to Kate not to leave me; and the loving arms folded me closer, as she murmured: 'Never, never, darling!'

CHAPTER III.

KATRINE'S DIARY.

May 14, 1886.

This house must be quite invaluable to a young man desiring experience. We unite within ourselves all the advantages of a hospital, and are constantly prepared to offer both medical and surgical cases in every variety. Six weeks ago, Aunt Mabel coming down-stairs in the dusk with her glasses on, slipped and fell, breaking one of the ankle-bones and dislocating her right shoulder; and ten days afterwards, Papa took one of those inflammatory attacks which with his delicate chest are so alarming. Both are still unable to be out of bed; and as they have now reached the trying stage of extreme self-commiseration, Edie's task and mine is by no means yet a lightened one.

But I do not know at all how we should have got on without Max Gordon. Papa's illnesses, with Dr Rousby in attendance, have been for the last ten years the bugbear of my life. Old friends from boyhood, loving each other heartily, each with the highest possible estimate of the other's character and attainments—in no one point are they able to agree, on no one subject will they own to be of the same mind and opinion; and that the doctor should prescribe a special course of treatment, was ever an adequate reason for my father's adopting the contrary, even though leading to the most disastrous issues. It has been invariably a case of the Irishman and his pig. On receiving the private instructions of our physician, I have always regarded myself as justified in recommending the adverse course to my parent's notice, and in general with a satisfactory result.

But we have changed all that at last. With unqualified amazement do I find myself carrying out the orders of our new doctor without encountering the slightest opposition; and more than once I have been chidden for deviating in some particular from his commands. My father has found his master, and seems to rejoice in the fact. Already, though not well yet, he is looking brighter and better than I have seen him for years. Changes are lightsome; and the strong health and vitality of his new friend are infectious. And Edie—carefully and fearfully as I have watched her through the trying time of nursing that we have had—is in no whit the worse, thank God! The lovely spiritual face has grown less fragile in its beauty of late, I think; and the new *régime* has given a proof of being adequate to her management as well as Papa's, which has lifted quite a load from my heart.

One day when our invalids were just past their

worst, I was called up from some household duties to my father's room in urgent haste. Passing the drawing-room door, I looked in, and found Edie lying face downwards on the sofa, vainly struggling, poor darling, with an unconquerable fit of hysterical crying, the result of anxiety and overstrain. A second summons called me unwillingly away from her; and I was half-way up-stairs when I met Dr Gordon coming down.

'It is twenty-five minutes to post-time,' he said, laughing; 'and your father is in an agony of impatience to have some letters written.'

I stopped a moment, irresolute, with my hand on the balusters. He had little time at his disposal doubtless, and had two patients in the house already—but my poor little weary sister, crying her heart out all alone! And as, standing a few steps above, I looked down at him in momentary hesitation, the smile died out of his answering gaze, and my heart began beating uncomfortably—the consequence of coming up-stairs so fast, I supposed.

'Say on,' he observed quietly. 'Don't try to persuade yourself you are not sure about telling me.'

'Have you time to spare for Edie?' I said then, my face flushing—for what reason on earth I cannot tell. 'She is quite worn out, poor child, and'—

Renewed evidence of excitement on the part of Papa above, from whom—upon hastening to his room—I received a long string of instructions.

Half an hour after, escaping to the drawing-room, I found doctor and patient in the greatest jubilation and comfort, drinking tea—each with a sofa drawn close to the fire.

'Edie wishes to go for a ride with me to-morrow, if you have no objection, Miss Percy,' said Max, giving me his sofa, and pouring out more tea. 'I should think Leila must be quite unmanageable after her long seclusion.' (Leila is the meekest and mildest of the equine race, and a contemporary of my own.)

'I shall be too glad,' I answered, rather doubtfully; 'if you think she is strong enough.'

'Oh, I am quite strong!' cried my sister with eager eyes. 'It is so long since I had a ride, and the mornings are so fresh and lovely just now!'

'Very well; that is settled,' responded Dr Gordon. 'And now I think I have had as much tea as is good for me, so I'll remove myself out of the way of temptation.'

Why, as he looked at me in saying the last words, did I shiver again with the nameless dread that struck me cold that night two months ago?

More than the mornings were fresh and lovely, I thought next day, as Edie sprang like a bird into the saddle. Max, before he mounts, turns to me, standing a little anxious on the steps: 'You know you can trust your child to me, Miss Percy.' He looks straight into my eyes as he says it; and I cannot choose but answer: 'Yes; I know.'

I am a very proud woman—proud even for a race whose pride has been their bane; and yet I am unresentingly being read and ruled like any child. Where does this man get his power, I wonder?

Yesterday he said to me suddenly: 'Do you

know you give yourself a great deal of unnecessary anxiety about your sister? Believe me, she is stronger than you think; and so long as she is happy and at peace, there is nothing to fear.'

'Ah, yes!' I said, glad the ice was broken at last on the subject nearest my heart. 'But who can answer for the happiness of even the most loved and cared for? And with her sensitive organisation and twofold hereditary tendency, if trouble of any kind came near my darling, she would die!'

'The danger lies there, certainly,' he replied gently. 'But so far as human power can do so, she is safely guarded; and we must not be "over-exquisite,"' he added with his sunny smile, "'to cast the fashion of uncertain evils.'"

No; and she, as are all of us, is most happy in the possession of a true and faithful friend, who makes our fears and cares his own, as Max Gordon does. He is very hard-worked just now. There has been an outbreak of fever in the village, which Miss Rousby says is spreading fast. Happily, it is a mile from us, so I trust we are safe. Edie and Dr Gordon have had to give up their rides of late; duty before pleasure, he tells her.

CHAPTER IV.

KATRINE'S DIARY (Continued).

June 1, 188--.

I suppose everybody standing still and looking back can remember some of them—those single days into which a whole lifetime of feeling seems compressed—days which, 'crowning moments with the weight of ages,' act upon us as a decade of ordinary experience has not power to do. Days of unutterable pain, most of them—pain mingled perhaps in some cases with unutterable joy; but days which, after the lapse of years, stand out on our retrospective horizon with a vividness that yesterday has not; and on which, even whilst we shudder as we look, our eyes dwell longest and most frequently. Such a one is now ending for me; unspeakable has been the pain of it, ineffable the bliss.

Let me begin at the beginning; and since Edie is at last asleep—moaning and restless, poor child—let me try to narrate as calmly as may be what has happened.

Soon after breakfast, my darling, armed with a bunch of roses and a small basket, came to me and said: 'Katrine, will you go with me to see poor Mrs Frater? She will think we have forgotten her.'

I had no objections; so I took the basket—which contained some little dainties—and we set out. The morning, the first one of summer heat we have had, was perfect, with the soft scent-laden atmosphere peculiar in our part of the world to May and June. A sun grown fierce and fiery had not yet availed to rob the grass of its first tender greenness, and the flowers and woods of the newness of their charm. What a spirit of hope pervaded life this early summer morning! Everything was young about me; everything was fresh and untarnished by the wear and tear, the dust and storm of an existence of which they were yet but on the threshold. Every opening flower-bud, every leaf deepening to its richer green; the babbling of the 'hidden brook,' the liquid notes of a thrush, which seemed

to accompany us, and which sang as I never heard bird sing before: all united with my own glad heart in the assurance that earth was beautiful, that life was good, and that God was smiling on us all!

Will summer ever more be glad to me, I wonder? When the long years have rolled away, shall I know again some time the joy it is to be alive?

Gaily we went on, my darling and I—pausing ever and anon to add a wild-flower to Edith's bouquet, or to rest upon some mossy hillock; not that we were weary, but somehow I was fain to linger, without knowing why. The distance was not great, however; and in spite of much dallying by the way, we at last reached the cottage inhabited by Edith's protégée. She is an old Scotchwoman, very poor, very deaf, and very original; and my sister, whose sweet tender nature had been touched by her loneliness, often carries her some dainty from our table, or some flowers to decorate her best room. She now accordingly went into the latter to arrange her roses in an old vase, whilst I sought the society of our hostess in the kitchen.

'How do you do, Mrs Frater?' I said in clarion accents, as I proceeded to extract from the basket a nice bit of jam-tart.

'Eh, but it looks a wee bit hard,' she observed, eyeing it with doubtful approval. (She never by any chance fails to misunderstand what I say.) 'But though I've nae teeth, I've raal willin' gums—so thank ye kindly, Miss.'

I had no comment to offer on this illustration of the compensatory order of nature's laws, so changed the subject, and inquired after the health of her daughter and family.

'The lassie Jessie's bidin' wi' me the noo,' she responded. 'She's no been weel for a while; but she's that bad the last twa days, that I'm thinkin' it'll be the fever.'

'Where is she?' I said hastily, stricken with a sudden fear.

'Ben the hoose,' the old woman replied, with a wave of the hand towards the room where my sister was.

'Edith!' I cried sharply, and rising as I spoke, met her on the threshold.

'Katrine,' she began, 'there is a girl'—

But I forced her out into the little garden that bordered on the road, and re-entered the house alone.

'I've been aye lookin' for the doctor to catch him on his way to The Grove,' said the old woman, standing at the kitchen door as I passed into the other room.

The child was lying on a low bed in the corner; and her grandmother's shawl hung upon two chairs before her to serve the purpose of a curtain, had, I suppose, prevented Edie from at first seeing her. Sure enough, it looked like the fever. Heavy eyes, laboured breathing, flushed cheeks, all told the same tale. She seemed to be half asleep; and—my one thought to get my darling away as soon as possible—I had turned from the bed, when a loud piercing scream broke the stillness, and Edith with a face like death rushed into my arms, crying: 'Max, Max! Oh, where is he? Look, Katrine; oh, look!' and she dragged me to the door.

Clattering hoofs drowned her voice; and there, past us on the road—foam-flaked and at hard

gallop—tore Max Gordon's black horse Sultan, riderless!

I carried my fainting sister back in my arms to the old woman's bed, and laid her there, my heart dully beating the echo of her cry. We unfastened her dress and bathed her face; but consciousness in the meantime had fled—and I thanked God it was so. Then I sent Mrs Frater to the door to watch for news, and laid down my head beside my unconscious darling.

What had come over the glad music of this morning? Would it be possible ever again to work into harmony the discord involved by this 'startling change of key'?

I did not try to reduce to order the storm of conflicting fears and emotions that had so unexpectedly besieged me; but after one moment's relinquishment to their overwhelming force, I raised my head, and—faithful yet at least to old habit and the supremacy of my life's chief interest—took Edie's hand in mine and gazed anxiously into the pale sweet face. A new fear seized me that the delicate lips were becoming whiter, the hand I held colder; and I was about to summon the old woman's aid in applying fresh restoratives, when I hear Max's voice without; and with such a rush of joy, such a revulsion of feeling, that my lips are sealed; and I can but open the door silently and motion to him to enter.

For one moment he looks bewildered; then a quick glance of comprehension, sympathy, and something else comes into his face, as he crosses to the bed and raises Edie's head upon his arm.

'Why *will* you frighten yourself so needlessly?' he says to me half tenderly, half in reproach, a minute after, as I stand by the window feigning to look out, and in truth with my eyes bent most miserably within. 'She is coming round already—see!'

But it was enough for me to know he said so; and I would not turn to him a face which I felt was more death-like than the one lying on his arm.

'Come to her now,' he said quietly, a few minutes after. 'She had better not see me just yet after the fright she has had. You can tell her it was a groundless one; whilst I seek for traces of the runaway.' Without looking at me, he quietly left the room.

And I was glad. For in the next few minutes, first the wild terror of returning consciousness, and then the glad passionate burst of thankful tears, robbed me of my last lingering doubt, and brought the certainty that my child, my darling, was a woman now, with all a woman's sorrows—and please God, joys as well—before her!

But everything else was meanwhile swallowed up in a great peaceful gratitude for Max's safety; and as soon as she was calm, I called him in, and resumed my position at the window. Edie was very quiet; the tears were still too near the surface for her to say much. I heard Max telling her how the accident had happened—the horse had bolted from a cottage door, where a boy was holding him; and then he made her laugh by the account of Mrs Frater's greeting to him on what she apparently supposed was his resurrection. 'Eh, losh me, but ye're a sprightly corp!'

Max's presence had its usual soothing effect; and by the time the carriage he had sent for came,

she was well enough to be carried into it and taken home. He remained behind to see the sick girl; but promised to look in at The Grove on his way, to see that we had arrived without further misadventure.

THE LOST CITIES OF SYRIA.

THE grand ruins of Palmyra have for centuries past attracted the adventurous traveller; but the desert country which surrounds it has up to the present time been an unknown land. Some years ago, the well-known French politician M. Waddington, in company with the Count de Vogué, undertook to explore this region, which they denominate Central Syria. There they found ruins of no ordinary kind; the wonders of Pompeii seemed to be renewed. From the distant East they brought back sketches of towns, with their houses, streets, tombs, and churches. A lost civilisation is brought before us, and the unknown epoch of Christian art from the first to the seventh century rescued from oblivion. The country is one whose name appears in the oldest histories. It lies near to Nineveh, Babylon, Judea, and Egypt, the most ancient monarchies in the world, which have each in turn disputed for its possession. Here have passed the flocks of Abraham and the warriors of Sesostris and Nebuchadnezzar; but nothing remains of that distant period; the architecture and the inscriptions date only to the earliest Christian era.

Syria may be divided into three distinct regions. The narrow tract between the sea-shore and the streams of the Orontes and the Jordan contains some of the most celebrated cities in the world—Antioch, Tyre, and Jerusalem. At the opposite extremity stretch immense uncultivated plains up to the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. Between these is the central region, now almost depopulated, but once a rich, happy land, which has preserved the fine remains of its ancient prosperity. It participates in the nature of the other two districts, formed of mountains running parallel to the sea and of fertile plains. Its inhabitants are sedentary as well as wandering—farmers and shepherds, independent or conquered, according to the alternatives of peace and anarchy, strength or weakness, on the part of the government, and fear or boldness of the Arabs of the desert. When, owing to the feebleness of the Turkish pachas, the tribes invade the cultivated portions, the abandoned villages fall into ruins, the fields are covered with parasitic vegetation, and the desert steals a march. Some day, when a stronger power shall have the administration, the desert will withdraw to its own limits.

This part of Syria belonged to the dynasty of Herod, a family who tried to reconcile the Jews to the rest of the world. The oldest writing which M. Waddington has discovered is an edict of Herod Agrippa. There is unfortunately but a short fragment, in which the king exhorts his subjects to renounce their savage life, no longer to take refuge in caverns like wild beasts, but to build for themselves suitable dwellings. He probably set them the example, for here was found a temple dedicated to Baalsamin. It is the work of Eastern architects, prodigal in ornamentation even to exaggeration, but yet skilful and original. Workmen were employed to dig out

the pedestals of the façade, which were found to be covered with Greek and Nabatean inscriptions, and intended for statues of important personages. On one of them was the name of Herod; and the travellers hoped to find the statue among the rubbish; but alas! only the wreck remained. It had been torn violently from the base, to which one of the feet was still attached, and broken to pieces. Perhaps some Christian hand had done it in the early days of the Church's triumph, to revenge the massacre of the innocents.

It was in the time of this king that Palmyra became prosperous, and enchanted with Greek art, built on that model the temples and avenues which are so much admired. Thirteen Aramean inscriptions had been found; but M. Vogué brought back a hundred and thirty-four new ones, in honour of rich and powerful citizens. From thence the caravans were wont to set out to the Euphrates, to purchase the merchandise of Persia and India. It was a great business to collect provisions necessary for so large a number of persons during two months' journey. Some powerful chief undertook the arrangement. If he led the troop with skill, and shewed generosity to the poor, a statue was erected to him in the most public part of the town, on the pedestal of which his name was inscribed, with the thanks of his travelling companions. These statues are unfortunately destroyed, but the inscriptions are still legible.

On the frontier of the desert, the Romans established intrenched camps with vigilant soldiers, so that Syria felt itself protected. The fields were cultivated, and large buildings erected in the time of Cornelius Palma the first governor who occupied his troops in bringing down the mountain streams over the arid plains of the Hauran, and inscriptions still exist stating that the canal was dug in honour of the Emperor Trajan. Riches brought about the taste for comfort, and large stone houses replaced the huts and cave-dwellings of earlier days. At Bostra the travellers found the remains of theatres, finer and larger than any hitherto known. The flights of steps are still perfect; the stage is adorned with the monumental gates which were used by the actors. Many of the columns on the higher gallery where the women sat are still standing, the only ones now existing.

Ruins of baths, basilicas, and palaces appear in M. Vogué's drawings. One of them at Chaqqa has several perfect halls. The Arabs still designate it by its ancient name of Quaisarieh (Cæsareum). At Phæna was found a handsome Hall of Justice, built in honour of Marcus Aurelius, under the direction of a centurion of the third legion. In form it closely resembles the ancient basilica; the arches, boldly thrown from one wall to the other, rest on elegant pillars; whilst the sides are adorned with console tables, to support the statues of the officers of the Roman legions. An inscription which we translate, shews the vigilance of the government in repressing any abuse of power: 'Julius Saturninus to the citizens of Phæna. If any soldier or passing stranger offers you violence, fail not to write to me, that he may be punished, for you owe them no contribution. From the time that you have opened a public hotel, you are no longer obliged to receive any one into your houses. Let this notice be posted in some well-known part of

the town, that no guilty person may plead ignorance.'

But the private houses offer a more interesting study than even the monuments of state. Not only have isolated houses been discovered, but the streets and squares of a complete town, shewing what an amount of luxury and comfort prevailed in these now desolate regions. According to ancient custom, the homes of the dead preceded those of the living, and an immense necropolis surrounds each town. To reach the first houses, many rows of tombs must be traversed, built with great care, the form varying with the country. Here they are hollowed out of the rock, with a wide staircase leading to basaltic doors ornamented with mouldings and sculptures. The rich have raised above these subterranean chambers small porticoes or double columns, which indicate the place of interment. In other districts the tomb is above-ground, a kind of pyramid with small shelves at the corners. These were destined to hold lamps; for the illumination of tombs on certain days is a part of oriental ritual. There are also high towers; the lower stories containing sarcophagi, the higher, a dove-cot; so that, as a Greek epitaph says, 'they shelter life and death at the same time.'

Beyond the tombs the city begins in its wonderful state of preservation. The entrance is through narrow streets, with handsome houses on each side. The earthquakes, so common in this country, have shaken off the roofs; but in general the walls are standing, and some retain their three stories intact. In plains without rivers, without verdure, without shade, the houses are grand but sad. Wood being rare, or even absent in Central Syria, stone had to replace it, even to the doors and window-shutters. Thus a monotonous and stiff magnificence is the dominant idea of the clever stone-cutters, which the architects of those days must have been.

In the northern parts, near to the Greek cities of the coast, a more elegant style prevails; the façade of the house is adorned with a double row of porticoes, resting on columns. The apartments communicate with these exterior galleries, which afford shade as well as fresh air. But ornaments and galleries alike disappear in the interior of the country. The East of the present day is seen in the high walls, destitute of windows or any opening into the street but a narrow door, within which domestic life is so rigorously confined. In the interior is the large hall, which nearly fills the ground-floor, used for family meetings and the reception of strangers. A stone staircase leads up to the bedrooms, which contain deep recesses in the walls for beds and closets. Some of these houses are inhabited at the present day, though built eighteen centuries ago. The sheik of a small village in the Hauran received the travellers in his hall to supper, where the large bowl of stew was set on the ground, by the light of a clay lamp fed with butter. Around this all the sheiks of the neighbourhood squatted to enjoy the strangers' society. The carpets and cushions were spread against the walls for the night's repose.

Under the houses, a kitchen is cut out of the solid rock; a hollowed stone forms the fireplace; and a hole in the ceiling above admits the light and allows the smoke to issue. All around are rings and niches, to which were hung in olden

times the cooking utensils. At a short distance, in another wing, are the stables, with stone troughs for the horses, and holes in the pillars to which they were fastened. Then come the cellars and presses for oil and wine. One of these, which was found at El-Barra, has a sort of barrel placed outside the house, into which the grape-gatherers poured the fruit which was afterwards trodden down in the cellar. Above this the proprietor had inscribed two Latin verses, celebrating the presents of Bacchus when the vine is ripened by the burning rays of the sun, and telling us that his grapes produced a liquor equalling the nectar of the gods. The produce of the El-Barra vineyards was celebrated through the East in those days; and the Emperor Eliogabalus, who appreciated them highly, had them brought to Rome at great expense.

If we imagine all these fallen walls and overthrown arches changed into towns full of animation and life, we can understand the effect they would have on the wandering Arabs who occasionally approached them. Attracted by Roman civilisation, many of their tribes submitted themselves to it. Rome did not fail to profit by the opportunity, and formed them into bands of soldiers, who were among her bravest legions. One, who was the son of a robber, reached the highest position in the empire; and in spite of his low birth, was chosen emperor. Not forgetting his country, he founded a city on the spot where he was born, called it by his name, and raised altars to his father, whom he made into a god. M. Waddington has found the ruins of Philipopolis, which Philip, who reigned only six years, had no time to finish. It was a singular chance that the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of Rome occurred in his reign, when he gave magnificent spectacles for many days; and yet the imperial Caesar was an Arab of the lowest extraction.

Christianity was during this period making rapid progress; and it is in Syria that we find the earliest remains of Christian architecture. Few have been spared in Europe by the hordes of barbarians; but there is a regular succession of churches in Syria from the fourth century. As monotheism advanced, the altars were dedicated to a nameless god, who was called the Good or the Merciful. The pagan fancied he was addressing Baal or Jupiter; whilst the Jew or the Christian could at the same time invoke the God of Israel. One, built in the year 135 A.D., was dedicated 'To Him who is blest through all eternity,' by Salmon, son of Nesa, for his own salvation and that of his children. Two sides of it are engraved with letters resembling the monogram of Christ. The lintel over the door of a church which no longer exists bears the inscription: 'Synagogue of the Marcionists of the town of Lebada, built to the Lord and Saviour Jesus by Paul the priest.' There are, however, numerous churches still standing, almost all containing such inscriptions as: 'Remember, O Lord, the Christian who built this, and whose name Thou knowest'—'Lord, help this house and those who worship in it'—'If God be for us, who shall be against us?'—At the side of these Christian symbols, the monogram and the cross are found in profusion on the walls above the columns, and amidst the sculptures on the friezes.

Not unfrequently have pagan temples been changed into churches. At Ezra may be read the following on the door of the church: 'The house of devils has become the house of the Lord; the lamp of salvation lights up the darkness; idolatrous sacrifices are replaced by the choirs of angels; where the orgies of a false god were celebrated, the praises of God are sung. A man who loves Christ, John, son of Diomed, has offered this magnificent monument out of his wealth, in which he has placed the precious relic of the holy martyr George.' This building was finished in 515, and is still used for worship.

One of the buildings most resembling our cathedrals of the middle ages is the celebrated convent of Saint Simeon, situated between Antioch and Aleppo, to the north of Central Syria. Who has not heard of this saint, who imposed on himself the strange penance of remaining on a pillar for thirty-seven years! His disciples raised him a column on a mountain, with a small cell at the top, around which multitudes crowded to hear his preaching. When he died, his body was buried with great pomp at Antioch; but the pilgrims for long afterwards persisted in visiting the place where he had lived, and hotels were built to lodge the visitors, one of which remains, and bears the date of 479 A.D.; whilst a magnificent church was raised around the column of the Stylites.

This church M. Vogué has discovered. It stands on a hill, with a distant view of the Lake of Antioch, and surrounded by a wall flanked with towers, through which you enter by a well-preserved triumphal arch. Within is a large monastery on one side, with cells, chapel, and superior's house; on the other is the church, which from what remains must have been one of the finest in Syria. The form is that of an immense Latin cross, of which the central part was ornamented with marvellous art; but it has suffered more than any other part, and is now choked with heaps of stones. The column of St Simeon, which stood in the middle, has been overthrown and broken by earthquakes.

It would appear that visitors came until the end of the sixth century; after which their visits ceased, and the country was no longer prosperous. Indeed, from this period Central Syria disappears from history, when civilisation and life abandoned it. Houses were no longer built; and in after-years, when the Mohammedans had overspread the country, it was changed into a desert, and barbarism re-established. When we read about these beautiful cities, and admire the works which this civilisation had produced, it is difficult to forgive those who destroyed and knew not how to replace.

UNCOMMON PLEAS.

LAW is not so much a matter of hair-splitting as it once was; but lawyers have yet plenty of scope for displaying their ingenuity in devising plausible pleas of defence, when placed in the unpleasant predicament of having really no case to go upon.

On a voyage from San Francisco to London, the *Kate Kellock* encountered a heavy gale of several days' duration, during which time the management of the ship devolved upon the first-officer; the captain betaking himself to the cabin, where

he remained praying until all danger was past, when he resumed the command. He was arraigned for neglecting his duty, and could not deny the impeachment; but his lawyer urged that the charge could not be maintained, as in all probability, had it not been for the captain praying so devoutly, the ship would have been lost. The Commissioner, however, inclined to credit the mate's seamanship rather than his superior's stout praying, with the salvation of the ship, and adjudged the latter to have proved himself utterly unfit for his post; but as his conduct did not appear to have contributed to the ship's peril, he had no power to cancel his certificate.—The cowardly skipper did not shew such good cause for his misbehaviour as the seaman who refused to go to sea after signing articles, although he had no fault to find with the ship, the officers, or the food; but justified the non-fulfilment of his engagement on the ground that he had dreamed the vessel was lost; and having once before had similar warning, and been shipwrecked through paying no heed to it, no money would induce him to try such a venture a second time.

A man was once tried in Illinois for horse-stealing, upon evidence sufficiently conclusive to satisfy even his own counsel that conviction was inevitable. Still that worthy was in no way daunted, but rising for the defence, said he should not attempt to controvert the evidence before the court, but would put in a plea of matrimonial insanity.

'Matrimonial insanity!' exclaimed Judge Wilkinson—mated as everybody knew to a most unamiable woman. 'That is a novel defence; but let us hear the evidence.'

A witness was soon in the box who had known the prisoner for ten years, and deposed that in that time the delinquent had married half-a-dozen times, and was living with his sixth wife when arrested.

'Well,' said the witness, 'if any of them was better than the others I am not aware of it; they were all a sorry lot; they kept the man constantly in hot-water by their peevish, scolding, quarrelsome dispositions.'

'Are you aware of the character, manners, and habits of the ladies he married?' asked the counsel.

Other witnesses having confirmed this account of the prisoner's matrimonial mistakes, his counsel addressed the court, dilating upon the cunning way in which women drew men into matrimony; and the wondrous change that came over them when the victim was ensnared; finishing up by contending that his client could not be held a responsible agent after being galled by such Xantippes for ten years. This skilful 'touch of nature' was sufficient for the judge, whose charge ended thus: 'This court has had a certain amount of matrimonial experience with one female, and such experience has not been altogether of a satisfactory character. But here is a man who has been so blind, imbecile, and idiotic as to marry in ten years six horrible scolds and shrews. For so doing I class him as a natural fool; and even if he possessed any intelligence, the dwelling with these women must have destroyed it. The plea of the counsel for the defence is sound in law and equity, and I charge you to bring in a verdict of acquittal.' The jury did as they were bid.

The Illinois horse-stealer is not the only rogue by many who has escaped his deserts thanks to legal ingenuity. A man borrowing a ladder from a neighbour, refused to let the owner have it again, and was thereupon sued for its value. The borrower's lawyer pleaded that the ladder was lent on the express condition that it was to be returned as soon as his client had done with it; he had not yet done with it, and therefore could not be called upon to give it up. His argument prevailed; and the owner of the ladder was left lamenting his neighbourly kindness.—A tax-collector at Naples ran away with a large sum of public money, was caught, brought back, and put on his trial. His counsel admitted the facts, but contended that the collector was one of the people, the money was the people's money, and it would be monstrous to convict a man of stealing what was his own; and the jury being of the same mind, acquitted the thief.

A barrister retained to defend an unhappy man charged with purloining a duck, found himself embarrassed in consequence of the rogue having exercised his invention over-freely, and volunteered several explanations of the matter. First he said he did not steal the duck—he had found it; then he said somebody had given him the duck; then that his dog had picked it up; and lastly, that a malicious policeman had put the duck in his pocket unknown to him. Putting the case to the jury, his counsel left the gentlemen to take their choice, saying: 'My unfortunate client has told half-a-dozen different stories as to how he became possessed of the duck. I don't ask you to believe all the stories, but I will ask you to take any one of them.' Which story they took, the advocate never knew, *but the man got off!*

One plea, if it be a good one, is quite enough; and in certain cases, there is none so good as that of infancy. The law is very tender of 'infants,' going great lengths to protect them against themselves. It does nothing to prevent an infant going into business on the biggest of scales; but should the venture prove unfortunate, it steps in to save him at the expense of those who have trusted him without first ascertaining the date of his birth. Not long ago a young man, who had been trading as a Baltic merchant, suddenly departed for Australia well provided with funds; but being brought back to England, was duly tried, and duly convicted of having defrauded his creditors. Against this conviction he appealed, on the ground that it was impossible he could have taken any money which belonged to or ought to have been divided among his creditors; since, being a minor, he could not contract trade debts, and consequently had not—in law—any creditors among whom the property ought to be divided; and this apparently monstrous plea held with the Court of Appeal.

Infancy has its privileges elsewhere. A woman was arrested in Presburg, Hungary, for receiving stolen goods. She was by birth a Jewess; but six months previous to her detection, had been baptised into the Roman Catholic Church. When put upon her trial, she pleaded that she was an infant, and could not therefore be held answerable for what she had done—the date of birth in Hungary running according to the date of baptism—and after serious cogitation, the tribunal declared the defence a good one; and that she, a woman of forty, was legally but six months old, with a score

of years before her which she might turn to dishonest account with impunity.

Like the wife-beater who averred that his help-mate commenced hostilities by throwing water and other combustibles at him, offenders often boldly take the bull by the horns, and justify their wrong-doing. A woman brought before the magistrates at Weston-super-Mare for stabbing an aged dame, proclaimed that the prosecutrix was an old witch, who had 'harrided' her and her husband for two years, coming to her house and groaning at her, till she could not stand or do anything. Pressed as to whether she saw the witch anywhere near when she was taken that way, she confessed that the old woman was not always present at such times; 'at least not bodily, but she came in a nasty spiritual way, making a nasty noise;' but since she had 'scratched' her, she had not troubled her much. The plea, extraordinary as it was, so far availed that the witch-scratcher got off with a shilling fine.—A more impudent plea was that put forward by an Irish tramp for robbing a miser. 'Shure, your Worship,' said he, 'an' we're tould in the Bible that the way for a man to get to heaven is to sell all he has an' give the money to the poor; an' this mean old cratur 'ud never have done that of his own accord. So I just helped him on the good road meself, an' sould all I took, an' gave the money to the poor according. Anyhow, I gave it to meself, ye see; an' faith, I'm as poor as a starved-out robin.'

More frank than prudent was Patrick Murphy, who appeared at the Dublin police court in consequence of taking the liberty of clearing a grocer's till of its contents without the owner's permission. He looked so dejected, that the magistrate, thinking he had a repentant subject before him, resolved to improve the occasion; and the following edifying colloquy ensued. 'It's a sad thing to see a young man of your age fall into evil ways. Haven't you a family to look after you?'

'The praties themselves are not more numerous.'

'And had you any employment?'

'Shure ivvery hour was illegally divarted.'

'And I presume you had prospects, and hoped to rise in the world?'

'Thru for ye, your Honour. I expicted to lave ivvery mother's son benathe me.'

'And now,' said the magistrate, 'you've lost character, prospects, everything, and all for five-pence-farthing.'

'Shure now, your Honour, that wasn't my fault at all at all,' said the victim of circumstances.

'It wasn't?' queried the magistrate.

'No, your Honour. How was I to consave that there'd be only a dhirty foive-pence-farthing? Shure, an' didn't I clane out ivvery blissed cint I could foind!'

Transgressors unable to pretend innocence, sometimes put forth strange pleas of extenuation. A farm-labourer declared he bore no malice towards the owner of the wheat-stacks he had fired; but having been badly treated by his sweetheart, he had done what he had done, lest he might have done something worse.—Another vainly tried to enlist magisterial sympathy by the following pathetic appeal: 'I am an honest man, sir; poor, as you see, but striving to get a virtuous livelihood. But the cruelty and indifference of my fellow-men embitter my existence. For the

last six months I have been singing about town some of the finest songs in the English language. I have sung for two hours at a time before the mansions of the rich and noble, and then perhaps they have given me twopence. Is it not brutal that people dwelling in style and elegance should listen to a vocalist for two hours and then give him two coppers? There must be something wrong when a man like me, capable of giving expression to the music of the best composers, has his feelings agonised as mine have been by the coldness and contempt of the world. In the best streets and squares of London I have sung as many as a hundred songs for eighteenpence. But the people have no ear; the taste for music has degenerated, and I am the victim.'

Singularly well acquainted with his legal rights was an old offender convicted of an attempt to steal a purse, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. 'What! five years for an attempt?' exclaimed he. 'It ought only to be two years.' He was passed to the cells below the court; but was subsequently placed again in the dock, and informed by the judge that he found he had no power to pass a sentence of five years, and therefore ordered him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two years. 'I told you so!' was the triumphant comment of the knowing one as the warder handed him down.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

A STILLNESS wraps in calm the summer day,
Unbroken by a sound, save when the breeze
A moment rustles through the parched trees,
Then leaves them motionless. The sultry air—
Hot as the breath of fevered patient—seems
Conscious of coming storm: the cattle crowd
With low-bowed heads beneath the elm-clumps, awed
By some dread instinct of they know not what,
Save, that 'tis ill impending. All the sky
With thickly gathering clouds is overcast,
Dark leaden clouds, their edges tinged with red,
All ominous of storm; the quick, big drops
Of rain begin to fall—a rumbling peal
Of distant thunder, low reverberates
Along the hills: more thickly fall the drops,
Comes down a deluge—and the lightning gleams
In quick, successive flashes; louder still,
And louder roars the thunder—till gives rein
The tempest to its fury; awing man
And beast alike by its sublimity.
Its wrath at length the storm begins to bate,
A wrath too fierce to last; the thunder grows
Fainter and fainter, and the lightnings cease;
The rain-drops patter feebly through the leaves,
Till they at last are spent; bright diamonds,
Of Heaven's purest water, glittering hang
On leaf, and blade, and flower; once more the birds
Resume their for a while suspended song;
The cattle leave the shelter of the boughs,
And seek again the pastures; all the air
Is filled with fragrance sweet, the cooling gift
Of storm beneficent; and once again
From her enforced torpor wakes the Earth!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 865.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

SWIMMING.

MANY concurrent circumstances shew the desirability of encouraging the art of swimming among young persons of both sexes. The liberal manner in which the London Swimming Club offers to aid towards the attainment of this most desirable end, we shall speak of presently: the necessity itself requires some preliminary notice. Whether pleasure or business takes people on the water, the urgency is nearly the same. It was grievously lamentable to read and to know, for instance, about two years back, how many hundreds of hapless persons suddenly found a watery grave by the great disaster on the Thames. Innocently going forth to enjoy a day's pleasure on a bright summer day, they crowded the much overlaid holiday steamer *Princess Alice*; women and children greatly predominating over men. A sudden catastrophe overwhelmed all alike; and the dwellers in the metropolis will never forget that day which plunged so many families into sorrow and misery. Scores of lives might have been saved, had even a little knowledge of swimming been more generally diffused. Shipwrecks in all parts of the world teach the same lesson; English sailors are deplorably deficient in this art, much to the discredit of the authorities; while passengers in ocean-going ships are obviously in similar plight. Sea and river bathing, in like manner, would be rendered more enjoyable if the bathers could have a little hope that they could swim even a few yards in cases of peril.

Besides these considerations, personal cleanliness would be promoted by an occasional plunge into the water. The late Canon Kingsley animadverted in his own original way on our woful deficiency in facilities for personal ablution: 'I have often amused myself by fancying one question which an old Roman Emperor would ask were he to rise from his grave and visit the sights of London under the guidance of some Minister of State. The august shade would doubtless admire our bridges and railways, our cathedrals and our public parks, and much more of which we need

not be ashamed. But after a while I think he would look round, whether in London or in any other of our great cities, for one class of buildings which in his empire was wont to be almost as conspicuous and as splendid as the basilicas and temples. "And where," he would ask, "are your public baths?" The Minister of State who was his guide might possibly reply: "O great Cæsar, I really do not know."

Since Kingsley wrote these pungent words, the building of public baths and wash-houses has done some small amount of good. Much might be said on this matter; but our present subject is more especially confined to the encouragement of swimming as a most valuable art.

Many women and girls entertain a belief that swimming is scarcely a feminine art, that it is slightly wanting in delicacy. This is a mistake; decorum can be easily observed by those who choose to observe it. Miss J. R. Powers a few years ago published a small useful pamphlet under the title, *Why do not Women Swim?* She was Honorary Secretary of a Ladies' Sanitary Association in operation at the time, and warmly advocated swimming both on sanitary grounds and as an aid towards saving human life. She left unanswered the question why women do not learn to swim, but adduced many arguments to shew that they ought to do so. It is well known that at our numerous watering-places very few women swim; they may float and splash about, but only an insignificant proportion of them can really swim. Miss Powers remarks: 'The greater part of the danger to water-traffic would be surmounted if every person could swim. In the majority of shipwrecks and other accidents on the waters, an expert swimmer could either reach land or keep afloat till help came. There is a method of floating which requires very little exertion, and by which even a weak woman may sustain herself on the surface of the water for several hours. Now, on the contrary, when an accident happens even a dozen yards from land, women can do nothing but cling in helpless groups to some brave man who risks his own life to save theirs; and the result is

that all sink in one miserable heap.' The truth of this picture is unhappily borne out by numerous recorded facts.

'Long' swims have attracted a good deal of attention in the last few years; that is, swims occupying several hours at a stretch. They are not of such paramount utility as some persons suppose; because there is only a limited number of circumstances under which such swims are likely to be brought into requisition. Nevertheless they are worthy of being borne in mind, as shewing what can be done not only by strong and active men, but also by young women, in keeping themselves afloat for hours together—far eclipsing the famous classical achievement of Leander swimming across the Hellespont to meet his beloved Hero. Let us just touch on a few of the long swims, leaving the reader to fill up details from his own reading of the daily journals.

Somewhat over forty years ago, a seaman belonging to H.M.S. *Orestes* threw himself overboard, as a means of escaping punishment for some offence; he was picked up by a fishing-boat seven hours afterwards off the coast of Spain, and stated that he had been swimming towards the land all the time. About the same period, two men swam up the river Mersey from Liverpool to Runcorn; they accomplished the distance in something less than four hours. Passing over a long interval, during which many swims were recorded of a few hours' duration, we come to the more recent exploits of Captain Webb, certainly the most remarkable swimmer of whom we have authentic record. After some notable achievements in the Irish Sea, he undertook the astonishing feat of swimming across the whole breadth of the English Channel despite its very rough sea. On the first attempt he could only reach part of the way, and was for safety brought back by an attendant steamer. His second attempt, in 1875, was quite successful; he swam for nearly *twenty-two* hours continuously, from Dover to the French coast near Calais; he was supplied occasionally with refreshments by persons near at hand, but he never touched boat or ground during this prolonged interval. In the same year a young damsel, Miss Agnes Beckwith, daughter of Beckwith the teacher of swimming, gave clear proof that the weaker sex is strong enough to achieve remarkable results in this art; she swam down the Thames from London Bridge to Greenwich, amid the crowded shipping of that part of the river. In a spirit of emulation, Emily Parker, daughter of another professional swimmer, slightly exceeded Agnes Beckwith's distance by swimming from London Bridge to Blackwall. Cavill, another swimming-master, accomplished the distance from Dover to Ramsgate; he was six hours and a half doing the feat, but was more distressed with the heat of the sun beating down upon his head and the sunshine glaring into his eyes than with fatigue. Quite recently the London public have been astonished by proofs of the great length of time that persons can remain floating with or without swimming. At the Westminster Aquarium is a large tank constructed for the temporary reception of a live whale; in this tank Agnes Beckwith remained afloat for *thirty* hours, without touching ground or sides of the tank, singing a little and occasionally reading a newspaper to pass away the dreary monotony,

and taking refreshments handed to her; the water had a strong infusion of salt thrown in it, to increase its buoyancy. Since that time, Captain Webb has eclipsed everything else of the kind known; in the recent month of May he remained in the whale-tank no less than *sixty* hours continuously, floating all the time, and never touching sides or bottom.

Miss Beckwith frequently exhibits the art of swimming in some of our larger buildings, with useful hints as to the modes in which some may save themselves and help to save others from drowning.

Three or four years ago, at the Marylebone Swimming Bath, Mr R. H. Wallace-Dunlop gave a brief address on Swimming and Swimmers. His purpose was in part to introduce a new system of *plate-swimming*, to lessen some of the mechanical or muscular exertion required in the ordinary method. These plates, and another contrivance called *flippers*, are secondary in importance, however, to the fact that persons can certainly learn ordinary swimming very easily, without any other apparatus than their own arms and legs. Mr Dunlop, commenting on the sad neglect of the art in this country, said: 'The armies of Germany, under the system introduced by General Pfahl, are taught swimming as part of the necessary drill instruction. The armies of France, Italy, and other nations, taught under Bernardi's system, which is called "walking under water," are all made competent to cross rivers and canals. In the armies of Great Britain, on the contrary, if there is any system at all in this respect, it is the system of neglect. Our soldiers and—strange to say—sailors are never taught to swim. Britannia may rule the waves, but it is more than our soldiers and sailors can do individually for themselves.' Mr Dunlop drew attention to the disasters of the *Franconia*, the *Strathclyde*, the *Vanguard*, and the *Iron Duke*, as shewing how many valuable lives might have been saved had the persons on board known a little about swimming.

The London Swimming Club has made a very liberal offer in connection with such matters. Mr Garratt Elliott, the Honorary Secretary, draws the attention of the public to the subject from time to time through the medium of the newspapers. The Club has no swimming-bath to lend—indeed the great city of London is sadly deficient in them. The Club will assist learners gratuitously, or for a small payment in some cases. More especially the boys in large establishments are thought about. Mr Elliott in one of his communications says: 'Why any moderate-sized boarding-school is without a plunge-bath (even so small as those at Endell Street), I cannot imagine; in the winter season it could be used as a covered playground or lecture-room. If the expense be too heavy, a tuition-tank could be constructed for about fifty pounds, in which every child could be taught in the routine of school.' So far as the City of London Club is concerned, instruction, as we have said, is given either gratuitously or for payment, according to circumstances.

An interesting display took place in the month of April last, tending to shew what can be done if committees and managers of large establishments choose to do it. The Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill, the Emanuel Hospital

School at Westminster, the Royal Caledonian Asylum at Holloway, the Commercial Travellers' School near Watford, the Spurgeon Orphanage at Stockwell, all possess swimming-baths, superintended and kindly aided by the London Swimming Club. At one of them, the Orphan Working School, none of the boys had any knowledge of swimming when the baths were commenced a few years ago; now they can all swim, some of them for considerable distances. On the occasion adverted to, many of the boys competed for the Club's certificates at the Floating Baths just outside the Thames Embankment, near Charing Cross. Some of the best of them shewed not only how to save their own lives from drowning, but also how they may aid in saving others in time of peril.

Our scanty supply of swimming-baths is, as we have implied, a sad drawback to the learning and practising of this most salutary art. Liverpool, however, celebrated among our provincial cities for the grand scale on which the municipal authorities carry into effect public works, to be paid for out of rates and dues, has reason to be proud of her public baths, distributed as they are in six different parts of the city and suburbs, and constructed at an aggregate cost exceeding one hundred thousand pounds. Besides small ablutionary baths, there are twelve swimming-baths of ample dimensions. In the metropolis, the best supplied district or parish is Marylebone; the public baths and wash-houses here established comprise four swimming-baths averaging seventy feet in length; while the adjoining parish of Paddington possesses one reaching ninety feet in length.

Amongst the numerous subjects which are now taught to boys and girls, the art of swimming certainly should not be neglected.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'I suppose you don't know of nothing as has took place, do you?'

I WENT up to town next day with Uncle Ben, according to arrangement. I found Dr Brand a trifle brusque and dictatorial, I thought; but learning that years must elapse before he would undertake to do more than take a friendly interest in me, I thought I should manage to get along with him very nicely. In the great school of medicine and surgery in which I presently found myself a pupil, Dr Brand was regarded with profound respect. One of the first things pointed out to me in the hospital museum was a dissection of the human arm, in which every nerve and vein and artery and muscle was displayed in most delicate and exquisite network. That was Dr Brand's doing; and it was looked on as something next to a miracle of dexterity and art. I saw him in the operating theatre, where he stood almost unrivalled. At first, his perfect calm, the insouciance with which he went to the most terrible performances, shocked and disgusted me, and I thought him a monster of no-feeling. But in a week or two I began to be better able to understand and value his quiet mastery; and in a month he was my special hero.

It has been a problem to many, how it comes about that the orderly and gentlemanly men who make up the rank-and-file of medicine and surgery in these islands are evolved from the disorderly and rowdy youth who make up the staple of our medical-student supply. I confess myself the more unable to solve this problem because I have been intimate with the embryonic and with the complete surgeon, and have known and noted the marvellous space which severs them. In Oxford, I had known reading sets, and boating sets, and drinking and gambling sets, and sets of all sorts. But though I found men here given over to the same variety of pursuits, they went about them for the most part in so different a manner, and were themselves of so different an order, that I seemed to be thrown into quite an unfamiliar life among them. I had been so accustomed to the control of money, that town-life offered me no new temptations to extravagance. Of all the keen things Balzac has written, there is none keener than that passage in which he declares of an extravagant woman that she was reckless in the profligacy of her waste *because* she had known a time when a sou's worth of fried potatoes would have been a luxury to her. But it never occurred to me to do less than spend what Uncle Ben allowed me, and I found my society sought by some for whom I had little affection. How it fared with Uncle Ben's sons, my cousins, I can only conjecture; but I know that my relationship to the great millionaire was converted into one of the miseries of my life, by the adulation it secured me, and the prominence it occasionally gave me. Mr Wickamby, senior demonstrator, was marvelously fond of me, and undertook to introduce me to scientific society in London. I went to an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen in his company at one time, and was finding an innocent interest in the display of divers new inventions, when a whisper from Wickamby—'The nephew of Hartley—Hartley Hall, you know—the great millionaire'—came in upon my quiet, and my night was spoiled. There was a gilt pasteboard erection of cubic form at one end of the room, which was supposed to represent the exact amount of gold in circulation in the British Islands; and whilst I regarded this, and thought how small a sum of money it represented per head for the population, Mr Wickamby came up and laughed, and said in the voice of a public lecturer, that my uncle, Mr Hartley of Hartley Hall, 'could shew a considerable slice of that if he desired to—eh? Ha! ha!' The baleful whisper followed me into remote corners: 'Nephew of Hartley—great millionaire—Hartley. Quite a self-made man.'

There was a Doctor of Divinity there who was most ponderously polite to me, and who took the keenest interest in my uncle and my welfare. He delivered a little oration to me on the dangers and advantages of wealth; and whenever anybody passed the corner in which he had me penned, he would interrupt the current of his speech to

summon the passer-by, and would ask to be permitted to introduce Mr Campbell, 'nephew of Mr Hartley, the distinguished millionaire.' The coarse greed with which I found myself surrounded, not for money, but for leave to talk about it, would have been matter for laughter, if I had not been the centre of it. As it was, however, it became unbearable, and I withdrew myself stealthily. I had rooms in Clement's Inn, light airy chambers, looking out upon a square of green, bordered by fine trees. The rooms look now upon the New Law Courts, which have been so long a-building, and the grass is still there before them, and the trees yet flourish. I was mightily proud of those chambers at the first, and was perhaps happier in them than I have ever been elsewhere. 'What more felicitie,' asks the poet, 'can fall to creature, Than to enjoye delighe with libertie?' Mr Wickamby, the senior demonstrator, would sometimes visit me of an afternoon and take a glass of Burgundy and a cigar. He was a man who smiled, a comfortable man, with a saponaceous manner. He had little set forms of speech for all manner of circumstances and contingencies, which he used by rote, as though they were formulæ out of the Pharmacopœia. One of these was that it really seemed absurd to say it, but if ever at any moment I found myself in want of funds, I was to apply to him, and consider him my banker. It was so easy, he would add, to run out of coin in town. At first, it crossed me that this was the prelude to a request for a loan; but Mr Wickamby never tried my regard in that way; and he used to utter his formula so heartily, that I grew positively grateful to him for his benevolence.

But there were pleasanter visitors than Mr Wickamby at my chambers in Clement's Inn, and among the pleasantest were Gascoigne and Æsop. Gascoigne's clerical duties held him hard and fast in the country all the year, with the exception of one fortnight, which he spent with me. I met him at the railway station, and brought him home in great glee, and enthroned him in an armchair.

'What prospects?' I asked him. 'When are you going to be a Bishop?'

'I don't know,' he answered laughingly. But he added more gravely, and as I thought with a touch of regretfulness: 'I ought to have stayed on at college, Jack, and taken a fellowship. But I should never have had the living which is to be mine unless I had put my neck into the yoke of this curacy. The patron insists on having a working man, and I am working. One of the ameliorations,' he said, laughing again, 'is that they don't consider cricket wicked in our part of the world.'

I said somewhat hotly at this, that the servants of the Church were surrounded by foolish restrictions, and that none seemed more absurd to me than the denial of harmless outdoor sports. I could see a reason against perhaps hunting; but there were a dozen other things which I enumerated in which, as I believed, there lay harm neither for a clergyman nor for his flock.

'You are wrong, Jack,' said Gascoigne seriously. 'But the drawback in the Church of England is that the influence secured is not commensurate with the sacrifice ordained. The true sacerdotal

power is not wielded by any man in our Church, even though he may make all the concessions which should secure it. The power of the Church at large is great; but the openings to individual ambition are few. There is an open avenue to fame and power in the Church of Rome; and though you may not think it, there is a way as broad and certain among the great schismatic sects—Congregational and Wesleyan. Amongst us, the individual withers, and the Church is more and more. Spurgeon is more of a personality than even the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

'Then,' I asked, 'you are not satisfied?'

'"Which of us,"' he quoted, "'is satisfied in this world? Which of us has his desire?'"

'But,' I urged, 'there is surely some joy in fighting a good cause, even as one of the rank-and-file?'

'Ay,' said Gascoigne; 'surely. But there would be more joy perhaps in leading the combatants.'

'In what direction?' I asked him.

He laughed, and threw his hands abroad with a careless gesture. 'Perhaps one might see,' he answered, 'a little farther on horseback.'

I loved him so sincerely and admired him so much, that this seeming flippancy grieved me, and I let the subject go. 'Æsop will be here directly,' I told him. 'I have asked him especially to come this evening; but I have not told him that you will be here. I kept that for a surprise.'

There was a little constraint upon me as I said this; for I did not wish it to appear that I dissented seriously from any mood of his. Lest he should observe this, I arose as I spoke, and seizing one of his portmanteaus, dragged it into his bedroom. It was a little surprising that he returned no answer for a minute. But he called out after that pause, as he followed with the other portmanteau: 'Æsop coming! Jolly!' And then in a changed tone he said suddenly: 'How very unfortunate.'

I turned round and faced him as he sat upon the bed, and asked him what was unfortunate.

'At what time did you ask Æsop to be here?' he queried.

'Eight o'clock,' I answered.

'What a pity,' he said in an eager bustling way. 'I have an appointment I ought to have kept at once on coming into town.' He laid his hands on my shoulders, and put me away from him laughingly. 'The pleasure of seeing you, Old Jack, sent it out of my head; but I must keep it. I am a quarter of an hour late already,' he went on, looking at his watch. 'Let me write a line to Gregory, lest he should think I ran away from him.'

I gave him pen, ink, and paper, and he scrawled a hasty note. 'Read that,' he said, as he threw it in an open envelope towards me. 'I shall be back in an hour and a half at latest.' He seized his hat, and was hurrying from the room, when I called after him.

'How about dinner?'

'Ah! dinner!' he said, turning with a hand upon the door. 'Put it off till nine. Is that possible? Or dine without me to-night. Never mind, Old Jack. Better luck next time.' With that he went out; and I heard him leaping downstairs, two steps at a time.

He had not gone long when Gregory came in.

Gascoigne's sudden departure had left me a little dull, and I was all the more rejoiced to see Æsop. He and I chatted indifferently for a minute or two, until he said: 'You sent for me particularly. Anything up?' I handed him Gascoigne's letter, thinking how pleasant it would be by-and-by for all three of us to be together in my rooms. It was growing dusk; and he took it to the window to read it. He seemed a long time getting through it, I thought, especially since Gascoigne had spent so little time in writing it. I asked at last if he did not find it legible. 'Yes,' he answered; 'legible enough. But it's very unlucky. I can't wait for him.'

'Can't wait for him?' I asked piteously. 'You take it very quietly, the two of you, spoiling my night in this way.'

'Ah, well,' said Æsop, with an air of philosophy; 'life's full of disappointments, and we must school ourselves to bear 'em.'

'Well, you'll come to-morrow, won't you? And we'll spend the day together.'

'Well, I'm not sure about to-morrow,' said Æsop, with an air of some constraint; 'but I'll write and tell you about it. Meantime, give the traveller drink; and I'll take a cigar. I've only half an hour to spare.'

Nothing remained but to make the best of it. I should have Gascoigne back directly, and a pleasant fortnight lay before me. Yet the rose-coloured bloom seemed somehow to be rubbed off that near future, and I felt quite chilled and unhappy. Gregory smoked his cigar almost in silence; and I went out with him and saw him into a cab; and thereafter went back to my chambers in a disconsolate and gloomy mood, and awaited Gascoigne.

When he returned, he heard of Gregory's departure with so singular an absence of concern in manner, though he said fluently enough what a pity it was to miss Æsop, that I asked him outright if he did not care to meet him. He blushed a little, and said that all our youthful friendships could scarcely be expected to last as firmly as that between us two. He was so embarrassed whilst he said this, beneath the lightness of manner he assumed, that before I had well thought it, I called out: 'You don't care for Gregory. Did you leave me to avoid him?'

He turned quite red in his distress. 'Jack,' he said appealingly, 'who has put such a notion into your head? Has Gregory hinted anything of the kind?'

'No,' I cried; 'nothing. It was only a fancy of mine. But I thought—you were both so calm about missing each other—that you had quarrelled, and did not wish me to know it. You were not very much with each other at Uncle Ben's place when you were down last, and I have never seen you since, except apart.'

I thought he seemed relieved, though I could not conjecture why. He made no answer except to ask me if I had read his note to Gregory. When I said 'No,' he took it from the table where Gregory had left it, and handed it to me. It began, 'My dear Æsop,' and ended with, 'Yours always,' and there was no hint of anything but friendship in the few hearty lines which expressed his regret for keeping Gregory waiting.

There was no news from Gregory for four days; and I was so wounded at this, that it alto-

gether dashed the triumph and pleasure of having Gascoigne to myself in my own London chambers; a matter which had seemed too pleasant to be real in the contemplation of it. On the morning of the fifth day, a letter came bearing the Paris post-mark, and expressing Æsop's regrets at his enforced absence. This cleared the cloud; for it explained that unexpected private business had sent him abroad. 'Assure Gascoigne of my best wishes,' said the letter at its close. 'There is no need to tell either of you how happy the *réunion* you planned would have made me, had it been possible for me to share in it.' So that there was no fear of any breach between them, I cared less for the absence of one of them.

Gregory did not return to town until Gascoigne had gone back to his curacy. I told him of the fears I had entertained about the possible decadence of their friendship; and he listened to all I had to say with a solemnity very unusual with him. He spoke in answer with a sort of rough tenderness. 'You nurse illusions, young un. Heave 'em overboard; but be sure you don't let your generous impulses go with 'em.'

He spoke so seriously, that I concluded he *had* a meaning; though why the loss of any generous impulse should be involved in my ceasing to believe that he and Gascoigne had quarrelled, I could not divine. A sudden sound of footsteps on the staircase and a determined hammering at my outer door prevented the continuation of our talk; and my visitors being admitted, made instant demands for drink, and stated that they had come with a proposal. They were amiable young people, with strong social leanings, and were supposed by their parents to be reading for the Bar. The proposal was that a convivial society should be formed, meeting in rotation at the chambers of the men who belonged to it; and Gregory being voted to the chair, an initial committee meeting was held. Bills of Wadham had come prepared with a suggestion that the society should be known as 'The Associated Order of Rum-Pum-Pahs and Royal Brotherhood of Frolicsome Fellows,' and this imposing title being by acclamation adopted, the rules and regulations of the society were straightway framed. Jeans, late of Exeter, and now of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, called to that high profession the week before last, was already glorious in the possession of the services of a clerk, to whom the task of engrossing the rules of the new society was intrusted. We went for all this genial nonsense with a certain solemnity which became it well, and discussed laws and by-laws with a business-like gravity which left upon me a sense of having been hard at work. The first meeting took place at my chambers, and was attended by the consumption of much liquid refreshment and a great number of cigars. On this occasion I was formally installed as Royal Fellow; and Gregory was created Deputy Royal Fellow. A vast number of other offices were created, one of the chief objects of the society being to include none who did not hold office within its ranks.

Thereafter, regular weekly meetings were held at the chambers of the various members; and the society lived a flourishing and on the whole a very jovial and harmless life, which gave delight and hurt not. It reached an untimely finish in

the rooms in which it first came into being. The hour of midnight approached, and we were singing an absurd chorus :

From Wimbledon to Wombledon is seventeen miles ;
From Wombledon to Wimbledon is seventeen miles ;
From Wimbledon to Wombledon—
From Wombledon to Wimbledon—
From Wimbledon to Wombledon is seventeen miles.

I had thought, in the pauses of this topographical record, that I could hear a knocking at the door ; and any doubt I might have had upon the point was set at rest when the end of the chorus came. Blows were dealt upon the door in a perfect shower, apparently by a heavy stick ; and one of my companions answering this noisy summons, reported the advent of 'an elderly Bloke in sportive raiment.' This announcement being made in a voice which must have been audible without, I went to greet my visitor, whoever he might be, with some reasonable dread that he might consider himself insulted. To my surprise, the visitor was no other than my Uncle Ben ; and before his eye caught mine, I could see both trouble and anger on his face.

'Come in, uncle,' I said, but 'with some awkwardness. I have a few friends here. I have told you about the Club in my letters, and it meets here to-night.'

He pushed by me without answer, and standing in the centre of the room, surveyed the assembly for a moment. Then nodding to Gregory, he removed his hat, and sat down in the chair I had occupied. 'Don't let me disturb your amusements,' he said gruffly ; but his angry countenance perturbed the young fellows, and they sat in silence, or talked to one another in subdued tones and formal phrases. In a little space one rose to go. Another followed him ; and in less than a quarter of an hour after Uncle Ben's arrival, the room was cleared. I had made an awkward presentation of my uncle to the assembly, and had tried to enter into talk with him ; but his manner, so different from anything I had hitherto observed in him, froze all geniality, and his answers were all a gloomy 'Yes' or 'No.' When at last the guests were all gone, he drank a tumbler of Burgundy, and rising, took his stand upon the hearthrug.

'What is the matter, uncle ?' I asked, after a moment's pause, in which he had looked at me as if about to speak. 'Is any one ill at home ? Is Maud ?'

'I suppose,' he said, regarding me with a look of mingled grief and rage which, while it staggered, baffled me to understand—'I suppose you don't know of nothing as has took place, do you ?'

'No,' I stammered—'unless it were the'—

'The what ?' he asked me, with an almost fierce anxiety.

'The meeting here to-night, and the noise we were making when you came.'

He held his hat in his hand, and to my intense surprise, he dashed it, at this answer, on the floor, and broke into an execration. I regarded him with both amazement and fear ; for the mood in which I saw him was so foreign to his nature, that I could only think him mad. Quite apart from the fact that he always drank with extreme moderation, I could tell that he was sober now. He glared at me for full a minute

with his face inflamed by rage ; but he fought hard for self-control, and at last secured it.

'Anybody to look at you,' he said, 'ud think as you was wonder-struck.'

'I am indeed,' I answered. 'Pray, tell me what has happened.'

'Oh !' he said, shaking his head at me with an expression of bitter sorrow, 'you deceiver ! Oh ! you deceiver !'

'Uncle,' I cried, 'in what have I ever deceived you ? What have I done ?'

'You shall have a chance,' he said with a broken voice, whilst tears made their way to his eyes. 'I'll give you a opportunity. Make a clean breast of it, an' I'll overlook it.'

His appeal cut me to the quick ; for I could read such a pathetic earnestness in his broken speech and his rugged homely face as I had never seen or heard elsewhere. But I had no answer. I was half giddy with surprise, and my mind was filled with quick-darting conjectures. All my guesses left me bewildered ; for though I had a boyish fault and folly here and there set down in the books of conscience, I could think of nothing I had ever done or contemplated which seemed worthy of a tithe's tithe of his emotion.

'You shall have a chance,' he said. 'Tell me you done it. Tell me what you done it for. Promise me, on your sacred oath, as you'll never do it again, and this once I'll overlook it. Don't send your Uncle Ben off broken-hearted. Make a clean breast, an' I'll forgive you.' The tears were coursing down his face, and he spoke with a broken voice.

I think the love and sorrow which I felt for him steadied me. I answered then. 'Uncle, whatever suspicion you may harbour against me, I am innocent of having done one thing or thought one thought against your peace of mind. Tell me what you believe against me, and I will clear myself.'

'You're hardened,' he answered with returning anger ; 'but my sister's blood's in you, and though your father was a rogue before you, I can't get over it. I can't believe,' he went on, softening again, 'as Bella's child's gone quite to the bad so young. Look here, Johnny. I took you for your mother's sake ; an' I kep' you, an' I had you bred up like a gentleman, an' I did my best to make a man of you. If I seem to be stern with you, it's for your good. I can't overlook it, not without a full confession ; an' even then, it'll take 'ears an' 'ears to overgrow it. But you clean your breast, an' I'll forgive you.'

'You quite bewilder me,' I answered earnestly. 'I know of nothing—I have done nothing, which could cause you such grief. Believe me, uncle, I would sooner die than even seem ungrateful.' In the eagerness of my protestation I approached him and laid a hand upon his arm ; and he looked at me fixedly, whilst I could see sorrow again giving way to rage. Perhaps this alteration in his mood worked some change in mine ; for I added with more firmness than I had been able hitherto to shew, that I had a right to hear his accusation, and that it was impossible that I could clear myself until I knew of what I was suspected.

'Oh, you innocent, persecuted, wrong-suspected creature,' he cried with a bitter sneer. 'You haven't done nothin' mean, have you ? You haven't done nothin' low an' base, an' blackguardly,

an' criminal, have you now? Law bless us, no; he wouldn't.

'I have not,' I cried, with mounting anger at the obstinacy of his accusation, and his refusal to put it before me plainly. 'And whoever charges such a thing against me, lies.'

'What?' he said again. 'You've made your mind up to brave it out, an' swear black's white?'

'Neither your past tenderness to me,' I answered, 'nor your relationship, nor your age, give you a right to speak so. If you have any charge to bring, speak it out. If you will give me no chance to clear myself, I will not listen to your accusations.' Those were the last words I spoke to him; for he broke out with a wild exclamation, and struck me across the face so heavily that I fell and lay unconscious for a time. When I awoke, dizzily and painfully, there was already a gray light peering through the windows, and I was alone. The interview with Uncle Ben seemed at first like a miserable dream; but as it cleared itself to my memory, nothing but wounded pride withheld my tears.

TEA-PLANTING IN ASSAM.

IN our issue of August 9, 1879, we gave our readers a sketch of the lives of Indian coolies who had emigrated to British Guiana. We have been favoured by a contributor, who has special knowledge on the subject, with a few remarks upon the employment of the same class of people by English capitalists in India. His narration is as follows:

'The population of the province of Assam is too small, and the people much too indolent, to meet the labour requirements of the great industry which has grown up in the last forty years, and which is rapidly increasing and extending to other districts of India. It has consequently become necessary to import labour to the province; and the over-crowded rural districts of Bengal offer a large and satisfactory field for obtaining that which, in addition to the generally believed all-powerful capital, is indispensable to success—namely, labour.

'Into districts such as these, East and West India planters have sent their agents to obtain labour, and to the mutual benefit of employer and employé. A recent official return gave the number of labourers imported into Assam alone at one hundred and ninety thousand. There are many other districts engaged in tea-planting, although Assam stands most in need of imported labour. This province in the past has come in for a fair share of calumny—planters have treated their labourers as cattle, underpaid, overworked, badly housed, half-starved, mercilessly beaten them, and so on. Parliamentary debaters on the "cat" uphold the fact that troublesome members are to be found in every community, and that in some cases, severity alone can keep the command in the proper hands; and thus exceptionally severe measures have undoubtedly sometimes been used by the Indian planter. On the other hand, a conscientious and right-thinking body of men comprise the planting community at

the present time, and a labourer is too valuable to be badly treated. In making new estates, the home comforts of the coolies are secured even before those of the European. Wells and tanks are dug to secure a supply of wholesome water; and houses—erected at no small cost—are abandoned if considered unhealthy, and a new site chosen.

'The government of India does away with the remote chance of the Indian emigrant being badly off. Planters' agents in the recruiting districts have to be armed with a license signed by the magistrate of the district they leave, and countersigned by a like official in the place where they wish to recruit. When the labourers are prevailed upon to seek a living in distant districts, instead of dragging out an existence in their own country, they have to be taken before a magistrate and express their willingness to go with the recruiter, so as to satisfy justice—that is, the government of India—that they are not coerced into leaving. The first term of service is for three years, although planters are agitating for an extension of the period of service. All expenses come directly upon the importer; and it costs from sixty to a hundred rupees a head to bring suitable coolies from their homes to Assam. When their agreements expire, they are free to renew or leave; but the planter does not have to provide them a passage home. The daily working hours are nine, with one day's rest in seven. Rice has to be supplied to coolies at a given rate, and for several years past planters have sustained a very heavy and serious loss under this head, being forced to supply rice to coolies at nearly half the original cost. A blanket too has to be given to each agreement coolie every year, and a good house and medical attendance provided gratuitously.

'Imported labourers in the tea districts of India are very well off. The men are engaged at four, five, and six rupees per month, and the women at three, four, and five rupees. Every child above five years of age works and is paid; and people with large families, if provident, are able to save no inconsiderable sums of money. For these rates, certain tasks are given; but they seldom occupy even half the time of industrious labourers. Men hoeing not infrequently do three or four extra tasks in a day, and the writer has seen them returning home with their day's work done—that is, the regulation task—at nine o'clock in the morning. Women are able to earn still better wages at certain seasons of the year. A woman under agreement for five rupees a month would have a daily wage of about ten pice (threepence three-farthings). In good growing weather, when there has been a great pressure of leaf, I have known women take ten annas (one shilling and threepence) extra pay in the evening, for a day's work over the task. It was a woman's own fault if she did not treble and quadruple her ten pice a day. There was the leaf growing so fast as to make the planter very anxious indeed to get it off the bushes, and the women who earned good pay were always encouraged by the manager, who only wished that a few more would take the same amount. An estate coolie can live very well indeed upon six pice a day, as he gets his rice at a reduced rate. Now, even when he does his task only, he receives ten or twelve pice daily, and so has a good proportionate balance at the end of the

month. Clothing costs but little, and the item of soap does not involve a ruinous expenditure.

The people are enjoying a state of prosperity which they could not have imagined possible when struggling for an existence in their own homes. A coolie has only to be industrious and careful, and he is bound to save money. If sick, he is fed; if well, is made to work, and is paid. Good workmen are seen after a few years in the country in possession of cows, goats, and poultry, and occasionally a pony or two. They give their wives and children silver ornaments; and not infrequently adorn their own waists with neat silver chains, representing a sum of money which I question whether they could have realised as their own possession, when at home. Many prefer to keep on the estates where work, pay, and good treatment if sick, are certain. Others open shops, or take up patches of land and turn farmers on their own account; not as the drudges of usurers, as they were in their own country. Many of the people accumulate wealth which would give an English artisan a very good standing indeed in the workshop; and such a sum represents infinitely more to a man who can live well upon six pice (twopence-farthing) per diem, than to the Englishman who needs beef and beer to maintain an existence. Sometimes when factory remittances are delayed, money is borrowed for a few days from the coolies. Indeed, it is not infrequently a matter for remark upon the satisfactory position gained by good work, that it actually enables them to lend money to the Sahib! As a contrast, the people when living at home had to work hard year after year just to keep life in their bodies.

Mental and physical improvement is noticeable in the people who take advantage of the work and pay offered, and are provident with their earnings, and an unqualified blessing has accrued to those who have immigrated into new districts. The government of India has acted wisely and well in thus protecting the labourer, because with his substance he gets a little sense; and a few generations hence, when sensible natives are enjoying the position started by their coolie ancestors, they will doubtless recognise the fact that their improved standing is due to the government of the British power in India.

From a correspondent who signs himself *Chota-wallah* we have the following notes, which may be of interest to those who contemplate trying their fortunes in Assam as 'Assistants' on tea plantations. 'No young fellow,' says Chota-wallah, 'should leave home on the chance of finding employment when he gets out, for many have had to regret coming out on "spec" to spend weeks or even months in an expensive hotel, and in some cases, when all their money was spent, having to seek work elsewhere.

The ordinary terms on which assistants are engaged are: that they pay their own passage out to the garden, and agree to serve for three years, receiving as salary one hundred rupees, or say ten pounds, per month during the first—one hundred and fifty rupees per month for the second—and two hundred rupees for the third year. For India this seems small pay for even a beginner; but up-country fowls and ducks—which take the place of butcher-meat during the greater part of

the year—are very cheap; and the tea-garden assistant, if he does not live with some senior man during his first year, and pay him a moderate sum for mess, has a bungalow provided, so that he has no rent to pay; a horse kept for him, and the wages of a groom (syce), watchman (chowkedar), water-carrier (pani-wallah), and a gardener (malee), paid by the estate. Most new hands get one man at say ten or twelve rupees per month, who will cook and also wait at table till they can afford more. Thus the only wages the young assistant has to pay for the first year or two are—his khansama's ten or twelve rupees, six rupees to the washerman, and say two rupees out of his own pocket to make the chowkedar look to his clothes a little. Although a native will both cook and wait at table for a man just out, they do not like the duties being combined, and look on one who can afford two employing but one as mean and not Sahib-like; so that you may almost say a man has to increase the number, or at all events the pay of his personal servants as his own salary is increased. The following is something like a list of men attached as personal servants to a European in charge of a Garden: one cook, one table-servant, one bearer, one washerman, one punkah-wallah—often dispensed with—one syce, one grass-cutter, one man to bring firewood, one water-carrier, and one dāk-wallah, or letter-carrier; of whom the first five are private servants, the others being provided by the estate.

To return to the fresh assistant. He pays, as we have seen, twenty rupees per month for servants, and has eighty rupees left to keep him; and on this, with care—as he will have brought a stock of clothes with him—he may live quite comfortably, if he does not drink beer—a costly item in a planter's house account—which a healthy young fellow just out from home cannot really require. In his second year, he will be able to afford a bottle of beer or pint of claret with his breakfast or dinner, which will do him no harm. In a climate like Assam, where there is so much wear and tear on the constitution, a little stimulant, after a man has been two or three years in the country, is beneficial; while the man who drinks to excess will soon suffer both in health and pocket; for proprietors will soon get rid of a man who neglects their work, as one who exceeds must. Men in coming out first, usually leave home about October, and get up to Assam during December, when the weather is delightfully cool, in fact superior to a fine English summer; for we have fires at night and in the early morning from November to the end of February. Coming at this season, besides getting accustomed to the heat as it comes on gradually, the new arrival sees the first steps in the making of a tea-garden; for it is during the months from October to April that we clear and plant; and before the cold season comes round again, he will have a good idea of a planter's life and work at the present day, without having to experience the hardships and privations which the planters of a dozen years ago had to endure. Whereas their predecessors had to travel about in the jungles looking for land, and while clearing it when found, had to live in wretched huts, often twenty or thirty miles from any other European, and quite out of the way of obtaining stores regularly; the assistant nowadays walks into a comfortable bungalow on a settled garden, with good

communication with the Brahmapootra and with his neighbours, who, now that there are so many gardens in the province, are seldom very distant. But though decidedly better than it was a few years ago, and steadily improving, let no young fellow suppose he is coming to an Eldorado where, in three or four years, he is sure to have made enough to enable him to retire. In Assam, we have a very bad climate, and what money is made is accumulated only by those who work hard and attend to their business, and doubtless at the cost of a certain number of years of life. Although there is nothing like the former amount of jungle-fever, there are very few who do not suffer at intervals from fever and ague; and to many this sticks even after they leave the country for good.

'Now that I have satisfied the "would-be" planter that there are drawbacks to a life in the jungle, it will be as well to give him some notion of the work. Suppose we begin at say six o'clock on a "rains" morning, when having had his cup of tea and toast, the assistant will take a turn round the "lines," to see that the people are going out to work; then a look into his leaf-house, to see whether the "green-leaf" plucked the previous day be ready for rolling or not; and then, if he has no native doctor, he returns to the bungalow, in front of which will be ranged all the sick people waiting for medicine. A man always knows when to give a dose of castor-oil or one of chlorodyne, and generally to prescribe for any simple ailment; and a manager always does well to be careful of the health of his people. The writer has often been ill in Assam, and has found his native servants most attentive nurses, and consequently cannot sympathise with those who talk of the "nigger" as so much our inferior as to be insensible of kindness. Fortunately, self-interest prevents the natives being ill-treated to any extent by the few who might be inclined to use them ill, for coolies are not slaves, and will not remain where they are not well treated. The sick people seen to, the planter goes through the garden to see that the coolies are plucking and hoeing properly; and will probably stay among them till 10.30; when he will have another look, to see that all is going on right in the tea-house, before returning to the bungalow for a bath and breakfast. Between breakfast and four P.M. he will pay frequent visits to the tea-house, and also get through any writing he may have to do. After four o'clock, it will be cool enough for another turn round the garden, to see what has been done during the day, and also what he will put his people to do on the morrow. In the evening, he will pay his coolies for extra work done during the day—for regular work they are paid monthly. About seven he will dine; and then a couple of pipes and an hour's reading generally fit him for bed. Men living alone rarely sit up late; the day's work is fairly heavy, and there are few amusements. In the cold weather, there is no tea-house work; but pruning, clearing, planting and transplanting, building and road-making, fully occupy the European's attention.

'To break the monotony of his life, the planter runs away for a day or two occasionally, to visit his neighbours; or they come to him. And in the cold season, shooting-parties are got up, when as many planters as can get together join; and bring

their elephants to go after tiger, buffalo, rhinoceros, deer, and whatever else comes in the way, or in places have snipe and florian shooting; so that with fair health, a man manages to get through a few years tolerably pleasantly, sometimes even very happily—always looking forward to the time when he will be able to go home, first for a while, and by-and-by for good.'

MAX GORDON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

KATRINE'S DIARY (*Continued*).

PAPA and Aunt Mabel were naturally in a great state of excitement and curiosity; but Edie was still so weak that I stopped all questions and took her at once to bed. Her head was scarcely on the pillow when she fell into a quiet sleep, which seemed likely to last for hours. Then I called her old nurse to sit with her, and slipped out by the garden door. I ran down the shrubbery till I came to its darkest end, where the trees grow so thickly as almost to exclude the sunshine—the blessed sunshine, which I loved so this morning, and which is so hateful to me now! There, flinging myself on the ground, with my head on a fallen trunk, I wept such tears as never man or woman weeps twice on earth. 'What is this that has come to me? What does it mean? What am I to do?'—moaned in broken sentences.

For as in a lightning-flash the knowledge had broken on my brain, that for me, Kate Percy, life's supreme moment had arrived: the moment when there is a silence in both earth and heaven, to hear the voice calling for the decision of a soul: 'Choose ye whom ye will serve.'

'Entbehren sollst du—sollst entbehren!' Every bird's throat seems charged with the message; the scent of the pines is heavy with it; it is throbbing in the earth's heart beneath my own. And I—I have no answer ready. See! the words will scarcely frame themselves upon my lips: 'Yes; I renounce!' Oh, give me but breathing-space and I will answer them more fully; let me live over again only one month, one week, one day—

'The spirits of darkness have *their* day.' At this moment on my ear fell a quick decided step; and I had barely time to rise to my feet, before Max Gordon stood beside me.

'They told me you were out, and sent me to seek you,' he began. Then quickly: 'What is it, Katrine?'

I did not dare to look at him; but I shivered at the sudden anxious change of tone. It was useless to struggle yet, unnerved as I was by the excitement of the last few hours; and with one despairing glance at his pitiful face, I broke again into helpless sobs and tears. Max muttered something under his breath, and then he drew me closer—closer—into his strong kind arms; whispering me to 'cry there—it was my proper place.'

Ah! it will not be counted to me for sin, I fancy, that brief blessed minute, in which I forgot vow, sister, everything, and knew in very truth

what hope, happiness, and heaven all mean! Forgive me, mother, that for one moment I lost sight of the bleak empty future that must be mine—the aching hopeless void that is my portion from this hour!

‘Oh, my queen, how I love you! Katrine, say you care a little—for never woman was more beloved!’

I hear, with his lips on my cheek. And then, thank God, some strength returns, and that mad moment has passed for ever.

‘Let me sit down—I am tired,’ I say stupidly; and we sit down on the fallen tree.

There is silence for a while. Max holds my hand firmly, and says nothing. In his absolute comprehension, in his unerring knowledge of how to deal with me, in the perfection of our sympathy, he lets me rest for a little before he speaks, and then it is very gently. ‘What was vexing my darling so terribly when I found her?’

And I gather myself together, and answer irrelevantly in broken phrases: ‘It is a mistake—is it not?’ You did not mean that you really care for me?’

He laughs a little. “‘Care for you’ is rather a mild way to put it, I think.’ Then changing his tone quickly—‘My queen,’ he says, ‘you know it so well—what is the use of asking, Katrine?—that from the first hour we met—the night you sang *L’Addio*, sweet—I have loved you as a man only loves once in his life! Tell me now, Katrine—tell me when you will be my wife!’

Then I rose in my agony and stood up, gazing stonily down the long green vista, of which every leaf, as it sparkled in the sunshine of this first glorious day of ‘the leafy month,’ will be graven on my memory to my dying hour.

I am twenty-five; I have probably some forty odd years to spend yet on earth; and in that moment, God helping me, I gave up everything that would make these forty years endurable in this most miserable world... And yet, amid it all, I can still be thankful that it has been laid on me, who am strong, to suffer for her, who is weak; and through the blackness of darkness surrounding me, *some* faint glimpses of the glory are even already coming—the glory that has even been theirs to whom

The high Fates gave.
Grace to be sacrificed and save.

Only, if it might be possible, that the sacrifice should avail for *him* also!...

I turned to Max. Something in my face must have warned him; he grew paler, and a look that was almost fear came into his eyes—those brave dauntless eyes!

‘Max,’ I said, as clearly as my dry lips would allow me, ‘try to bear it as well as you are able. I can never be your wife, or any one’s. My life was settled long ago. At my mother’s deathbed, I promised to live for my sister; and God helping me, I will keep my vow!’

And then came the answer I foresaw and dreaded. ‘But, my darling, the two things are not incompatible! You need never part with Edith because you are my wife. [How lovingly, lingeringly, the word fell!] Katrine, you do not think I would ask the sacrifice? Only say you love me a little. Ah, you have never told me that yet!’

‘And I never *will*,’ fell from my parched lips—cruel in my pain. ‘I can never be your wife, Max Gordon—never!’

And then I went through yet another of these ordeals which seem to repeat themselves to-day in endless monotony. He pled well, eloquent with the consciousness of reason on his side; whilst with him went my hungry heart, and all the youth and life within me, that shrank and quivered at the prospect of a future that was to be empty of *him*.

It was a bitter task, in very truth, coldly to refuse him the only boon he ever asked me—I, who there and then would have died for him gladly!

At last, finding argument and entreaty were alike useless, he knelt down at my feet, and taking my two hands in his, he spoke, with solemn eyes on mine. ‘Beloved, you do not fancy you can deceive me? Ah, Katrine, a thousand vows could not make my certainty more sure, my faith more perfect! “Our spirits rushed together” when your eyes met mine that night nearly three months ago; and nothing either of us can do will be able to dis sever them again. But I know you too well, and reverence you too highly, to doubt that your motive is an adequate and worthy one, and as such I will honour it. So if I may neither know it nor the cause of your tears—such tears, poor child!—at least promise me one thing. Should, now or afterwards, there be anything I can do to help you, however hard, *try* me, Katrine! My love is good for something, I assure you—with a dreary smile. ‘And if, please heaven, things, or your view of them, change—oh, tell me quickly, sweetheart!’ He bent his head over my hands and kissed them passionately. ‘Now go, my darling, go!’ But still he held me. ‘Kate, kiss me once. It may be the only time!’ I lowered my head for a moment. And then a broken whisper ‘*Addio!*’—and he was gone.

O my mother, were you near your first-born to-day?

CHAPTER VI.

KATRINE’S DIARY (*Recontinued*).

September 10, 186-.

When I last wrote in this book, summer sunshine was gladdening the earth; now we are in the fall of the leaf, and everything is bleak and dreary. Edie has been very ill. She caught the fever that day in the cottage, and for long weeks was laid low. Although never in actual danger, she has not made nearly such a good recovery as she should have done, and is still unable to leave the sofa. She is very thin and fragile, and there is a wistfulness in the great velvety eyes sometimes which goes to my heart like a knife. Still she is gaining a little strength those last two weeks, and to-day is looking almost like her old self again. Max was quite pleased with the improvement this morning, and says she will do well now.

He has been to us throughout what he always is, and more I cannot say. I hear them talk of his looking fagged and ill, and they speculate as to his overworking himself. But I alone see, as others cannot, *how* changed he is these last few months. There is a shadow lying deep in his

eyes that never used to be there, and the old glad smile is a very rare and weary one now.

September 13, 1886.

Even I, strong as I am, do not know how I have lived through the last two days.

Max came over earlier than usual yesterday morning. I heard him go up directly to Papa; and—Edie sleeping and not wanting me—I slipped out of her room quietly, and went down-stairs to the drawing-room, thinking to wait there till he should be gone again. But just as I had taken some flowers out of the vases, and was preparing to re-arrange them by way of employment, the door opened suddenly, and Max entered, shutting it behind him. He crossed over to me, and said hurriedly: 'Listen, Katrine; I want to speak to you.' And he told me in quick short sentences that he could bear it no longer; that if there was still no hope, he was going away—to India, where a friend of his father's had offered him an appointment. And then he took my hands in his, and gazing down into my eyes with infinite love in his own, he said: 'Kate, shall I go?'

I stood and shivered under his touch, powerless to take my eyes from his or to utter one single word; while in my heart went up an exceeding great and bitter cry. My burden was at last heavier than I could bear. Staggering backwards to the sofa, I laid down my miserable head among the cushions, and gazed mutely at him in anguish.

Max stood beside me, stroking my hair and asking no more questions; till by-and-by a torrent of tears came to ease me and answer him.

Then he said quietly: 'It is still hopeless, then, Katrine? This fatal secret stands between us yet?'

I bowed my head.

'To-night, then, I may write and accept Howard's offer. It must be to-night, because he wishes me to start immediately.—And now, dear,' he added wearily, 'I suppose I may go up and see Edie.'

A new and awful fear seized my heart like a vice, and brought back utterance to my tongue. 'Max!' I almost screamed, starting up and catching his hand in a temporary forgetfulness that I was alone in my unhappy knowledge. 'Who is to tell Edie?'

He looked a little surprised.

'Why, you, I should think. She won't mind much, will she?'

'I cannot do it,' I said, in breathless gasps. 'You have more power over her—than any one. You—you—manage her best when she is ill. You must break it to her; and for God's sake, gently, gently!'

'Very well, I will,' he answered, in a soothing way. 'But I am sure you are exciting yourself unnecessarily, Katrine. Why should *she* care?—why should anybody care—but you and me?—You and me,' he repeated with something like a sob; and left me.

Left me lying there on my face, in a sort of stupor; from which in a while I was roused by the furious ringing of my sister's bell. I rushed up-stairs to find her speechless and senseless and—as I thought—dying. For hours her life hung in the balance, and after that we trembled for her brain. With the return of consciousness came wild

despairing cries to Max not to leave her—if he left her, she should die or go mad; and then she clung to me and prayed me to forgive her if it were wrong in her to love him so; but she could not help it—could not help it!

My innocent little darling, there was no need to tell me that!

This evening, when Edith was at last sleeping under a strong sedative, Max sent me down-stairs to take some food. Nobody ever dreams of disputing his commands; so I went, and was listlessly trying to warm my hands—which *will* not warm—at the drawing-room fire, when he came in. He leant his elbow on the chimney-piece, and looked down on me. 'Kate, look at me,' he said suddenly.

I raised my eyes—careless now that my soul lay before him like an open book. Let him read it; who has a better right? And he does—with a long sad gaze of as perfect love and understanding as was ever born but to perish purposelessly in this world of incompleteness.

'O wondrous, fathomless eyes, with your "grand possibilities,"' I heard him murmur under his breath; 'but it is hard to give you up!' Then in a little: 'I have learnt your secret now, Katrine' (he flushed hotly as he said it); 'and if it is any solace to you to know that you possess the most unbounded admiration, the profoundest reverence of which a man is capable, you may take that comfort home!'

'Is there any chance for Edie?' I said hoarsely. 'Max, is she going to die?'

He shook his head sadly, and flushed again. 'Her health depends so much on her peace of mind,' he said slowly, 'that'—

'I cannot see her die,' I interrupted, calm with the calmness of despair. 'Max, you once said you would do anything to help me that I asked you, however hard. Will you take Edie with you to India?'

He looked at me uncomprehendingly. 'With me—to India?' Then a great horror rose slowly in his eyes, and his face grew pale as death, while he gasped: 'I un—derstand. Oh! I cannot! It is too hard, Katrine!' He sinks into a chair at the table, and lays his head down on his arms.

'It is her only chance,' I mutter doggedly. Silence.

'O my love!' he moans, in a little, 'I may be able to live without you—men do such things, I believe'—with the first bitterness I had ever heard in his voice; 'but put any other in your place—I can not!'

'She is only an innocent child,' I murmur monotonously, 'and would never know'—

There is a long silence. The clock ticking above me is the only sound I hear; and I wonder stupidly how many moments there are in forty years, and begin a mental calculation to discover. But labouredly picturing them up from days to weeks, from weeks to months, from months to years, my soul sickens at the tremendous total, and I let it go; whilst all the remaining strength within me—it is ebbing fast—focuses itself into one supreme longing. That I might first endow her with all the life and health that is such an intolerable burden to me, then lay my head down in some quiet place to die!

From behind the black drifting clouds without, a pale disk of autumn moon breaks through the uncurtained windows, and falling on the mirror behind him, reflects a saint-like halo round yonder prostrate head. Ah, my own love—is it not rather the martyr's crown?

I am brought to my senses by Max raising his head and looking at me. There are great hot tears in his eyes, but he is very quiet. 'With such an example before me, I should be unworthy indeed, Katrine, did I not hold to my promise. So, as you accepted your mother's charge, I now accept yours; and will fulfil it to the best of my power—so help me God!'

I stagger over to him, and dumbly hold out my hand. He takes it, and lays his head down on it again; whilst with the other I stroke his bright curly hair.

'O my darling,' he whispers, in a little, 'you will ever have the consciousness of how grandly you have done your part—but what will be left to me?'

'If,' I say brokenly, 'it is any comfort to you to possess *one* woman's boundless reverence and infinite admiration'

'No!' he said, raising his head, and fixing his eyes hungrily on my face. 'It is not enough. Go on, Katrine!'

'And measureless love!' my lips moved to, though they could not speak, as I fell on my knees beside him with weary arms about his neck. And Max took me for the last time to his breaking heart, and kissed my lips with a last long kiss—symbol at once of the loftiest heights of Love's perfection, and the deepest depths of its despair. And then a great merciful darkness came over me; and when I awakened, I was alone.

April 2, 186-.

This is the last entry I shall make in this book. As soon as Edie was strong enough, they sailed; and my sister writes that she is well and happy.

I have little more to add. Two years afterwards, my father went to his rest; and five years after that, my sister came home—ordered to her native air. Six months only was I able to keep her, and then she died in my arms, the same loving child as ever. Nursing had always been my work, and seemed the one for which I was best fitted somehow; so, after Edith's death I came here—I write from one of our largest city hospitals—where I have been for some time now superintendent of the nursing staff. So, though I am alone, I have but little time to feel lonely; and the occasions are but rare and brief when, as to-night, I can call up the old faces and hear again the old tones; and when I have time to acknowledge to myself that even yet, now and again, my heart faints within me in its weary longing

For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

And now, dear reader, should my story have passed for you an idle or a weary hour, will you forgive me if in a word more I crave your future indulgence for one of God's beaten battalions—my sisters in celibacy, the old maids? I know they are a time-honoured subject of jest,

that is often more scornful than kindly; but, O friend, so many of them—not all, of course, but how many I never knew till I came to this place—have only come to where they now stand through much buffeting of the billows of great tribulations; and, arriving on the hither shore, it is with hands nerveless and hearts riven that they have had to

Take up the burden of Life again,
Saying only, 'It might have been.'

Soured, dissatisfied, over-occupied with the affairs of others, some of them perhaps—and these I have no wish to justify; but nevertheless it is the result of my experience that nowhere is pure philanthropy carried to a higher perfection in its divine work of lightening Humanity's burdens than amongst the unappreciated class of the 'old maids.' And apart from all this, I do greatly honour them, that with the high and holy consciousness that in every true life *one* love only is possible, they are contented to abide, by its issues.

TOURISTS AND SPORTSMEN IN SCOTLAND.

WE have before us a remarkable publication—*The Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland*—which serves to illustrate the importance attached in most parts of Scotland to the summer and autumn season. The editor, Mr Lyall—who is also its proprietor and publisher—has for some few years past prepared successive editions of the work, and the amount and variety of information given are packed into some four hundred pages of small close type. The topographical details are so full, that nothing we know of except regular Gazetteers and Cyclopædias equals it; while the excellent map of Scotland prefixed gives it additional value. The alphabetical list of hotels available for tourists and sportsmen forms an introduction to the other contents of the work. The list extends to something like two hundred hotels, from Wick and Thurso in the extreme north to the English border on the extreme south. Many a name among them snacks strongly of Gaelic—such as Ardenadam, Auchnasheen, Ballachulish, Scalasaig, Cuilfail, Erich, Affarie, Drumadochit, Portson-achan, Taychreggin, Kyleakin, Sligachan, and Lochmorar. In many of these hotels, mine hostess announces herself as the proprietrix; and we are not aware that guests are less comfortably treated than when the host is of the sterner sex.

Before going to other matters, let us peep into these establishments. The tourist hotel—we speak only of Scotland on the present occasion—is an institution quite unique, and such are being augmented in number every year. They all pretty nearly agree in this characteristic—that their condition during four or five summer months strikingly differs from that which they present in the other seven or eight. If not shut up altogether during the ungenial portions of the year, they are simply maintained on a small scale as taps for the supply of the local inhabitants or an occasional passing traveller. The white-cravated waiters, with table-napkins and soft shoes, are gone—we are not told whither. In bright and warm summer they again make

their appearance, ready to attend to any number of guests, and to manifest patient forbearance towards grumblers. If the hotel is full to overflowing, the landlord and his family, with waiters and servants, surrender their bedrooms, and sleep 'here and there and everywhere.' As to the functionary generally known as *Boots*, a problem arises whether he ever sleeps at all during the season; the earliest guests to depart find him ready to attend to them; the latest to arrive never find him wanting; while the information picked up by this remarkable servitor is just of the kind most useful to visitors—seeing that he knows the times of all the railway trains, steamers, coaches, and 'buses, and can give advice touching short-cuts along by-paths and over moors and mountain-passes. Nor are the guests themselves without curious experiences. If an influx of visitors takes place at one particular time, beds may be woefully deficient and makeshifts unavoidable. We know a tourist who, some years ago, before excursion trains and steamers led to the opening of so many hotels, found himself one Saturday at a small watering-place on the western coast of Scotland. Soon there came in a steamer with 'Saturday to Monday' Glasgow folk; while another contingent of visitors came down *via* the Caledonian Canal. It was literally 'first come first served'; the available beds were eagerly engaged, and the other applicants had to fare as best they could. Our friend slept on the floor of the coffee-room in one of the few hotels—head in a cupboard and feet outwards—after the other guests had retired for the night. Since that year the hotels in that town have become much more numerous.

A *shooting* has rather a special meaning in Scotland. It denotes an area of field, 'forest,' or moor over which gentlemen armed with deadly weapons bring down various kinds of game, estimating their booty not by any monetary standard, but by the pleasure of proving themselves to be crack-shots. Many of these shootings are very valuable, and are advertised to be let for the season or for a term of years, with the same publicity as houses and other buildings are elsewhere. We are told, for instance, of one shooting of twenty-five thousand acres, well stored with grouse, black-game, partridge, roedeer, hare, wild-duck, woodcock, pheasant, and rabbit; and having a shooting-box or lodge conveniently located and handsomely furnished. Another advertisement points to the fact that there are an Episcopal Church and a doctor near at hand; while the proprietor supplies the tenant with housekeeper, gamekeeper, &c. Another dwells on the advantage that a well-horsed stage-coach or a steamboat passes at no great distance from the lodge. Whether these shootings are rented for a single season, or on lease for a term of years, is a matter of agreement. The rents named range between very wide limits, forty or fifty pounds per annum up to two or three thousand pounds, or even higher. Let us notice one instance, without exactly specifying the name, locality, or date. The lodge is a fine handsome house, elegantly furnished; has four dining and sitting rooms, thirteen principal bedrooms, nine servants' bedrooms; the kitchen department replete with every appliance; hot and cold water apparatus; coachhouse, stabling for twelve horses, rooms for coachman, groom, gamekeeper, gillies, and

gardener. There are twenty thousand acres of well-stored grouse and low-country shooting, and ten thousand acres of deer-forest. There is a right of salmon-fishing on several miles of a famous Highland river, and good trout-fishing on small lochs and streams. The lodge is within two miles of a post-office and a railway station. A grand affair this, which none but a man of ample means could afford, seeing that the annual rental named is very heavy indeed.

The distribution of shootings here and there all over Scotland is well shewn in an alphabetical list in the book now under notice. All the counties are taken in regular order, from Aberdeen to Wigtown, and all the shootings in separate alphabets for each and every county. Thus we find the shootings in Aberdeen county ranging from Aberdour to Wythan, in Perth county from Abercairny to Woodside, and so on. To each is appended the name of the nearest post-town, with the names of the proprietor, his factor, and the present tenant or occupier. Her Majesty does not fail to occupy a place in the list as proprietrix and occupier of Balmoral, and as tenant of Abergeldie; while the Prince of Wales figures as proprietor of Birkhall, near Ballater. We soon find, on looking down the list, that the Southron keenly enjoys the scenery and shootings of the north, and has a keen eye towards grouse and partridge, pheasant, woodcock and blackcock, water-fowl, hare and rabbit, besides the lordly stag. Here, for instance, is one whom we recognise as a wealthy manufacturer in the county of Durham, and who pays six or seven hundred a year to a Scottish laird as rental for a shooting and its cosy lodge. Here we have an English banker renting one such spot, and two Kentish gentlemen sharing the rental of another. A London physician, a publisher, a merchant hailing from Liverpool, a silk-manufacturer, a shipowner, a shipbuilder, a great railway contractor, a cotton-spinner, a world-renowned ale brewer—all are to be found among the renters of shootings in North Britain.

Fishings, so far as concerns the information afforded to us, are still more remarkable than shootings. Let sportsmen decide the relative merits of the gun and the rod, the relative pleasures of sticking a hook in the gills of a fish and lodging a pellet in the body of a bird, or a bullet in that of a quadruped; tastes differ and always will do so. The compiler and editor of the plump little book before us, has managed to compress into it a vast amount of permanently valuable topographical information, not merely relating to touring, shooting, and fishing, but also to the physical and picturesque characteristics of nearly every part of Scotland. It is not arranged under the headings of fishings, but under the names of lochs, rivers, and streams. All the lochs are in one alphabet for each county, all the rivers and streams in another. We have spoken of the strong infusion of Gaelic in the names of moors and mountains; and certainly it is not less so in those of lochs and streams.

Let us take the case of the tiny river Cluny, to shew in what manner it is treated by our author: 'The Cluny rises on the Cairnwell Hill, and after a course of about two miles falls into the Dee near Braemar. Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld is the proprietor of the whole river, with the exception of about a mile near its junction with the

Dee, where the Earl of Fife is proprietor of the western bank. It contains trout and salmon; best months for the former are June to August; for the latter, August and the beginning of September. The part near Braemar belonging to the Earl of Fife is not strictly preserved; and for almost two miles further up the landlord of the *Invercauld Arms* at Braemar can give permission. Anglers wishing to go to the upper reaches must apply to Mr Foggo, factor, Invercauld, or to the lessee of the deer forest at Glenclynny Lodge. Hotels and lodgings at Braemar. The Cluny passes through beautiful scenery. On its eastern bank are the ruins of the old castle of Kindrochet, once a hunting-seat of the old kings of Scotland. Some years ago a parchment charter, of date Robert II., was dug out of the ruins; it is now in the possession of the Spalding Club. Near the junction of the river with the Dee is Mar Castle, once a hunting-seat of the Earls of Mar, and afterwards a government fortress. Rod season from February 11 to October 31. *Route*—by rail to Ballater; thence by coach to Braemar, eighteen miles, where fishing may be commenced; or hire to Glenclynny Lodge, seven miles further.

From the little river Cluny we will pass to the noble Loch Tay, one of the finest in Scotland. As the ample budget of information concerning it is too long to be quoted *verbatim*, we will content ourselves with a rapid summary. Loch Tay is surpassed by none for salmon-fishing, for which the season lasts from the 5th of February to the end of May or the beginning of June. The merits of the fish and the lovely scenery on the banks render this one of the most favourite spots in Scotland. Salmon as heavy as over fifty pounds have been here caught with the rod, and thirty-five pounds is by no means an uncommon fish. Mr Lyall tells us that in one recent year, by the permission of the Earl of Breadalbane, he fished the lower part of Loch Tay the first week of the season, and took in six days twenty-six salmon, weighing in the aggregate five hundred and fifty-one pounds. The loch, which is about sixteen miles long by three in breadth, has several hotels on its banks, by sojourning at which anglers can obtain permission to fish it. The net-fishings might be let at large rentals, but the Earl discourages them in order to keep up the very high character of the rod-fishings. The scenery of Loch Tay is as fine as anything of the kind in Scotland. The west or Killin end is grand and wild, the mountains rising to a great height, and serrated in many places into jagged and fantastic sky-lines. The river Lochy, which falls into the Loch near Killin, admits boats right up to the door of Anchemore House, a seat of the Earl of Breadalbane; and on the opposite side, a little further up, is the very old and picturesque burial-ground of the family, with the ivy-covered ruins of Finlarig Castle, one of the oldest seats of the barons of Breadalbane, adjacent to it. About midway down the loch, on the north side, Ben Lawers (the third highest mountain in Scotland) throws up its giant form. Many visitors ascend the mountain in summer, for which guides can be obtained at the Ben Lawers Inn, and also at Killin and Kenmore Hotels. The lower or Kenmore end of the loch is softer and more sylvan in its beauty than the upper or Killin end; and near it is the noble deer-frequented Hill of Drummond, wooded

to its very summit. The beautiful river Tay, emerging from the lower end of the loch, winds through the deer-park and round the princely Taymouth Castle. All the hotels on the loch-side possess boats, for which the following regulations are made: Each boat to accommodate only two rod-anglers, at a charge of five pounds per week or twenty-five shillings per diem; if two are in one boat, thirty shillings per day. All fish caught become the property of the angler. Two boatmen are necessary; they are paid four shillings a day each, the angler supplying them with luncheon. There are fourteen of these boats on the loch; and each hotel-keeper, by permission of the Earl, has control over a certain beat or length of loch—a profitable privilege to mine host during the season. It may be added that the Loch Tay salmon are taken in nearly every instance by trolling, not by fly. Such is the substance of the varied information given concerning the finest loch or lake in one of the finest counties in Scotland, Perthshire; and this may be taken as a sample of the spirit in which all the Scottish lochs are treated.

Even the remote Shetland, the *Ultima Thule* of Britain, comes in for a brief notice, in regard to small lochs and streams containing trout, three or four small but comfortable hostleries, and the grand cliff scenery that awaits the tourist and the artist.

For finding one's way to all parts of Scotland during the season, the great English Railway Companies furnish the primary aid, by means of *Tourists' Tickets*, two or three or more Companies sharing among them the fare charged for each ticket. The smaller Scottish Companies do the like, preparing plans for trips shorter in distance and in duration, and including other modes of conveyance subsidiary to the rail.

Steamers of course do not neglect the opportunity. From the principal ports on the east and west coasts of England, to nearly all the ports of Scotland, well appointed steamboats or steamships ply, and carry good loads in the summer. Still more notable are the river and coast steamers, especially those established by the enterprising Messrs Hutcheson of Glasgow, and by Messrs D. McBrayne and Co. These have rendered essentially good service to Scotland. They mark out routes of conveyance to a multitude of places—some beautiful, some grand—which would otherwise remain almost unknown to Southrons, and even to Edinburgh and Glasgow folk; bringing money where money is naturally scarce, and giving pleasure alike to visitors and to the inhabitants of the small towns visited. In this way, too, commerce is encouraged; for cargo steamers, following in the wake of those for passengers, exchange the commodities of the several districts for British, foreign, and colonial produce and manufactures.

The tourist coach is quite a feature in the general system. It is usually owned by three or four hotel-keepers along the line of route, who share among them the expense of coach, well-appointed teams of horses, and all the necessary trappings. The coach starts, say, about ten in the morning from an hotel where some of the passengers have probably passed the night; it changes horses along the road at well-determined places; it makes a longer mid-day stoppage, to enable the wayfarers to partake of luncheon; and

it arrives at the end of its journey at six o'clock or so, where mine host naturally expects many of the passengers to dine, sup, sleep, and breakfast next morning. Some of the most tempting scenery in Scotland is laid open by these coaches. It may be worth mentioning too that most of the drivers are superior in intelligence to the Old Weller class of men among the stage-coach drivers of England, being acquainted with the history and traditions of most of the buildings and spots rendered memorable by past events; and many of them able to give characteristic emphasis to snatches of song from Robert Burns and Walter Scott.

BY CHANCE.

DESIRING to give a new zest to social gatherings, the Americans not long ago hit upon the device of Wristlet parties—so called from each lady invited being required to furnish a pair of wristlets, duly numbered, for the occasion; one of which she retained for her own use, its fellow being forwarded to the party committee. On the evening appointed for the gathering, each gentleman-guest before entering the room selected a wristlet from a basket outside; and then proceeded to look up the lady wearing its fellow, upon whom he was bound to dance attendance until the party broke up.

It is not unlikely that the idea was suggested through its originator bethinking himself or herself that in old days it was customary for every one whether married or single, to take a valentine by chance not choice; the names of the parties to the fanciful lottery being written on paper, rolled up and drawn, so that all concerned had two valentines—the one they drew, and the one who drew them. 'I find,' writes Mr Pepys in 1667, 'that Mrs Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me; which I am not sorry for, it easing me of something more than I must have given to others. But I do here observe first the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto; and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I have forgot; but my wife's was, "Most courteous and most fair;" which as it may be used, or an anagram made on each name, might be very pretty.' What Mr Pepys escaped by being valentine to a child may be seen by a later entry in the Diary, running: 'I am this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.'

Even nowadays men have still faith in Fortune, and willingly let Chance decide matters more momentous than partnerships for a night or a year and a day. In the Albemarle Memoirs we read: 'Up to the year 1770, Lord Albemarle and his brothers the Admiral and the General, were unmarried, and had no intention of changing their, to them, state of single-blessedness. Their younger brother Frederick, Bishop of Exeter, was the only Benedict of the family; and he had a son Frederick, ten years old, by his wife, Horace Walpole's niece. Unfortunately for the boy, he inherited his mother's waywardness of temper; and gave such offence to her bachelor brothers-in-law that they tossed up which of them should marry, with a view to cut out the lad, who was looked upon as heir-presumptive to the title.

Lord Albemarle won the toss; proposed to and was accepted by Anne, daughter of Sir John Miller of Froyle Place, Hants; whom two years after he left a widow; and had by her a son and successor, born the 14th of May 1772, and at his father's death a boy five months old.' This boy on arriving at the age of twenty, took to himself a sixteen-year-old bride, and became the father of so numerous a progeny as utterly to extinguish any hope the once heir-expectant might have cherished of enjoying the inheritance he had lost by his temper and the toss of a coin.

If Lord Albemarle thought it an ill chance that compelled him to sacrifice himself on the hymeneal altar, he had only his own rashness to blame for the misfortune, and at the worst he was free to choose the fair for whom he surrendered his liberty. That consolation was denied to Sir Walter Scott's cousin Watty. A middy in the royal navy, he went ashore at Portsmouth with some messmates, and there made merry until the funds were exhausted and a long bill run up at a tavern at the Point. The signal was made for all hands on board; but when the careless middies would have obeyed it, the landlady intervened, vowing they should not leave the house until the reckoning was paid; and called in a bailiff and his men to shew she was in earnest.

The youngsters threatened and entreated all to no purpose. The obdurate woman reminded them they would be irretrievably ruined if the fleet sailed without them, and pronounced her ultimatum. Said she to her horrified debtors: 'I will give you all a chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot very well carry on my business as a single-woman, and I must contrive somehow to get a husband; or at all events be able to produce a marriage certificate. Now the only terms upon which I will set you free are that one of you marries me. I don't care a snap which it is; but one of you I will have for a husband, or else to jail you all go, and your ship sails without you.'

Finding the vixen immovable, the unhappy midshipmen cast lots; and Watty drew the fatal slip. The lady procured a license, and the knot was tied; after which she bade them, husband included, good-bye, intimating that she did not want to see him again, the marriage lines being all she wanted; and these were safe in her possession.

The ship sailed, the middies keeping their strange doings at the Point a strict secret, as they had sworn to do before drawing lots. Twelve months later, when the ship was at Jamaica, a batch of English papers reached the midshipmen's berth. Glancing over them, Watty was attracted by an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth and the execution of the culprits. Suddenly leaping to his feet, he waved the welcome newspaper above his head, shouting: 'Thank heaven, my wife's hanged!'

'There is nothing,' says Lord Shaftesbury, 'which is so merely fortune and more committed to the power of blind chance, than marriage.' A curious illustration of his meaning comes to us from the staid old town of Franklin, Massachusetts. At an evening-party there, a gentleman challenged a charming young widow to try her fortune at Bassino. She accepted the challenge, playfully proposing that they should play for a

wager; and he agreeing, asked her to name the stake. Seeing she was at a loss to respond, the host laughingly said: 'His hand against yours.' The lady demurred, and was turning away from the table; when the challenger interposed with: 'My hand for yours if I win; or at your disposal for any young lady of respectability, her consent being attainable, if I lose.' The wager was accepted; and the amused company gathered round the board. The lady led off and made forty-five, her adversary failing to score in return; but improving in his play as the game progressed, reached two hundred and fifteen to the widow's one hundred and sixty-four. Growing nervous, she played worse and worse, and finally left off the loser by two hundred and forty-seven points. Then the hostess advanced, took the fair one's feebly resisting hand, and placed it in that of the exultant winner, who begged permission to keep the mace with which he had won the match and a wife.

The early Wesleyans did not question the propriety of seeking guidance by opening the Bible at random, and taking what enlightenment they could from the verse on which they put their finger, in unwitting imitation of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, once in high repute as a method of divination, and tried with such prophetic results by Charles I. and Lord Falkland in the Bodleian Library; Falkland opening on the lines, thus translated by Dryden:

I warned thee; but in vain, for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue.
That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw in war.
O curst essay of arms! disastrous doom!
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come!

While to his royal master fell:

Torn from his subjects' and his son's embrace,
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!

Shipwrecked men have often been driven to the horrible resource of drawing

Lots for flesh and blood,

And who should die to be his fellow's food;

but in such cases the participators in the lottery have been so nearly dead already as to care very little how the chances might go. To men in full life and vigour such an ordeal is a trying one. In 1842, when Santa Anna ruled Mexico with a rod of iron, some three hundred Texans crossed the Rio Grande and attacked the little town of Meir, but were badly beaten by the garrison under General Ampudia, and two hundred of them taken prisoners. A month later saw them at Hacienda Salado, on their way to Matamoras. Rising upon their guards, after a sharp fight in which twenty-four of them went down, the Texans managed to escape, and struck for the mountains; but ere they could gain them were surrounded by a detachment of Mexican cavalry and forced to surrender. They were taken back to the Hacienda to await instructions from Santa Anna. He ordered that one man in ten should be shot immediately. As there were a hundred and seventy-six prisoners, this decree condemned seventeen to

death; and the Texans wondered how the victims would be selected. They had not to wait long to learn. On the 25th of March 1843, they were brought out of prison, and drawn up, fettered in pairs, in front of a stone wall. Then the Mexican commander, producing a small pitcher, dropped into it one hundred and seventy-six beans, of which seventeen were black; and grimly informed the Texans they must step forward in turn and draw a bean, those taking a black one being doomed to death.

The first to advance was Captain Cameron, a fearless Scotchman, who had led the attack on the guard. Thrusting his hand into the pitcher, held at arm's-length by an orderly, so that the interior could not be seen, Cameron, to the disappointment of the Mexicans, drew forth a white bean. Captain Wilson, shackled to Cameron, made the second draw, and was equally fortunate, as were the two next comers; but the fifth, Captain Eastland, on opening his hand disclosed the first fatal bean. So the drawing went on to the end. On its completion, the shackles were stricken from the limbs of the seventeen doomed men, and they were at once separated from their luckier comrades. As the sun was setting behind the lofty ridges of the Sierra Madre, the prison-doors swung back, and the seventeen Texans were led out, tied together in pairs, and made to sit down on the prostrate trunk of a tree, with their faces to the wall, and their backs to the firing-party. The word was given; there was an explosion as of a single weapon, and the tragedy was ended.

A cruel piece of business truly; but execution by lot is a thing not unknown even in England. In 1640, the parson of St Andrew's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, made this entry in the register: 'Two soters, for denying the King's pay, was by a council of war appointed to be shott att, and a pare of gallos set up before Thomas Malaber's dore, in the Byg Market. They caste lotes which should dy, and the lote did fall of one Mr Anthone Vicars, and he was set against a wall, and shott att by six light horsemen, and was buried in our churchyard in the same day, May 16 day.'

Such are a few examples taken by Chance, a subject which is endless.

THE OLD NURSERY STORY.

FROM THE LOW-GERMAN.

SHE was like a dolly, so bonny and wee;
And oft at the gloamin' she'd sit on my knee.
I'd pat her soft cheek while my hand she would hold,
And always the old nursery story I told:

'There once was a Princess; gold, gold was her hair;
She sat in her bower, and pined in despair;
Till by came a Prince, and the fair one he spied;
And he was the king then, and she was the bride.'

The years have sped onward, and now she's grown up;
But still at the gloamin' she sits in my lap;
She presses my hand, while I kiss her soft cheek,
And still of the old nursery story we speak:

'There once was a Princess; gold, gold was her hair;
She sat in her bower, and pined in despair;
Till by came a Prince, and the fair one he spied;
And I am the king now, and thou art the bride.'

J. W. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 866.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

FESTIVE DEMORALISATION.

It is a pity, we think, that social intercourse in our festivities should continue to be disfigured by the absurd old usage of drinking toasts. In nothing do men of good education and repute make themselves so ridiculous as when at the word of command they impulsively rise in a body, and with glasses of liquor in their hands, frantically, like so many lunatics, drink the health of some one, following up the ceremony by uproarious shouts and other manifestations of delight, at having done what they consider to be a great and good action. Such is what is called toasting with all the honours. The practice is no doubt ancient. It is identified with national traditions, it is fashionable, and it is acknowledged to be expressive of good feeling. But for all that, it is very irrational, and very much of a sham. Certainly, it is an encouragement to waste and intemperance.

In private life, toasting has almost entirely disappeared. A hundred years ago and less, it was rife in the extreme. Half-a-dozen men could not sit down to dinner without drinking toasts. In the event of any great victory, there was no end of toasting. The nation was for a time half insane in drinking the health of Nelson, Wellington, or other successful commanders by sea and land. It was part of a young man's education to get familiar with a few toasts, which he could bring out when 'called upon' in turn at evening entertainments. At the ripe age of fifty, he had become so hackneyed in toasting as never to be at a loss for a hero, or for a sentiment suitable to the character of the company. At the very least, he could give 'The rising generation,' 'All ships at sea,' or 'May the wings of friendship never lose a feather.' Curious and not a little melancholy to think what vast numbers of worthy people now gone to their rest habitually killed time in soaking and trying to amuse themselves over this kind of drivelling nonsense. As yet, the popular mind had not been roused to inquiry on a variety of important questions. A great part of life was

consumed in dawdling and drinking, as is still the case among certain classes in small country towns.

Discountenanced in general society, complimentary toasting holds its ground in public festivities. There, the libations are observedly as copious, as provocative of oratorical display, and as much attended with senseless uproar, as ever. Corporation dinners, charity dinners, reception and farewell dinners, are all alike in these respects. Every toast must be prefaced by a drink all round. The quantity of champagne consumed on some occasions is immense. The removal of a wagon-load of empty bottles not at all unusual. What may be the different degrees of intoxication, we shall not attempt to specify. One would not like to be too severe on a matter admitting of many extenuations. At the same time, we may be permitted to say that the example set at these festive demonstrations is not quite in accordance with the solemn counsels ordinarily uttered on the evils of intemperance. Men in high position who are nimble at toasting at grand dinners, do not seem to perceive that they are acting inconsistently in holding out a bad example to the poor, whom they are constantly lecturing on the terrible consequences of misexpenditure on drink.

Legislators are getting demented on the liquor traffic. The world is stupefied with schemes for lessening drunkenness. Advice on the propriety of reducing the number of public-houses occasionally comes from quarters where there might be judicious silence on the subject; for what is a well-replenished private cellar, or a club, but a public-house in disguise? There is an old injunction to the effect that we should correct our own errors before trying to correct those of our neighbours. Unfortunately admonitions of this sort are always forgotten exactly when they should be remembered. We do not expect much good from legislating on the liquor traffic. A rigorous Act of parliament to restrain drunkenness in England at the middle of last century, proved a complete failure, and had to be rescinded; for the cure, a sharp attack on

public-houses, proved to be worse than the disease. Neglectful of this and other lessons taught by history, there has latterly been too great a readiness in trying to supersede moral discipline by statutory enactments. In some cases, attempted legislation on various topics has been little better than quackery.

The special and potent remedy for intemperance, as it appears to us, lies in voluntary appliances and good example. We remember hearing a worthy judge, now deceased, say that in his young days, which would be about 1800 A.D., no man was esteemed a gentleman who did not enter a theatre or a ball-room half drunk. To be tipsy on certain occasions was the symbol of respectability. No such notions are now entertained. In ordinary circumstances, the higher and middle orders shrink from the social degradation of being classed with drunkards. We all know that this measure of reform has been brought about spontaneously through the progress of taste, without the agency of Acts of parliament. And if so with these orders, why not with those reckoned to be beneath them in the social scale? The success of temperance societies of one kind or other, now spread over the whole country, offers a proof of what can be achieved by united and well-directed effort.

Strangely, indeed, with all our advances in education and taste, certain drinking usages, patronised by persons of respectable character reputedly abstemious, continue to draw out a lingering existence, and so far are a scandal and matter for reproach. On this account, we venture with deference to recommend that an end should be put to all drinking usages whatsoever by general concurrence of feeling. That conspicuous and antiquated usage, toasting at public entertainments, should at all events cease. No doubt, there may be difficulties to overcome. Inveterate prejudices stand in the way, as they always do, when the reform of any kind of abuse is suggested. On the other hand, we are inclined to think that many who complain of the tediousness and absurdity of the toasting system at public banquets would be glad to see something more simple and rational substituted. To take the thing quietly, the first step in reform might consist in getting rid of the bellowing toast-master who acts as fagman to the ceremonies. The next and more important step would be to drop 'the honours'—that is to say, the blatant shouting, hurrabing, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet. Last of all, the practice of *wishing* instead of *drinking* healths might be introduced, along with such complimentary remarks as are called for in the circumstances.

Evidently, the present usage cannot be continued without invoking the contempt of the classes who are preached to on their intemperate habits; and contempt is a serious obstacle to reform. How those wretched ne'er-do-weels, glad to seize an excuse, must derisively laugh at admonitions to abstain from drink, when they read of a titled chairman at a public festivity saying in a lively manner to a select company: 'Fill your glasses, gentlemen, to the next toast which I have to give—The navy, army, and reserved forces—with all the honours, if you please.' And then follow the drinking and boisterous applause. We ask all who have participated in such saturnalia, if they have not in responding to the toast felt

somewhat ashamed of themselves at the figure which they cut? Grave statesmen, reverend divines, learned professionals, and sound men of business, taking part in a buffoonery which could only be excused in a parcel of children! Independently of this abasement, the participators must on consideration feel that they have contributed a very bad example to intemperates, who doubtless make unceremonious remarks on the subject: 'Here have we been reprimanded and sent to prison by these magistrates and fine folks for taking a glass, while they swill no end of glasses in drinking toasts at these grand dinners of theirs.' The subject is too painful to pursue, and we leave it to others. Surely, it would be possible, as we have hinted, to indulge in sentiments of loyalty and personal esteem without anything like Festive Demoralisation. W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXIX.—HISTORY.

'He had no change in her remembrance.'

AN English novelist of great genius says, in taking leave of the chief female figure of his story: 'Such women are not the spice of fiction, but they are the salt of real life.' That phrase expresses so exactly what I feel and desire to say of Maud, that I should probably have used it originally, if Charles Reade had not forestalled me. Did it ever occur to you to think that the especial charm and beauty of some women is—that they have suffered? The esteem and liking with which you regard them, even in your days of strangerhood, and before the usages of friendship have endeared them, is instinctive. The chivalry of the manly heart is awakened at the thought of such unmerited troubles as the faces of many good women unconsciously tell of. There is a look almost angelic in such faces; the gentle eyes that would fain smile kindly on all things, have been made familiar with tears; yet they still smile, a little wistfully maybe, but tenderly—the very twilight of a smile—no garish brilliance that blinds and dazzles, but a sad and gentle light, which soothes the soul as an autumn evening sky will, and disposes the heart to a quiet and reverent peace.

If old Time, whom we figure with scythe and hour-glass, had but a real personality, how should we sing his praises, how tell our thanks to him? Good old FATHER Time, who dost bear us all in fatherly arms away from sorrows, away from all sorrows in a while, if we will but have a little patience!

Maud in these days dwelt in peace. I have no skill to tell how the peace came down, and settled round about her like strong sunshine, until at last she would scarcely for her own sake have recalled her sorrow. Had that harrowing mystery which had first belonged to her lover's fate still seemed to hang over it, things might have gone otherwise with her, and peace might at least have been delayed. But she had learned that he was dead, and that his unknown griefs were over; and it came to pass that poor Frank's best hopes were justified, and she found rest. She did not forget him, and will not, though she should live to be old, cease to remember her first lover with infinite sad sweetness of remembrance and tender

pity. The cares which a good woman can lay upon herself for the cares of other people, soothed and gladdened her, and she moved among the poor like a ministering angel. Poor rural folk are not so susceptible to gratitude as it might be wished they should be; but she took root in the shallow hearts of her old women, who grumbled to her over their rheumatics and their old men and the hardness of the parish, 'which ud only give 'em a loaf a week an' times that hard.' These bent old creatures used to talk of her to each other, and though they knew little enough of her trouble, would say 'Poor dear!' when they mentioned her, by a sort of pitying instinct, which perhaps her eyes inspired.

Will Fairholt, though touched always by that casuist fear which he had long since expressed to Hastings, found the definite news of his brother's death a relief to him. It was a great grief; for as we have seen, he had a sincere love for Frank; but he felt, when the first wound of loss was healed, happier and more at ease than he had done for many and many a week before the news reached him. I have not time to tell the whole story of his healing; but as even in a river on its hurrying way to the sea you may find a quiet back-water here and there where foam of haste and voice of ripple are not, so my story, which serves a less important use than any river, may pause awhile, and we may suffer ourselves to fall into that calm bay in which the lives of these two, after much tempestuous tossing to and fro, have found shelter.

'My life has been but a poor business, Maud,' said Will one day as he walked by her side in the gardens at Hartley Hall. Before them was the gate at which she and Frank had stood together years ago when they parted as pledged lovers. The day was warm and bright and drowsy, and the shadows were growing long towards the east. 'My life has been but a poor business. For I have spent years out of the world idly, which should have been spent within it busily. I have never dared to name the purpose which has kept me here, and I have been living in a fool's paradise for years.'

'How?' she said, looking up at him, frankly and openly, with questioning eyes.

'I have no right,' he said, 'to trap you into such a question. And I did not mean it.' She understood him then, and almost knew everything he had yet to say. 'Do you remember when you first came here, and poor Frank and I first saw you?'

'I remember well,' she answered softly.

'I can remember,' he went on, 'no hour since then in which you have not been the centre of my life. Did you ever guess that?'

'I knew it,' she said softly; 'and I was very sorry.'

'You know it now,' he continued, bending over her. 'Are you still sorry?'—She gave no answer, but hung her head a little.—'I have loved you nearly all my life. Maud, can you give me a little hope?'

'I am very sorry,' she began, and his heart failed within him; but her voice went on tremulously, 'that you have'—And there she paused again.

'That I have spoken?' he asked.

'That you have suffered so,' she answered more

boldly, lifting her head and meeting his eyes with hers. As she faced him thus, a tender blush stole over the delicate pallor of her countenance, and it was not easy to endure the ardent question of his eyes.

He stretched out his hands and took both of hers unresisting. 'I have thought,' he said, 'I have hoped that our partnership in a common grief might bring us nearer to each other; though if I know my heart, I schooled myself to see your happiness, and to live apart from you without repining.'

'Will,' she said, as if entreating him, 'I knew it all—I knew it all.'

'But I have waited,' he went on, 'hoping against hope that time might heal your grief, and make a standing-place for me beside you. I have waited long Maud, long, long! But have I waited long enough? May I speak now?'

Her eyes faltered downward whilst he spoke; but she raised them again and looked him bravely in the face, though they were dim with tears. He saw that no further speech was needed then, and folded her to his heart.

They were middle-aged people, and the passionate raptures and delights of young love were out of reach. But as I have known the delicious happiness of youth breed a sort of heart-vertigo, so I have seen courtship in a man of forty and a woman of four-and-thirty full of very solid happiness. As for Maud, it was not the young love, but it was enough for happiness; for she pitied and esteemed her lover, and had had the most constant and tender friendship for him for many years. And there was this singular factor in the case, as a matter of distinct feeling, although as a thing of course one conscious thought would have ousted it—that whereas she had passed the first bloom of her womanhood, Frank was still and for ever and always a bright, handsome, wilful lad. He had no change in her remembrance. She grew towards middle age; but his figure was no sturdier, his open brow took no corroding wrinkles, his voice had the ring of joyous youth in it. The deep maternal instinct in the heart of an old maid awoke, and she claimed this perennial youth for her child, not her lover. How should he be her lover, the bright, dandified, clever young fellow, who had grown no older this sixteen years; whilst grief had wasted her bloom, and time had reconciled her! Infinitely sad and sweet and tender were these memories, like a mother's remembrances of her child. For, ah! the dead who die young are always young, until we, who cherish their memory, follow them.

Will was quietly contented. There was no great excitement in his joy. As we near forty, most of us are disposed to take the delights of life soberly. Your 'wild and wanton colts, fetching mad bounds, neighing and bellowing,' are pleasant to look at, typifying youth and high spirits; but the trained steed who finds himself fetlock-deep in sweet grass, has a placid rest and ease in the sense that his burden is away, which are perhaps as satisfactory to him as the more demonstrative joys of colthood used to be. Will had borne his burden manfully, waited his time with patience, and accepted his happiness with a glad solemnity of thanksgiving.

Neither she nor he felt any wish to talk just then. They strayed slowly on to the gate to-

gether, and looked out over the park, where the peaceful sunlight lay among the trees, and the distance shimmered a little, as though the air were alive between and breathed gently in the heat. Then they turned and strolled back in happy silence to the house, and parted there; and Will strayed down to the arbour behind the rhododendron walk, where Mr Hartley mostly loved to take his ease with dignity. The old man was asleep, with a yellow bandana handkerchief over his head; and his hands were peacefully folded over his waistcoat, which was a little more bulkily projected than it had used to be. Will sat down and lit a cigar, and waited until the old boy should awake. He had pleasant thoughts for his companions, and was in no hurry; but a sound of yawning made itself heard from under the yellow bandana; one hand went lazily up and removed the silken screen; and Benjamin Hartley observing his companion, nodded at him idly and good-humouredly, closed his eyes for a few more seconds, yawned again, reopened his eyes, smoothed his legs with his hands, and said finally in a voice of lazy comfort: 'Well, Mr William, how goes it?'

'It goes very well indeed,' said Will, smiling; 'and only needs your hand to push it into smooth water.'

'Eh?' said Mr Hartley, sitting up with a bewildered face.

'Maud and I, Mr Hartley'—Will began in explanation.

'Ah!' said Mr Hartley with an appreciative grin.

'Have made up our minds that we care for each other. But there is a Wicked Uncle in the case, as there has been in the stories of many young people' [Mr Hartley's smile, appreciative of the situation, grew wider]—'and it is necessary to soothe him, and obtain his sanction.'

'He's a hard old beast that there uncle, Mr William,' said Mr Hartley with a joyful wink. 'But if you was to go at him together, I think you'd manage him.'

'I think we should,' Will answered. 'But I want to pave the way by which we must approach him.'

'You come along of me,' said the Wicked Uncle; and Will throwing away his cigar, walked with him to the house, where the old man went in search of Maud; and having found her, brought her on his arm. 'Mr William,' he said, not without dignity, 'I've known you, good man and true English gentleman, for twenty year. I never knowed a thing about you as could make you unworthy of my girl; and as I find her willin', I give her to you with all my heart. And she knows what I think about her—don't you, my dear?' With that he kissed her heartily, and then put her hand in Will's; and posing in high glee with both hands aloft, said: 'Bless you, my children!' in a manner so jovially pompous and absurd, that even Maud laughed. Mr Hartley for his part shouted with a somewhat suspicious hilarity. 'Bless your heart, my dear,' he said to Maud, 'do you know as I've took to novel-reading in my old age, and plays, and them sort o' things? I know all the proper sentimental dodges now.—Stop to dinner, Mr William?—No? All right—as you like. I'm a-going back to the arbour, I am, to finish the nap as you two young uns broke into with your love-making.' The good

old heathen rolled back to his arbour a little sadly, and sat there a long time lonely, until Will had taken leave and Maud came out to join him.

'You will be lonely when I am gone,' she said, after an affectionate talk.

'No,' the old man answered stoutly; 'I shan't be nothing of the sort. An' you'll come and live here, half the year at least. That I *do* expect. He stroked her hair, as he had used to do when she was a child, and patted her cheek.

'You are a good unselfish uncle,' she answered fondly.

He stroked her hair still, and answered: 'If I was one of them book-writing fellers, my dear, I'd write a tale.'

'Yes,' said she; 'and what would it be, uncle?'

'It ud be about two different people; an' I'd make one of 'em a grinding, selfish blackguard, don't you see; and I'd make th' other a man as'd act fair even if he lost by it. An' I should shew folks as the man as allays tried to be happy was miserable; an' I should shew 'em as the man as acted fair an' generous was happy in the long-run, even when he lost. Supposing I'd ha' said: "No; stop with me," you'd ha' stopped—wouldn't you?'

'Yes,' she answered; 'I should have stayed.'

'Now, look there!' he said. 'What a conscience I should ha' carried! You'd ha' seen me a-going about like a regular Misery. I know you'd ha' stayed, my dear. I know you would. An' I should ha' brought my own gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave. Not as there's many of 'em,' said the good old fellow, polishing his baldness with his handkerchief, 'nor hasn't been this many a 'ear. No, no, no, my dear,' he went on, answering his own thoughts. 'It's old age's happiness to see them as they love happy. I'm a very happy man, my darlin'—a very happy man. Everythin's prospered with me wonderful. I've got a lot to be thankful for, an' happy over. Theer's the Major—he's a credit to me; ain't he now? Theer's 'Orace—he's a credit to me. Feller of his college, an' as stately a gentleman as ever was. Makes me half afraid to look at him; but he's a good son, Maud, an' never caused me a day's trouble in his life. Then, theer's Johnny. He's a good lad, my dear; ain't he now? No harm in him. A quiet, upright, honourable lad. Then theer's you, a-going to be happy. . Why, bless my soul,' said Mr Hartley, with a melancholy effort to be genial, 'wheer is there a happier man than me?' With that he kissed her; and she felt his tears warm upon her face. But she knew that there was no more bitterness in them than in her own; and when he had unaffectedly dried his eyes with the yellow handkerchief and kissed her once more, they rose together, and walked towards the house in a tranquil and tender peace, which I feel it no sin to envy.

It had been Will Fairholt's intention to lay his purpose before his father at once; but the old gentleman was in so irritable and testy a mood, that he deemed it wise to postpone his revelation till the morrow. So, on a sunny morning, when Mr Fairholt was strolling slowly and with difficulty up and down his favourite walk in the shrubbery, Will joined him, and began: 'I think it my duty, sir, to ask your consent in a matter of great importance.'

'What is that?'

'I hope shortly to be married, and'—

'You ought to have married long ago,' Mr Fairholt said testily. 'It's a hard thing for a man to feel that he is the last but one of his house, in the male line. Who is it? Is it that girl of Hartley's?'

'It is Mr Hartley's niece,' said Will simply. He was used to his father's manner, and made large allowances for him, thinking how much he had suffered.

'I thought so,' the old man answered, resenting an injury as usual. 'You will please yourself, of course. The estate's entailed, and goes to you; and I have neither part nor lot, nor influence either, for that matter, in the whole affair.'

'I have never crossed you knowingly, father,' Will said gently.

'No,' said Mr Fairholt captiously; 'you've been a good son to me, Will, a good son. And I've no fault to find with the girl. A girl she's not any longer; but you're not a boy any longer, and I have no fault to find. Her uncle is vulgar—vulgar to his finger-ends; but she has a well-bred look and manner. I don't care to approach the fellow again; but I suppose I shall have to see him now. That sort of man is vulgar in soul, Will, that self-made, money-grubbing sort of man. I have met people of no family—when I was younger, and mixed with the world—whose manners had no trace of polish, and who were yet not intolerable. That fellow Hartley is a bear. The man's heart is wrong, and the vileness of his manner is a natural consequence. His son is a parvenu; that—that army fellow, quite a bad imitation of a gentleman. I don't know much about the girl; but people speak well of her. Young Borroleigh, Chesterwood's son, wanted to marry her, I remember, nearly a dozen years ago. Money, I suppose; though he ought to have enough of it. Chesterwood has been stingy enough these thirty years. I'm told that poor Frank was attached to her. Yes, yes; you have my consent, if you want it. Let me be alone a little while now. I am tired of talking.' And he fell to wondering, as he paced feebly up and down the shrubby walk in the morning sunshine, how much the millionaire would give his niece. 'I'll see him about it,' he said—'I'll see him about it. Will's quite a fool in money matters—quite a fool. Zounds, he shall gild the pill, anyway!' And he laughed a little at that comfortable reflection.

It was perhaps not a remarkable thing that at the same moment Benjamin Hartley should have been thinking in the same strain—with a reverse of persons. 'I shall have to gild the pill,' he said to himself, 'an' gild it pretty thick too, into the bargain, to get old Fairholt to swallow it without makin' a wry face. Well, well; it'll only be a flea-bite out o' the Major's share an' Orace's. I suppose I could buy the proud old rascal up, an' scarcely know I'd done it.' So that it seemed fairly probable that Mr Fairholt's desire to have the pill gilded would not be difficult of fulfilment.

It was decided that the marriage should not be long delayed; and the negotiations between family pride and Mammon were conducted without hitch or hindrance. But a week or two before the wedding, Fate dealt Benjamin Hartley a terrible blow. There came into his hands a cheque bearing the endorsement of his sister's son, John Campbell, and a forged copy of his own signature, so close

that he himself was almost deceived by it. 'Pay John Campbell, Esq. or Order, Two Hundred Pounds.' His mingled grief and rage almost drove him mad. He had treated the boy with fatherly tenderness and generosity; and the inexplicable baseness and ingratitude of this return bade fair to break his heart. He went up to town, where the young man was studying, and after a stormy scene, struck him down and left him. He went heart-brokenly to his solicitors next day, and conferred with the leading partner, to whom he told the story.

'What do you propose to do?' asked the lawyer. 'Shall you prosecute?'

Mr Hartley glared at him with indignation; almost with contempt. 'No!' he said; 'I shan't prosecute; and I shan't plunge the miserable young scoundrel into crime. I want you to send for him, and to tell him what I know; for though I tried last night, I couldn't bring myself to frame the words and say 'em to him. Tell him that you've got my instructions to invest five thousand pounds for him. That'll go to buy a practice when he's got a diploma, and meantime it can bear interest at five per cent., and he can live on the interest. It ain't what I meant to do by him; but it's more than he deserves.'

'Much more,' said the lawyer. 'If I might advise'—

'You needn't,' said Mr Hartley, with a sort of weary anger. 'If he's got any debts, pay 'em. Tell him if he writes to me I shall send his letters back unopened. Tell him I've done with him, beyond this, for good and all. Here,' he added suddenly, drawing the forged cheque from his pocket-book; 'shew him that.' He threw it on the table, whence it fell to the floor. The lawyer stooped and picked it up; and the millionaire said drearily: 'Don't you say nothing about me, except as these is my instructions. But I wouldn't ha' had it done by him, Bilton, not if I'd lost every penny I'm worth. Good-bye, Bilton. You've got my will. Make the ne'ssary alterations in it; and send somebody down with it for me to sign. And be quick about it; for I don't think, Bilton, as I shall last much longer.'

'For many a year, I hope,' said the lawyer; but Benjamin Hartley, shaking his head sadly, went away with his hopes all dashed. He carried a heavy heart into the country; and was for a long time so ailing that Maud's marriage was deferred; and where everything had lately been so happy, all was turned to gloom.

(To be continued.)

THE WRECK OF THE *BORUSSIA*.

NARRATED BY W. STUART LECKY, THE SHIP'S SURGEON.

THE terrible disaster which happened to this vessel in the end of last year, while on her voyage between Liverpool and New Orleans, will be still fresh in the memories of many. Before proceeding to speak of the foundering of the ship and the fate of those on board, it may not be out of place to give a few particulars of the ship herself.

The *Borussia* originally belonged to the Hamburg-American Packet Company, and was built for them in the year 1855. She was purchased by the Mississippi and Dominion Steam Shipping Company about five years ago, and had run on the routes to

New Orleans via Corunna, and to Quebec and Montreal. Her registered tonnage was one thousand three hundred and twenty; gross, two thousand and seventy. She was barque-rigged, and had compound surface condensing engines, constructed for her by Messrs Day & Co. of Glasgow about seven years ago. Her donkey-engine was in the engine-room, below, with the other engines, and not on deck, as is sometimes the case. Her length was about three hundred feet, beam about twenty-five, and she was built in air-tight compartments. Her crew for the last voyage numbered fifty-five hands all told, including captain, officers, &c. The *Borussia* sailed from the Mersey at three p.m. on the 20th November, with sixty-three passengers, of whom one was a saloon passenger, the remainder being steerage. Her cargo consisted of some pig-iron and general goods.

We made an unusually fast passage to Corunna (sixty-seven hours), arriving on Sunday morning at ten o'clock; the wind, though very high, as was also the sea, having been favourable. During this time, the ship rolled much more than I had seen her do before, and more than the state of the weather would account for. We remained at Corunna till Tuesday the 25th, taking in over sixty passengers, all Spanish—fourteen or fifteen being saloon—and some general cargo. At seven on Tuesday evening we steamed out of Corunna harbour, the weather at that time being very fair, and continuing moderate till the following Friday (28th), when it came on to blow 'great-guns;' the ship going eleven knots an hour, as the wind was 'fair after her.' On Saturday morning it moderated somewhat, and we sighted and passed the islands of St George, Terceira, and St Michael's, belonging to the group called by sailors the Western Islands, but popularly the Azores. On Saturday night the weather commenced to get dirty, and continued to increase in violence, till on Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, the fore-top sails were blown to pieces. All Sunday, the sea was very high, so much so, that it was impossible to stand or walk on deck without support, the decks being very slippery from the seas breaking over the ship, and the vessel rocking so heavily, that the master, John Roberts, gave orders that she should be hove-to, which order was executed; and we lay-to for two hours, when we steamed on again. The ship during this time rolled so much that she dipped her ports under the sea; her maindeck was consequently always under water, and the officers' rooms on the maindeck flooded. Still, little or no alarm was felt, or at least expressed, by any one on board. During Sunday night it was impossible to sleep, the rolling, straining, and noise were so incessant. When an unusually large sea struck the ship, she would bend over and shake convulsively, the sensation being communicated to those on board like a sudden shock.

At four o'clock on Monday morning, December 1, it was reported to the Master by the engineers that there was water to the amount of four feet in the engine-room, and that it appeared to be increasing, the pumps not lessening the amount. On an investigation, it was the opinion of the officers and engineers that the ship had sprung a leak in the central or engine-room compartment. The main-pumps being choked, were useless; so the donkey-pump was connected; but failed to reduce the water, and eventually became useless,

owing to the fires being extinguished by the water, which rose over all the furnaces. Owing, therefore, to the want of steam, we were now at the mercy of the waves, the vessel tossing and rolling about as helpless as a log, the angry seas leaping over her bows and sweeping the decks. A sharp look-out was ordered by the captain to be kept for any passing vessel that might be signalled to come to our assistance.

At five p.m., being on the bridge with the chief-officer Richard Linthorn, the second-mate being there too, I asked the former what he thought of our position, and he replied: 'Well, doctor, I have very little hope; we are in a dreadful plight.' Nearly all day I remained on the bridge, straining my eyes in scanning the horizon with a powerful glass, to try and discover some passing ship which might come and rescue us from our awful position. But no such good fortune was to be ours. Night closed in, and as the darkness deepened, hope died away.

Not till nine p.m. on Monday, December 1, did the passengers begin to realise their danger. True, many had been anxious, and wondered at the unwonted cessation of the monotonous clang of the ship's engines; but no idea of the actual state of affairs had been present to their minds, none of them having been informed of the crisis, lest becoming terrified, they might not be amenable to discipline, and might obstruct the crew in the discharge of their duties. I should have before mentioned that at four p.m. of this day the Master had given orders to 'wear ship and make for Fayal,' one of the Azores, then distant about four hundred miles. But, with the most important sails gone, no steam, and consequently no steerage-way, it was found impossible to execute the manœuvre of turning the ship. At nine o'clock on Monday night I went to my cabin, and lay on the settee, endeavouring to realise the situation. At forty-five minutes past ten, my attention was attracted by a peculiar noise; and on going on deck, I found it was caused by the hand-pumps, two of which—one on each side of the ship—had been manned by both passengers and crew, and were kept incessantly worked till about eight o'clock on Tuesday morning. Gangs of men were also told off to bail out the water by means of buckets passed up from the engine-room. Now, and not till now, did the horrid reality of our position flash across my mind, and make my heart sink and grow cold. The monotonous noise of the pumps; the unwonted appearance of the decks, crowded at night with men whose haggard anxious faces too well expressed their feelings; the water flowing in huge volumes in all directions; the howling of the wind, and the roaring of the sea—a scene illuminated alone by the dim light of a few lanterns, and never to be recalled without inexpressible awe—was one that might strike terror into the stoutest heart.

At eight on Tuesday morning the pumps were abandoned, as they were drawing little or no water; and it was evident that unless Providence sent us succour, we had nothing to hope. Here I cannot refrain from expressing in unqualified terms my admiration of the conduct of the passengers during this awful night. To say that they worked like heroes, indomitably, unceasingly, like men of iron, is no mere simile, no exaggeration; all

the time with a laugh and cheery smile, to reassure and comfort their unfortunate wives and children. No meals were now cooked; nor was time any longer kept by the familiar sound of the bell; little knots of men might be seen here and there, with eager anxious faces, discussing the chances of escape. The women and children remained in their quarters in the centre of the ship. In the saloon there was a scene of indescribable confusion. The Spanish passengers having become aware of their danger, had, in view of a voyage in the boats, made up packages of rugs, blankets, clothing, the valuables they possessed, as well as any provisions they could lay their hands on. One fierce-looking fellow had a revolver, which he conspicuously displayed, as if to shew that he was not to be trifled with, but must have a place in the boats, come what might. At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, December 2, a number of the sailors went in a body to the Master, and asked him to give orders to have the boats lowered immediately. This he refused to do, but gave them to understand that he should take every precaution to have the boats ready for lowering when the proper time arrived. Our position was now this: the ship with about ten feet of water in her, and slowly perhaps, but surely sinking; a raging sea all around us; land at the least four hundred miles off; and little or no chance of being seen by passing ships, as we were out of the course of most lines of steamers. About half-past ten I observed the stewards, assisted by both passengers and seamen, commencing to provision the boats, putting into each a large quantity of sea-biscuit, a dozen or more tins of preserved meat, milk, and vegetables; and most important of all, one or two small casks—according to the size of the boat—of fresh water. This occupied some time; and about noon, as well as I can remember, the order was given by the Master to 'swing the boats;' which means, to raise them from their position on deck by means of the davits, hoist them up, and lower them over the side.

I have omitted to mention that the *Borussia* was equipped with seven boats, two built of wood—one of which was the captain's gig—and five made of metal. The operation of lowering the boats was attended with the greatest difficulty and danger, for this reason, that the boat being raised and suspended from the davits, acquired a tremendous swing from the great rolling motion of the ship, at one time being projected horizontally over the side, the next moment returning either against the ship's side or on deck with a velocity sufficient to stave in its timbers, or to inflict serious injury on any one who stood in the way. The crew, assisted by the able-bodied passengers, were now engaged in seeing to the safety of the boats. The first boat lowered was one of those made of metal, placed next the bow on the starboard side; the second boat lowered, the one next the first; and so on down one side and then the other. As each boat was lowered, two men were put in charge of her, and she was hauled down to the stern, and floated at a considerable distance from the ship, being attached by a long rope to the bulwarks of the latter. The second boat was tied to the first, a considerable interval between the two; and so on till a long string of boats was waiting behind the ship. That this method of operation was necessary, is evident from the fact that if the

boats had been kept alongside or *near* the ship, they would undoubtedly have been dashed to pieces against the vessel's side by the tremendous seas.

The Spanish passengers all this time were in a state of frantic terror, and were trying to make rafts on the quarter-deck, tearing down planks, and nailing and tying them together; but were unable to construct anything like a raft, or indeed anything that could hold together for five minutes in such a raging sea as surrounded us. The vessel was gradually sinking, and the carpenter, who had just sounded the holds, reported eleven feet of water in the engine-room, and seven feet in the after-compartment; and said it was his opinion that the ship would founder within two hours. When the first of the boats on the port-side was being lowered, I was standing on the poop, waiting to get orders from the captain as to what boat I was to go in, when I heard a shout and a loud cry for 'the doctor.' I hurried forward, and saw the second steward, James Cutcheon, lying on the deck, insensible, bleeding profusely, his clothes saturated with water. I proceeded to examine him; and found that nearly the entire scalp had been torn off, giving rise to great hemorrhage, and that he had sustained other serious injuries to his face. Whilst adopting the requisite measures for arresting the bleeding, and dressing the wounds, I ascertained that his injuries were the result of the fall of some iron-work which had struck and precipitated the poor fellow into the sea, from which he had been dragged half-dead by his comrades. I remember very well that, while attending to his wound, the thought struck me that there was little use in trying to save a life so soon to be lost, as then seemed inevitable. Having done all that I could to make the poor fellow comfortable, and having seen that consciousness had returned, I went on deck, and found, to my dismay and horror, that the boat in which was my assigned place had gone without me, while I was below attending to the wounded man. I rushed to the ship's side, and could see the chief-officer's boat, in which I should have been, at a distance of about a quarter or half a mile. I signalled and shouted to those in the boat to return for me; but it was evidently too late, for they did not come. This boat was the first to leave the ship, and had taken off some women and children. And the heart-rending scenes which afterwards followed when it came to the turn of others to essay the descent to the boats allotted to them, baffle description. So great was the difficulty and danger of getting into the boats, and so meagre was the chance that the boats should live, even for a short time, in such a sea, that the majority of the passengers and many of the crew were unwilling to risk the boats, stating that they preferred to remain on board the ship, in the hope that some passing vessel might be sighted and come to their assistance, before she foundered. Their fear of trusting themselves in the boats was not lessened by the sight of one of the latter being swamped, happily with no loss of life, as the men who were in her were rescued by a boat which was near.

All this time the captain was at his post, as cool and collected as if on shore, but grave, and with a look on his face as if the bitterness of death had

entered into his soul. The officers were all at their posts, working as hard as their men, and cheering and encouraging everybody. The order and discipline on board were simply wonderful. The poor steerage passengers had congregated in the saloon, like frightened sheep; the women were weeping, some quietly, others in a demonstrative way. With but scant success did I endeavour to reassure and comfort these poor women, telling them that there was room for all in the boats, and any other circumstance which seemed to afford a gleam of hope; but, God knows, I was little fit to comfort any one, for my own heart was sad enough, as I thought of the loved ones at home, and dreaded to realise that I should never look on those dear faces again. I saw no hope; my boat had gone without me; the ship was doomed, and it was only left to me to say: 'God's will be done.'

The second-mate, with whom I was consulting, told me that he was determined 'to stick to the ship,' as the boats had no chance. Just then the boat in charge of which was the third-mate was leaving the ship, being the last boat lowered. There were fourteen or sixteen souls in her; and as she was pushing off, some sudden unaccountable impulse urged me to go in her. I cried aloud to the officer in charge of her: 'Mr Doolittle, I will go with you.' He replied: 'Come on, doctor; jump in for your life.' The men who were near tried to dissuade me from going, as the boat was one of the smallest and seemed pretty full. However, on the third-officer again calling, I got on to the rope-ladder, made a spring towards the heaving rolling boat, and just managed to get dragged into her. As soon as I got my footing, I seized an oar, and helped to fend the boat off from the ship's side, as she was in imminent danger of being crushed to pieces. Having succeeded in getting clear of the ship, the oars were got out, the men made to sit so as to balance the boat, and the bags of biscuit, &c. properly stowed. While drifting off, we perceived the captain signalling us to row away to leeward and bring back a large wooden boat, which had got adrift with two men in her, who were being rapidly drifted away by the wind and sea. This boat had received serious damage to her bows whilst being launched. There were at this time in the boat in which I was, and which I shall call No. 1, the third-mate, fourth-engineer, the boatswain, two stewards, a quartermaster, three seamen, and some Spanish passengers—in all about sixteen. She was, certainly heavily laden, her gunwale being very near the water; moreover, she often shipped heavy seas, and bailing had to be incessantly carried on.

After some time we got within speaking distance of boat No. 2, hailed the men in her; and after three attempts, got a rope thrown to them, which they made fast round one of the seats. We then tried to tow this boat back to the ship; but our boat, being small, and badly manned, was quite unable to do so. It was then proposed to transfer a portion of our crew into No. 2, and then each boat could proceed back to the vessel for a further complement of human beings. The rope connecting the boats was gradually shortened, and thus they were brought near each other. When an interval of but a few feet divided them, I sprang from the bows towards No. 2; but

at the moment of my spring a wave jerked the boat from under my feet, and left me struggling in the water. Fortunately, No. 1 boat was near; and after swimming a stroke or two, I was hauled in. Again I jumped, and this time more successfully, being followed by the third-mate and six others. Eight in all were thus transferred from No. 1 to No. 2, in which were previously two men; making ten souls now in the boat in which I was, and about eight in that which I had just left. The two boats were still connected by the rope, and we now tried to row back to the ship. We worked hard, but seemed to make no way. Suddenly, a huge breaker burst over both boats, and half-filled ours. The third-officer roared out: 'Off with your boots, and bail her out.' There were two tin dishes for the purpose; but every effort was necessary to reduce the water in the boat, lest another wave should come and fill her. We had just succeeded in getting the greater part of this sea cleared out, when another great wave came and nearly swamped us. It was then evident that the other boat was dragging ours very heavily, and preventing our boat from riding over the seas, in fact dragging her under the sea. It was decided, consequently, to let go the rope connecting the two boats; which was done, and orders given to boat No. 1 to try and get back to the ship, as we endeavoured to do also.

It was now getting dark, and at times only could the ship be seen—a sad sight, sinking deeper and deeper, pitching, tossing, and rolling in a way fearful to witness; so different from that ship which but a few days ago had steamed out of Corunna harbour full of life and full of power. We soon lost sight of No. 1 boat; and about five minutes after doing so, a great breaker washed over us and nearly sent ours to the bottom. With frantic haste, we bailed her out, and while doing so, heard agonising shrieks and cries somewhere to windward of us; and straining our eyes, were able for one moment to see the boat we had just left evidently sinking. We were unable to give any assistance; we could do nothing but sit there listening to those dreadful screams, gradually growing fainter and fainter, till all were hushed. The agony of mind I endured at this time was fearful; to know that so many of my fellow-creatures were perishing almost beside me, to be unable in any way to help them, and to know that we had nothing better to expect for ourselves, was almost too much for my fevered brain. At this time I think the bitterness of death was past for me. I had so long—for thirty long hours—been trying to realise that eternity was at hand, that my brain seemed stunned, my heart turned to stone.

It now became apparent that it was impossible to get back to the ship, as we were unable to make any way against the gale or to keep the boat's head to the seas. The third-mate therefore determined to run before the wind. There were oars in the boat, but no sails; and the waves being so high, rendered it useless and impossible to row. All that long weary night, drenched by the spray and waves, and shivering with cold, we drifted wherever the wind blew us. Morning broke, a morning which not one of us ever expected to have seen. The boatswain exclaimed as the sun rose: 'Thank God that we have been spared to see the blessed sun once more.' The wind

increased in violence. With terror we looked up at the huge waves towering over us, literally like mountains. At about nine A.M. some food was given out—one sea-biscuit and half a pint of water to each man. We subsisted on this till evening, when another biscuit—this time covered with tinned meat—and a little water, not more than a wine-glassful, were given to each man. Nothing occurred to break the monotony. Water and huge waves all around us; anxious, haggard, hungry faces to gaze at in the boat. The third-mate divided us into watches, each man to be on watch three hours, and off three hours; during his watch, to bail out the water that constantly flowed into the boat from the breach in her bows, and to keep a look-out for ships. Night closed in; and at the unanimous request of the men, fervent thanks for our safety so far, and earnest prayers for our future delivery, were offered up to Him who holds the winds in the hollow of his hand, to Him who said, 'Peace be still.'

The night wore on, oh! how slowly; it seemed a week of mental suffering. Sleep was impossible, both by reason of our cramped position and the cold. Another morn was hailed with joy and thanksgiving; but the sea was high, and no vessels to be seen. The third-mate said too, that we were out of the course of any ships. There was a compass in the boat, and the mate had put a sextant in his bag, which enabled us to take an observation; and as well as could be ascertained, we were three or four hundred miles from the nearest land—one of the Azores. But alas! the wind changed, and blew us in a contrary direction. Since the first morning in the boat, we had had a little sail, made out of the canvas of the mate's bag. It was not larger than a good-sized towel, but was of the greatest assistance in rendering the boat buoyant and helping her to ride over the waves. On Thursday evening it fell a dead calm—worse for us than a gale. The sea was now like glass, and the water was very warm, 'much warmer than the air, and from the presence in large quantities of 'Gulf-weed,' we perceived that we were in or near the Gulf-stream. While scanning the horizon with tired anxious eyes, one of the men observed a huge turtle quite close to the boat; but on attempting to capture it, it lazily sunk to the bottom. Another night set in, and our hearts and hopes were low. The provisions might last for a week, but the water could not hold out for half that time. Oh! how we prayed for rain; and when a few drops did fall, some of the poor fellows tried to catch them on their tongues. Nectar cannot have been sweeter to the gods than was our meagre allowance of water, mixed with a little condensed milk, to us. I would not have exchanged that little pannikin of fluid for the costliest wine that ever graced an emperor's table. Night closed in; and nothing occurred, except that a tiny flying-fish jumped into the boat, and some birds on the wing passed us.

Friday, December 5—the most memorable day in my life—at last arrived, and with it a fresh breeze, which was, however, unfavourable, blowing us away from, instead of towards the Azores. The day passed slowly and wearily, when at about two P.M. every one in the boat was electrified by the man in the bows shouting, yelling, screaming: 'A ship, a ship!' At first, we could not believe that

it was true; but after a minute or two we saw a noble ship directly in front of us, about three or four miles distant. Oh, how we thanked God for that blessed sight! Some of our poor fellows were so overcome that they wept for joy. As for me, the ship seemed so far off, that I was in terror lest she might not see our tiny red flag—a pocket-handkerchief on the top of our little mast. However, the mate said that it was impossible that she should pass without seeing us. We got out the four oars, put two men at each, and rowed and sailed towards the ship. They shewed no sign of seeing us for some time; but after about half an hour, we saw, by her letting the sails go and the ship heaving-to, that we were hailed; and knew that we were saved. In half an hour more we pulled under that good ship's stern, and read the name *Mallovdale*, a name that I shall never forget as long as I live. We climbed on board by means of a rope-ladder, took anything valuable out of the boat that had saved us, pulled out the plug, and allowed her to fill and sink, lest she might deceive other ships, if left floating.

I am unable to describe my feelings when I put my foot on the deck. It was so wonderful to be on a ship once more, and to be out of the trough of the sea. I introduced myself to Captain Dorman, gave him an account of the loss of the ship and how we had escaped. He treated us very kindly, and at once had a hearty meal prepared for us; and if ever a man enjoyed *water*, I was that man.

On the Sunday following our rescue, we experienced a terrific hurricane. The waves were so high and the ship rolled so heavily, that her cargo (rice) shifted—that is, went all to one side, and for twelve hours we were in great anxiety and danger. One huge sea broke right over the ship and carried away the captain's gig, besides doing other damage. Fortunately, none of the crew were on deck at the time, or they would surely have been swept overboard. The ship was heeled over to one side; her deck was covered with water to the depth of four feet on the inclined side, and the vessel laboured very heavily. The sailors shook their heads and looked very grave; but the good ship, handled so well by the skilful captain, weathered it out; and from that time till our arrival in Queenstown on the 23d December, the weather was moderate. On our arrival there I proceeded to the agent's office, and dictated a telegram to the owners; and in twenty-four hours the news of the catastrophe, the news that the steamer *Borussia* and many lives had been lost, was flashed like lightning over the United Kingdom.

I have not yet referred to the fate of the other boats. Two of them were picked up, one on the same day that ours was, and the other the day after. In one of these were eleven, and in the other five souls; making a total of twenty-six saved out of one hundred and eighty-six. None of the other boats have since been heard of; which has been accounted for by the awful weather that followed the foundering of the ship. At the Board of Trade inquiry held in Liverpool last February, the general opinion was that the cause of the foundering of the ship was the starting of some of the plates in the central compartment.

I shall conclude this narrative by paying my tribute of admiration for the conduct of the captain, officers, and crew of the screw steamer

Borussia, who during a time of fearful danger and difficulty behaved with a fortitude, presence of mind, and discipline that cannot be too highly spoken of, and who met their deaths like British sailors.

OUR FIRST DAY IN THE CANADIAN BUSH.

IN the year 1870, my brother, aged eighteen and your humble servant, aged twenty, set sail from Liverpool on board the good ship *Sarmatian*, of the Allan Royal Mail Line, bound for Quebec, whence we intended travelling into Western Canada, where, like most other young, ardent, and untried spirits, we fully expected to amass fabulous wealth in the shortest possible space of time.

I will not touch upon our sensations on arriving at Quebec; nor speak of the railway journey from Quebec to Toronto. From the latter place we, after a short stay, proceeded north to hunt up a location; and eventually, after much wandering to and fro, pitched upon a 'lot' at no great distance from the Georgian Bay. Oh, with what pride we—standing in a small clearing of about twenty yards by ten, made probably by some lumber-man—that is, wood-cutter—surveyed as far as we could through the thick forest, Our Farm! What stores of hidden wealth we pictured as ready to burst forth at our command! Ay, out of the coarse woof of reality, what silken raiment of romance did we not weave, when—

'Hullo! strangers; guess ye ain't lost; air ye?'

We turned; and seated straddle of a log on the edge of the clearing—how he had got there without our hearing him, or how long he had been there, I know not—we beheld a tall lank figure, habited in a slouch-hat much the worse of wear, flannel-shirt ditto, and dirty jean continuations ditto ditto, long coarse boots, and holding in his hand an axe; and who having thrust a 'sliver' of pine into his mouth, sat stolidly looking at us without uttering a word.

Surprised, and angry too at having my visions of wealth so rudely dispelled, I drew myself up, and throwing as much hauteur into my voice as I could, I said: 'Sir—did you a—address me?'

Leisurely rolling himself about on his log, and looking round him in a most tantalising way, he expropriated, and replied: 'Wal, boss, I guess there's nairy another two-footed critter, barrin' yer friend, within call, anyhow.'

'Well, sir, then allow me to inform you that we are *not* lost. We have come to look at our new Farm lot'—this was said with a grand air, of proprietorship.

'Farm—lot,' he drawled out, as he looked round him into the bush. 'Wal, you *air* green. Say, Mister, can you handle an axe?'

'No,' I hotly replied; 'I cannot handle an axe; but I suppose I can learn. And let me tell you, sir, that I don't know what you mean by bothering me with questions in this manner. We are busy

looking out a site for a house.' Saying this, I moved away.

Before, however, I got ten paces, he was beside me; and placing a huge hand on my shoulder, he half turned me round: 'Now say, Mister, don't get into one of your old-country tantrums. Just hearken a bit. I have a snug bit of cleared [with emphasis on the cleared]—of cleared farm a mile or two from here. I seed you two fellows in Wakosh last night; and seeing as how my old man [father] was from the old country—though I was born and bred in the States—I guessed I'd give you a hand, if so be as you were willing.'

In spite of my irritation, there was such a bluff, open heartiness and good-nature in the way he said this, that, after a look at my brother, who was almost choking with suppressed mirth, I held out my hand, saying: 'I am much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness; but I hardly think you can be of much use, as when we have pitched upon a site, we shall have a man out from Wakosh to build our shanty.'

'Wal, now, Mister, an old resider can most generally be use to folks coming in fresh, 'specially green hands.—Now, don't get riled at my calling you green hands' [I had involuntarily drawn myself up at the repetition of the obnoxious word], 'because you *air* green, both of ye; there's no mistake in that!'

Angry as I was becoming, the downright convinced manner in which he jerked out the last sentence, and the whole appearance of the man, made me almost laugh. My brother, who never had a proper notion of maintaining his dignity, laughed outright; and after a hard struggle to keep up a proper reserve, I followed suit. This broke the ice; and in an incredibly short space of time, and in a way that on looking back afterwards seemed like magic, our new friend, by a string of leading questions, totally untrammelled by the faintest suspicion of delicacy, had drawn from us our names, ages, place of birth, Christian names of father and mother, our prospects, amount of ready-money we possessed—and would probably have found out how often we individually and collectively had suffered the pains of toothache, had not my answer to the following question caused him to pause with an expression of countenance which no mere words at my command can describe. He had asked me who was to build the shanty for us, what size it was to be, whether shingled or boarded on the roof, and what it was to cost, in his usual self-collected way.

I answered him with my usual deliberation. Isaiah Lucy was the builder *in prospectu*, as we had not actually finished the bargain; that it was to be twenty-four feet long, seven feet high at the fall-side, and twelve feet wide; the roof to be shingled throughout; and that he wanted sixty dollars (twelve pounds sterling); but that I had offered him fifty dollars (ten pounds sterling).

Never before had I seen a few quietly spoken words produce such an effect. When I said that I had offered fifty dollars, his face suddenly assumed a mixed expression of wonder, semi-incredulity, and pity, ending in one of unutterable contempt. 'Fifty dollars!' Jumping up, he drove his axe into the log between us within three inches of my leg, with a force that made me dart back. 'Fifty dollars!' he repeated. 'Wal, my old man was from Ireland, and I've often heerd him

say as the grass there was the greenest in the world—"inerald," he called it; but'—and here his voice took a mingled expression of petulance and sorrow—"there ain't no shade or shadow of a green colour on the hull universal airth as can match you. Fifty dollars!" Here he sank into a fit of musing, utterly unmindful of the angry expression of my face. Some of his disjointed utterances reached me as follows: 'Old country bloods! Green! Shame! Fifty! Do it for twenty—better—than any one else.' Suddenly springing up, he expectorated savagely, and pausing for a moment, he turned to me and said: 'Look here, boss! I've kinder cottoned to you fellows. Ye're young; and ye've a mighty heap to learn afore ye get your "Farm" working for ye! But I'm not a-goin' to see you imposed on at first start. Say now, I'll do the job for you for twenty-five dollars, and give you a day's hauling with my oxen to boot.—How did you come out? Did you sock it or buggy it?'

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may here remark that he meant did we walk or drive. I had a very hazy idea of his meaning, but answered haphazard that we had walked.

'Wal, I guess you can't make Wakosh this night; so tote along o' me, and my old woman'll give us some fixins to eat; and to-morrow ye can get to Wakosh and tell Ike Lucy as Patrick Abiram Flynn'll build yer shanty for five-and-twenty dollars, and a good one at that.'

We agreed to his proposal; and on our way to his house, which by the way proved to be a frame-building of some pretensions, I—being struck by the singularity of his name, or rather names—asked him how he came by his second name of Abiram; with this result.

'Wal, you see, boss, when my old man came out nigh fifty year ago, he squatted first in Connecticut State. After a while he fell to sparking a young gal, a orphan, a regular downright Methody kind—as they mostly are down east. Wal, they got spliced; and after quite a spell I come along. The old man was regular crazy, I've heerd tell, with downright delight when he caught my first squall. They do say he pinched me black and blue, making me howl, to be sure it was me—and I could yell, you bet. Wal, after a while I was to be named. Now his name was Patrick; and nothing but Patrick would do him for me. But the old woman said, "No." Says she: "One such mislandish name in the family is enough." She had the most trouble with me, she said, and she guessed she'd give me a decent name. Nathan Abiram, or Elijah Dathan, or Ephraim Nebuchadnāzar, or some other sensible name. Wal, the old man was pretty considerable riled, I reckon. "Call him Pontius Pilate at once!" says he. But at long last, they split the trade. He threw in Patrick, and the old woman shoved on Abiram. And I reckon neither o' them spoilt the block in the naming.' Here he looked at his jean continuations and boots with evident pride and satisfaction.

By the time we had finished laughing at this curious baptismal oration, we had reached the house, where Mrs Flynn, a tidy and young, though faded-looking woman, gave us a hearty supper of fried pork, hot cakes, slap-jacks—pancakes of maize meal—apple-pie, and strong green tea; after which a little more talk about house-building

and a couple of pipes, we tumbled into a clean if tolerably hard bed, and soon were in the land of dreams. So ended Our First and perhaps our most eventful day in the Canadian Bush.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

SEVENTH PAPER.

I HAVE now to deal with an episode in my life upon which I shall always look back with the greatest pleasure and not a little pride. The centenary celebration of the birth of Sir Walter Scott was about to be observed, as an event of national importance for Scotland. Very properly indeed, the celebration was promoted by Scotchmen; and with a twofold fitness, it was held in Edinburgh, the birthplace of the great novelist and poet. A Committee was formed, and a great banquet arranged, at which not only might Scotchmen do honour to the memory of their famous countryman, but literary celebrities from other lands as well might assemble to pay homage to his great genius. The Earl of Dalkeith was elected Chairman of the Committee, and of the banquet also; while for Vice-chairmen there were the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Lord Justice-General, Lord Jerviswoode, and Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Mr T. Usher acted as Hon. Secretary, and Mr George Scott as Hon. Treasurer. The Committee sat daily during the preparations for the coming event.

In addition to the proposed banquet, the various places of amusement had made arrangements to observe the day in an appropriate manner; the theatres, for instance, producing dramatised versions of some of Sir Walter's tales. But the Committee soon found themselves face to face with an unforeseen difficulty, one with which they were quite unable to grapple. It arose in this way. Not only was the event to be celebrated abroad by the great writer's admirers in every civilised country throughout the world; but it soon appeared that from these same countries, far and near—more especially from our colonies and the United States—Scotchmen were coming by shoals to visit the capital of their country and take part in the national festivities. But what festivities were there for them when they should arrive? There was the banquet—there were the theatres; but what were they among so many? This was the difficulty that presented itself; and the grave question, what was to be done to entertain the expected guests? was seriously discussed by the Committee, by the press, and by the public in general. The nearest approach to a solution of the question was the suggestion of a Trades Procession through the streets of Edinburgh. But the celebration happening at the holiday season of the year, added to some other difficulties or objections, prevented the idea from being adopted.

At the period with which I am dealing, Mr Newsome's circus had already been performing for some time in the town of Edinburgh, when my services were engaged as Manager; and I—being at the time in London—immediately started for the north. On my arrival, I heard of the 'fix' in which

the Centenary Committee found themselves, after the Trades Procession had been abandoned; and I immediately pondered over the matter, in the hope that some scheme would occur to me. The idea of a procession of some sort seemed good; and turning the matter over in my mind, it was not long before a definite programme suggested itself to me. Keeping my intentions to myself, I repaired to the rooms where the Committee held their daily sittings. Having sent in my card, I was shortly ushered into the presence of the half-dozen notables mentioned above, who received me very politely, and requested me to make known my business. Without any beating about the bush, I at once stated that I had heard that the Committee were in a dilemma in connection with the approaching celebration; and that if my information were correct, I had a suggestion to submit to them. The Chairman said that I had been rightly informed that they were in a dilemma, and that any suggestion I might make would receive their full consideration. I then unfolded to them my plan. My proposition was to organise a grand procession composed entirely of characters drawn from one or more of Sir Walter Scott's novels, dressed in appropriate costumes, and in every way representative of the period chosen. My suggestion was well received by the Committee; and Mr Ballantine the poet, who happened to be present, was so pleased with the proposition, that he started up and shook me warmly by the hand, declaring his conviction that I must be a Scotchman myself.

The main principle of my plan being thus accepted, I went at once to Mr Newsome, to communicate my ideas to him and talk the matter over. Having sketched out a programme together, I returned to the Committee to lay a definite offer before them. *Kenilworth* was the work chosen for the occasion; the particular episode we intended to illustrate being a visit of state made by Queen Elizabeth to the castle which gives its name to the novel. The Maiden Monarch herself was to be accompanied by all her courtiers, a hundred beef-eaters, and a host of other retainers, with flags, banners, and music—all in exact accordance with the period represented. The Committee were delighted with the programme, and expressed their entire approval of the proposed arrangements. The subject of payment was then mooted by the Chairman; and that gentleman having explained that the funds at his disposal were limited, and the extent of his outlay rather uncertain, I at once proffered our services to the town free of cost, knowing full well that Mr Newsome would readily indorse my action in that respect.

A telegram was at once forwarded to Messrs May, the London theatrical *costumiers*, to send down to us with all speed the necessary costumes for the characters, together with complete outfits for one hundred beef-eaters. One hundred supernumeraries were engaged and drilled for the occasion; and when the beef-eater costumes arrived, a full-dress rehearsal of the procession was held on the day before the celebration, in and about the circus buildings at Low Broughton. After the rehearsal, each man having brought with him, by my instructions, a large handkerchief or wrapper, folded his clothes up carefully, made them into a bundle, and placed them where he might find them on the following morning;

thus avoiding any cause of confusion and delay in attiring for the procession.

The eventful morning dawned brightly over Modern Athens, and every one was early astir to prepare for the day's work. Her Majesty (Madame Newsome) and her courtiers were already on the spot; the beef-eaters and others arrived in good time; and our preparations made rapid progress. It was announced in the morning papers that the procession would start at eleven; and when that hour arrived, we were in readiness. At the head went the full strength of our band, attired in sixteenth-century costumes, and playing airs of an antique martial character; these were followed by a portion of the beef-eaters and other retainers; the remainder of whom brought up the rear. The most attractive part of the procession was the long array of noble lords and ladies—forty in all—attired in their handsome and characteristic costumes, mounted on gaily caparisoned steeds, and surrounding their beloved sovereign, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth, who, for splendour of attire and queenly presence, was done ample justice to in the person of Madame Newsome. Her Majesty was mounted on a superb cream horse, of pure Spanish breed, named Taver-naro, led by two grooms in the costumes of pages, one on each side. (The noble animal was so full of spirit and life, that the foam from his mouth and flanks ruined the costly robe in which Madame Newsome was attired—a contretemps which was certainly not in the programme!)

Thus formed, the pageant procession started, and wended its way slowly through the winding picturesque streets of the quaint old town; the band heading it and filling the air with the lively clangour of clarion and trumpet; while the gay, bright-coloured dresses of the retainers, the banners and streamers floating overhead, and the splendid costumes of the mounted courtiers, rendered the entire scene a most brilliant and heart-stirring spectacle to look upon. A gentleman who had witnessed the progress of the procession from a good position on the Castle Hill, told me afterwards that the appearance of the cavalcade as it wound along through the crowded streets in the bright sunshine, was romantic in the extreme. He had felt as though carried back three hundred years in a dream, to find himself surrounded with all the delightful realities of bygone days.

To sum up: the procession not only met with very kindly praise and glowing descriptions in the London and provincial papers; but even across the Atlantic, the press gave us credit for the result of our labours. Nor was this our only reward, as the sequel will shew.

Three years had passed since the incident just related, and again I was in Edinburgh, making arrangements for the advent of our circus for a long stay there. As I passed through the centre of the town, I observed a large vacant space where some houses had been pulled down, in Chambers Street, just opposite the Museum and College; the finest position in the town for our tent. Upon making inquiries, I learned that all the leading circus proprietors had applied for this site and been refused; as it was too central and, I suppose, too select to be used for such purposes. However, I went to the Chairman of the Streets Improvement Committee, in whose hands the matter lay,

and applied for the site. He was very sorry, but it was impossible to oblige me; the site had been refused to all other circus proprietors, and he could make no exception in our case. I then ventured to remind him of our services to the town three years before, by which the community was enabled to do fitting justice to the memory of the great novelist. 'We gave our services gratuitously,' I added, 'and spared neither trouble nor expense to insure success. I think, therefore, that we have some little claim upon the town.'

The Chairman recollected the circumstances perfectly, and admitted that what I had urged did certainly alter the case. He would bring the matter before the Improvement Committee, and let me know the result.

It was not long before I was informed that the Committee, 'bearing in mind the great services which Mr Newsome had rendered to the town at the celebration of the Scott Centenary, had great pleasure in placing the piece of ground at his disposal;' subject of course to certain conditions, already agreed upon at my interview with the Chairman. I wish to record here, that in granting us this site, Edinburgh repaid us well for past trouble and expense. The excellent situation added materially to the success of our season there, and altogether Scotland's grand metropolis used us very kindly.

One more point. The reader is aware that we obtained the site through having done honour in his own 'romantic town' to Sir Walter Scott. Well, I afterwards discovered that on that very site once stood the house wherein Sir Walter Scott was born!

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE meeting of the British Association is to be held at Swansea on August 25th; and thus will be repeated the annual opportunity for scientific men to make known their theories, inventions, and discoveries during the holiday-time of the learned societies, who, after a busy session, are indulging in well-deserved repose. Meanwhile, there is something to be said about what they did at their closing meetings; and to commence with that venerable institution, Greenwich Observatory, we find Sir George Airy, the Astronomer-royal, stating in his annual Report to the Board of Visitors concerning books added to the library, that 'fundamental astronomy advances slowly; magnetism is almost stationary; geodesy progresses; photography and spectroscopy increase very fast; and meteorology the most rapidly of all;' by which may be seen evidence that the study of the weather has become popular. Between May 1879 and May 1880, photographs of the sun were taken at the Observatory on one hundred and forty-five days; and on sixty-four of those days there was a complete absence of sunspots. The minimum of spots occurred about the beginning of 1879; since October last, their number has largely increased. The mean temperature of 1879 was a little more than three below the average of the preceding thirty-eight years. Each month too, was below the average. The highest temperature was 80°6 on July 30, and the lowest 18°7 on December 7. The mean

daily movement of the air throughout the year was two hundred and sixty-eight miles; being eleven miles less than the average. The greatest movement, seven hundred and five miles, occurred December 30; and the least was thirty-two miles, on October 12. The vane of the anemometer made during the year thirty-five complete revolutions from north through east, south, west, round again to north. No wonder that 1879 is known as a cold and dismal year; for the number of hours of bright sunshine recorded at Greenwich was not more than nine hundred and eighty-three. How could a year be genial with a daily average of less than three hours of sunshine?

The Astronomer-royal has read a paper to the Astronomical Society on the preparations to be made for observation of the transit of Venus on December 6, 1882. He points out suitable stations, prescribes the instruments that should be used, and recommends intending observers to study the history of former transits, in which they will find mention of the ring of light that puzzled them so much in 1874. The cost of the last transit was more than twenty thousand pounds; from which it is feared that the Treasury will be shy of aiding in future.

There has been for some years a discussion as to whether the planet Jupiter shines by his own light to any perceptible extent, or whether the illumination is altogether derived from the sun. Some facts seem to point to the conclusion that it is not improbable that Jupiter is still hot enough to give out light, though perhaps only in a periodic or eruptive manner. Taking up the question here, Dr H. Draper (United States) remarks: 'If the light of Jupiter is in large part the result of his own incandescence, it is certain that the spectrum must differ from that of the sun, unless the improbable hypothesis is advanced that the same elements, in the same proportions, and under the same physical conditions, are present in both bodies.' He has taken many photographs of the spectrum of Jupiter, and these he believes answer the question decidedly; for they 'indicate that under average circumstances of observation, almost all the light coming to the earth from Jupiter must be merely reflected light originating in the sun.' But on one occasion (Sept. 1879), Dr Draper took a photograph which shewed evidence of intrinsic light from Jupiter. Should this be periodic, as above suggested, it may be verified by further observation.

In a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor G. Forbes discourses about Comets and Ultra-Neptunian planets, and shews reasons for believing that there are two planets somewhere beyond the orbit of Neptune. As is well known, astronomical discoveries have been made by observing the disturbing effect of stellar bodies on each other. In some instances the disturbing body is unknown, but its effects are seen; and Professor Forbes explains that the whole of his research is founded on the theory of the introduction of comets as permanent members of the solar system. There are six comets associated with Neptune. The behaviour of certain comets observed in recent years has led to investigation, and the conclusion has been come to that 'we may feel very confident that these two planets do exist. The light of the sun must take fifteen hours to reach the nearest of the two, and forty-

five hours to reach the outer one. Considering the probably enormous mass of the stars, it is nearly certain that they must influence the motion of these two planets; and if we have the good fortune to observe either of them, a new field wherein to test the extent to which the law of gravitation holds good will be immediately opened to astronomers. Our ideas of time,' adds Professor Forbes, 'are in the same way extended when we think of these two planets revolving in periods—the one of one thousand, and the other of five thousand years, and of the comets introduced by the most distant of the two, as having been influenced by that planet tens of thousands of years ago.'

Most people in England are so ignorant on the subject of lightning conductors that they ought to welcome Mr Anderson's book entitled *Lightning Conductors, their History, Nature, and Mode of Application*. (E. & F. N. Spon, 46 Charing Cross, London.) The author is a member of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, and speaks with the authority conferred by practical knowledge, and with the advantage that it would be difficult to find any other trustworthy book treating of all parts of the subject. As Mr Anderson remarks: 'For architects, clergymen, municipal officials, and all those in charge of large and lofty buildings, it would be impossible to over-estimate the importance of the subject.' Year by year an enormous amount of property is destroyed merely because the simplest precautions have not been taken to guard churches and other large buildings from the effects of thunder-storms.' They will find in this book clear instructions on the setting-up and maintenance in proper condition of lightning conductors.

In America, a locomotive has been constructed which is intended to run from Philadelphia to New York, ninety miles in ninety minutes. This engine weighs nearly forty tons, and is so arranged that, by an alteration of fulcrum-points, additional weight can be thrown on the driving-wheels at starting. Its performance is such, that a sanguine member of the engineering fraternity has predicted that within five years the journey of ninety miles will be accomplished in one hour.

In answer to inquiries for further particulars of movable teeth for saws, we state that inserted saw-teeth came into use about 1840. The teeth are fitted in rectangular sockets, and held in place by a V tongue and groove. The teeth may be hard or soft, according to the quality of the timber to be sawn. One kind, known as 'Emerson bits,' are tempered to scratch glass, and weigh one-sixth of an ounce each; and we are informed that 'one file will go as far in keeping a good inserted tooth-saw in order as ten with a solid saw.' As an instance of what can be done with a saw described as the 'Hoe chisel bit-saw,' we mention that, at a well-known mill, 5,661,385 feet board measure were sawn in one hundred and sixty-two days. The number of 'bits' used during the work was four thousand. The practice is to start in the morning with new teeth, in hard pine or red-wood, and run till noon. Then a new set of teeth is put in, and these are run till night, when a new set is put in by the watchman; and so on. The saws are made from twelve inches to seventy-two inches diameter; and the makers of 'patent circular saws with latest

improved teeth,' are Henry Disston and Sons, of Philadelphia.

We are informed that one of the best materials for keeping a ship's bottom clean on a long voyage is a coating of chromate of mercury. This is an excellent yellow pigment; and has been tried, so says report, with satisfactory results on some of the government guardships. And better still, we have heard of a ship which having been painted with this chromate, came home clean from a voyage round the world. The invention of Mr J. B. Hannay, Sword Street, Glasgow, the substance is, we believe, manufactured in that town, and can be heard of at Dick and Co's, 101 Leadenhall Street, London.

A new filtering material, named *carferal*, has been subjected to experiment at the Army Medical School, Netley. The name is composed of the first syllables of the words carbon, ferrum, alumina, and thus denotes the constituents of the substance in question. Different kinds of filters were tried; and it is stated in a printed Report that 'carferal has the advantage over spongy iron in that it is all filtering material; whereas part of the filter where spongy iron is used is occupied by a second medium, intended to arrest the iron yielded to the water.' Another advantage is, that carferal does not spoil when stored, and does not appear to be materially injured by exposure to wet. The experiments were made under the superintendence of Dr François de Chaumont, F.R.S., Professor of Hygiene in the Army Medical School. They are to be continued, with a view to decisive results.

A little mild excitement prevails among naturalists over the discovery, in the water-lily tank at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, of a medusa—that is, a jelly-fish. A fresh-water jelly-fish has never before been heard of; but many people know that jelly-fishes are plentiful enough in the sea. Of course there will be much speculation as to how the creature got into the tank, and where all its numerous companions came from; and observers will set to work, and give us descriptive details. The name proposed for this novel medusa, by Dr Allman, President of the Linnean Society, is *Limnocoedium*.

The phenomenon known to astronomers as the 'zodiacal light,' is shewn by Mr J. W. Redhouse, a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, to be identical with the 'false dawn,' as it is called by the Mussulmans and other Eastern peoples, who have been familiar therewith, as with the Milky-way, from remote antiquity. On the other hand, the zodiacal light has not been known in Europe more than about two centuries. From these facts, Mr Redhouse draws a curious conclusion. It is clear, he says, that our forefathers 'could never have come from that central point of Asia so dear to modern Sanskritists, whence they would fain make the Aryan race to radiate, that is, from the snowy table-land of Pamir (behind the Himalaya). The zodiacal light must have been as well known to the shepherds of that plateau as it is to the wandering tribes of Arabia and Mesopotamia. It must *always* have been well known to them; and once known to a people, such a phenomenon could never be totally forgotten in latitudes where it was visible. Our Aryan race came not, then, from Pamir as their radiating centre. Ethnologists may well weigh this pregnant indication.'

The suggestion in a former *Month* (*ante*, p. 272),

that exploration of certain islands in the Persian Gulf would perhaps bring to light relics interesting to anthropologists, has been verified, as may be seen in the extracts from Captain Durand's Report on the Islands and Antiquities of Bahrein, published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. The Captain found many remains of old tombs, old wells, old inscriptions, and old tumuli. These mounds cover the country for 'miles upon miles,' representing, if they are graves, a cemetery of extraordinary dimensions. On opening some of them by digging, long-buried vaults and passages of massive architecture were discovered, favouring the conclusion that there lay a promising field for further exploration. One highly important prize was a black stone which had long been built into the wall of a mosque, which bears an inscription partly cuneiform, partly hieroglyphs, commonly known as Hieratic Babylonian. It records the name of the owner or occupant of a palace who was a 'servant of Mercury,' and is thus an evidence of Sun-worship. By whom was that inscription cut? is the next question. Did they come from India or Egypt? As yet, the Assyriologists cannot give a satisfactory answer. It is important to remember that whereas Babylonia was mainly instrumental in imparting civilisation to Western Asia, the Babylonians themselves admitted having received all their knowledge from the mysterious islanders of the Persian Gulf. Sir Henry Rawlinson in discussing this interesting subject, puts the question, 'Who were these primitive fathers of knowledge, who first civilised the settlers on the Tigris and Euphrates, and whose memory was perhaps preserved in the legend of the Garden of Eden and the tree of knowledge?' From many circumstances, he judges that 'they were a dark race, the ancestors of the black heads of the inscriptions, and possibly the same as the Adamites of Genesis.' Sir Henry supports his views by learned arguments which are well worth consideration; and he points out that the early traders would prefer the Persian Gulf to the south coast of Arabia or the Red Sea, because the Gulf with its varying winds was more favourable for inexperienced navigators than the Red Sea, where the wind blew nine months in one direction and three months in the other. Comparison of different forms of place-names leads to the supposition that the Biblical Ophir was in the neighbourhood of Bahrein; but this as well as other questions await further investigation, towards the expenses of which the Trustees of the British Museum have allotted one hundred pounds. According to Captain Durand, the climate of the islands is delightful from October to April; and according to the natives, 'the land is silver, and the sea is pearl.'

Readers who know anything of Central America—Yucatan, part of Mexico, and Guatemala, and the wonderful ruins of temples and towns built in ages long, long ago—will hear with pleasure that a scientific and archæological expedition is to be sent, under the authority of France and of the United States, to make further explorations in that mysterious country. The chief promoter of the expedition is Mr Peter Lorillard of New York, by whom the greater part of the cost will be borne. In numbers and equipment, nothing will be lacking: casts of important bas-reliefs and inscriptions will be taken, whereby scholars in all parts of the world will be enabled to study relics

of civilisation not less interesting than the old monuments of Egypt and Assyria. From what is already known, it is supposed that the builders of those ancient temples had intimate relations with Cambodia and Java, if they were not actually emigrants from those countries. Interesting affinities have been made out by linguistic students, some of whom believe that the table-land of Peru, and not that of Asia, was the cradle of the human race; and that the Hittites of Scripture during their wanderings settled in Peru, and erected the buildings which now excite our astonishment. Hence it will be understood that something may be discovered which will throw light on primeval history. The hill-country of Yucatan is almost unknown. It is reported that the inhabitants—a fierce tribe named Mayas—have reconstructed the old towns, with their forts and temples, and revived many of the customs, laws, and idolatrous rites of their forefathers. The explorers will visit these people, and also endeavour to find traces of the tribes that preceded the Aztecs.

Signor Alberto B. Bach, we learn from a contemporary, has invented an instrument for the purpose of increasing the volume of sound produced in singing. The 'Resonator,' as it is called, 'operates upon the principle of enhancing the efficiency of the sounding-board which nature has provided in the human palate. It consists of a gold plate fitted to the roof of the mouth, close above the upper teeth, and having attached to it another gold plate which is convex downwards in both directions. A hollow sounding-board is thus formed, which increases the power of the voice without any additional expenditure of breath. Professors Tyndall and Tait have testified to the efficiency of the instrument; the former expressing himself surprised at the smoothness and power of the sounds produced; the latter remarking that, while the intensity of the voice was very greatly increased, this was effected, so far as he could judge, without any perceptible deterioration in the quality of the sound. With the help of such an invention, a public singer will clearly be enabled to make his voice tell over a larger area; while conductors, we are told, will find select choirs capable of producing the effect of something like double their actual numbers.'

A French journal describes a kind of paper which is fire-proof and water-proof. It is made of a mixture of asbestos fibre, paper paste, and a solution of common salt and alum: is passed through a bath of dissolved gum-lac, and then goes to the finishing rollers. The strength and fire-resisting capability are increased by the alum and salt; and the lac renders the paper impermeable to moisture, without producing unsuitability for ink.

Those who are interested in Celluloid, and especially in its connection with stereotyping and electrotyping, will get information by applying to Mr A. Saurée, 22 Parliament Street, Westminster, S.W.

In reply to various correspondents, we have to state that Fleuss's Diving Helmet and Noxious Gas Apparatus are now manufactured at 110 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

We learn that portable oil-stoves for cooking, similar to those in the United States, are used and to be had in England, a fact which some months ago we were not aware of.

EDUCATION BY POST.

In this *Journal* for 25th October 1879 we gave an account of the system of Education by Post carried on under the auspices of the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. The number of our readers in all parts of the country who have availed themselves of the opportunities offered by this Association, and the interest which always attaches to a fresh start in the great problem of education, encourages us again to draw attention to the system. For an explanation of the working of the system we refer our readers to the above number of the *Journal*. In our present notice we shall briefly refer to the aims of the directors of the institution.

It is perhaps not too much to say that for the most part the system at present pursued in girls' schools makes little or no preparation in early life for subsequent intellectual pursuits. When the school-days are over, a young woman's education is said to be 'complete!' Now and again, some gifted and resolute female mind has fought her own solitary way into the higher grounds of knowledge, and has felt that she had her reward. But she is an exception; and even she, because she has advanced into this region without guides, must have had no small amount of her energy dissipated in misdirected efforts. In the majority of the cases where the effort has been made, the result has been a feeling of despair, a sense of powers unevoked, and capacities that have failed to find an object. Hence has arisen the cry that the present system of education is an injustice to women. It is the object of this Association to do what it can to remove the ground of complaint, to open up to women—no matter how far they may live from headquarters—certain definite courses of study which they may pursue with minds approaching to maturity; to place before them subjects worthy of their capacities, and to afford to them all needful guidance, assistance, and encouragement in following out these subjects. It desires to promote study which finds its end not in some competitive examination, but rather study which is only begun now, and which is to be continued afterwards, and is to produce fruits both in happiness and utility, throughout life.

The lesson-course of the Association embraces the ordinary subjects of a school education, the subjects included in a Faculty of Arts—the general and most essential part of a University education, and the less technical subjects of a Faculty of Medicine. The Association thus offers general cultivation; and this as implying an improved judgment, a trained power of attention and application, and an intelligence awakened and brought into sympathetic connection with an extended range of human interests, is no mean gift to offer. From the Reports of the tutors, and from acknowledgments received from all parts of Britain, the Association has reason to know that it has already done good service, by giving to many a new interest and pleasure in life; and it looks forward to carry on in future years the work it has so successfully begun.

Last year, the Association opened its classes to

young men also, and this year it has determined to continue the same.

Information with regard to the classes may be had from the Honorary Secretary for the Correspondence Classes, Miss Jane S. Macarthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

Ah! what an hour of ecstasy is this!
When all of Nature in our view is shrinking
From the too ardent sun's retiring kiss,
And fast in twilight's clasp her hand is linking.

When from the joyous wood comes thrilling out,
Tossed on the air—that drowsily is hearkening—
A storm of melody, a silver rout
Of gorgeous sounds—no sombre touches darkening.

The gay, clear tones at intervals that gush
From blackbird's throat, so limpid, pure, and thrilling;
The wild, bewitching prayer-notes of the thrush,
Now trembling low, now high in quavers trilling.

The tiny, rippling warble of the wren;
The chaffinch's short, swiftly-tuned gladness;
The muffled call of cuckoos from the glen;
The wood-dove's shadowy, far-off coo of sadness.

While 'neath the eye, to the horizon spread,
Circled by hills, are gem-encrusted meadows
Heaped with seeming gold-dust, thickly shed
By sprinkling fingers, hid by nearing shadows.

The gallant knights that guard the western plains
Of the sun's kingdom, send their amber lances
Quivering across the sky, till Night restrains
Their pastime, and her screening wing advances.

Swaying the solemn heads of mighty trees,
The zephyrs round them sweep with restless sighing;
The timorous aspen shivers in the breeze,
Its lack of rest a legend quaint supplying.

It is, that chosen from all else, its wood
In ages past to form the Cross was taken,
That shuddering and apart it since has stood,
With wild regret from leaf to fibre shaken.

To the wild roses at its base, that gleam
So wan and pale from out their dusky setting,
It whispers: 'Fear not; soon again shall beam
Your heads amid the sunlight's golden netting.'

Now to the north the keen and vivid sky
Doth hold upon its lap a gleaming jewel;
Gnats croon their vespers, and Night hovering nigh,
Bids labour cease till dawn demands renewal.

SUSAN SORREL.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full *Christian* name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Poetical offerings should be accompanied by an envelope, stamped and directed.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 867.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

LANDOWNING.

THE position of a landowner in Great Britain, though still peculiarly honoured, is not now so agreeable as it once was. It is getting beset by a variety of complaints and drawbacks which create uneasiness. One thing in particular involves serious alarm, and to this we shall chiefly confine attention. Within our recollection, at a period early in the present century, England and Scotland together had only twelve millions of inhabitants. The number now approaches thirty millions. To meet the increasing demand for food, great improvements have been effected in agriculture, and in the rearing of live-stock. Productiveness has accordingly to some extent kept pace with the requirements of the country; but there would long since have been a dearth and semi-starvation, but for the free importation of grain.

For a time, as is well known, free importation was sternly resisted by those who had a monopoly in the native production and sale of grain or bread-stuffs. They felt, and they were logical in their conclusions, that unrestricted importation would tend to diminish the rental of land. In spite of every opposition, the free import of corn took place in 1846. Apprehensions regarding the fall of rents were not immediately realised. So prosperous was manufacturing industry, and consequently so great the demand for food, that native producers did not experience any particular inconvenience. Things went on pretty much as they did before. Agriculturists and rearers of live-stock were put on their mettle, and manfully they met the new competition from abroad. But this could not go on for ever. The people of the United States, and of various colonial possessions, had either not been roused to the fact that English ports were open for the free reception of their produce, or were unprepared to take advantage of the opportunity. Now, they are fully aware of a splendid market being open for every eatable they can manage to export. Good news this for a population struggling to make both ends meet, but

bad for the 'agricultural interest.' The farmers, who are the first to suffer, are almost in despair. These farmers, a respectable, and generally a well-educated body of men, possessing considerable capital, have recently had much to suffer not only from bad harvests, but from a chronic evil connected with field-sports and the game-laws.

In alluding to these sports, we are not to be classed with writers who entertain extreme views on the subject. We desire to speak only according to the suggestions of common-sense. Much can be said for the cultivation of field-sports as a part of physical education. Pursuing our meditations in the midst of picturesque mountain scenery, with the thin pure air blowing about, the purple heath in full bloom, and a river near at hand glistening in the sunny beams, we can in some sort sympathise with those who, at certain seasons of the year, lay aside their town dress and manners, and seek their recreation in field-sports. The rough work and hardships to be endured are in the nature of a frolic. Sitting down to luncheon on a grassy bank instead of a chair; the fatigue in climbing rocky hills and picking a way through moors and mosses with a gun over the arm; the eager outlook for winged game, the hopes that are inspired, and the pride of conquest, are all exhilarating. At such times, man in a sense reverts to the savage. He is a hunter by nature, and is indulging in the pursuits that we read of in ancient record. There is a further excuse for these sports when carried on with moderation. They strengthen the muscular system, dispel mental depression, and send home the jaded professional of Mayfair with a stock of health and spirits that keep him going for a twelvemonth. Field-sports, including salmon-fishing in Highland rivers, are therefore not to be deemed a mere idling away of existence, as is commonly the case in club-life. They have a fair claim to be called hygienic; and if not meriting unqualified praise, neither, when kept within bounds, are they to be spoken of with austerity. Should we be wrong in alleging that a taste for field and robust outdoor sports has

materially contributed to build up the manliness and geniality of the English character?

Unfortunately, the picture has another and less pleasing side. Carried to excess, field-sports with game-preserving become a scandal and public injury. Great Britain is but a small country, in which you can travel from one end to the other in four-and-twenty hours. Its lands for the most part consist of estates held by owners the descendants of an old feudal aristocracy, or by men enriched by commerce absorbed into the country gentry. In neither case, with few exceptions, do the owners cultivate their possessions. Like the French seigneurs of old, they dwell in handsomely built mansions on their property, drawing annual rents from farms that are let to a distinct class, the farmers or practical agriculturists just spoken of, under whom are the hired labourers. It is altogether a nicely adjusted social system, comprehending three degrees of comparison, seemingly adapted to the traditions and feelings of the country.

Symmetrical as it appears, there lurk within it elements adverse to stability; hence the gravity of the landowner's position, which is beginning to attract attention. Landlords, as number one in the three social degrees, live for the most part on rents drawn from tenant-farmers. Some of them derive a revenue from coal and other mines on their property. Few of them have anything to do with trade, commerce, or manufactures, for that would be deemed derogatory to their position. With much time hanging on their hands, they accept the honour of acting gratuitously as county magistrates and as members on various local boards, and that is about the sum and substance of their occupation, exclusive of mere recreation. Unless they be among those who derive a large revenue from mines—as much sometimes as from eighty to a hundred thousand pounds a year—or from land let on building-leases, the financial condition of land-proprietors is not very enviable. They are subject to a heavy drain in providing for sons and daughters, and in making a suitable provision for widows; they have to expend large sums on improvements; while the amount of their annual rents suffers a serious diminution from rates, taxes, and other burdens to which land is conveniently exposed. With encumbrances on them of various sorts, a high style to keep up, and no replenishing of means from industrial enterprise, many of them, as seen by the records of mortgages, are believed to experience considerably straitened circumstances.

Putting out of view those with large possessions, or who are endowed with mineral wealth, landowners are apparently under the necessity of trying to squeeze two rents out of one piece of ground—one rent from the farmers, and another rent for what are termed 'shootings,' or the right to kill and use the game which may be found on the lands, arable, moor, or mountain, already let to the farmers for professional purposes. Hence, it is not at all surprising to find that, as a rule, the owners of land are keen adherents of the game-laws, which they think should be maintained in all their integrity, as consonant with the

best interests of the country. Occasionally, in the case of a landlord who can afford to be generous, the farmer is allowed to destroy the hares and rabbits that prey on his crops. Where it is otherwise, instances occur of great hardship. We have known a farmer to lose fifty pounds by the waste and pollution of a single field of hay by rabbits, not one of which he dared to kill or molest. On points like this, there have been litigations and much bad feeling. It makes little difference, when the landlord, by a preserve of pheasants in an adjoining plantation, for the sake of a general battue, is able to subject the farmer's fields to habitual depredation. There are other ways in which crops are despoiled by the preservation of game to an extent that in point of justice between man and man is far from defensible. It has, however, been argued that farmers have themselves to blame if they do not by preliminary contract acquire power to keep down the quantity of game on the fields which they occupy.

There is a truth in this argument that goes to the root of the matter. Farming is apparently thought to be an agreeable profession; for looking to general experience, farms are no sooner known to be in the market, than there is a rush to possess them. A few years ago, we had a farm to let, and for it there were eleven competitors, all good men, with capital and knowledge of their business. For a special reason, we accepted the offer of one of them, though it was not the highest. No objection was taken to the game being reserved. Such is a common specimen of what takes place. Obviously in the full tide of competition for farms, the possible damage to crops by game is frequently overlooked, and the farmer when too late finds he has made a bargain which, if not ruinous, will cause much uneasiness and considerable loss. The remedy proposed for this neglect is a statutory enactment to give farmers the right to kill the hares and rabbits on the land they occupy; but this would be to interfere with freedom of contract, as if farmers were children, and could not take care of themselves; and even in this age of whimsical legislation, a law of so one-sided a nature should only be resorted to in absolute desperation of finding a remedy more consistent with ordinary rights and obligations. What the farming class have to do is to refrain from entering into contracts without expressly stipulating for a concurrent right to keep down the ground game on their farms. If in the eager demand for farms, this is not practicable, we can only say that there are too many competitors, and the consequences of headlong rashness must necessarily follow. In the case above specified, we, unsolicited, gave the farmer a right to kill and use the game on the estate. This was possibly an extreme indulgence; but all things considered, we believe it will be to our advantage. The more mischievous class of game will be destroyed or kept down, and poaching will be repressed. Our belief is that if landlords treated their tenants with kindly consideration and with a due sense of justice, allowing them, for instance, to shoot hares and rabbits within reasonable numbers, we should hear less of depredations on their crops.

Lamentations over the damage done to growing crops by hares and rabbits, are not heard with any great force in reference to grouse and other

winged game that make their home on wild moors and hills of a pastoral character. Nevertheless, it is obvious that if hares and rabbits are not kept down in moorland as in arable farms, they will spread over the country, and complaints of depredation will continue to be as rife as ever. The right thing, as some allege, would be to exterminate ground game altogether; but this would be to inflict a heavy loss on the community. It was given in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons (Report on Game-laws, 1873), that rabbits form a large proportion of the animal food mainly consumed by the operative classes in the manufacturing towns in England. Manchester alone annually consumes from October to March as many as five hundred thousand rabbits; while the number of hares and rabbits yearly produced in the United Kingdom is about thirty millions, supplying about forty thousand tons of food, besides skins and fur for manufacturing purposes.

Grouse-shootings, which commence on the 12th of August, are in many instances retained by the landlord for himself and his friends. The sums realised, when the shootings are let, do not bulk largely in a rent-roll, but they are cherished as a help. A usual rent is from fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds for the season, though larger sums are paid according to the number of guns and the ground shot over. Reckoning expenses for keepers, assistants, conveyance, living, and other outlays, grouse-shooting is a costly amusement, indulged in only by those in affluent circumstances. Payment to the landowner is ordinarily the least of it. The concourse of sportsmen northward with their dogs, servants, gun-cases, and other equipments on the approach of 'the 12th,' is one of the noted phenomena in English holiday-making. Trains and hotels are crowded, and altogether a large sum of money must be thus yearly dispersed throughout the community.

Field-sports culminate in deer-stalking and shooting, now conducted on a prodigious scale in the Highlands of Scotland, as referred to in a previous article (July 24). As far as we can discover, the owners of the northern deer forests are the only branch of the landed interest with satisfactory financial prospects. Some melioration of the game-laws that are proved to be detrimental to arable farms, may take place sooner or later. But we set aside this as, after all, a matter of trivial consideration. The real pinch for landlords and tenants is evidently to come from the free importation of food, now towering to vast dimensions through the agency of railways and steam-navigation, of which only a generation back there was no idea. As seen by Parliamentary returns, the importation of wheat, oats, maize, and other kinds of grain into the United Kingdom amounted in round numbers, in 1858, to forty-three million hundredweights, in 1867 to sixty-six million hundredweights, and in 1877 to a hundred and twenty-four million hundredweights; the value correspondingly rising from twenty to sixty-six millions sterling. By including with grain, the cattle, sheep, pigs, and dead-meat provisions, the value of the imports in 1877 was nearly ninety-five millions sterling. The sum-total may now be moderately put down at a hundred and twenty millions sterling. And where is this to end? No one can tell. Looking to the

prodigious extent of the western grain-producing states of America, Canada included, the capacity for exports may almost be described as illimitable. Producers beyond the seas are now, through the progress of science and commercial activity, brought face to face with home consumers. The poor in making their purchases have now the whole world for a shop.

It would be folly not to recognise what must be the inevitable result as concerns native producers. Already, with aggravations from bad harvests and losses from game, many farmers have been ruined, and given up their tenures. Others have struggled on by procuring a reduction of ten to thirty per cent. on their annual rent. And others again are either falling back in profits, or drawing on their capital, and only await the expiration of their leases to relinquish their business, or possibly emigrate with their families. By landlords, the very least thing that can be expected is the fall of rents, along with the introduction of a less affluent class of agriculturists. Anything that strikes down the farmer recoils on his principal, the landlord, and does so with painfully increased effect. The farmer's tenure is temporary. At the end of his lease, he can walk off, and turn his hand to some new line of industry. The landlord is a fixture. Lonely in his dignity, and untrained to industrial pursuits, he must either sell out, or lower his style of living. Perhaps he is only proprietor in a line of entail, or in other words a life-renter, and can neither sell nor mortgage his property. If so, and if he does not belong to the higher order of landowners with extensive possessions, his case is somewhat pitiable. We do not know what must ensue, unless he contrives to become his own farmer. That, we think, is not unlikely to be the issue as regards not a few of the proprietors of land. Yielding to their fate, they may subside into the ancient position of yeomen, or gentlemen-farmers, of whom we have examples in England and Scotland.

A social change of this kind has for some time been looming in the distance for all whose sole dependence is but a moderate rental from land and shootings. Not without regret should we see a dislocation of a state of affairs embedded in national tradition and usage; but in a world of movement for the general good, we must accept the inevitable. In the new order of things, disputes about game-preserving would vanish. Proprietors in cultivating their own lands would have an opportunity of unchallengeably rearing as many hares and rabbits as they liked for market. Rather trying perhaps for those who have fancied that a life of genteel idleness with the drawing of rents was their natural heritage; but let them be thankful that the rights of proprietorship still remain unchallenged. Certain Irish landowners are not so fortunate, for while we write they are threatened with a qualified bereavement of their estates in order to endow impoverished peasant occupants whom they heedlessly allowed to become their tenants.

The importation of foreign grain to the extent contemplated, cannot, we think, fail to have a marked effect on British husbandry. Wheat will scarcely be worth cultivating. Oats, barley, and green crops will be the chief reliance. Dairy-farming will be attempted on a larger scale than

usual. The manufacturers of cheese, however, will have to encounter a fierce competition with imports of the article. Whether agriculture is to be conducted as hitherto by professional farmers or by owners of the land on their own account, the utmost skill and vigilance will need to be employed. For the first time, the native manufacturer of provisions, so to speak, will find himself confronted with foreigners, as has been the case with manufacturers of calico and other textile fabrics. Old easy-going ways will no longer answer. The sons of gentry who have been too high-minded to do anything but shoot, smoke, squander money, and play at lawn-tennis, will have to fall into lines of honest industry; if not, they will need to betake themselves to Australia, where a number of them already, *pour encourager les autres*, figure compulsorily as stockmen and drivers of bullock-wagons. The magnitude of importation will thus probably effect moral as well as social and commercial reforms.

It would be premature to speculate on the changes that may take place in the higher life of the nation. The great territorial proprietors—Dukes, Marquises, Earls, and so on—who own half a county, and draw immense revenues from mines, or the letting of ground on building-leases, will of course weather the storm, and perhaps look with indifference on the future. If their tenant-farmers retire in disgust, land-stewards will take their place, and so try to keep matters right. We may therefore dismiss this part of the subject in congratulations on what must naturally ensue from the blessings of cheap food; for out of all this turmoil will be developed prosperity in commerce and manufacturing enterprise. Out of seeming evil comes good. The world at large is benefited.

w. c.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXX.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Let us consult the great Defective Force—mis-called Detective.'

It may be allowed to go without saying that the day after Uncle Ben's last visit to me was very miserable, and that I was in a state of the cruellest perplexity. I could neither eat nor sleep, and I locked myself in my chambers and spent the time alone. The only thing I could definitely resolve upon was to write to Maud, beseeching her, for pity's sake, to discover the ground of my uncle's mysterious accusations, and to allow me a chance of clearing myself. I wrote a lengthy letter, and posted it in the darkness of the night; and feeling a little relieved, went back to my chambers, where I tried in vain to sleep. In the morning, when my laundress was laying the cloth for breakfast, and I was hiding in the bedroom, to conceal from her the bruise upon my face, which resulted from the blow I had received, I heard a step upon the stairs, and a minute later a pert voice asked for me. I had not given the laundress instructions to deny me, anticipating no visitor at that early hour, and she announced that I was in.

'A gentleman to see you, sir,' she said a moment later, tapping at my door.

'Who is it?' I asked.

'From Bilton, Bilton and Hart, sir,' said the pert voice; and a young man with a crimson tie, and a general burlesque of fashion in air and dress, came into my bedroom with his hat in his hand. 'I am the bearer of a letter, sir,' he said with an airy flourish, 'from our principal. I trust it is not of overwhelming importance; but I was instructed to deliver it last night.'

I took the letter, and read it. It said briefly that the writer, my uncle's solicitor, was instructed by him to seek an interview with me, and that it was desirable that it should take place as soon as possible. Trusting that some explanation would be given of the scene which had so painfully bewildered me, I asked the young man in the crimson tie at what hour it would probably be convenient for Mr Bilton to see me. He replied that the principal was always at the office 'from ten in the morning up to any hour at night, as it might happen;' and being told to say that I would follow him at once, he gradually abstracted himself from the contemplation of his figure in the looking-glass which fronted the central door of a large wardrobe, and went his way. After a visit to a chemist in the Strand who had especial skill in the disguising of facial damages, I took a cab to Holborn, and forgetting to discharge the man, went into the office of my uncle's lawyers, and was shewn at once into the room of the senior partner, whom I had seen once before in my uncle's company. I offered to shake hands with him; but he nodded towards a seat, and asked me to take it. I sat down, and prepared as calmly as I could to listen.

'Mr Hartley was here yesterday,' he began. 'He tells me that you deny all knowledge of the case against you; and since he feels the disgrace of it too deeply to enter into any conversation with you concerning it, he has deputed me to—in short to lay the proof of your guilt before you.'

I have often heard and read that an innocent man charged with crime is supported by the consciousness of his own rectitude. I believe that to be rather more foolish than most generalisations; and I know that when the lawyer spoke in so calm and assured a fashion, I was almost beaten into the belief that I had committed some awful crime, though I had quite forgotten what it was.

'Do you know that signature?' he asked, holding a piece of paper across the table.

'Yes,' I answered, as calmly as I could. 'It is mine.'

'Is that yours also?' he questioned, turning the paper round and shewing the heavy autograph of Benjamin Hartley. I looked inquiry at the lawyer; and he, returning my gaze fixedly, tapped the paper three or four times with his finger. 'Is that your handwriting, young gentleman?' he asked again.

'No,' I answered, confused and irritated by a question so seriously put, and so palpably absurd. 'That is my uncle's writing.'

'Ah!' he said, 'will you tell me when Mr Hartley gave you this cheque for two hundred pounds?'

I began to see the form the accusation was about to take. At least I think it was then that I began to see it; but I was quite confounded and amazed. 'Tell me the date,' I asked at last;

remembering that I had in my pocket-book a memorandum of all my receivings from Uncle Ben within the last three or four years. He gave me the date, and I looked along my list. There was no such date there, and there was no sum of two hundred pounds set down. There were two of two hundred and fifty, and several of a hundred. I passed the pocket-book, with my finger on the open page, across to the lawyer.

'Ah!' he said again shortly; 'you didn't enter this.'

'I never received it,' I made answer.

'I am sure you didn't,' he responded. 'The fact is, sir, that you forged this cheque.'

For just a second, my one impulse was to knock Mr Bilton down. That passed, and I was conscious of nothing except a giddy rage against the supposition that such a belief, however substantiated, could be held concerning me, and a sort of rebellious loathing of it. I knew that the lawyer was talking, but I had no conception as to what he said; and it was after a silence that I asked with a throbbing heart to be allowed to look at the cheque once more. 'You had better be sure,' he said with a sort of scornful bitterness, 'that it is the one you forged.'

That stung me, and I answered hotly: 'You are insolent, Mr Bilton. When next you have a business of this kind in hand, be sure before you speak so.' He shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows, and made a little motion with his hands. His gesture and expression gave me leave, more scornfully than words would have done, to take what tone I pleased. I dared scarcely trust my eyes upon him in the anger to which this stirred me, and I took up the cheque and feigned to examine it anew.

'Mr Hartley,' he said then, in a quiet measured way, 'instructs me to tell you that he will hold no further communication with you; but that since he does not desire to drive you into further crime, he will make an allowance of two hundred and fifty pounds a year to you whilst your studies continue, and that this will be'—

'Do you think,' I cried passionately, 'if my uncle believes *this* of me,' and I struck the cheque as it lay upon the table, 'that I will take another penny from him?'

'This,' he went on quietly in the same formal tone, reaching out for the cheque as he spoke and smoothing it out on the desk before him, 'will be the interest of a lump sum which will be devoted at the close of your career as a student to the purchase of a professional practice. If you have any debts, you will instruct your tradesmen to send in their bills to me. I shall examine them closely, and shall pay them. Beyond this, you have nothing to expect from Mr Hartley; and had he taken my advice, he would have left you to your own resources, even if he had not proceeded against you.'

'I am obliged to you,' I answered, as suddenly hard and cold as if boiling lava had been changed to ice. (If that simile should seem extravagant, let it pass. It seems true enough, in my recollection.) 'Will you kindly write to Mr Hartley, and tell him that so long as he retains this shameful suspicion of me, I shall not trouble him? Will you say that I decline to receive a farthing from his hands? Say, if you please, that it shall be the one aim of my life to repay him the money

he has expended upon me. Tell him that this charge, so made, without inquiry, without appeal to me, without effort to trace the criminal who has made use of his name and mine, wipes out all gratitude, affection, and regard, and that we are no more to each other now than creditor and debtor. We shall hold those relations not an hour longer than I can help.'

'You brave it out,' he said, as I turned to go.

'Do you consider,' I asked him, 'that you are giving me fair-play? Are you acting honourably in this matter, or like a gentleman? I claim to be held innocent until my guilt is proved. I tell you, sir, that my name has been forged as well as my uncle's. I will protect myself in this matter, and I can see no other course than to put the whole affair into the hands of the police. If, in the meantime, I am suspected, I cannot help it.'

I could see even as I turned to go that a change came over his face, and that he looked less scornful and less confident. 'Stop!' he said. 'Are you willing to submit to that arbitrament?'

I answered 'Yes;' and in obedience to his gesture, resumed my seat.

He wrote a note, rang the bell, and despatched a clerk with the missive, giving him instructions to wait for an answer, and to return if possible with the man.

'You have sent for a police officer?' I asked him.

'I have sent,' he answered, 'for a private detective.'

I waited for more than an hour. A clock upon the mantel-piece had that irritating importunity in its voice which belongs to all timepieces when one is silent and waiting. Mr Bilton sorted papers, wrote letters, made notes on the edges of documents. I watched him stonily, and listened to the ticking of the clock. Sometimes everything was so quiet that I could hear the scratching of a clerk's quill in the next room, or the rustle of a foolscap sheet as it was turned. At length the private detective came—a little man dressed in black, and looking something like an undertaker. He bowed to us both, and took his seat with his hat suspended by the rim between his knees.

'This young gentleman,' said Mr Bilton, pointing the feather of a quill towards me, 'is the nephew of Mr Hartley the millionaire.'—The detective nodded.—'His uncle, Mr Hartley, has received this cheque from his bankers, and proclaims the signature a forgery. It is made payable, you see, to John Campbell, Esq. This,'—indicating me again—'is John Campbell, Esq. The cheque, observe, is indorsed "John Campbell," and it has been cashed at the Bank. Mr Hartley believes that Mr Campbell has forged his signature. Mr Campbell protests that some other person has forged both Mr Hartley's signature and his. Now, you will undertake to keep this gentleman in sight; but if he can give you any clue, you must bring it to me, and we will act upon it. You will make what you can of the case, for Mr Campbell or against him. In either result, you will look to me for payment. You had better take the cheque; and you can report to me as soon as you have formed your opinion.'

'I am, then,' I said, rising, 'to consider myself under surveillance?'

'Until,' he answered, 'your innocence is established, or you are arrested upon this charge.'

'You will act upon your own authority, if I am arrested?' I asked.

'I shall be able to justify my proceedings in the proper quarter, I have no doubt.' He said no more; and I left him there. The detective came with me down-stairs and walked beside me in the street. The cabman I had left waiting outside hailed me, and I asked the detective to accompany me home. The journey was made in absolute silence; and when my rooms were reached, and the laundress, who was still pottering helplessly about them, had been dismissed, I sat down to an examination of the case, with all the detective's experience to help me.

'Do you know anything about handwritings?' I asked him. Well, he made answer, that depended. Did he think he could detect a forgery—a clever forgery—if he had the real handwriting and the false before him? Yes, he said; he'd bet all he was worth, he could. I laid before him several examples of my own signature, and asked him to compare them with the endorsement of the cheque. He did so, and ended by pronouncing them to be identical. I looked at them for myself, and could perceive no difference. I had letters of my uncle's, and produced them. We laid the signatures of those letters side by side with the forgery of my uncle's name; and though the imitation was painstaking and wonderfully accurate, we both thought we could detect a difference between the real and the false.

'I'm not a professional expert,' said the detective, who was unpleasantly familiar and free in manner; 'but I've studied this business, and I'll lay my life I'm right. *That's a forgery*,' pointing to the signature; 'and that'—turning the cheque over to look again at the endorsement—'is the real handwriting.'

This was depressing; and I seemed so hedged round by the perplexity and misery of the whole business, that I knew not what to do or say. I begged him at last to take a professional expert's opinion; and he promised that he would do so; though I could see only too clearly that he was persuaded of my guilt, and believed that I was playing a stubborn game in pretence of ignorance.

'Perhaps,' he said, 'you won't mind obliging me by coming to see a man I know, at once?'

I told him I should be glad to go with him to do anything. But I discovered later on that his only purpose was not to lose sight of me; for after having taken me to a house, which I afterwards discovered to be his own, and having kept me waiting there in an office hung round with photographs of people, he feigned to make further inquiries, and to discover that there was no chance of seeing the expert that day. He had knocked at his own door when we arrived at it, and had inquired for this fictitious expert so innocently and naturally, and the man who answered the door had fallen into his plot so smoothly, that I had no suspicion until afterwards of the trick he had played me; though I was not long in discovering the fact that a very seedy man, who nourished a perennial sore throat in four or five yards of dirty red comforter, had been set to watch me.

I was sitting miserably in my chambers two or three days later, when Gregory came in, and was surprised to see me looking so ill and dejected. I

had much ado not to burst out in tears whilst I told the story; but I succeeded in telling it; and he, assuring me of his unchanged and unchangeable faith in me, cheered me a good deal. After some declamation against the wretchedness of this suspicion, which his sympathy encouraged me to make, I flagged again, until Æsop startled me by slapping the table with his hand. I looked up, and he said cheerfully: 'Young un, attend to me.'—I signified attention; and he continued, business-like: 'You tell me you can't find any difference between this forged signature and your own?'

'None,' I said.

'And your uncle and his lawyer, who are both observant men, can't find any?'—I shook my head.—'And the detective can't find any?'—I shook my head again.—'Suppose then that there isn't any? Suppose you have been trapped into writing your name upon that cheque? Is there a chance of that?'

No; I saw none. But at his command, I went with him in search of the detective, whom we found at home in the room hung with photographs, where he was smoking a cigarette with his feet upon the table. He touched with his forefinger the peaked cap he wore, and his whole demeanour was marked by an appearance of a sense that he was master of the situation. This became so apparent when Gregory had asked and the detective had answered some half-dozen questions, that my old schoolfellow came down upon him with grave satire.

'You are requested definitely to understand, Mr Latazzi,' said Æsop, 'that you are wanted to inquire into this case. Your preconceived opinion as to its merits is not the thing paid for, or desired. We wish you to bend your intellect to the facts. When you have done that, you can form as many theories as you like.'

'Very good,' said the detective, who was a man of imperturbable phlegm. 'Come to the facts.'

'The first fact is that you have the cheque in your possession. Oblige me by allowing me to look at it.'

Mr Latazzi took his feet from the table, and strolled to a safe, which he unlocked and flung open with a flourish. He produced the cheque, and resumed his old position and his cigarette, after relocking the safe. Gregory having regarded the document closely, asked the detective how many handwritings there were upon it. Mr Latazzi answered—two. How did he divide them? Æsop demanded.

'The "John Campbell, Esq.," the "two hundred pounds," the date and the figures, are written by one hand; and the signature and the indorsement by another.'

'You are sure that the signature and the indorsement are by one hand?'

'Mr Campbell wrote them both,' the detective answered quietly. I could not say that the manner of this speech was insolent, but it was not unnatural that I was angered by it.

Gregory waved me back when I would have advanced. 'Did your uncle commonly write his cheques on plain paper, Jack?'

'I never saw a cheque of his so written,' I responded.

'Your uncle is a business man, isn't he? For instance, he looks over his bank-book pretty

regularly, and checks his cash account, and all that sort of thing, and looks over the paid cheques returned to him by his bankers.'

'He is the most methodical man I ever knew.'

'He was dead certain to find this forgery out, I suppose?'

'I cannot think,' I answered, 'that there could have been a possibility of its escaping him.'

'How much has he spent on you during the last year?'

I gave twelve hundred pounds as an approximate estimate.

'You believe, Mr Latazzi,' said Æsop, 'that my friend would choose a common scrap of paper like this on which to forge a cheque, when he knew that Mr Hartley never used a plain cheque? You believe further that one who could forge as cleverly as this'—laying his finger on the imitation of my uncle's massive signature—'would be so lazy and so blind as not to take the trouble to forge another name at the back of it, but would stick his own there, and run his neck into a noose by doing it? Are those your theories?'

'If you come to me to ask my help and advice,' said the detective, 'it might be as well, sir, to come to me civilly. If you know more than I do about the matter, you can manage it yourself.'

'Then we will manage it ourselves,' said Gregory; and we left the office, Mr Latazzi with great calm puffing at his cigarette behind us to the door. 'Who are the experts in handwriting, Jack? British or foreign, metropolitan or provincial; let us have the beggars up to judgment. That pig-headed villain is no detective. No man who theorises has a right to call himself a detective. Come along, Jack, to the great house of English police intelligence opposite Whitehall. Let us consult the great Defective Force, miscalled Detective. We'll ask one question: Who are the experts? and then we'll ask another: Where do they live? And then, sir, we will have done with the Defective Force for the time being.—Detective!' said Æsop, savagely. 'That fellow call himself a detective! The man's ugly vanity has stared him in the face all his life, huge as a pyramid, and he hasn't detected *that*.' Talking thus, half in real heat of anger, and half, as I surmised, for my awaking, he strode on towards the nearest cab-stand. We spent the greater part of that day in driving about London in search of the three men who at that time were known to fame and the police authorities as experts in handwriting. With a great deal of difficulty we got them to undertake to meet together at Mr Bilton's office on the following day; and late in the evening we ourselves drove thither just in time to find the senior partner leaving. I had scarce told Æsop who the lawyer was, when my friend went impetuously at him, and explained with great ardour but close-cut brevity the course he had taken, and begged to be allowed to summon Mr Latazzi to produce the cheque. Mr Bilton, who had taken us into the clerks' office to hear Gregory's statement, promised to send for the detective; let us out again, and bade us a grave good-night.

Gregory dined with me, and my spirits rose almost to fever-heat; but at his departure the flame of hope flickered, and almost went out. It rose again next morning when he came; and I went down to Holborn with him in a pitiable flutter of nervous excitement, bearing with me

a bundle of manuscripts of my own, and several letters of my uncle's. The experts met; and Æsop and I awaited their decision in the parlour of an hotel near at hand. After the expiration of a dreary time—the three hours seemed like three weeks to me—the clerk who had borne Mr Bilton's letter came to summon us; and I remember distinctly how I thought that he must hear the pulses beating riotously in my head as he walked behind us.

'Your friend has done something for you, Mr Campbell,' said the lawyer. 'Two of the experts are of opinion that the forgery of Mr Hartley's signature is not yours.'

'Will you write to that effect to Mr Hartley?' I asked in great agitation.

'One of the experts gives his word against you,' said Mr Bilton, who was always business-like, and had no more emotion in the matter than if it had been the most trivial in the world. 'But we have set Latazzi upon a new track. If you are innocent, you will be cleared.'

'But,' I urged, 'it is cruel alike to my uncle and myself to withhold the result of this examination from him. The balance of evidence is on my side, and I have a right to ask that he should know it.'

'Your uncle, Mr Campbell,' returned the lawyer, 'would not resign his opinion for all the experts in the world. We must have more than this to move him. And he is a most valued friend of mine, sir, and I will not agitate him by a hope which even yet might prove fallacious. I do not say it will. I say it *might*. Do you know how much we know about this matter? We know that the paper upon which the cheque was written came from your chambers; and we have even been so fortunate as to secure, through Mr Gregory, its fellow half-sheet from your waste-paper basket. We know through the same source that the indorsement is written in the ink you habitually use, as it is certainly your signature, and that the writing on the other side is in a different fluid. We shall make inquiries at the Bank; and we shall discover who presented the cheque, and where he went. In short, sir, we know much already which tends to clear you; and I believe we shall shortly know something which will criminate somebody else. But you cannot yet be regarded as free from suspicion, and I should recommend patience.'

I went back to my chambers in very low spirits, and there endeavoured to exercise patience to such effect that in three days I lay in a raging fever.

LUCK.

THE question is mooted occasionally: Does such a thing as luck really exist? The theory has the usual amount of believers and non-believers, the latter to a certain extent predominating in educated circles. Truly, it is rather difficult at times to reconcile the vagaries of fortune with any recognised rule other than that of chance. Still it is desirable that the matter should not be looked upon from a Fatalist's point of view, which doubtless means that: 'If a person is fated to succeed in his undertakings, he will do so, though he remains a passive agent.'

Experience teaches us, that in all cases, even allowing that there is such a thing as luck, there

must be other accompaniments in the person of the fortunate possessor, to be of use. Take, for example, the case of Alexander Turney Stewart, the American millionaire, a sketch of whose life appeared in this *Journal* in June 1876. Certainly, if ever a man was open to the charge of being more fortunate than his fellows, it was Mr Stewart. Still, the other qualities were apparent also. He commenced business under the great disadvantage of knowing nothing about it; he was in a strange country, far away from his own home, and had to fight his way against many difficulties, in the face of which he prospered. Looking to the end, we find him on the top rung of the ladder of success—if the possession of many millions of dollars means it. We are told that even when a millionaire he superintended business in his warehouse, and jealously watched his interests, allowing no infringement of the strict rules laid down for the working of the various departments. Those attributes displayed in the character of Alexander T. Stewart were certainly the means which served to make him a foremost man of his time.

How many are there who engage in a pursuit under the most brilliant auspices, rejoicing in the possession of money, friends, and position; their business habits are good, and everything about them seems to be quite correct; yet with all those advantages it is a struggle with them to eke out a precarious existence. Again, we at times see examples in quite an opposite direction, when men alone and unassisted by friends or capital succeed in building up a colossal independence. It has been the fortune of the writer to be personally acquainted with one of the latter, whose history is singular, inasmuch as that at the beginning of his career he was totally uneducated.

Mr D— (we will call him), an Irishman like Mr Stewart, left his native country when a very young man, and came to a large English town to seek employment. He was a cooper by trade; and after a little time, procured work in a large yard owned by two partners extensively engaged in making casks, &c. for shipping purposes. He worked steadily for some years, during which time he gained the esteem and confidence of his employers. They looked on him as a right-hand man, and eventually made him foreman in their concern. In this position he gave ample proofs of his ability, and by seeing that the work was turned out in a superior manner, was the means of bringing more business to the firm. In time one of the partners retired; and the increased trade being too much for the remaining one, Mr D— was admitted to a share in the profits. Thus he continued as one of the principals, in the very concern where twelve years previously he came a poor, uneducated man seeking a day's employment. Nor did his good fortune end here; for the remaining representative of the original firm followed the example of his *confrère*, and retired on his laurels, leaving Mr D— sole proprietor of a most lucrative business. During this time one of his aims was to remedy his neglected schooling. When he got employment, one of the first things he sought for was a night-school; and here he managed to acquire a very fair education. There is a saying to the effect that when Fortune adopts a protégé, she is lavish with her gifts. A few years since, Mr D— purchased a villa and grounds for five thousand pounds. When I last

saw him, he told me that a railway company, finding it necessary to encroach on a distant portion of his land, had paid over to him in compensation an amount nearly equal to his original outlay. We learn from the foregoing that the success of Mr D— in life was not dependent on chance. Had he not persevered at the start, he would in all probability have continued to be an ordinary workman to the end. There is this to be said in the matter: he seized his opportunity at the right moment, and aided by sobriety and industry, worked his way to the top of the tree.

There are instances of fortunate occurrences apart from wonderful successes in money-making, though not less remarkable. I know of the occurrence of one, the truth of which I can vouch for, as I was concerned in it myself. I was engaged in a business transaction with a manufacturer, and made an appointment to call at his place to see some samples the next evening. The time fixed was half-past three. Something happened in the meantime which would prevent my leaving home, so I wrote a line notifying him of the fact. The next evening I was astounded to read in the later editions of the newspapers that a dreadful accident had taken place in connection with this identical warehouse. A lofty chimney of an adjacent factory, through some cause or other suddenly collapsed; the greatest portion of the débris falling on the warehouse in question, drove the roof in, and killed and wounded a number of work-people. The sad occurrence took place at a quarter to four o'clock, and in a portion of the building where I would have been had I kept my appointment. This incident caused me to think very much at the time; and although there were no foreshadowings or warnings manifested, I felt convinced my escape was owing to the intervention of a merciful Providence.

A book might be filled with accounts of remarkable vagaries of fortune cropping up now and again. One I remember reading about was in connection with the calamitous failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. A young man had been left a legacy of one thousand pounds; and having no immediate use for the money, he paid it into the bank. In a few days he saw an advertisement about a business for sale, and entering into negotiations with the proprietor, ended by making the purchase. Singularly enough, the amount required was exactly what he had in the bank; so closing his account, he paid for the deeds and entered into possession. The outgoing tenant having no immediate use for the money, invested it in shares in the City of Glasgow Bank. The next day the crash took place which is still fresh in the minds of all. Here we have an example of a double stroke of what may be termed luck—good and bad.

A large number of people are wont to observe, when anything unforeseen occurs: 'It is the will of Providence, and could not have been prevented;' or, 'It is just my luck.' These observations may in some instances be quite applicable; but one cannot help thinking that we are too prone to hold Providence accountable for our misfortunes. Certain it is we shall not obtain assistance from Providence unless we shew a disposition to assist ourselves. Take, for example, the lives of

many great men, and it may be seen that perseverance and hard work were their stepping-stones to success. They doubtless met with misfortunes and disappointments from time to time; but instead of laying down their arms, and saying it was willed they were not to succeed, they commenced afresh, and enrolled their names amongst the highest in the land. This should never be lost sight of, as it furnishes us with an incentive to persevere in our pursuits, and will in the end lead to a successful issue. We must not expect miracles to be wrought for us. Our duty is to try to make the miracles by pluck, promptitude, and integrity; and there is a fair chance of our succeeding.

SOPHIE: AN INTERLUDE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I MET Sophie at the Elms, Severn's place in Kent. Sad changes have taken place since. I had spent several years in India, and returned home in disgust at love, life, all things. Of course there was a woman at the bottom of it—a woman whom I loved passionately. I had known her from early girlhood, watched her gradually develop into a splendid woman. She was an orphan; her mother died at her birth; her father, absorbed in his business, cared but little for her; her step-mother treated her with coldness, and often with worse. I shielded her to the best of my power, which in those days was but small. She grew to love me, and we were betrothed. I was only a poor Civil Servant then. My elder brother was alive. I was not much of a 'match;' but her father, a weak kindly man, sanctioned our engagement, and I was content. After a year of waiting, I was promoted to a post far 'up-country;' and I left, full of hope and joy, to arrange a home for my wife. Alas! other eyes than mine beheld my pearl. A *roué* Viscount, who having pretty nigh exhausted all European sports and pastimes, had come to India for the greater excitement of tiger-shooting, saw her at a ball. Her rich luxuriant beauty attracted, her cool reception of his attentions piqued him. After a fortnight's ardent pursuit, he offered her his hand and coronet. With what result? One day I received a packet containing all my letters and presents; a formal business-like letter from her father, announcing 'Miss Morewood's engagement to Lord Rathalan;' and—a line from Juliet: 'Walter, I am unworthy of you. Farewell for ever.' Short, certainly, and to the point! Next day, I received notice of my brother's death. I was thus, if not rich, at least independent; and asking for a year's leave of absence, I started for England as soon as possible.

Ten years had changed the old home. Father, mother, and elder brother were all gone; only my sister Lucy, married and widowed during my absence, remained. She lived in London; and with her I took up my abode, in the hope of finding out some of my old companions. Alas! they too were changed or gone. Only one was

unaltered to me, and that was Harry Severn. Yet, even to him those ten years had brought change. When I left in '66, he had just married a graceful, pretty, childish little girl—the most 'winsome wee thing' I ever saw. She was gone; and another was filling her place in Severn's life, if not in his heart.

I heard from my sister, that the second Mrs Severn was a most superior person—a woman of large fortune and high connection, and in every way a better wife for my friend than poor little Valérie de Burgh had been. Well, well; every one to his taste.

I was only a short time in London, when Severn found me out. I never can forget his friendly greeting, or the sincere affection which he manifested for me. 'You must come to us at once,' he cried, shaking my hands as if he never meant to let them go. 'Make my house your headquarters. We have lots of room, there being no encumbrances, I am sorry to say, in the shape of young ones as yet. But I want you to know and like Mary. I have often told her about you. Alfred too, you remember Alf?—And then there is a niece of Mary's; and Sophie, a little ward of mine, all staying with us. We are a jolly party, I can tell you.'

Solitude, even when enlivened by a sister, is not the best medicine in the world for a wounded spirit. I went to the Elms in a few days.

A grave, old, gray-headed servant received me at the door; and telling me that Mr and Mrs Severn were from home, but would soon return, ushered me into a delightful library, filled with deep tones of colour, sweet odours, and softened golden light. Through half-closed curtains of some delicate texture, the garden could be seen, glowing with colour and redolent with perfume, in the afternoon sunshine; and a sound of falling water gave a dreamy freshness to the whole.

I stood enraptured for a moment; then I strode to the window, flung back the dainty curtain, and started in amazement. There, curled up in a great velvet arm-chair, lay the prettiest child I had ever seen, fast asleep. Her fair faint-flushed cheek rested upon the crimson cushion; her dark curling rings of hair ran riot over it. One dimpled hand lay open on her lap; the other touched the carpet, over the arm of the low chair. A book, which had evidently fallen from her loosened clasp, lay beside the little rosy hand. I stood and gazed upon her—for I am fond of children—in surprise and admiration. This then, was Severn's 'little ward.' I bent closer to examine the beautiful sleeper. She started awake. Her eyes met mine. Such eyes. Not black or brown, as her dark hair would lead you to suppose; but gray, liquid, limpid, brimful of fire and sweetness and expression! Strange eyes for a child, but beautiful beyond compare.

For a second or so she looked at me without moving; then she started to her feet with a little bird-like cry. 'How did you come? I did not hear,' she stammered, in sweet silvery tones.

'You have been very sound asleep, my little lady,' I replied.

She put back her clustering curls, and looked at

me with a queer expression. 'Have you been here long?' she asked, her eyes dancing with mischievous light.

'Not very—only about five minutes or so. Quite long enough to win a pair of gloves,' I said merrily.

She flushed crimson, then drew her little person to its full height of four feet ten or thereabout, and laughing again, said: 'Won't you be seated?' with an assumption of maidenly dignity very charming to behold, and motioned me to a seat opposite her couch.

I felt rather taken aback by the change in manner and gesture, and retreated at once to the chair she pointed out, half-sighing that there were no children nowadays; and sat down, half vexed, half pleased.

A few moments' silence, in which only the tinkling waterfall outside and a bird singing somewhere amongst the trees, ensued.

'You are above talking to children,' said a plaintive little voice.

I looked up. She had moved to the window, and stood there framed by the trailing clematis which wreathed it. I confess she made a lovely picture. 'No,' I said, won by her grace and beauty; 'I am very fond of talking to children when they are good.'

'Talk to me. Am I not good?' she said softly.

'Yes; very good indeed. I like good children—grow quite fond of them, in fact. I will promise to grow very fond of you, if you only give me the chance.'

For a moment her face crimsoned; and ere she recovered her natural tint, a sound of wheels on the gravel announced the arrival of some visitors, or perhaps the return of Severn and his wife. With a little gesture of silence to me, she glided out of the window, vanishing amongst the roses; fit home, I thought, for such a fairy-like being. As she disappeared, I lifted the book she had been reading. To my surprise, it was a volume of German verse. Fancy that chit of a girl reading German!

A moment afterwards, Severn, his kind handsome wife, his brother Alfred, and a tall distinguished-looking girl, entered the room, and gave me a hearty welcome. Severn's wife was charming; but her niece, Miss Rufford, was not quite so attractive, being somewhat grave and formal. Alfred Severn resembled his brother, though perhaps he was more silent than Harry. I saw his eyes go round the room, as if he sought for something. 'Where's Sophie?' he said at last.

'Where, indeed?' echoed Mrs Severn; and Severn himself walked to the window, calling: 'Sophie, Sophie!' But she did not appear. I said nothing; her gesture of silence sealed my lips.

After a pleasant hour spent in dawdling through the garden, we separated, to prepare for dinner. When ready, I wended my way to the library, hoping to find my little fairy there; but the room was empty. I flung myself into the couch the fairy had occupied, and began to think of the woman I had loved in far-away India, and who was, I thought, lost for ever. (She sits by my side to-day; she came to me after all, and proved her faith and truth before the world; but

I do not think there was a more miserable man in the length and breadth of England than I was, upon that beautiful summer evening.)

Alfred was the first to enter the room, and I was about to question him as to Severn's ward, when Miss Rufford, clad in gleaming white silk, glided into the room, closely followed by Mrs Severn. As the gong boomed out through the hall, Severn himself appeared, and without a moment's pause he offered his arm to Miss Rufford. I did the same to the lady of the house; and we entered the dining-room.

As we seated ourselves at table, Severn looked around, and said somewhat impatiently: 'Where is Sophie?'

Mrs Severn replied smilingly: 'Sophie will come in presently.'

Was it imagination, or did a glance of intelligence pass swiftly from eye to eye around the table? I began to think there must be something queer about the child.

With the rest of the sweets she came; and I thought her prettier than ever. She was dressed in white, with pale pink sash around her fairy waist, and pink bows stuck over the fluffs and puffs of her stylish frock. Severn glanced at her inquiringly. She tossed up her little head as she encountered his eyes; and a saucy smile sent, as it seemed a hundred dimples playing hide-and-seek around her rosebud mouth. Alfred made room for her at his side; in fact a vacant place was there all through dinner. She glided to her seat with a self-possession and graceful ease of manner wonderful to see in one so young.

'You have not met my friend, Mr Dennis, Sophie,' said Severn.

She gave one hurried glance at me through her long eyelashes. 'Don't betray me,' it said. I took up the cue she dropped, and said I was glad to make Miss Sophie's acquaintance. There was a mischievous glitter in her great eyes as she bowed to me, and a lovely pouting smile set the dimples dancing again.

I had no doubt there was some joke amongst them, for they all laughed so heartily at such trifling things, and even the gray-headed butler trembled on the verge of a smile; but I could not find out what it was.

When dinner was over and the ladies had withdrawn, Severn and I strolled out into the pleasure-ground. Alfred did not accompany us. We had much to tell each other. Harry had volumes to say about his happiness and good fortune, and a little of the sorrow which had preceded it. And I—I was glad of a friendly ear wherein to pour the story of my cruel wrong. I did not accompany Severn to the drawing-room; but leaving him to make what excuses for me he best could, betook myself to the solitude of my own room and the society of a book. I had sat for some time reading, or trying to read, when suddenly outside my window arose a concord of sweet sounds, which thrilled me through and through, and brought me to the window at once. Four figures stood upon the terrace, singing. Their voices rose and fell on the still night-air, and 'trembled away into silence' in perfect cadence. I had seldom heard anything so sweet.

'Encore, encore!' I cried, springing out amongst them. They greeted me with a merry burst of laughter.

'So,' cried Severn; 'I knew how to unearth you. I remembered how fond you used to be of music long ago. Sit there with Miss Rufford, and be audience.'

Could it be possible that Sophie—that child—was one of the vocalists? Yes; there she stood beside Mrs Severn, farthest from the lamp they had set upon a table, covered with loose sheets of music; her floating ribbons, white dress, and sylph-like form harmonising exquisitely with the background of trellised roses.

Softly, very softly the music began again. A voice clear, sweet, tunable as the song of thrushes in a spring twilight, arose from the group. The melody was simple and sweet to a degree, and the voice—I held my breath lest I should lose one note. I felt a choking sensation in my throat; and yet I was sorry when the other voices struck in, beautifully harmonised and tuneful as the quartet was. I listened breathlessly to its close; and felt when it ceased, that something beautiful had come, and gone for ever.

They sang no more in the twilight. We went to the drawing-room, where Miss Rufford played for us. She played uncommonly well. Severn and Alfred sang. Only the fairy child was absent. I asked Mrs Severn where she was; and that lady replied, laughing: 'Gone to bed. It is too late for children to stay up.'

A few bright, never-to-be-forgotten days succeeded. It was long since I had been so happy. Only the child was a standing puzzle to me. She kept out of my way, and laughed at me, and worried me with a haunting suspicion that she was making fun of me. One day I caught her tripping up the garden, and coaxed her to stay and talk to me. But she only laughed, and fled away, saying her nurse was waiting for her. I own I was puzzled.

At last I discovered the joke they had been keeping up amongst them. It was on this wise I found it out. I had started by myself for a drive one afternoon, and had gone about half a mile from the gate, when I espied a fluttering gown and a dainty hat, which I recognised. But what could have brought the little fairy so far from home? She was standing by the roadside talking to a child of about her own years—a pale, thin ghost of a thing, whose uncared-for locks, ragged frock, and broken, trodden-down shoes formed a striking contrast to her own trim gracefulness. I saw the children's hands meet. The little beggar-girl courtesied low.

The tiny benefactress turned and faced me. 'You here!' she cried, crimsoning to her brow.

I sprang out of the low pony-carriage, and almost lifted her in. 'You naughty child,' I said, 'why are you wandering so far by yourself?'

'Because I had particular business,' she said. 'And Mr Dennis, please let me go.'

'Tell me where your particular business lies, and I will drive you there,' I answered; giving the rein to the spirited ponies, and carrying off my dear little prize.

'No, no! Please, stop—please, let me go,' she pleaded. 'I want to visit an old friend of mine who lives near this. Do stop at this stile.'

She half rose from her seat; but I flung an arm around her dainty little waist and held her fast. 'No, no, my lady,' I cried, laughing. 'We won't part so easily.'

She did not struggle for liberty; but turned and looked steadily in my face, saying slowly: 'Mr Dennis, will you kindly release me?'

How womanly the child could turn all at once! Her face flushed; not one of her sweet rose-leaf blushes, but a hot, angry red upon each cheek; and an ominous light came into her great eyes, which seemed to darken as she looked into mine. Really she was very amusing; her assumption of maidenly reserve, and dignity was charming to see. 'What a little Tartar you grow!' I said through my laughter, still holding her fast.

'You are rude,' she said—and there was a little quiver in the tone.

'And you are naughty,' I replied, 'and must be punished.'

She did not speak again for a while. We drove on. At last I said: 'I won't release you until you look at me and say: "I'll be good."' "

She turned her face. The dimples were playing around her rosebud mouth. She put her little hands together, lifted the lovely, wistful, dazzling eyes to mine, and lisped: 'Please, I'll be good—very good.'

I know there is no excuse for me; I know I was dreadfully wrong; but I could not help it. I drew the slender child-form to me, and kissed her once, twice.

With an angry cry, she tore herself from me. Springing to her feet, she would have leaped from the carriage, had I not caught her arm.

'How dare—how dare you!' she cried in a voice choking with indignation. 'I thought I could trust you—thought you were a gentleman'—

'Sophie—dear child'—I stammered.

'I am not a child. I am twenty-one. I—I—I played a joke upon you—I— Oh, oh!' She cried, now sobbing angrily, in the corner of the carriage.

I sat thunder-stricken. One-and-twenty! This tiny creature, so exquisitely childish in form and manner—one-and-twenty! I turned the ponies' heads for home. I could not speak. I knew not what to say. All words wherein to form my apology seemed to fly from me. I only felt: Let me get to the Elms at once, and be off before Severn or his wife can hear of my misdoings. I confess I never felt so angry with myself before.

In the meantime Sophie began to recover herself. Her sobs ceased. Glancing round timidly, I saw that she had drawn her hat over her eyes; and that the beautiful red lips were quivering, just as a child's mouth twitches when its paroxysm of weeping is done. I felt that I *must* say something; yet what was there for me to say? I began to experience a not very pleasant sensation of utter foolishness; and to realise the disadvantage at which I must appear to her. She did not speak for a while, but sat like a little statue, looking straight before her. I urged the ponies on, and tried to whistle, and so we drove along the quiet shady road. At last I humbly asked her if she could forgive me.

'I am as much in fault,' she replied, without turning her head. 'Please, say no more.'

I obeyed her; and we drove home, a silent, sombre pair. I don't think I ever had a more uncomfortable drive. I felt quite glad when we came to the gate of the Elms and sped up the avenue. As we came to the door, I said: 'I am most sincerely sorry for what has happened. I

can only say that I humbly crave your forgiveness, and hope—you won't think very badly of me.'

She only answered by putting her hand on mine as she sprang from the carriage, darted into the house, and vanished.

LIGHT AND LIFE.

WITHOUT the sun, Nature would be without life, dead and inanimate. A beneficent Creator, by bringing light into the world, has spread over its surface organisation, feeling and thought. Let us glance at a few of the most striking examples of the effects of light and heat on animal life.

Among infusoria—those microscopic animalcules which develop in stagnant water—there probably exists a daily and a nightly respiration, the inverse of each other, and exactly like that of the green parts of plants. Those which contain green colour or chlorophyll probably produce oxygen at the expense of the carbonic acid contained in the water. The oxygenation of the water effected by these little beings varies very considerably in the space of twenty-four hours. It is at its lowest point when the sun rises, and reaches the maximum about four o'clock in the afternoon. Should dark clouds cover the sky, the phenomena are suspended. All animals breathe in the night in the same manner as in the day, but with less intensity; at all times they are burning carbon in their tissues and forming carbonic acid, only the activity is much greater in light than in darkness. The nutritive action is very greatly accelerated by light, and lessened by darkness, a fact which has been long known and acted upon by agriculturists. If the farmer's wife wishes to fatten her poultry for the market, she shuts them up in small dark coops. If her husband prepares his oxen for Christmas shows, they are not left in the fields, but placed in stalls where the light is admitted through small loopholes. In this twilight the food is assimilated very slowly, instead of being burned up in the circulation of the blood, and accumulates more easily in the organs.

But animals suffer from such treatment, just as the plant fades when deprived of the sun. If they do not die from the absence of light, they are often completely transformed, and their organisation is changed in the least advantageous manner for the full exercise of the vital faculties. William Edwards, to whom science owes so many researches as to the action of physical agents, placed some eggs of the frog in two glasses full of water, one of which was transparent; the other was covered with black paper, and thus rendered impermeable to light. In the first, the eggs developed naturally; those in the dark, however, did not advance further than rudimentary embryos. Having tried the same experiment with the young of the toad, a similar result was obtained: those which were in the light soon reached the adult state; the others remained unchanged, or approached the full-grown stage with great difficulty.

Still more complete researches have been carried on as to the eggs of the common house-fly, taken from the same group, and placed simultaneously in bell-glasses of various colours. All the eggs were hatched; but after four or five days, a very remarkable difference might be observed. Those in the violet and blue glasses were by far the most developed; under the green they were the smallest;

whilst the red, yellow, and white produced insects of a medium size. As to the quantity of carbonic acid formed by the respiration of various creatures under these circumstances, that exhaled by the frog under the influence of daylight is greater far than in darkness. With respect to birds, it was not sensibly affected by the different coloured glasses under which they were placed by the experimenter; nor were small mammals, such as mice. But then it may be worthy of notice that their skins are covered with feathers and hair, and the light does not strike directly on the surface; whilst the frog shews a difference of one-third more under the green rays of the spectrum than under the red. It was also perceived that the cutaneous exhalation of watery vapour in darkness was nearly one-half less than in either white or violet light.

In almost all animals, the iris of the eye is affected by light; it is visibly contracted; whilst heat produces the contrary effect. Dr Brown-Séquard, a well-known authority on brain diseases, has remarked this phenomenon in eyes which have been separated from the body for some time. Darkness even produces blindness, as in the case of the curious flesh-coloured *Proteus* (one of the Amphibia or Frog-class), which is found only in the subterranean waters of the caves of Adelsberg, or in the case of the Blind Fish and Blind Rats of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Such a result illustrates the law of disuse whereby a part or organ whose function has ceased, grows less and less and finally disappears. Animals bred in the dark, as a rule evince the strongest antipathy to light; and if they are suddenly exposed to the rays of the summer sun, death frequently ensues. Even the slightest gleam of daylight may occasion convulsions. Such animals as the *Proteus*, Cave Rat, &c. are said to be destitute of the organs of vision; but with the assistance of a microscope, two small tubercles, occupying the place of eyes, may be discovered. They shew great irritability, as betrayed by the colour of the skin. It changes to a beautiful scarlet when provoked; and their bodies being transparent, the circulation of the blood may be distinctly traced.

Some very curious experiments have lately been made as to the predilections which animals have for different coloured rays. There are some almost microscopic crustaceans very common in fresh water (for example, the *daphnia* or 'branch-horned water-flea') remarkable for the eagerness with which they rush towards the light. Some of them were placed in a well-darkened glass, around which the little creatures wandered. A luminous spectrum was then introduced; and as soon as the colours appeared, they became much agitated, and gathered together in the bright rays. By holding a screen before it, they were again dispersed. It seemed as if all the colours were attractive; but they rushed the most quickly to the yellow and green. If a rapid change were made to the violet, they went away for an instant. Whilst the crowd was in the yellow, a sufficiently large number appeared in the red, fewer in the blue, growing less and less in the violet. Certain species of jelly-fishes, confined in a dark vessel, will follow instinctively the light of a bull's-eye lantern flashed round their abode; thus proving the existence in these low forms of a special sensitiveness to light-rays. The most luminous por-

tion of the spectrum was chosen by the *Daphniæ*, just as we ourselves should do. They acted like a man who, anxious to read his paper by the help of the spectrum, would certainly place it in the yellow and not in the violet rays; so that it may be fairly concluded that animals receive relatively the same impressions on the retina as more highly organised beings. It has often been remarked that eclipses of the sun produce on animals and some savage nations very similar effects, all manifesting their fear by unmistakable signs.

In nearly all animals clothed in fur or feathers the colour of the body is deeper above than beneath, and these colours grow darker in summer than in winter. The white or light-coloured moths that fly by night cannot boast of the lovely hues belonging to the butterflies sporting in the sun; and among the latter, the varieties that appear in spring are more brilliant and fresh than the autumnal ones—the azure and golden dust in which they are arrayed following the tone of ambient nature. The owl and most night-birds wear a sombre dress of gray or fawn, and the softness of their integuments contrasts strongly with the rigidity of those which fly by day. Every lover of the sea-shore must have remarked the difference of the shades on the shells which seek shelter under the rocks, compared with those lying in the light; and lastly, what a difference there is between cold regions and equatorial countries! The colours of the birds, animals, and reptiles which people the immense forests, or lie on the banks of the broad rivers of the torrid zone, are of dazzling brightness; whilst in the polar regions the tints are white or gray, and much akin to the snow in which they live.

Nor is the difference only to be observed in colour; but also their forms are connected with the action of light, and consequently of climate. The flora and fauna of our earth acquire an increasing perfection as they advance from north to south. The nearer they draw to the maximum of light and heat, the more they are loaded with beauty. Active and joyous lives, finished forms, and splendid skins distinguish the various species of the tropical regions.

It only remains to notice the relations of light as regards the being who possesses the most sources of enjoyment in it and can best express what he feels—man himself. Even the infant of a day old instinctively seeks and turns to the side from which the daylight breaks in; and it is from our eyes that we gain the ideas of the exterior world and all æsthetic impressions. The excitability of the retina presents variations of all kinds; prisoners who have been shut up for many years in dark dungeons are known to have acquired the faculty of seeing everything distinctly, whilst at the same time their eyes became sensible to the slightest variation of light. When Lavoisier was consulted by the Academy of Sciences in Paris, on the question of lighting the city, he found, after some attempts, that his sight failed in distinguishing with sufficient delicacy the relative intensity of different flames which he wished to compare. He had a room hung with black, and shut himself up for six weeks in total darkness. After this trying and voluntary seclusion, the sensibility of his retina was so improved that he perceived the smallest distinction.

It has always been found that there is serious peril to the eyesight when a person passes suddenly from a dark place to the brilliant sunshine of a summer day. It is told of Dionysius the Tyrant that one of his acts of cruelty consisted in putting his unhappy prisoners suddenly into a building with open spaces and the walls whitened, after they had long been in a dark cell. The contrast sufficed to make them blind. Xenophon relates how a large number of Greek soldiers lost their sight from the reflection of the snow, when crossing the Armenian mountains. Those who have visited the regions of the Pole bear testimony to similar effects; and even a few hours spent in crossing a Swiss mountain frequently occasion severe inflammation and pain. Should the impression of light be strong and instantaneous, the retina is the part that suffers the most; when it is less powerful and continued for a longer time, the humours of the eye are affected. Even fatal attacks of sunstroke are believed to be produced not by the heat, as most persons imagine, but by the action of light. Sunstroke may occur even in spring. When the temperature is not high, an intense artificial light will produce the same results, especially the electric light. It appears as if the violet parts of the luminous rays are the cause of this affection, since screens which absorb them preserve the eyes of those who are engaged in experimenting on this kind of light.

Every one must have observed the action of light on the skin of man; it imbrownns and tans our integuments by altering and developing the colouring matter which they contain. Those parts of our bodies which are uncovered, as the face and hands, are much darker than the rest. Even in the same neighbourhood the inhabitants of the rural districts are darker than those of the town. At more distant latitudes, the dwellers in a country differ sensibly in complexion according to the intensity of solar light. Three varieties may be clearly traced in Europe—the olive brown, with black eye, hair, and beard; the chestnut, with azure blue eye and yellow beard; and the fair, with paler blue eyes and red hair. The white skin of the European allows the observer to see the variations made by light and heat more clearly; but if less marked, the facts of colouration are as discernible elsewhere. The Arab-Scythian race has only half its representatives in Europe and Central Asia; the other half descends to the Indian Ocean, testifying by the deeper brown tint to the ever-increasing heat of the climate. In the Himalaya we find Hindus who may be called fair; whilst those of Coromandel, Malabar, and Ceylon may vie with some negro tribes in the darkness of their skin. The ancient monuments of Egypt shew that their artists understood this fact, for the men, who lived in the open air, are represented as red-brown; whilst the women, who were shut up, have a pale yellow tint. In the present day, those travellers who set out from the mouths of the Nile and trace it to its source can discern the regular ascent from light to dark. Barrow tells us that the Manchou Tartars have grown paler during their residence in China. Among the yellow races of Sunda and the Maldivé Islands, the women, who are always veiled, are white as wax; so also the Jewesses of Cairo and Syria, from the same cause, have a pale wan appearance. The

Eskimo tribes shut up in their cabins during the long Arctic winter, shew the effects in their whiteness. Though heat and other conditions may intervene, still the power of luminous radiation is incontrovertible. It is interesting to note that the pigment-cells in the skin of the frog contract under the influence of light and expand in darkness; and an allied arrangement produces the kaleidoscopic changes of colour in cuttle-fishes and chameleons.

All our system of organic functions shares in the benefit of this wonderful gift; darkness seems to favour the susceptibility of the mucous membranes to cold, produces flaccidity of the softer portions of the body, swellings and rickets. Miners working under ground, and men living in badly lighted workshops, are exposed to all these causes of physiological discomfort. There are some rays of the spectrum which seem to act on animal life in the same way as darkness; for instance, orange light, which retards the development of frogs; yet this is especially favourable for plants, just as green light, which destroys them, suits living creatures. Thus there is a kind of opposition and equilibrium in the two great kingdoms of Nature; and spring becomes to man a powerful stimulant, a privileged and enchanting season, by the production of green buds which it opens after the gloom of winter.

There seems also to exist a correlation between the perfection of forms and luminous intensity; ethnography demonstrates that light tends to develop the different parts of the body in harmonious proportion. Humboldt tells us that among the Mexican and Peruvian Indians he never saw any individual having a natural deformity; they are extremely rare among races with deeply coloured skins. Men who live almost without clothing are in a constant bath of light; no part of the body is hidden from the vivifying action of the solar rays, hence arises an equilibrium in every function and development. The same remark applies to the intellectual faculties; they find in light a consolation for the sadness of external things. Thoughts imprisoned and silent in a dark cell, are aroused by the brightness of a well-lighted room. We can none of us avoid feeling the depression of a dark rainy day, nor resist the joyousness of the summer sun. How can we help being in unison with all animate and inanimate nature, which as soon as the light touches them, vibrate, start, and manifest in a thousand different languages, the stimulating and enchanting pleasure of the contact! Instinctively we seek it elsewhere, and are always happy when we succeed in finding it; and thus it will ever be until we reach the source of infinite and eternal light in a world where no darkness exists.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

THE usually grave character of clerical experiences is sometimes varied by comic passages, none the less amusing, perhaps, from being quite unpremeditated by those to whom they are due. Though few in these days would have the bad taste to joke on things sacred, there can be no harm in noting a few eccentricities and *contretemps* which are said to have occurred in connection with things clerical.

Of the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, vicar of

Morwenstow, many good stories are told, in his *Life* by Mr Baring-Gould. When young, he was a very tricky fellow, and kept most people around him in hot-water. At Stratton, where his father lived, there was a grocer whom the young trickster delighted in teasing. 'He would dive into the shop,' says his biographer, 'catch hold of the end of thread that curled out of the tin in which the shopkeeper kept the ball of twine with which he tied up his parcels, and race with it in his hand down the street, then up a lane and down another, till he had uncoiled it all, and laced Stratton in a cobweb of twine, tripping up people as they went along the streets.' After Mr Hawker was appointed vicar of Morwenstow, the untidy condition of the church affected one of his curates, a man of a somewhat domineering character, to such an extent that one day the latter swept up all the rubbish he could find in the church, old decorations of the previous Christmas, decayed southernwood and roses of the foregoing Midsummer festivity, scraps of old Bibles, Prayer-books, and manuscript scraps of poetry, match-ends, candle-ends, &c., and having filled a barrow with all these sundries, he wheeled it down to the vicarage door, rang the bell, and asked for Mr Hawker. The vicar came into the porch. 'This,' said the curate, 'is the rubbish I have found in your church.' 'Not all,' said Mr Hawker. 'Complete the pile by seating yourself on the top, and I will see to the whole being shot speedily.'

The *Literary Churchman* gives an amusing anecdote of Mr Hawker, who was walking one day on the cliffs near Morwenstow with the Rev. Mr W——, when a gust of wind took off Mr W——'s hat, and carried it over the cliff. Within a week or two, a Methodist preacher at Truro was discoursing on Prayer, and in his sermon he said: 'I would not have you, dear brethren, confine your supplications to spiritual blessings; but ask also for temporal favours. I will illustrate my meaning by relating an incident that happened to myself ten days ago. I was on the shore of a cove near a little insignificant place in North Cornwall named Morwenstow, and about to proceed to Bude. Shall I add, my Christian friends, that I had on my head at the time a shocking bad hat—that I somewhat blushed to think of entering that harbour-town and watering-place so ill adorned as to my head? Then I lifted up a prayer for covering more suited to my head. At that solemn moment I raised my eyes and saw in the spacious firmament on high—the blue ethereal sky—a black spot. It approached—it largened—it widened—it fell at my feet. It was a brand-new hat by a celebrated London maker! I cast my battered beaver to the waves, my Christian friends, and walked into Bude as fast as I could with a new hat on my head.'

The incident got into the *Methodist Reporter* or some such paper under the heading of 'Remarkable Answer to Prayer.' 'And,' said the vicar, 'the rascal made off with Mr W——'s new hat. There was no reaching him, for we were on the cliff, and could not descend the precipice. He was deaf enough, I promise you, to our shouts.'

Archdeacon Wilberforce having come into the neighbourhood to advocate the cause of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, met Mr Hawker. 'Look here,' said the Archdeacon; 'I have to speak at the meeting at Stratton to-night; and I am told that there is a certain Mr Knight who will be on the platform, and is a weariful speaker. I have not much time to spare. Is it possible by a hint to reduce him to reasonable limits?' Mr Hawker said it was utterly impossible—he was irrepresible. 'But,' he added, 'leave him to me, and he will not trouble you.' At the meeting, this Mr Knight was on the platform waiting for his opportunity to rise. 'Ah! Knight,' said Mr Hawker in a whisper, 'the Archdeacon has left his watch behind, and mine is also at home; will you lend yours for timing the speeches?' With some hesitation Mr Knight did so, handing him his gold repeater, with bunch of seals attached. Presently Mr Knight rose to speak. Now, the latter gentleman was accustomed when addressing a public audience, to dangle his bunch of seals round and round in his left hand. Directly he began his oration, his hand went instinctively to his fob in quest of the bunch. It was not there. He stammered and felt again, floundered in his speech, and after a few feeble efforts to recover himself, gave in, and resumed his seat.

Mr Hawker frequently acted as postman for his parishioners; and after service on Sunday, a distribution took place in the porch, when he not only delivered, but had also frequently to read, the letters. On one occasion he was reading a letter to an old woman of Wellcombe, whose son was in Brazil. Part of the letter ran as follows: 'I cannot tell you, dear mother, how the muskitties [mosquitos] torment me. They never leave me alone, but pursue me everywhere'—

'To think of that!' interrupted the old woman. 'My Ezekiel must be a handsome lad! But I am interrupting. Do you go on please, parson.'

'Indeed, dear mother,' continued the vicar, reading, 'I shut my door and window of an evening, to keep them out of my room.'

'Dear life!' exclaimed the old woman; 'what will the world come to next?'

'And yet,' continued the vicar, 'they do not leave me alone. I believe they come down the chimney to get at me.'

'Well, well now, parson,' exclaimed the mother, holding up her hands; 'to think how forward of them!'

'Of whom?'

'Why, the Miss Kitties, sure. When I were young, maidens would have blushed to do such a thing. And come down the chimbley too!' After a pause, the mother's pride over-mastering a sense of what befitted her sex: 'But Ezekiel must be rare handsome for the maidens to be after him so. And, I reckon, the Miss Kitties will be quality folk too.'

There was a story told of Mr Radcliffe, a fox-hunting parson in Devonshire. The Bishop of Exeter (Dr Philpotts) came one day to visit him without notice. Parson Radcliffe, in scarlet, was just about to mount his horse and gallop off to the meet, when he heard that the Bishop was in the village. He had barely time to send away

his hunter, run up-stairs, and jump, red coat and boots, into bed, when the Bishop's carriage drew up at the door. 'Tell his lordship I'm ill, will ye?' was his injunction to his housekeeper, as he flew to bed.

'Is Mr Radcliffe in?' asked Dr Philpotts.

'He's ill in bed,' said the housekeeper.

'Dear me! I am so sorry. Pray ask if I may come up and sit with him,' said the Bishop.

The housekeeper ran up-stairs in sore dismay, and entered the parson's room. The parson stealthily put his head out of the bedclothes, but was reassured when he saw the room was invaded by his housekeeper, and not by the Bishop.

'Please your honour, his lordship wants to come up-stairs and sit with you a little.'

'With me!' gasped the parson. 'No; go down and tell his lordship I'm took cruel bad with scarlet fever; it is an aggravated case, and very catching.' Enough, doubtless, to settle the Bishop.

Perhaps no public speaker ever excelled Mr Spurgeon in profuseness of anecdotal illustration in 'discourses.' His sermons and addresses teem with anecdotes, which are usually very much to the point. To his students last year he told a good story, to shew the need of preachers being attractive. 'When I was in Arran quite recently,' said he, 'I heard of a minister who preached in a certain church, and at the close of the service was strongly urged by the ruling elder to promise a future supply of similar discourses, the collection after his sermon having been unusually large.

"Dear me," said the minister with becoming pride, "what might your ordinary collection amount to?"

"Last Sunday it was twopence-halfpenny!"

"What is it to-day then?" asked the minister, expecting to hear a large sum named.

"Eightpence-halfpenny," was the reply.

"Woe is me," moaned the minister within himself, "for I gave the sixpence myself!"

A young smart-looking Scotch clergyman was preaching in a strange country church. Fearing that his hair was not properly parted in the middle, or perhaps that he might have a smudge on his nose, he quietly and significantly said to the beadle, there being no mirror in the vestry: 'John, could you get me a glass?'

John disappeared, and after a few minutes returned with something under his coat, which, to the astonishment of the clergyman, he produced in the form of a lemonade bottle, with a gill of whisky in it, saying: 'Ye maunna let on [tell] about it, minister, for I got it as a great favour; and I wadna hae got it ava if I hadna said it was for you!' It may be well to mention that amongst the humbler orders in Scotland 'a glass' is the expression for a dram of liquor. In the foregoing anecdote we are not told whether the minister or John consumed the gill.

In addressing the multitude, simplicity of language is always highly desirable, there being the danger of the unlearned attaching very different (and sometimes very awkward) meanings to the grand and uncommon words which even careful clergymen may be betrayed into using in the pulpit. One of those when in his study and in the act of composing a sermon, made use of the term 'ostentatious man.' Throwing down his pen,

he wished to satisfy himself, ere he proceeded, as to whether a great portion of his congregation might comprehend the meaning of the said term, and adopted the following method of proof. Ringing the bell, his footman appeared, and was thus addressed by his master: 'What do you conceive to be implied by an ostentatious man?'

'An ostentatious man, sir?' said Thomas. 'Why sir, I should say a perfect gentleman.'

'Very good,' said the vicar. 'Send Ellis [his coachman] here.'

'Ellis,' asked the vicar, 'what do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?'

'An ostentatious man, sir?' replied Ellis. 'Why, I should say an ostentatious man meant what we calls—saving your presence—a — jolly good fellow.'

It need scarcely be told that the vicar substituted a less 'ostentatious' word.

We may excuse the foreigner if, in speaking our language, he occasionally misapplies an ambiguous word, however oddly it may sound. Dr Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to 'kippered salmon.' The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word 'kippered,' and was told that it meant 'preserved.' Soon after, the Switzer made use of this newly acquired expression in a public prayer, when he offered a petition that a distinguished divine might long be 'kippered to the Free Church of Scotland.'

Here is another example of a possible misconstruction of language. 'I fear,' said a country curate to his flock, 'when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say, "specie," which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake.'

It matters little to some church-goers of what words a sermon is composed, for the effect of 'a pulpit discourse' is to them provocative of slumber. Dean Ramsay relates that one of the Earls of Lauderdale was once alarmingly ill, one distressing symptom being a total absence of sleep, without which, the medical man said, he could not recover. His son, who was somewhat 'simple,' was playing on the carpet, and cried out: 'Send for that preaching man frae Livingstone, for fayther aye sleeps when he's in the pulpit.' One of the doctors thought the hint worth attending to; and the experiment of 'getting a minister to him' succeeded, for sleep came on, and the Earl recovered.

In contrast to those persons who assiduously attend church, there is, unfortunately, a much larger class of persons who can rarely, if ever, be induced to enter a place of worship of any description. There is a story of a village curate who, after much persuasion, had got an old woman of this class at last to go to church on Good-Friday. On his way home he overtook her, and after expressing his pleasure at the success of his exhortation, he spoke to her of the awful event just commemorated by the church. On taking leave, she inquired how long it was since that cruel piece of business occurred. 'Nearly two thousand years ago,' replied the curate. Alas for his hopes that he had made a serious impression upon the old

lady! 'Two thousand years ago!' she exclaimed, with a brightening countenance. 'Then let's hope it's not true!'

Parish clerks, especially if they happen to be shoemakers, are generally of a philosophical turn of mind. Here is an example related by an old rector, who was standing with his clerk in his churchyard ruefully contemplating the fallen grandeur of a stately elm which had lately ornamented the picturesque burial-place of the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet.' After gazing for some time on the wreck, the clerk at length broke the sorrowful silence by addressing the rector thus: 'I daresay you remember, sir, the violent storms of the spring of 1833. I have heard there were more elms blown down then than was ever before known; and in the autumn of that year we had the cholera. Now coffins, you know, are made of elm: these trees, therefore, were doubtless blown down on purpose to supply the extra number of coffins which Providence foresaw would be required before the year ended.'

The present writer was once standing in a churchyard with an aged sexton, who complained that it was so full now that his work had ceased to be a pleasure. 'You see,' said he, 'it's all 'ed-work now; and though I have parcelled out places for all the parish, it'll be a tightish fit to get 'em all snug. As for Johnson Blower, he's a long un; and to keep all square I shall 'ev to do what I never did afore; he'll go north and south across the feet of his family, where there's a odd bit that 'ull just 'old 'im.' Poor old man! though he spoke as if he were immortal, he has been dead for many years, and many of those for whom he piously planned, have survived him.

Clergymen, like other mortals, occasionally find out that they have chosen unaccommodating help-mates. One of these ladies made a rather awkward mistake. Her husband having brought a brother-clergyman home to dine with him, went into another apartment to speak to his spouse about the repast, when she attacked him and abused him for bringing a parcel of idle fellows to eat up their income. The husband, provoked at her behaviour, said in a pretty loud tone: 'If it were not for the stranger, I would give you a good drubbing.' 'Oh,' cried the visitor, who overheard the remark, 'I beg you will make no stranger of me.'

R E S T.

Not in the torpor of a stagnant pool,
Where never ripples on the waters rise,
And which in stillness almost death-like lies;
But in the calm of ocean strong and full,
Whose waves, late tossed about like snow-white wool,
Are cradled now upon their mother's breast
Into a beautiful and sun-lit rest:
Nor yet again in that serene repose,
Where magic silence clings about a face,
Most exquisite in marble sculptured grace—
But in a sleeping child, whose beauty shews
Faint semblance of the grace the marble knows,
Yet glorious as the waves that sleeping shine;
For Life is there, with its impress divine!

H. K. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 868.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

AMONG THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

FOR a pleasant summer tour, few places are better than the Southern Highlands of Scotland. By this is not meant the more southerly district of the Highlands proper; but that great irregular belt of mountainous country stretching across the lower half of Scotland, from Portpatrick on the west coast to St Abb's Head on the east. It has been called the Southern Uplands of Scotland; but this expression is defective, and fails to convey an adequate idea of the real magnitude and extent of this mountainous region. At the place where these hills may be said to form the water-shed between the counties of Selkirk and Peebles on the north, and that of Dumfries on the south, the range culminates in a majestic congregation of mountain-summits, heaped and massed and mounded together, like the petrified billows of some antediluvian sea. To such as delight in scenery that blends within it something of the wildness and desolation of Alpine heights with the beauty and sweetness of pearly stream and tangled dell, the district referred to is sufficient to afford much pleasant gratification for many a quiet hour. Besides, if you are fond of ancient tradition and story, if you love to look upon scenes hallowed by their poetic or enriched by their romantic associations, you are in the very midst of them here.

But how, you ask, are we to reach the place? Nothing is easier. It lies on one of the best known and most frequented routes in the South of Scotland—a route that has been traversed times out of number by angler and sportsman, tourist and sightseer—by young poetic natures nursing their dreams of far-off distinction—by old men declining in the vale of life, wishful to bring back once more to their jaded hearts the youthful buoyancy, the delight in natural beauty, which they felt in the days of old. The route we refer to is that of the Yarrow and St Mary's Loch, connected by coach and rail with Moffat on the south, Selkirk

on the east, and Peebles and Innerleithen on the north; yet the ordinary tourists who frequent this route, know as a rule but little of the great tract of mountainous country of which we have been speaking. They pass through it without seeing it. They are perhaps satisfied—as who at a pinch would not?—with the sight of Yarrow flowing on in its hushed solemnity, as if the dead were near; of Mount Benger and Altrive, each for years the home of the Ettrick Shepherd; of St Mary's Loch, shimmering in shine and shadow; of Tibbie Shiels's, of the Gray Mare's Tail, of Bodsbeck, of Craigieburn. But behind and beyond those flanking lines of picturesque heights that hem the valley in, is a vast region of mountainous territory, with sequestered glen and beetling cliff, limpid pool and roaring linn, grass-green holm and bracken-shaded brae.

The conquest of these hills is not only possible, but comparatively easy to those who choose to put up for a few days at any one of the numerous places which may serve as headquarters during operations. But before proceeding to notice these, a few words of advice to the tourist may not be amiss. In the first place, in attempting a tour among hills, do not go alone; have in any case one companion, if not more. Second, let such luggage as you carry be light and useful—a suit of water-proofs, an extra pair of stockings, and a change of flannels, are enough for a few days' tour. Heavy knapsacks, with elaborate appliances for outdoor dining and all such luxuries, are mere bits of mountaineering foppery, and should be discarded. He travels best who travels light. Take sandwiches or other eatables with you in the morning to suffice till you reach your destination in the afternoon or evening; and with your little wardrobe made up in a small parcel and slung over your shoulder, you may travel easily and travel far. In the third place, you ought to have with you an Ordnance or other good map of the district to be traversed, on a scale not less than a half-inch to the mile, and shewing all the streams that descend from the hills, as also the lines of contour. A pocket-compass and guide-

book, both easily acquired, should not be forgotten.

To reach this land of mountain and moor, pleasant dell and meandering brook, it will be necessary to leave the beaten track of the tourist, and to make your way over the lofty ridges that are seen from the valley of St Mary's or of Moffat Water. This may be done also from other points. From Peebles, you may proceed up the valley of the Manor, visiting by the way the grave and cottage of 'Bow'd Davie,' the prototype of Scott's Black Dwarf. This valley contains some of the finest mountain scenery in the South of Scotland, rising into a kind of gloomy magnificence as you approach the higher reaches of the stream, where it issues forth from deep dark gullies, narrow and steep, leading with tortuous winding up into the high hills beyond. To reach St Mary's Loch from this point you may follow various routes; the simplest perhaps is to walk up Glenrath till you reach the water-shed leading on to Blackhouse Heights, whence you will see before you Douglas Burn flowing away down to the Yarrow. Or you may reach this water-shed by Innerleithen and the Quair, instead of by Peebles and the Manor Water. Either route is a good one; the former having the advantage of being the shorter of the two to the Loch. It leads from the supposed locality of *St Ronan's Well*, by the ancient residence of the Earls of Traquair, and up the 'long glen' which tradition associates with William Laidlaw's plaintive song of *Lucy's Flittin'*. Once on the water-shed above mentioned, it is in your option either to keep along the ridge to Blackhouse Heights, or immediately to descend into the Black Cleuch, and thus reach the Douglas Burn, whose exit from between the hills is at a point within easy access of the Gordon Arms in the one direction, and of Tibbie Shiels's (St Mary's Cottage) in the other, at either of which places excellent accommodation is to be had. In walking down the Douglas Burn, you will pass the ruins of the old tower of Blackhouse, the original seat of the Douglasses in this quarter, and the scene of the tragedy of *Lord William and Lady Margaret*, one of the most darkly romantic of Border ballads. Blackhouse is further of interest as being the farm long tenanted by the family of William Laidlaw, above referred to, the warm and attached friend and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott. It was here, in one of his 'Border raids' for ballads, that Scott first met James Hogg, who had previously been a shepherd for ten years on this farm, which is the scene of his graphic description of a terrible snow-storm that occurred in the winter of 1794. From Peebles or Innerleithen to St Mary's Loch by this route is a fair day's walk; and if you are an angler, and start betimes in the morning, so as to afford yourself the necessary leisure, you may pick up a nice basket of trout in the course of your journey.

To explore the hills that hang around St Mary's Loch, either the Gordon Arms or St Mary's Cottage will be suitable as headquarters, and from them excursions may be made up the Meggat Water to Cramalt, the hunting residence of the old Scottish kings, and on the way to which the ruins of Henderland Castle, the scene of *The Border Widow's Lament*, is passed. Or you may strike south across the hills, and spend a day in exploring the valley of the Ettrick, and

visiting Tushielaw, and Thirlestane Castle and Thirlestane Mill, all places familiar to the readers of Hogg's writings. Or if you wish to go higher into the hills, then Birkhill, about four miles beyond Tibbie Shiels's, will afford comfortable quarters, and place you in the very centre of the wildest of the Southern Highlands. Here, as a matter of course, a visit will be made to the Gray Mare's Tail, foaming down its gloomy chasm of rock; but not so many turn aside to see an equally striking place, namely, Dobb's Linn. It is a wild spot, the meeting-point of two or three hill-streams, that have cut their way deep down through successive strata of black shale, making terrific gashes in the steep hill-side. Where the harder basaltic rock obtrudes, and has resisted the disintegrating force of the water, fine falls have been formed, one of these being famous in the district, as also to the readers of *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, as the place where two zealous Covenanters wrestled with and vanquished the Evil One, casting him over the linn; but who, to save himself from the natural consequences of such a fall, became immediately transformed into a bundle of hides, and thus accomplished the descent without fatal results. This is the haunt of scores of geologists; and eminent names may be found in the visitors' book at Birkhill, where for many years 'Kind Jenny' was the beneficent rival of Tibbie Shiels, of St Mary's Cottage lower down the valley—both, alas! with all their humble excellences of character, passed away. The black shale beds at Dobb's Linn belong to the fossiliferous deposits of the Silurian system, and are rich in graptolites—may be said indeed to swarm with them; and one who can use the hammer, and has a true scent for such game, may soon carry away a boxful of specimens.

Then, a visit to 'Dark Loch Skene' is a memory of itself. The experience of Sir Walter Scott in visiting this place has been the experience of many others—it is a land of fog and solitude and desolation, and some caution requires to be used by the tourist who tempts its waste of bogs and quaking morass. But the sight, to the lover of scenery that is wild, yet majestic in its wildness, is such as more than repays the trouble of reaching it. The description given by one of Scott's companions of the visit made by him is applicable still, with the exception of the eagle, which has now disappeared from the rocky islet in the lake which a pair of these birds were said to have frequented. 'In our ascent to the lake,' says the writer referred to, 'we got completely bewildered in the thick fog that generally envelops the rugged features of that lonely region; and as we were groping through the maze of bogs, the ground gave way, and down went horse and horsemen pell-mell into a slough of peaty mud and black water, out of which, entangled as we were with our plaids and floundering nags, it was no easy matter to get extricated. Indeed, unless we had prudently left our gallant steeds at a farm-house below, and borrowed hill ponies for the occasion, the result might have been worse than laughable. As it was, we rose like the spirits of the bog, covered *cap-a-pie* with slime, to free themselves from which our wily ponies took to rolling about on the heather, and we had nothing for it but following their example. At length, as we approached the gloomy loch, a huge

eagle heaved himself from the margin, and rose right over us, screaming his scorn of the intruders; and altogether it would be impossible to picture anything more desolately savage than the scene which opened, as if raised by enchantment on purpose to gratify the poet's eye; thick folds of fog rolling incessantly over the face of the inky waters, but rent asunder, now in one direction, and then in another, so as to afford us a glimpse of some projecting rock or naked point of land, or island bearing a few scraggy stumps of pine, and then closing again in universal darkness upon the cheerless waste. Much of the scenery of *Old Mortality* was drawn from that day's ride.

From Birkhill also, another pleasant journey may be taken eastward to the head of the Ettrick—to Ettrick village, where Hogg was born, and to the churchyard where he sleeps. Then, when you are satisfied with your excursions from this centre, you may start some morning early, and ascending the White Coomb to the south of Loch Skene, pass downward by Gameshope Burn and Talla Water till you reach the Crook Inn, on the Tweed. In this journey, much of the most characteristic scenery of the district is to be witnessed. The numerous mountain-heights heaving their rounded summits up to the sky, or, as is more rare, presenting to the elements a rugged front of impregnable rock; the deep dark glens on every side—some of them, like that below the Carifran Gans, terrible to look into; the great hollow basins between the hills filled with miles on miles of unproductive bog, black and desolate, cracked and rifted in every direction, and veiling under its treacherous covering of gray mosses many deep and dangerous quagmires and sloughs. In moving through these, the pedestrian has to exercise much care, and would act more wisely by walking round than through them, even at the sacrifice of a little additional time and labour.

Though there is, in one sense, a certain uniformity in the character of the scenery, yet this is by no means unpleasant, as the devious windings of the elevated tracks through which you wander are ever opening up fresh effects, and giving now and again delightful glimpses of the sunlit summits above or the shadowy glens below. Professor Geikie, referring to this peculiarity, says: 'There is something irresistibly attractive in the green monotony of these lonely hills, with their never-ending repetitions of the same pasture-covered slopes, sweeping down into the same narrow valleys, through which, amid strips of fairy-like meadow, the same clear stream seems ever to be murmuring on its way beside us. There is a tenderness in the landscape that, in place of subduing and overawing us, calls forth a sympathy which, though we cannot perchance tell why it should be given, we can hardly refuse to give. It may be, indeed, that with this feeling human associations have much to do; for all this wide region of hill and valley is a part of that Border-country which has been hallowed by song and story.'

Once within the hospitable shade of the Crook Inn, on the high-road to Moffat, the pedestrian may think he has had enough of the hills; if, however, he is still unsatisfied, then he may start for the source of the Tweed on the one hand, or to Culter Fell and the Broad Law on the other; while within easy distance he has such places of

historic or poetic interest as Logan Lea, The Bield, Oliver Castle, Polmood, and Linkumtodie, 'where Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed;' or such places of tragic association as the Hunter's Well, at the head of Kingledores. He may also find occupation for many a delightful hour in exploring the numerous little glens of romantic beauty which here open upon the valley of Tweed. And when he is satisfied with his work, or time presses, he can find his way back, partly by road and partly by rail, to Moffat, or Peebles, or Innerleithen, whence he started. Such a journey as we have indicated, if attended with due care, and pursued with becoming leisure, may be found very full of much that is pleasurable and health-giving, both to body and mind.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXI.—HISTORY.

Lived like an anchorite, and worked like an apostle.

CHANGES fell upon Bolter's Rents, and it was known to the people of that dismal region that the proprietary of the court had changed hands. There are grades of respectability. There were people even in Bolter's Rents who formed a sort of local gentry by contrast with their surroundings. To these, and to all with a remnant of decency, the alterations instituted by the new proprietor were matter for almost unmixed congratulation. But there lurked in that foul den, known to the police, scores of old criminals and young ones, burglars, pickpockets, shop-lifters, utterers of base coin—a terrible tribe. These marauders were all of too low a class in their own profession to be able to hold their own in it, and some of their time was spent in the performance of casual honest work. Amongst the more prosperous scoundrels who lived in better lodgings, they were known contemptuously as 'ale-and-porterers,' a term used by the British thief to signify people who are occasionally forced by pressure of poverty into honesty's ways. The true professional criminal despises that sort of person, just as an honest mechanic does, and for the same reason—namely, that the person lives in a constant base desertion of principle. The only difference is—though it may be confessed to be considerable—that the mechanic's principle is industry, and the scoundrel's laziness. Now and again, an aristocrat amongst the 'smashers' or the 'cracksmen' hid himself in Bolter's Rents, and was unearthed by the vigilance of the police; but the predatory creatures who regularly dwelt there were amongst the meanest even of their own mean kind. To them the proceedings of the new proprietor did not seem an unmixed good. A sort of informal official, whom the police were always ready to support, dwelt in the place after its first purification by whitewash; and all who lived disorderly, were by him despatched to seek a residence elsewhere. The leaning walls were straightened by huge hulks of timber—the broken floors and windows and roofs were all repaired, and every room was scoured weekly. For this, some dozen charwomen, who lived in the court, and had hitherto starved, were engaged, and by it they made a plentiful living. Some of the indwellers fiercely resented the advent of soap and water and whitewash; and one hunchbacked hermit of a crossing-

sweeper, who had been born forty years before in the room he lived in, and had never seen it scoured in all his life, repelled the intruding charwoman with his besom, and threatened to be the death of anybody who laid a scrubbing-brush upon the time-consecrated filth of his apartment. Him the informal official grimly 'chucked out' until such time as the ancient solitary reign of dirty chaos should be molested. The hunchback bore it better afterwards, though he took an Englishman's privilege, and grumbled, declaring that since these new ways came in, Bolter's Rents was no place for a decent man to live in. The new proprietor, who was a gentleman with one arm, interviewed this original, and was so charmed with him, that he gave him half-a-crown, though he refused to adopt his principles with regard to sanitation.

The new proprietor indeed was in and out of the place all day at first; and was so excessively liberal with his money, that Bolter's Rents rose at him almost to an infant, and begged of him and lied to him with such persistent fluency that he avoided the place afterwards, until the official he had appointed had grubbed out the most poisonous of the human weeds, and little but honest poverty dwelt within the walls of those tumble-down old buildings. Hastings was very tender at first about throwing the thieves adrift. 'Poor beggars!' he said, talking the matter over with the Doctor. 'What *can* they do but prey upon society? If I take your advice, a score of them will be homeless to-morrow. I do not care to be followed by the curses even of such a little drab of a shop-lifter as that we saw this morning. Why not let them stay?'

'As I am an honest man,' proclaimed the Doctor, 'you sicken me. Whoso gives knowing shelter to a criminal, gives countenance to crime, and stands responsible for it in the sight of God and man. If there were no thieves' shelters, there would be no thieves.'

'A good round sentence, Doctor,' said Hastings, laughing; 'but a shaky aphorism.'

'When a man speaks earnestly,' said the Doctor, 'he speaks broadly. And the Flippancies—of whom there are too many—take truths broadly stated, put a strained meaning on them, and lightly set them down as lies.'

'I am none of your Flippancies,' responded Hastings. 'I am a Social Reformer, and the proprietor of Bolter's Rents—wherefore let the wise and gentle pity me. Doctor, I pity a scoundrel more than an honest man who is in trouble.'

'Do you?' said the Doctor.

'I do. Because he *is* a scoundrel. Think, Doctor, what a terrible thing it is to be a scoundrel by nature. How would you like to be a shop-lifter? I tell you, sir, the doom of these poor thieves is tragic.'

'You are right,' said the Doctor. 'Let us go out and form a Thieves' Phalanstery, where pick-pockets shall eat turtle and drink Burgundy, and burglars shall go attired in purple and fine linen, and every man shall have full right to rob his neighbour.'

'When a man speaks earnestly, Doctor,' Hastings answered, with a quiet twinkle in his eyes, 'he speaks broadly. And the Flippancies—of whom there are too many—take truths broadly stated, and'

'Go to Bath!' cried the Doctor, laughing.

'No,' said Hastings—'to extremes.'—The Doctor laughed again; and Hastings added: 'You are right; but I have some right on my side too. It is a pitiful business; and I am very sorry for the poor wretches, and could almost find it in my heart to bribe them into honesty, rather than try to whip them there.'

'Bribes make no man true!' said the Doctor.

'Nor stripes either,' added Hastings.

'They teach at least that first stern and necessary lesson, that the way of transgressors is hard.'

'Ay!' said Hastings, with more feeling than he commonly displayed; 'their way is hard. Poor transgressors! Heaven help them!'

These talks did good to each of them, and advanced the scheme they both had at heart; and though the Doctor often laughed at the owner of Bolter's Rents, and often with him, the wildest theories that young gentleman broached had always a kernel of good sense and feeling. And the Doctor in his turn, whilst Hastings softened his sterner creed somewhat, bullied the younger man out of most of his extravagances; until between them, with the Doctor's wife to lend a helping hand, Bolter's Rents was transformed to an abode of honest and cleanly poverty.

And Hastings had no more effective coadjutor in all this than his old friend Frank Fairholt, whom he thought he had buried years ago in the Crimea. If one good deed, as Portia sweetly said, shines in this naughty world, as wide as the light which burned at home to welcome her, Frank's blameless life shone like a beacon in the Cimmerian darkness of Bolter's Rents. Had one blackguard dared to insult the quiet, shrinking, broken, ever-helpful man, another blackguard would have been there to knock his fellow-scoundrel down. Though amongst them, not of them, nor like them in ways or speech, he helped the poverty-stricken, nursed the sick, did a thousand menial gentle offices, was tireless for good, lived like an anchorite, and worked like an apostle. Deep in the ruffian hearts of this abominable crew, his tender and persistent gentleness was cherished in the one honest spot which generations of vice had bequeathed to them. His pitiful charity fell, like heaven's light and rain, upon the just and the unjust. He lost two days' work at one time in nursing a desperado through an attack of delirium tremens; and the man, who was the terror of the court, loved him at the bottom of his ugly nature—as a bulldog loves his master, with a regard which only shews itself by tearing the master's enemies.

It had chanced one night long before Hastings became the owner of this unpromising property, that the statuesque policeman whom he had met there on his first visit, stood posturing with lumpish grace at the entrance to Bolter's Rents, gazing with a placid grandeur of demeanour down Oxford Street. A woman stood a little way within the entrance with her hands beneath a tattered apron. Frank came up in the twilight, and the policeman and the woman each had to make way for him. The officer recognised him, and in his curiosity at finding him so far afield from his labours, his dignity relaxed, and he said, 'Hillo, my good woming!' in a lordly condescending tone, and beckoned the woman with a Berlin-gloved forefinger. 'Do you know the party as just went

down?" the Peeler queried when the woman came to him.

'Yes sir,' said the woman. 'Leastways, he lives here, as I believe; but I don't know no harm agen him.'

'Has he lived here long?' continued the guardian of the peace, interrogating.

'I've on'y been here three 'ears myself, sir; but he was here when I come.'

'Egstronary!' said the officer in reverie. 'He works five mile off at the Docks. They calls him "The Duke" and "Your Grace," down there.'

'I'm told he's quite the gentleman, sir,' the woman responded, tremulously grateful for the official's urbanity.

'They say,' said the policeman, who found his beat dull, and was glad to unbend—as a Prince, suffering from *ennui*, might care for once in a way to converse with a ploughman—they say as he was wuth 'alf-a-millying o' money at one time, an' lost it on the Derby. What's the name he goes by?'

'Jones, I believe, sir,' said the woman respectfully.

'Ah!' continued the official, scraping his chin with his thumb and finger—an act in which the stipendiary magistrate of his own court looked unusually magisterial—'same party, I make no doubt. Good-night.' The officer swung with majestic even tread along the pavement; and the woman looked after him admiringly, recalling the time when her Joe was just such a fine figure of a man. And in this wise the fact and the fable about Frank had followed him to Bolter's Rents. All minds, cultivated or vulgar, have a liking for romance; and Frank became after this an embodiment of mystery to many of the people who surrounded him; and some of the women were persuaded that the title by which he was known had once of right belonged to him. Altogether, he was the one remarkable figure in the place; and Hastings heard much of him, and was interested in him. Frank in his turn heard of the new proprietor with a terror and a longing which struggled against each other. Had he lived beyond the extremest span of human years, it is not probable that his horror of his own crime would have perceptibly fallen from that level flood of shame and loathing which had washed his heart ever since his return to London. The storm whose violence had driven those terrible waters over him, had died away, and they were calm now; but he lay drowned in a living death below them. But since he had been so long undiscovered, and had grown so changed, his fears had learned to sleep, until on the night when he was nursing his old enemy, the friend who had thrown him into his enemy's hands appeared beside him. Then they started up, wide-eyed and quivering. They grew so morbid, that he was afraid even to run away, lest the act should awake suspicion. The danger as it seemed to grow nearer, fascinated him, as some snakes fascinate birds, until it seemed almost to drag him into Hastings' way. He had wearied Mrs Brand's determined efforts to conciliate him; for he had never, since the only occasion on which I have shewn them together, so much as answered her a word, though she had approached him often. A score of people whom he had known, knew Dr Brand, and his unreasoning fears kept him at this distance from her, sorely against

his will. His obstinate silence puzzled her the more, that she heard continually of his goodness.

'He would only answer me in German,' Hastings said, when, with the Doctor's wife, he stumbled upon this subject of common interest.

'In German?' asked Mrs Brand. 'He speaks English beautifully. I don't mean that he speaks English beautifully as a foreigner might, but that he speaks it like an English gentleman. The people call him "The Duke," and are full of stories of his generosity and tenderness. Some of the women have cried to me in talking about him and his kindness.'

'I confess to a share of curiosity in this mystery,' said the Doctor from his armchair, for it was evening, and his day's work was over. 'I don't place much reliance on that sort of legend; but the people in the Rents are all ready to swear that he had a great fortune and lost it by gambling. If the man is a gentleman, I can understand his reticence. If I were brought down to such a position, I should not be inclined to accept the patronage of any lady or gentleman, however kindly disposed it might be.'

'Nor I either,' said Hastings. 'But if we could get him into co-operation with us, he might help us, and might do himself a great deal of service too. You must allow me to try him, Mrs Brand.'

'Pray, do,' cried the little lady. 'But be careful not to go too far. He has spoken to me once only, and then he told me, in a weary sort of way, which I can't at all describe or imitate, that he had but one thing left in the world, and that was his solitude, and that if I persisted in speaking to him, he should be driven to leave the place.'

'He hasn't left?' inquired the Doctor briefly.

'No,' said Mrs Brand; 'but he has never spoken to me since.'

'I must try him,' said Hastings; and learning, by inquiry at the Rents, when the object of his search was generally to be found at home, he sought him on the following Sunday afternoon. The faithful Ali followed his master up the winding stair; but at a signal from his hand, remained without the room. Hastings rapped; and the voice which cried 'Come in,' made his foot pause at the threshold. The voice awoke no memory, though it might well have awakened many; but it brought a strange mood to Hastings—a mood which most people have known at one time or another. The time, the darkened stair, the light within the room, the tawny face beside him in the shadow, his errand there, the voice—all seemed familiar to him. He seemed to know what would meet him within, and what would be said and done, as though this were a re-acting of the doings of a former life, and he remembered just this fragment of it. He entered with this mood upon him.

There sat before him on a rough bench near the window a man who looked past middle age, and yet prematurely old; by which I mean that you would have said he looked seventy, but could not be more than five-and-fifty. His long hair, which curled inwards at the ends, was silver white; but the beard which flowed from throat and cheek and chin had still a few jet black hairs in it, and the heavy moustache which drooped above his lips was scarcely gray. The arched black eyebrows marked the face in a singular way, and the pathetic eyes held a most memorable sorrow. All this

Hastings had time to notice as he stepped from the shadow into the light. He could not fail to see the look of terror which took the place of sadness in the man's eyes as he advanced, nor could he fail to be surprised at the sudden drooping of the head, and the silence, undisturbed except by his laboured breathing, with which the man encountered him.

'Forgive me,' said Hastings, advancing a little further, 'for intruding on you. I am afraid I startled you.' He paused for an answer, but none came. 'Won't you ask me to sit down?' he said a minute later. The lodger, with his chin still crushing his beard against his breast, spoke not a word, but waved his hand towards an unoccupied bench at the far end of the room. Hastings drew the rough seat towards the light, and for a time kept silence, not well knowing what to say. He felt that there was nothing sullen in the silence which confronted him, and he was disposed to be patient with the unreasonable fear which made the man shrink away. 'I must ask you not to think that I am intruding,' he said at length, a little disconcerted by the other's passivity. 'The fact is, I bought this place some time ago, and ever since I have been trying to make it decent. You have been working at that task longer than I have, and I want for one thing to thank you for it. You have done good work here—manly work. You've been very kind to these poor beggars, and I am personally obliged to you.'

The lodger's irresponsive silence built a wall about him. He did not move, and only his breathing, which was agitated and uneven, shewed that he was alive. Hastings sat discomfited, regarding him keenly all the time, and almost gave up his attack already. But as he regarded the shrinking figure and the bent head, a pang of sympathy and pity shot through his heart, and he discerned a tragedy. The vague tales which were afloat about the man indicated a surprising folly; but Hastings was one who had a great deal of sympathy with a certain sort of fool. So far as the stories told of his strange tenant might be true, the follies therein set down were so like the madness of his own youth, that he could not be pitiless with them; and the man's charity to the poor in his own poverty, and his unostentatious and continual patient tending of the sick, seemed to bespeak a very fine and lovable nature. Under the pressure of this new feeling, Hastings spoke again.

'You have done much for the cause I have at heart. Let me do something for you.'—A motion of the listener's hand waved him back from that theme in such a fashion as to bring a blush to his face.—'No,' he said, hurried into saying more than he had meant to say in the eagerness of his explanation; 'I am not insulting you by offering charity. I want a *quid pro quo*. I want to offer you an engagement, which will suit you better than your work at the Docks, and be more congenial to you. I want you to act as my almoner amongst the poor here, if you will. I want you to distribute relief among them, and to live with them as you are doing now. I must find somebody to do the work, and I shall get nobody who knows the people and their wants as you do. They know better than tell lies to you, for you know all about them.'

Frank sat before him motionless and speechless.

'Does he know?' he thought; 'and will he not appear to know? Is this his way of trying to lift me from wretchedness? He recognised Tasker. He himself is changed, and I knew him. Does he know me? Has he discovered all?'

Had he dared, how he could have cast himself before his friend! But there is no space in material nature, though fancy reach from limit to limit of the starry hosts, which can do more than image the gulf which seemed to stretch between them.

'Every man,' said Hastings, resolving not to be beaten by this silence, 'has his rights, and one of yours is to order me out of your place if you want me gone. So long as you rent this room, it belongs of course to you, and not to me. You want quiet; you hate to be intruded upon. Well, you shall have your way. I'll tell you what you shall do, if you like. You shall have a messenger to go between you and Mrs Brand, and none of us will trouble you. I'll get some furniture sent in here, and make you a little more comfortable; and you shall just go about among the people and see to them, and do what you can for them. If any of them cannot possibly pay their rent, your statement shall be a sufficient acquittance of their liability; and if any deserving person is in want of food or medicine, or fire or clothes, you shall get what is wanted at my charges; but you must be down like a hammer on idleness and pretence. You shall set all your expenses down; and Mrs Brand will see that the money has been properly expended. That will be only fair to you, of course, and will be quite proper and business-like into the bargain. Now, what do you say?'

He said nothing. He listened to the tones of his old friend; and though the flippancy which had marked them once had vanished altogether, he knew that he could have sworn to the voice with absolute certainty, and he would not trust his own even with a word, lest it should betray him. He was not sure of the truth, but he was almost sure, and Hope came hand in hand with Belief to persuade him that he was not recognised.

'If you do not care to give me an answer, now,' Hastings went on with a gentle patience which surprised his listener, 'you can send me word when you like. Or I will call for your decision this day week. That shall be the arrangement. If you do not send to me before Sunday next, I will come here for your answer. Good afternoon.'

Still no answer came; and with a repetition of his farewell, Hastings left the garret; and the faithful Ali came out of his dusky corner and followed him down-stairs, into the street, and home. Frank was greatly shaken by the interview. Whilst Hastings spoke, his own struggling griefs and longings took him by the throat so strongly, that the force by which he held his peace and made no sign exhausted him, and he sat trembling with hysteric tears after his friend's departure. He thought of the proposal Hastings had made, and his own way seemed clear to him. Whatever duty declared itself, that must he do, and no other, until it should be done and life should be over. The way was open to him; and before the end of the week came, he spoke to Penkridge.

'Go to the landlord, and tell him from me that

I will undertake the work he offers. Tell him I shall have time enough to see to it all when my work at the Docks is over. Tell him also that I only undertake it on this condition—that I am left alone. If any attempt is made to intrude upon my quiet, I will go away.'

Penkridge, who had little enough good left in him, had at least some sentiment of gratitude, and Frank had done so much for him, that he was his willing servant. He needed to have the message again and again repeated, but having at last mastered it, he delivered it faithfully; and Hastings sent back word that his strange tenant's wishes should be respected. There grew up in Bolter's Rents a power for good which worked amazingly. The almoner of the rich man's bounty had a heart and hand for it, and his charities were done charitably. Many forlorn ones heard their first word of human comfort from Frank's lips, and the gladness he brought to others was reflected upon himself. And although his burden was one which must needs be borne until the restful breast of Mother Earth closed over it and him, he grew slowly to a strength which was equal to his day, and Peace dwelt with him, mournful-eyed.

THE FORTHCOMING CENSUS.

In 1881 we are to have another Census, another numbering of the people. Without entering upon the consideration of long rows of figures, we are desirous of explaining how the census is taken. Many thousands of the present readers of this *Journal* were too young ten years ago to have read much about these matters. To them the information will be welcome; while adults generally are perhaps not fully up in the subject.

The first thing done is to obtain a special Act of Parliament. The powers intrusted to the Commissioners are too large to be exercised without this express sanction; and therefore the government for the time being prepare a Bill, which becomes an Act when it has passed through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament. Such was the course pursued in 1801, 1811, and 1821; then again in 1831, 1841, and 1851; and next in 1861 and 1871. Usually two or three statutes are necessary; for Scotland and Ireland require rather a different arrangement of details from that of England and Wales. To describe briefly the latter mode only will suffice for our present purpose; and to take the actual proceedings of 1871 as a tolerably close approximation to that which we may expect in 1881.

The Act empowers the Crown to appoint Commissioners, usually three in number; the Registrar-general of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is the chief, while the others are able and experienced men. The fifty-two counties of England and Wales are grouped into twelve Divisions—Wales forming one and Yorkshire another, all the others comprising a few counties each. The divisions are split up into Superintendent Registration Districts, and these into Sub-districts, containing all the multitudinous hundreds, tythings, townships, cities, towns, parishes, villages, hamlets, &c. The whole comprise so many small patches of land, that more than thirty thousand enumerators are employed to attend to them. It is necessary that the census should be taken

on one particular day throughout the kingdom; and in order to do this, the enumerators have to prepare matters beforehand. They are required to make themselves acquainted, each in his own locality, with every street and court, every village and hamlet, every cottage and homestead, every barn and hut in which human beings might perchance sleep. It was in this way that the Commissioners for 1871 obtained the names of upwards of three thousand districts, sub-districts, boroughs, cities, towns, villages, hamlets, hundreds, &c. The police everywhere rendered assistance in ferretting out and enumerating the homeless poor; the managers of all kinds of asylums supplied the necessary information concerning the temporary or permanent inmates; the Admiralty made the proper returns for the seamen of the royal navy, whether on home or foreign stations; the Horse Guards did the like in regard to the Queen's soldiers; the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs undertook the necessary inquiries touching British subjects abroad; while the Registrar-general of Merchant Seamen, aided by the Custom-house officers, did what was necessary in regard to the mercantile marine.

The enumerators voluntarily offered their services—no compulsion being used in the matter. They were required to be intelligent, trustworthy, active; to write a legible hand; to be tolerably healthy; and to be prudent and civil in manner; of any age between eighteen and sixty-five. They comprised among them many clergymen and other ministers of religion, clerks, and persons in various stations of life—including a few ladies, who are reported to have done their work well. They were paid by a fixed sum—one guinea—for the routine of duty, besides so much for every hundred schedules delivered and received.

Census night has usually been fixed for a Sunday night, because on that night all the scattered members of a family are most likely to be at home. The appointed enumerators are busily engaged for some days beforehand in the house-to-house delivery of schedules or census papers, in order that they may make the house-to-house collecting on the following Monday. There being something under forty million acres in England and Wales, and something over thirty thousand enumerators to attend to it, this would give more than a thousand acres on an average for each. But this is by no means the plan on which the system is managed. An acre of ground in the densely populated portions of London, Liverpool, and other large cities, contains a vast number of houses and inhabitants; whereas in remote country districts dwellings and people are alike few—in Anglesea, for instance, where there are less than four inhabitants per average acre. In towns the dwellers are too numerous to be counted by one enumerator except in a very small area; whereas in the regions of mountain and moor many miles would have to be trudged to hunt out a very small number of persons. In one enumerator's district there were found to be only sixty souls, all told; whereas at the other extreme an enumerator had to give an account of nearly five thousand persons. The Commissioners make allowance for all these things in forming their arrangements. We say 'trudged,' for the enumerators cannot always afford to ride or drive, even if roads of any kind reached the secluded mountain homes,

which is by no means always the case. Difficult enough the work frequently is; for in many small towns the streets are not named, nor the houses numbered. The local postman perchance lends a little help in this matter. Nor is danger altogether absent; seeing that, besides encountering rough and brutal people, the enumerators may happen to enter houses where small-pox, typhus, or other dangerous disease is or has been at work. The enumerators therefore consider themselves to be underpaid; and many persons admit the justice of the statement.

The experiences of the enumerators in 1871 were—as in previous articles we have shewn—in many instances curious and amusing, arising partly from the ignorance and partly from the distrust or prejudice of the householders. Some of the schedules, when filled up, were sent *privately* to the Registrar-general in London, in order to avoid the eyes of the enumerators in country districts—especially on the delicate subject of the real age of spinsters. This irregularity was condoned by the Commissioners in special instances. An elderly single lady, somewhat wealthy, fastened up the door and windows of her house, forbidding access to the enumerator; declaring that even a fine of twenty pounds would not induce her to give him the required particulars. In reply, however, to a soothing letter, she sent her filled-up schedule privately to the chief Commissioner. A gentleman of landed property declared he would pay a fine of any amount, indeed would rather cease to exist, than commit the offence for which David suffered, as recorded in the Old Testament—'Numbering the people.' His religious scruples were respected; and the particulars of his family were obtained with tolerable accuracy by other means. One enumerator was insulted and assaulted by a morose householder, so much so that he summoned the man before a magistrate, who inflicted a fine. A middle-aged man was fined one pound and costs by the Devon county magistrates for refusing to fill up a census paper for himself and his child; he declared that he knew neither his own name nor place of birth correctly, and he would not perjure himself by making a false entry. At St Austell in Cornwall, a gentleman possessed of considerable property refused to allow the schedule to be taken into his household; for which he was summoned and fined. An author wrote in one of the schedule columns, 'Wife says I am both idiot and lunatic.' Many other rural districts in England and Wales presented similar instances. In Scotland, where the inhabitants of some of the secluded districts know little about any other language than Gaelic, they were often greatly puzzled as to what the whole affair meant. So much was this kind of difficulty felt in Wales, that some of the schedules were printed in the Welsh language, for distribution in localities almost denuded of English-speaking people. In Ireland, poor Pat in many cases was made seriously uneasy by a doubt whether a census might possibly mean more taxes and rates, a raising of his rent or a curtailment of political, social, and religious privileges—regarded by him as being too restricted already.

Railway officials must give in lists of persons travelling on the various lines; captains of ships report who have been at sea; barges and boats

have to be visited; gipsy encampments and travelling caravans are not neglected. Dark arches, to be found in some of the large cities and towns, are sometimes used as sleeping-places by the wretched and homeless; and so are barns, haystacks, brick-fields, and underneath carts and wagons. One enumerator found a boy soundly sleeping in a hollow iron garden roller! These exceptional instances were over and above the regular householders, to whom no less than five million schedules or printed forms were delivered: divided into separate columns for pen or pencil entries as to names, ages, sex, occupation, and many other particulars, which the householder was bound to fill up to the best of his ability, under penalty of a fine.

It may serve to elucidate one of the reasons why night is selected for taking the census rather than the day, that some great towns are visited every day by scores of thousands of persons who do not reside there. 'The streets of the City of London,' said the Commissioners, 'are empty and almost silent during the night, presenting a very different aspect from that of the daytime.' The corporation deemed it right, in order to determine the number, to take a day census. They found that in addition to the ordinary sleeping population, the mercantile men engaged daily in the City amounted to more than a hundred and seventy thousand. We may add that this number is increasing rapidly every year; and that the census of 1881 will probably tell us that the sleeping inhabitants are less and less. Ordinary dwelling-houses are being pulled down in great blocks, to make room for warehouses, insurance and Companies' offices, banks, new streets, and gigantic railway stations—compelling the hitherto resident inhabitants to seek abodes elsewhere.

It may perhaps be of interest to know that, at the date of the last census, about a hundred thousand of the Queen's British subjects were 'living beyond the seas'; and somewhat over sixty thousand in boats, barges, vessels on canals, rivers, &c. in coasting craft—augmenting the population of the British Islands to thirty-two millions in round numbers.

An unexpected difficulty presented itself thirty years ago, coming from a quarter that, it was hoped, would render important aid—namely, the clergymen and ministers of religious bodies. The Commissioners intrusted with the management of the census of 1851, said in their Report of the results: 'Religious parties of every denomination, in the estimates they have endeavoured to form of their comparative strength in this country, have hitherto felt the great disadvantage resulting from the absence of official returns on the subject of public worship. It has been attempted, by means of the information recorded by particular communities, in some measure to supply this deficiency; but the statistical information obtained by any one denomination has never been deemed authentic by any other. After all the efforts made by particular bodies, it has been found that the results have been of little practical value; not only because their accuracy was suspected, but also on account of their meagre and limited character. Now, however, for the first time in the history of this country, a census of religious worship has been obtained by the govern-

ment. We are now able to ascertain the entire number of places of worship, the particular sects to which they respectively belong, the number of sittings provided by each sect, and the actual attendance on a given day.' Alas! the attempt to give satisfaction only raised a storm. The government responding to appeals from various quarters, made the necessary arrangements; but when the Report appeared, all the denominations were discontented on one ground or other. The authorities deterred by these obstacles, made no similar attempt in 1861 or 1871.

We look forward with great interest to
THE CENSUS OF 1881.

SOPHIE: AN INTERLUDE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

I GAVE up all idea of running away; but I did not confide my little adventure to either Severn or his wife, feeling that it was much better not to say anything about it. But I did hear of it before many hours had gone over my head; nay, before we met at dinner.

After tea, Mrs Severn called me to look at a new species of lily which had just put forth its blossom in the greenhouse. I trembled like the guilty mortal I felt myself to be, for I knew what was coming. She said laughingly: 'So you have discovered the trick which we have been playing on you.'

I felt extremely sheepish, and looked it, I am sure; for she laughed good-humouredly, and went on: 'You are not the only one Sophie has taken in. Her impersonations are wonderful. She acted my grandmother to the life not long ago. We had a friend of Alfred's staying here, who is fully persuaded that my grandmother is the most wonderful old woman in the world. I must say, however, her little joke with you was purely unpremeditated. The accident of your finding her asleep gave rise to it all.'

I managed to get out some incoherent words of regret for what had happened; but Mrs Severn smiled. 'Sophie is quite aware that, having put herself in a false position, she must take the consequences,' she said; and we returned to the house.

At dinner we met. She swept into the room, a grown-up young lady, trailing two yards of cream-coloured satin after her, clad in the height of the fashion, apparently taller, and enchantingly pretty.

Severn took her hand. 'Walter,' he said, 'here is a young lady you used to know as a child.—Miss de Burgh, allow me to present my friend Mr Walter Dennis.'

She made me a sweeping courtesy; and I bowed low, feeling very foolish, and very much ashamed of myself. I scarcely dared to look into her face; but at last I ventured. There was just the least little twinkle in her wonderful eyes, as she glanced at me through her long lashes; and I knew I was forgiven.

That night, in the smoking-room, Severn said: 'So Sophie played her joke out. Silly child! She has learned a lesson.'

'And so have I,' I answered. 'But she completely deceived me. I had no idea she was anything more than a child of twelve or thirteen.'

'Luxmore thought her eighty or ninety. She is a wonderful little actress. But surely you saw the likeness'—Severn's voice broke—I knew at once to whom he alluded. He went on: 'She is wonderfully like poor Valérie. She was with us all through—nursed her. You never saw anything like it, sir; never seemed to require sleep or rest or anything. I don't know what I should have done but for her. We hope'—

The door opened before I heard what it was that Severn hoped—though I half suspected; and Alfred, who had been dining out, entered the room; and Harry, with bursts of laughter, told how at last I was undeceived, and how entirely taken in I had been. I must say Alfred was never very cordial with me. I was ten years his senior, and perhaps I lorded it over the young fellow. Once I fancied he was jealous of Sophie's manner to me.

For a day or two I treated her with the most ceremonious politeness; but afterwards we glided into an easy familiarity very sweet to remember. She laid aside her childish frocks, but did not lay aside her charming childish manner. Of course I called her Miss de Burgh; but sometimes 'Sophie' came so naturally to my lips, I could not refrain from calling her so. Perhaps—but I hope not—she really did care for me. Be that as it may, we were great friends. She discovered that I loved Shakspeare and Spenser and all the quaint old-world poets. So many a happy hour passed by on golden wings while we sat and read together.

About this time—I had been nearly two months at the Elms—Alfred left us for a while. I fear we did not miss him overmuch, although I observed a cloud upon Sophie's usually sunny face more than once; but when I rallied her about 'grief for Alf's departure,' she blushed furiously, and ran off. Harry Severn grew kinder, if possible, to me; and Mrs Severn treated me as if I were one of the family.

Poor Alfred! Long before he left, I saw how much he loved Sophie. No wonder. She was one any man must love. But I am not sure she ever manifested anything more than sisterly kindness to him. One thing I do remember—she never played any of her pranks on him, but rather, I think, avoided him.

But I must hasten to the winding up of my sweet Interlude. Summer was gliding into autumn. I had entered upon the third month of my stay at the Elms, prolonging my visit to a most unreasonable length. I therefore determined to leave in a few days, go abroad for two months, return to London at Christmas, spend the remainder of my leave between Lucy's house and Severn's, and return to India in the spring. I must acknowledge that I felt not a little melancholy at the prospect of bidding my loved friend and his household farewell; but it must be done. I had a long, dreary, desolate future to face, and the sooner I quitted the oasis I had found, the better fitted I should be for my solitary lot. And yet—and yet—

Might I not lure this beautiful bird, this child-woman, to fly with me, and make bright and beautiful that future, so dreary in prospect now? May I plead guilty to having asked myself that question once?—once only. It fell upon this wise. One delicious balmy September afternoon, we were

walking through the pleasure-ground together, Sophie and I. She was graver than her wont when we set out on our stroll. Alfred was to return that evening. I had dropped a word about a speedy departure, at luncheon; a word which Mrs Severn loudly declaimed. I was thinking of a thousand things, and silent. She walked by my side silent and thoughtful too. At last, a bird carolled merrily overhead and broke the spell. She laughed her old merry child-like laugh, and we began to chat away much as usual.

Quite suddenly she turned, laid both her little hands upon my arm, lifted up those eloquent, wonderful eyes of hers to my face, as if to read my inmost soul, and said: 'Mr Dennis, what is the trouble you have deep down? You laugh and are merry upon the surface; but within; you have always a settled grief. What is it?'

How could I answer her? I tried to pass the question by; but she would not suffer it. 'No, no!' she persisted. 'You won't baffle me. Will you tell me?' She coloured slightly, and hung her head. 'Tell me, is it anything about—money?'

'Remotely, money is the cause,' I answered.

'Oh, can money mend—can money put it away?' She betrayed great agitation, and was flushed and pale by turns.

I could not imagine what had agitated her so strangely. I took the little hands in mine—she was still a child to me—and said: 'Why do you ask me that, my dear?'

'Because—because—I have too much, far too much money for a little girl. Oh! you don't know how much I have; and—couldn't you take some of it, and get rid of your trouble?'

I looked down into the sweet anxious face uplifted to mine; and a fancy that she might fill the aching, empty heart to which she stood so close, with light and sweetness, and the desolate life with bloom and sunshine, shot through my brain; but I put it from me—at least I resolved to consider the question before I said or did anything definite. 'Dear child,' I said, 'if money at first caused my trouble, it is, alas! beyond the power of money to cure it now.'

'Do you think it cannot be cured?' She had hung her head, and cast her beautiful eyes to the ground.

'Time only can cure me. My dear, when I come back again, and find you in your own home—when you have discovered that your fortune is not too much to give to the man you love, then I will tell you all my sorrow, and you will see how hard it was to cure.'

She lifted up her eyes and looked at me steadily. She had removed her hands from my arm and stood up alone, her eyes looking straight into mine with the strangest expression in them I had ever seen. Was it reproach? Was it surprise? Was it pain unspeakable? Whatever it was, it made my heart beat quick.

Before I had time to speak, I heard a footstep on the gravel behind. She looked past me and cried: 'Oh, you good Alfred, do come and fetch me into the house, I am so tired!'

Then I saw Alfred Severn, who had just returned; take her on his arm, and go towards the house; she walking erect, her head thrown back; her hand clinging to his arm, he bending above her tenderly. She was laughing gaily, and even a snatch of a

song came wafted on the still September air. I must say I felt ill at ease with myself and my surroundings all that day.

We met at dinner. She was gay as a lark, her little face red as a rose, her eyes shining like stars. Besides, she was much more easy and intimate in her manner to Alfred than I had ever seen her before; she joked and jested, mimicked one or two of our acquaintances, was the life and soul of us all. After dinner, she sang for us, her bird-like voice trilling and warbling deliciously.

Next morning, shall I ever forget the quick rush of blood to brain and brow—the sudden throb of agonised surprise when I saw that letter which changed my fate, lying upon my plate at breakfast-time! I remember clutching it up and flying to my room, not to read, only to wonder over it. How well I knew the bold firm characters! How every dot and line made my heart thrill! The vague indefinable perfume which hung around the letter. The monogram, J. E. M., which I knew so well. A letter from Juliet—from London! I sat speechless in my room, dreading to open it and learn the truth. At last I found courage, and tore it open. It was dated from a West End Hotel, and was only a line:

'Walter, I am in London. Come to me.—
JULIET.'

I forget how I said good-bye at the Elms. I think I told Severn some incoherent nonsense. I found myself at the station by some means or other; and in an hour I had my beloved clasped to my heart. She had a long story to tell. I will relate it briefly. I would not tell it, only that I feel it justifies my subsequent conduct. She was free. She had been most cruelly coerced by her relatives from first to last; the miserable half-witted Viscount, upon whom they were thrusting her, persecuting her with unwelcome attention; her father's affairs in a tottering condition; her step-mother railing at her from morning until night. She wavered, for very peace-sake, and consented to become the peer's wife, to save her father. Just a week before the day fixed for the wedding, a well-known bank failed, dragging down many commercial houses in its fall, Mr Morewood's amongst the number. Thereupon Lord Rathalan's yacht got up steam, and vanished in the night. The next day, Mr Morewood died of apoplexy, they said; but I knew from Juliet's face the real truth—by his own hand. Juliet took what portion of goods remained for her—a very scanty one—and came to me, penniless, well-nigh heart-broken, but still my own true love, my Queen of Women.

Before I left her, she had promised to be mine at once. The lady and gentleman with whom she had travelled home, arranged to stay in London until all could be settled; and half delirious with happiness, I almost forgot my friends at the Elms.

I wrote a long letter to Severn, however, telling him the happy sequel of my love-story. Strange to say, I received no answer. So, just before I was married, I resolved to run down and bid them good-bye at the Elms; and I confess I wished my interview with Sophie well over. Yet why? I had done nothing for which I ought to blush, I reasoned with myself.

To my amazement, the gates were locked, the house shut tip. Only an elderly woman, grim

and sour to look upon, appeared at a side-door in answer to my ringing of the bell. She told me: 'The family 'as gone abroad'—to Paris or France, or might be Germany. She wasn't used with foreign parts. The master's address was at the office. If I wanted it, I could get it there.

I explained to her how I had forgotten some books and papers in my hurried departure some time since; and with evident reluctance, she admitted me. Even the few days' neglect and desertion had sadly altered the beautiful lawn and terraces. It was now mid-autumn. An early frost had scorched and blackened the blooming parterres. Fallen leaves bestrewed the unmown turf. The bright geraniums had been removed from the porch; and a long trailer, covered with rosebuds, frost-nipped before their time, swayed loosely in the freshening wind across the library window. A chill of sadness and desolation struck upon my heart. My grim companion unlocked the door. I entered—under protest, as it seemed. A small *douceur*, however, improved the temper of my cicerone, and I cross-questioned her to some effect. The Severns' departure had been strangely sudden. Only a day's preparation had preceded it. They were, however, to spend the whole winter abroad. They would be a great loss to the poor; they were all so good, specially Miss Sophie.

With an inexplicable feeling of regret—nay, self-reproach—I entered my room. It was just as I had left it; my books and papers laid neatly together. One book only was out of its place—a volume of Browning's poems. It lay open on my dressing-table, a withered rose upon the page. I bent and read one stanza which was underlined:

Never any more,
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.

I put back the dead flower, and closed the book. I have never opened it since. Poor little Sophie!

In a few days I was married. In a fortnight I was in Switzerland with my wife. I wrote to Severn from Basle; but I suppose the letter never reached him, as I had no reply. In the spring we went back to India, the happiest pair on earth. I have been truly blest in my noble wife; but—shall I confess?—I often remember Sophie, and wish I could hear of her, and wonder if we ever are to meet again.

I wrote the above more than a year ago, when my life's cup seemed full to overflowing and not a cloud dimmed the sky. I write the sequel to-day, a lonely, worn-out man, with no tie left upon earth save my motherless babe. A month ago, I returned from India, a broken-hearted widower. Lucy has tried to console me. Childless herself, my dear sister has taken the poor orphan to her heart, and watches over him with a mother's care. 'But, dear me, Walter,' she said yesterday, 'you will be sure to marry again. There is your friend Harry Severn; how inconsolable he was after the death of his first. See how happy he is now with his second.'

Severn? His name recalled much to my memory. That very hour I visited him at his office. He received me at first, as I thought,

coldly; but when I told him of my great sorrow, the man's kindly nature asserted itself; he became friendly and affectionate as ever. There was a subject I longed to ask him about, a name I longed to pronounce, yet dared not.

As I rose to leave, he said: 'I won't ask you to the Elms, Walter. Mary could not bear it. She has never been quite herself since'—

'Since what?' I asked eagerly, my heart sinking strangely.

Severn looked at me in dumb surprise for a moment or two; then he said: 'Can it be possible you have not heard?'

'What?' I gasped, clutching at the back of my chair.

He looked fixedly at me, and said slowly: 'About Sophie?'

'I have heard nothing. For God's sake, what of her?' I could not pronounce her name.

'Dead!'

The room spun round. I sunk into a chair overwhelmed.

Severn stood before me looking solemnly in my face. 'She faded from us,' he said in a voice husky with emotion, 'like a flower. One day she would rally, the next decline. It lasted for a year. We did all we could—took her everywhere. But no use. She drooped away, and died in autumn—a year after you left us.' He paused and wiped his eyes. My own overflowed; I could not speak. He went on: 'Our happy home is altogether broken up. Alfred could not bear to stay in England after—he lost her. You know how much he loved her, and how we hoped they would come together; and how—that was all put an end to. He has gone to Rio. I have opened a business there, of which he has taken charge. Emily Rufford belongs to a Sisterhood. She works very hard. Only Mary and I are left.'

I have been to her grave in the beautiful country churchyard. Some kindly hand has made it bright with flowers. A wreath and cross of snow-white blossoms are laid above the warm, loving heart, now still and cold for ever; and a memory of what was, and what might have been, keeps green within my heart a thousand tender recollections.

IN THE TEMPLE.

ENTER the Temple whichever way you will out of Fleet Street, and your foot is at once on ground which, though full of interest on account of its associations with historical personages, is nevertheless but little known to most Londoners, and to none more so perhaps than to the majority of those whose daily occupations lie within its precincts.

In the rooms above the gateway nearest to where stood Old Temple Bar, there lived for many years a state prisoner in the person of Sir Amyas Pawlett, not the least of whose titles to distinction is that he once put Cardinal Wolsey in the stocks when that eminent personage was still only parson of Lymington. By way of revenge, when Wolsey attained to power, he sent for Sir Amyas to London, and forbade him on pain of death to leave the boundaries of the city without permission. In those days, Wolsey's word was all-powerful; so Sir Amyas made the best of it, and

whether from design or not, getting as near as he possibly could to the confines of the city, took up his abode in rooms over Middle Temple gateway, where he amused himself, and at the same time endeavoured to propitiate his enemy, by decorating the walls of his abode with the armorial bearings and other insignia of the great Cardinal.

Passing under this gateway, the passenger finds himself in the narrow thoroughfare of Middle Temple Lane; to the left of him a few houses with overhanging gables, now about the most ancient in the Temple, and in one of which (No. 3) the Lord Chief-Baron Kelly is said to have had his first set of chambers so long ago as 1824. To the right are the buildings which form an addition to Child's Bank, where Nell Gwynn kept her banking account, and where are still to be seen receipts under the hand of that frail fair one. This addition is on the site of the old *Devil Tavern*, which was a favourite haunt of Ben Jonson and other wits and poets of the seventeenth century. Further down the Lane, and still on the right, is Brick Court, in which, at No. 2, second floor, lived Oliver Goldsmith; and immediately opposite is a low archway, leading through Pump Court into Inner Temple Lane, where for five years (1760-65) Dr Johnson had his chambers. His name remained inscribed on the doorpost till a few years ago, when the house was pulled down, to give place to the new one, now known as Johnson's Buildings. Farrar's Buildings, in the same Lane, was the residence of Boswell, who was thus within a stone's-throw of his idol. It is no very difficult effort of imagination, as we pass under the ancient archway that leads out of this Lane into Fleet Street, to fancy we see the forms of the three friends sauntering home after a jovial night spent at the neighbouring *Rainbow*, or issuing out at three o'clock in the morning for the *frisk* immortalised in the pages of Boswell.

At No. 4 in this Lane too, lived Charles Lamb, the back windows of whose chambers looked on Hare Court, the trees in which were in those days so luxuriant that, to use his own words, 'it was like living in a garden.' The gentle kindly 'Elia' was a native of as well as a dweller in the Temple, having been born in Crown Office Row, which faces the Inner Temple Gardens, about which, whilst yet a boy, we can fancy him watching the Benchers, those Dons of the Inns of Court, promenading to and fro; and thus affording him material for his future essay, 'Some Benchers of the Inner Temple.' Fenced round by an iron railing in this garden—all honour to the present Benchers for their reverent care—are the remains of the thorn planted by Oliver Goldsmith; but the walk by the river-side is gone, being now separated from it by the Thames Embankment. On one side of this garden is the modern successor to the old Paper Buildings, where, in a top story, looking on the gardens, Selden lived; and here also Fox Maule, of sarcastic memory, had his chambers. The old buildings were burnt down about forty or fifty years ago, owing, as some assert, to the inadvertence of a wine-bibing Bencher of those days, who retiring to rest after a night spent in the consumption of his favourite liquor, carefully placed his shoes on the chair beside him, whilst he put the lighted candle under the bed. Readers of Shakspeare will recollect that the poet makes the

Temple Gardens the scene of the choice of the red and white roses as their insignia by the rival factions of York and Lancaster.

But the brand-new buildings recently erected for chambers, and which, both by their material and by their pretentious style, appear to our minds so incongruous among these 'Bricky towers, whilom,' as Spenser sings, 'went the Templar knights to bide'—make us glad to quit the gardens, and to wander back through King's Bench Walk, where Mr Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, once had chambers; and past the New Inner Temple Hall to the church, which stands almost immediately opposite to Johnson's Buildings. The curious circular nave of this church was built by the Templars in 1185, after the model of one still more ancient, which they forsook when they migrated from the other side of the Strand. The name of 'Temple' had its origin in the fact that the quarters allotted to the order in King Baldwin's palace at Jerusalem were close to the ruins of the Temple; and hence in England, as elsewhere, the Knights designated their residences Temples. The choir, in the Early English style, was completed about 1240; and here, near the altar, the learned Selden was buried in 1654; whilst outside its walls, on the 9th April 1774, were committed to the grave the mortal remains of Oliver Goldsmith. In the circular nave—or 'Round,' as it was called in former days—the barristers belonging to the Inns received their clients, each having his particular post, as nowadays merchants have their stands on 'Change.

The cloisters, immediately facing the church, burnt down in 1678, and rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, were the acknowledged resort of the students. After the fire, the Benchers of the Middle Temple desired to abolish these cloisters altogether, and to build chambers on their site. The Benchers of the Inner Temple, however, opposed the scheme with much warmth; and gained their point, aided by the Attorney-general of the day, who read the Middle Templars a severe lecture on their inhuman proposal to oust the students from the only place where they could assemble to discuss doubtful matters of law. As far back as the reign of Henry VIII., we learn from a contemporary account of the Middle Temple, that the question as to where the students—or as they were then termed, the *clerks commens*—might be properly accommodated, was one which troubled the breasts of the authorities not a little. Now their wants in this respect are well provided for in the libraries attached to each Inn, both of which contain a splendid collection of law-books. From the account already referred to, we glean some curious information as to the manners and customs of lawyers in these days. 'The House' of the Middle Temple, it tells us, 'was governed by a Treasurer annually chosen by the Elders or Benchers, and his auctoryte is to assign to such as are of the fellowship their chambers or lodgings;' to collect of 'certain of the fellowship a tribute yerely of iijs. iijd. [3s. 3d.] apiece, and to receive a rent of certain chambers;' also 'to pay of the said money the rent due to the Lord of St John's for the house they dwell in.'

The fellowship was divided into two companies—(1) The *Clerks Commens* or students already alluded to; (2) the *Master Commens*. This second company was further subdivided into three com-

panies—No-utter Barristers, Utter Barristers, and Benchers. The no-utter barristers were 'such as because they did not study or profit in lernyng, are not by the elders called upon to dispute or argue some doubtfull matter of law, which among them is called motyng.' The utter barristers were those 'who had profited by study,' and who had continued in the house for five or six years, and who were called upon to dispute at the motyngs or moots—a word derived from the French *mot*. It should be mentioned that these arguments were carried on in what one authority terms 'homely law French,' which we may take it was somewhat near akin to the French spoken 'atte Bowe,' alluded to by the poet Chaucer. The moots of the Middle Templars were conducted in their Hall, which has remained virtually unaltered, and presents the same appearance as when first built in 1572.

But the lawyers of those days were not forgetful of the homely proverb as to the results of 'all work and no play,' and at certain stated periods in each year held in this Hall feasts, which they termed 'solemn revels,' at which the judges and sergeants-at-law were often invited guests, and where eating and drinking formed no small portion of the amusements. All such as were 'in commons' at the time were expected to attend, and absentees were fined iij*s.* iij*d.* (3*s.* 3*d.*); whilst barristers and students who were present, and refused to carry up beer to the Benchers' table, rendered themselves liable to fines varying in amount according to their degree. It may surprise modern readers to hear that those grave and reverend seniors were not above delighting themselves and each other with specimens more or less graceful of the Terpsichorean art; and not only the students and barristers, but the very Benchers themselves would favour the company with a minuet, or whatever was its Elizabethan equivalent, as well as with a song. It was in this Hall, on the 2d February 1601, that Shakspeare's play of *Twelfth Night* was first acted by Shakspeare himself; and it is much to the credit of the Benchers of this learned society that on the same day in this year, the two hundred and seventy-ninth anniversary of this interesting event was celebrated by the recital of this same play by that able and talented expositor of Shakspeare, Mr S. Brandram.

The interior of this ancient building is well worthy of inspection. From and even before the date of its erection, 'the Readers' of the Inn—whose office, now merely honorary, was originally to preside over the moots—were privileged to have their heraldic insignia emblazoned on the oak panels, now nearly black with age, which skirt the Hall; a privilege of which they have pretty freely availed themselves from 1540—the date which appears on the earliest of these shields, and which was presumably transferred from the old Hall—down to the present year. The windows also contain the armorial bearings of several of the sovereigns and other royal personages, including those of the Prince of Wales, who is a Benchers of the Inn. The screen at the entrance of the Hall, and which serves to support a gallery, is said to be made out of wood from some of the wrecked ships composing the Spanish Armada. In this Hall, during a limited number of days in term-time, the students eat those dinners which for centuries have been looked upon as in some mysterious

way forming the best—at one time indeed, the only—qualification for a call to the Bar, and to which they are summoned a few minutes before six o'clock by the 'panyer man' blowing a silver horn.

And now, passing out of the Hall, we find ourselves in Fountain Court. Between two broad flights of steps—one leading down to the Embankment, the other up into New Court—stands on a broad terrace, shaded on all sides by trees, the stone fountain from which the Court takes its name; the most picturesque spot, as some one has said, in all London. Here it will be remembered Ruth Pinch used to pause for a moment or two on her way homewards, in the hope of being joined by her brother, honest Tom; and here, listening to the splash of the water under the shade of the trees, with the quiet semi-monastic-looking buildings on all sides of him, the gardens at his feet, the river in the distance, we will take leave of our reader, assuring him of the fact—which amidst the silence of his surroundings he may be apt to forget—that the busy Strand and Fleet Street are actually within but a stone's-throw of the place where he stands!

MRS FITZPATRICK'S DIAMOND RING.

TWELVE months ago last November, I ran down into Warwickshire to spend a few days with my cousin Horace Mason. It was an odd time of year to choose for a country visit; but as a matter of fact I did not choose it—it was chosen for me. Until that year, I had always managed to get away for an eagerly snatched and greedily enjoyed holiday in August, and had generally been lucky enough to secure some good grouse-shooting or pleasant yachting. But all at once the Fates turned perverse, and that particular August had brought with it a throng of professional engagements which could be neither dismissed nor delayed. Of course they were welcome in a way; for I was near the bottom of the ladder, and was glad of any chance that would enable me to mount one or two rungs higher; but I certainly thought that the fickle goddess Fortune, having apparently forgotten me so long, might have postponed her visit for another month without any marked impropriety. The worst of it was that when September came I was as busy as ever, and even October found me still in the whirl of that Maelstrom of work.

Not until the morning of the first day of November did I waken with the blessed consciousness that the load was gone from my shoulders, and that I was once again comparatively free. I lay awake in bed, feeling serenely happy, wondering whether I ought to celebrate my emancipation by having my breakfast brought up to me, and vaguely speculating as to how and where I should give myself the holiday I had so fairly earned. I decided against the sybaritic breakfast in bed; rang my bell, and informed my landlady that I should be down-stairs in twenty minutes; and on entering my snug little sitting-room, found on the table a solitary letter. I digested the kidney and it together, and they were both eminently satisfactory. The former was perfect—Mrs Higgins had been a cook—and the latter was equally to my taste. It was from Horace Mason, who said he was completely bored—Horace is always complaining of being bored, though no

one enjoys life more than he—and that he would be eternally grateful to me if I would sacrifice myself by coming to share his boredom for two or three weeks. This was the very thing. Winthorpe, though only a bachelor establishment, was a most delightful house to stay at; and as it was surrounded by other houses almost equally delightful, the inhabitants of which understood well the great art of enjoying themselves, I need hardly say that I accepted the invitation by return of post.

Three days later, shortly after six in the afternoon, I was met at the door of Winthorpe by Horace himself, who as usual assured me, in tones which seemed symptomatic of perfect health and spirits, that he was more bored than ever, and that he would never, never forget the good turn I had done him by coming so soon. Of course, as *Pinafore* was then in the ascendant, I was bound to raise my eyebrows and inquire: 'What, never?' and he, to shew that his boredom was tempered by news of the great world, was ready with the orthodox reply: 'Well—hardly ever.' These highly intellectual greetings being exchanged, I was escorted up to my room, and then down to the drawing-room, where I found Mrs Patton, Horace's lady-housekeeper—his *duenna*, as he was wont to call her—and Mr Fitzpatrick, the rector of the parish. Mrs Patton, I knew well. She was a most amusing compound of dignity and jollity, and we were the best friends in the world, though she always declared that I did nothing but make fun of her. Mr Fitzpatrick I had never seen before; for during my previous visits he had always happened to be from home. He was a tall, portly, elderly gentleman, with a rather florid complexion, and a magnificent head of perfectly white hair, the effect of which was increased by a pair of bushy and perfectly black eyebrows. He greeted me very cordially; and as soon as we were seated at the dinner-table, I discovered that his forte was conversation and his foible monologue. I have heard some good steady talkers in my time; but I am prepared to back Mr Fitzpatrick against any of them. Reminiscence succeeded reminiscence, and anecdote jostled anecdote; and though he was undoubtedly very amusing, I began to think that if one lived in his parish, one might possibly have for him some of the feeling that Sindbad the Sailor had for the 'Old Man of the Sea.' I have forgotten most of his stories; but one of them had a certain ghastliness, which impressed me a good deal at the time, and makes me think it worth telling again.

I had noticed during dinner that, as is the habit of some widowers, he wore a wedding-ring, which had presumably been his wife's; and over this another ring, of the kind usually worn by ladies, in which were set three very handsome brilliants. After dinner, when Mrs Patton had retired, the conversation somehow or other took a turn in the direction of precious stones, and Horace, who at last managed to get in a word or two, said something about the difficulty of distinguishing, in the absence of tests, a true stone from a really well executed imitation, and took from his waistcoat pocket a manufactured diamond which I certainly should have pronounced genuine. For purposes of comparison, Mr Fitzpatrick slipped from his finger the ring of which I have just spoken; and after it had been examined and

replaced, he said: 'There is a curious story connected with that ring, Mr Mason. I daresay you have heard it?'

'I've heard something about it,' said Horace; 'but I don't know all the particulars; and I don't think my cousin has heard anything of it.'

'Well, then,' said Mr Fitzpatrick, 'I may as well tell it you, if you care to hear it. The story begins and ends a long time ago. It is forty years this very month since I became engaged to be married. I was then a curate, and had not much money to spare; but I had just received a legacy of rather less than a hundred pounds; and in a fit of extravagance, hardly excusable even in a lover of five-and-twenty, I spent the whole of it and a few pounds more in purchasing a ring for my future wife. We expected the engagement to be a long one; but the rector of this parish died suddenly, and my great-uncle, in whose gift the living was, presented me to it. The rector's death took place in February. I read myself in on Easter Sunday; and on the first of June we were married. I suppose that every newly married husband and wife think themselves the happiest people in the world; but I honestly believe that we really were so. We had not only each other, but we had everything else that we could possibly desire—a larger income than we needed, work that was thoroughly congenial to both of us, a few real friends, any number of pleasant acquaintances, and an utter freedom from all anxiety.

'This unalloyed happiness lasted for six months, when my wife's health failed in a mysterious manner. She began to be subject to strange fits of languor, physical depression, and drowsiness, which gradually became longer and more frequent. I had advice at once; but the doctors seemed completely at sea. The organs, they said, were perfectly sound; and though the action of the heart was not quite so strong as it ought to be, there was absolutely nothing to account for the symptoms. At all events, they could only recommend tonics, gentle open-air exercise, and an occasional stimulant. In spite of them all, however, my wife grew worse and worse. At last she took to her bed; and she had not been in bed a week, when one evening I left her, apparently much the same as usual, and went into my study to spend a couple of hours over my next Sunday morning's sermon. I had been down-stairs only about three-quarters of an hour, when my wife's sister, who had been sitting with her during my absence, burst into the room and threw herself upon me, exclaiming: "O James! she's dead! Our darling Kate's dead!"

'You can imagine the shock she gave me; but it never occurred to me to imagine that what she said was really true. I thought nothing but that the strain of anxiety had been too much for the poor girl, and that she had temporarily lost her reason. I did my best to calm her; and soon succeeded, for she began to talk so lucidly, that I was compelled not only to listen but to heed. She said that she and one of the servants had been watching by my wife, who was apparently sleeping peacefully, when they had both been startled by a peculiar change in her countenance. They listened for the sound of her breathing; but heard nothing. They had then held a hand-mirror to her mouth; but it remained unclouded. They had felt for the pulsation of her heart; but

it had ceased to beat, and her body was deathly cold. The servant had gone to tell one of the men to saddle a horse and ride hard for the nearest doctor; while she had come to me to tell the terrible news and bid me be calm. Calm was out of the question. I tore myself away and rushed up-stairs. They were idiots—they were demented; but still there was a haunting fear which I must dispel for myself. And yet I was so sure that my wife could not be dead, that I summoned sufficient presence of mind to open the door gently and walk softly to the bed. I leaned over it, and said, not loudly, but distinctly: "Kate, darling, are you asleep?"

"But before I had spoken the last word, I was convinced. I had seen death often, and was sure that I knew it too well not to recognise it at a glance. I now shrieked instead of whispering; but there was no answer, and I flung myself full length upon the bed in voiceless agony. I must have become almost or entirely unconscious; for I never knew of the doctor's presence in the room until I felt his hand upon my arm. He said: "My dear Mr Fitzpatrick, you must try and bear it like a man and a Christian; for your wife is dead: she has been dead more than an hour."

"How I felt, I cannot tell you. I was prostrate with grief; and prostrate I remained for three days. The necessary preparations for the funeral were made by my wife's brother, and I really was unaware of what had been done. On the evening of the third day I heard stealthy footsteps ascending the stairs, and I felt rather than knew that they were the footsteps of the men who had come to close up the coffin. I heard the door open; then for a few minutes there was silence; and then I heard other and lighter footsteps descending, followed by a tap at the study door. I said: "Come in;" and when the door opened, I saw that it was an old nurse of my wife's, who had come to see her living, and had found her dead. "If you please, sir," she said, giving my wife the old familiar name, "they cannot get the rings off Miss Kate's finger; and they want to know what they must do."

"I had been apathetic; but in a moment I was enraged, and I shouted: "Leave them on!" in tones which made the poor woman beat a terrified retreat. I was completely unnerved by what seemed an outrage upon the remains that were so dear and so sacred to me; but I could not move to make a more effectual protest, and I soon sank into the lethargy from which I had been aroused. The night passed, as the preceding nights had passed, sleeplessly and wearily. I rose at dawn, and sat in the study until noon, when they came to tell me that the time for the funeral had come, and that I must follow my wife to her last home.

"You won't know the rectory well, Mr Browne," said Mr Fitzpatrick, addressing himself directly to me; "but you must have passed it. The front-door, as you will remember, opens to the turnpike road; but there is also another door with two glass panels which opens directly into the churchyard. My wife was in the habit of using this door very frequently; for there ran from it a path which crossed the churchyard and ended at a stile, which was just opposite the gates of the Grange, then rented by the Hardings, who were her oldest friends. When she had returned and found the door fastened, which sometimes happened, she

had been used to let me know she was there by a peculiar tap, and I had always gone to let her in. It was out of this door—which somehow seemed to belong to her, and out of which she had often tripped so gaily—that I followed her corpse; and as it was closed gently behind me, I think I fully realised for the first time what a changed thing my life must henceforth be. The service was gone through; I heard the clods fall upon the coffin; and I returned to the house that was now so awfully solitary. The vicar of the next parish, who had performed the last sad offices for my wife, returned with me, and tried his best to bring me to myself; but I refused to be comforted. At last he left me; and I was glad to be alone, for in solitude I could feel that my wife was somewhere near me.

"They brought me food; but I could eat nothing. The hours passed slowly; but I took no note of them. I did not even know that it was dark until one of the maids came and asked if she should light the lamp. I let her do it; and then mechanically took a book down from the shelves and tried to read. It was only a mockery of reading; but it acted as a sort of narcotic; and I had dropped into a doze, when I was aroused by a knocking at my door, sharp and decisive, as if the person knocking were not asking but demanding entrance. Just as the knock came, the clock struck twelve, and I knew that I must have been sleeping for nearly three hours. I got up from my chair, opened the door, and inquired what was wanted of me. Standing in the lighted hall were the three indoor servants and the old nurse; and the faces of all were absolutely blanched with terror. One of the girls, in an agony of fright, caught hold of my sleeve and panted out: "O sir, do come!"

"I shook her off somewhat roughly and, addressing the nurse, said: "What's the meaning of this?"

"She was clearly as frightened as the others, but more self-possessed, and she replied: "If you please, sir, Jane and Margaret say that their mistress is standing at the side-door, tapping on the glass; and that they will leave the house if you do not come and see."

"I called them fools, and bade them go to bed; but they crowded behind me as I hastily crossed the hall, and strode down the short corridor to the side-door. I approached the door; and I must confess that my blood ran cold as I distinctly heard the well-known tap, and thought I saw something white behind the glass panels. I turned my eyes to the bolt, which I drew back, and flung the door wide open. If I were to live for a millennium, I could never forget the sight I saw then. There stood my wife, with bright open eyes, a flushed face, dishevelled hair, and her night-dress stained with large patches of blood!

"James," she said; "don't be frightened; it is I." She may have said more; but this was all I heard. They told me that I gasped, "Kate, my Kate!" and fell down senseless.

"When I recovered consciousness, I found myself in bed. My wife, dressed as she was used to be dressed, was sitting by my side; and I looked around and wondered whether I had been awakened from some horrible nightmare. At last the reality of the events of the past few days came back to me—my wife's illness, her death, her strange return from the world of spirits. When

I summoned strength for the task, I asked what it all meant; and though she could tell but little, that little was enough to solve the mystery. She said she had felt as if she were being rather roughly awakened from sleep; and that when she became thoroughly aroused, she found she was sitting up in an open coffin at the bottom of a grave, with the blood running quickly from a deep cut in her ring-finger. The grave was shallow, and she had managed to climb out, when she discovered that she was not twenty yards from the door by which she was accustomed to enter the house. She made her way to it; and we knew the rest.

'It had been a curious case of trance, catalepsy, or whatever name men of science may give to these inexplicable simulations of death in which all the functions seem to be arrested while the vital principle remains intact. She had been restored to conscious animation by the cut given to her finger by the ruffian whose cupidity had tempted him to a deed from which many a hardy scoundrel would have shrunk. The perpetrator was of course one of the undertaker's men, who had been struck by the glitter of the gems in the diamond ring; and who, to obtain it, did not hesitate to violate the sanctity of the grave, and even to mutilate a corpse.'

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'what an overpowering story. Was the rascal ever caught?'

'No; he disappeared, and nothing was heard of him.'

'And your wife? What effect had it on her?'

'Curiously enough, her general health became better from that dreadful day; but I think her nervous system must have received a permanent strain, for she entirely lost the physical courage which she had possessed in an extraordinary degree for a woman; and about two years afterwards she became subject to attacks of asthma, which is, I believe, a complaint that often has its origin in some nervous shock. She lived, however, to be over fifty, and was bright and cheerful to the last, though she had been a confirmed invalid for five years before her death.'

Mr Fitzpatrick ceased speaking for a while; and we were allowed to interject a few sentences of comment upon the remarkable story we had heard; but silence with him was never much more than a flash, and in ten minutes he was in the middle of another narration. We did not separate until after midnight; and I saw him again several times during my stay at Winthorpe, which was more than usually pleasant. He had certainly an inexhaustible fund of stories; but I did not hear one that was, in the current literary slang of the day, so thoroughly 'sensational' as the story of Mrs Fitzpatrick's Diamond Ring.

[The foregoing narrative, which is founded on an actual occurrence, is another illustration of the danger of interring a human being apparently dead, but in whom life may nevertheless still linger. To be buried alive is a contingency the very thought of which fills the mind with horror; and yet it is notorious that instances have occurred, and may yet occur, through neglect on the part of those in charge to use even the most ordinary precautions.

The subject is of such importance, that though it has been dealt with in these pages on previous

occasions, we gladly take this opportunity of again offering to our readers a few of the signs which usually distinguish actual from supposed death:—

The arrest of the pulse and the stoppage of breathing. No movement of the chest—no moist breath to dim a looking-glass placed before the mouth. These stoppages of pulse and breath may however, under certain conditions be reduced to so low an ebb, that it is by no means easy to decide whether or not they are *completely* annihilated. Cases too have been known in which the patient had the power of voluntarily suspending these functions for a considerable time. The loss of irritability in the muscles (a fact which may be readily ascertained by a galvanic current) is a sign of still greater importance than even the apparent stoppage of the heart or of the breath.

The contractile power of the skin is also lost after death. When a cut is made through the skin of a dead body, the edges of the wound close, while a similar cut made during life presents an open or gaping appearance.

An important change termed the *rigor mortis* takes place after death, at varying periods. The pliability of the body ceases, and a general stiffness ensues. This change may appear within half-an-hour, or it may be delayed for twenty or thirty hours, according to the nature of the disease. It must however, be borne in mind that *rigor mortis* is not a continuous condition; it lasts for twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and then passes away. Commencing in the head, it proceeds gradually downwards, the lower extremities being the last to stiffen; and disappears *in the same order*.

One of the most important of the various changes that indicate death is the altered colour of the surface of the body. Livid spots of various sizes occur, from local congestions during life; but the appearance of a green tint on the skin of the abdomen, accompanied by a separation of the cuticle or skin, is a certain sign that life is extinct. To these symptoms may be added the half-closed eyelids and dilated pupils; and the half-closed fingers, with the thumb turned in. It is important to note that the slightest motion of the heart may be detected by the stethoscope even though breathing and the pulse have ceased. If the heart, therefore, be silent to this delicate instrument, the vital spark has fled.—ED.]

G L O A M I N G.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

TWILIGHT downward softly floateth;
All, once near, seems dim and far;
High aloft now faintly gleameth,
Pale and clear, the evening star.

All in doubtful shadow quavers;
Up and up the slow mists creep;
Down, the lake, 'mid deepest darkness,
Mirroring darkness, lies asleep.

On the eastern sky appearing,
Lo! the moon, bright, pure, and clear;
Slender willows' waving branches
Sport upon the waters near.

Through the playful, flitting shadows,
Quivers Luna's magic shine;
Through the eye this freshness stealing,
Steals into this heart of mine. G. S. U.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 869.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

OVERWORK AND UNDERWORK.

ONE of the many Associations working for good in the metropolis is the National Health Society, which has been some years in existence, and whose object, by means of popular lectures, is to diffuse well-established facts connected with sanitary knowledge. Addressing itself especially to families and households, with a view to the prevention of disease and preservation of health, it has, we understand, been of material service in disseminating useful information among various classes of the community. The principal lecturers are medical men; but the number of non-professionals is by no means inconsiderable. Some of the lectures are, by the courtesy of families connected with the Society, delivered in Drawing-rooms to fashionable audiences; while in other cases the lectures are addressed to bodies of artisans, on subjects of professional importance. For example, we see that the Society proposes to organise a series of lectures and demonstrations to working-plumbers, a class of men on whose handicraft not a little of the health-comfort of households now depends. Desirous to promote the objects of the Society, which in some respects are what we have long been labouring at, we offer the following specimen of one of the more interesting lectures, slightly abridged. It is by Dr Samuel Wilks, on Overwork and Underwork, and has been obligingly handed to us for general circulation.

Dr Wilks begins by speaking of the human body as a machine, some parts of which go on continuously, while others are at times at rest; and this period of rest and activity is intimately associated with darkness and light as the earth makes its diurnal revolution on its axis.

'If we take a working man or mechanic, and allow him sufficient time for his meals and for sleep, his body can produce enough force to keep him employed for the remainder of the twenty-four hours. There are many instances where this has been done, so that when it is asked whether a man can work the whole day, the answer is,

assuredly he can; but this always implies that he is allowed time for his meals, and that he has so many hours for sleep. It is idle to ask if a man can work the whole twenty-four hours for an indefinite time, since Nature has made us in such a way as to necessitate a period of rest. If this is allowed, then we may safely assert that he can work the whole of the day. Health is perfectly compatible with this idea, if the day be regarded in its true physiological sense. It would seem to you a self-evident fact that the work got out of a steam-engine must be proportioned to the supply of fuel; and a similar law prevails in the animal machine; or in general terms, as the best work can be got out of a machine when it is well taken care of, so in the same way the most work can be got from the men or women who best take care of themselves. This, you say, is a self-evident proposition; and yet it is one which half the world disregards. If you keep in mind that your body is a furnace, having a temperature of nearly a hundred degrees, whilst perhaps the surrounding air is only sixty degrees, you can imagine the amount of combustion which is going on within us: the body is a furnace in which the food undergoes chemical changes, and in which the tissues are burning, so that it may happen, as I witnessed in a consumptive patient the other day, that the animal heat may reach a hundred and thirty degrees.

'As motion is a form of energy taking the place of heat, so all these chemical changes in the body produce movement as well as warmth. For instance, if you have to carry your body up a mountain, which is the same thing as walking up, a very great amount of chemical action must have taken place in the body to produce the necessary power, and you know when you arrive at the top how very ready you feel to replenish the system. Now, if this same amount of chemical change had produced heat instead of motion, you would be lying on a sick-bed, utterly prostrate, and consumed by your own fires. That is one great difference between health and disease. Now we know pretty well what amount of food is

necessary, and what its nature must be in order to supply the furnace of the body, so as to obtain from it the full amount of heat and motion; and it seems a self-evident fact that in order to obtain the most effect from this or any other machine, its requirements must be first attended to. Yet remarkably enough, this first law of Nature is absolutely unheeded. For example, I lately had a young curate under my care, who was much devoted to his work in a poor suburb of London, but who, getting overdone and overworked, came to me for advice. I sympathised with him in his desire to use all efforts for the benefit of the poor, but unlike him I regarded his body as the necessary instrument to perform his object; he had some vague notions about energy, will, religion, and other metaphysical principles which could aid him; and therefore it was almost a revelation to him to be told that all of his forces came out of his body, and if he wished to strengthen or multiply these, he must not ignore the laws of Nature, but rather make a study of his bodily organism. By making this one of his objects of life, he would find that he would get much more work out of himself than heretofore. He took my advice; and called on me some weeks afterwards to report himself well and equal to all his duties. He had desisted from sacrificing his meals and sleep time to his avocations; but on the other hand made a religious duty of thinking of them, and found himself doing more and better work than before.

'One of the hardest-working men in my profession, on being asked how he could get through all his daily toil, answered, by first having regard to health and physical requirements.

'A lady of good mental powers, engaged much in school-teaching and home missionary work, became at length so devoted to what she considered to be the great aim of her life, that she began to deprive herself of some of her ordinary meals, and often to debar herself from her customary food, that she might have more for the poor people around her. Never was there a more high-minded devotion, or greater sacrifice, combined in so great a folly. I apprehended that she never let so low a thought cross her mind that she was a mechanical or chemical machine; she consequently fell into a wretched state of health, wasted away to a skeleton, and became so feeble, that when I saw her she could not walk from her sitting-room to her bed-room, and at last fell a victim to her ignorance and to her disrespect of the first laws of physiology.

'In minor degrees we see every day that work cannot be done with an impaired bodily organisation; this is self-evident; but it is not so clear when it arises from insufficient or improper nutriment. I see a very large number of persons who suffer from nerve-depression, and I find their mode of life is quite sufficient to account for it, being one altogether incompatible with health. When, therefore, we discuss the question of the amount of

work which a person can do, the very first and obvious condition is, that the machine is kept in order; and yet this prime necessity is often overlooked in the calculation.

'The physical work or muscular exercise is that in which the labourer is solely engaged, and we might therefore ask ourselves in the first place, can this be wholly replaced by mental work? This can only be answered by appealing to the result of experience; and in this respect, I think it may be said that although there have been some very remarkable instances of persons who have taken no bodily exercise whatever for several years, and during this time accomplished much literary and other mental work, yet at last they have broken down from the want of it. I think we must admit the necessity of bodily exercise for all, and therefore the question to be solved is the amount of that exercise. Now, every-day observation is sufficient to shew that the requirements vary with different people; so that we are forced to explain this difference on the principle that use is second nature, and maintain that the necessity for much exercise has been artificially acquired; and, on the other hand, that those who have never accustomed themselves to it, do not require it. Some persons find it necessary to take a measured walk every day; others a ride on horseback, or perhaps on a bicycle; others an occasional run with the hounds, or a day's shooting; whilst some find their walk to and from business sufficient for them. Some make an occupation in order to exercise their muscles, and take to gardening or cutting down trees; or they keep a lathe in the house, and supply all their neighbours with handles of drawers made of every wood in the known world. There seems to be a real necessity for some employment of the body for those who have not the opportunity of out-of-door exercise. Some will walk up and down their garden, or pace round and round their room, like those unhappy beasts in the Zoological Gardens who circulate round their dens, giving now and then a jump over a bar in order to work off their superfluous energies; or as the errand-boys do in the street, put down their goods to fight with other boys, or not happily meeting with an antagonist, get rid of their forces by jumping over all the posts on their road.

'At school or college, the various games have become a part of the constituted curriculum of duty, and every lad or young man rows, plays at football, or cricket. Young ladies also have their lawn tennis, and are ever ready for a dance. During a frosty winter, their enthusiasm for exercise on the ice often surpasses due bounds; but then nothing can tell more in favour of the pursuit than the joyous exhilaration of the young lady as she drives against the cool bracing air.

'We, however, get a step further in our problem, and ask if we add so much time for exercise to that already allotted to sleep and meals, may we occupy the remainder in mental labour? I should

say assuredly we can. We have only to look around amongst our friends and take a glance at public men, to see that they waste not a moment. The whole of their time is occupied, and this month after month.

‘Having determined these broad principles, another question arises, which is one of greater practical issue in every-day life, and it is this. Supposing the whole of our time—that is, the time fixed by physiological consideration—can be occupied by mental work, can it be profitably or even possibly employed in one kind of labour or intellectual pursuit, or must these be varied? This can only be answered by appealing to experience; and I think all will agree in the answer that the mind cannot be occupied on one subject alone with impunity; that in order to allow full occupation for the brain during the whole of the working hours, many of the faculties must be employed; not only is this a necessity, but it is advantageous, by invigorating the mind itself. Every one should therefore have more than one object or pursuit in life. A professional man might be wholly devoted to his pursuits; because, after the monotonous and bread-earning toil of the day, he could direct his thoughts towards the scientific or philosophical side of his calling; but even for these, be he parson, lawyer, or doctor, it is better for him to spend a part of his time in an occupation quite foreign to his daily allotted task. But with the business man, or with him who is at his ledger all day, the case is far different; and I believe a second occupation is an absolute necessity, otherwise some small and limited faculty of the mind is put on the stretch for hours daily, and at last breaks down under the pressure put upon it.

‘Lord Palmerston was considered a marvel for work, but the work was much varied. Lord Brougham’s brain was a mine of wealth, but it could only become thus by legal pursuits being changed ever and anon for literary or scientific ones. A late judge, who only retired from the bench at a very advanced age, was accustomed to recreate himself after leaving his court, by working out mathematical problems. This was not additional labour, but a mode of giving rest to wearied portions of the brain. Need I mention one of our greatest living statesmen, than whom no better example can be afforded of human capabilities—he loses no single moment of his time, and can pass from politics to theology or classical literature as he will; but in order to accomplish this, he has found it necessary to use some muscular exercise, and if ordinary information can be relied upon, he sleeps well and sound. A case proving that after the physiological laws have been obeyed as to meals, sleep, and exercise, the whole of the remaining time may be occupied; and shewing also that in order to produce a vigorous mind, a number and variety of subjects must be brought under contemplation.

‘A similar law of Nature prevails with respect to other organs besides the brain; as, for example, the muscles. A working-man—say a carpenter—may be employed for several hours in manual exertion of various kinds with impunity; but no one can employ a certain set of muscles alone for any length of time without fatigue. Let any one try and keep his body or his arm in a fixed position for only a few minutes, and he will soon discover

that it is attended with the utmost weariness. Artisans who use some special muscles often suffer from their complete paralysis, as the hammermen at Sheffield or the telegraph clerks; and in the same manner, those who sit several hours a day writing, become the subject of what we call writer’s cramp or palsy, just as dancer’s cramp is a spasm affecting the muscles of the leg. Out of all this comes the practical issue, and which I find most important to inculcate, that not only is the occupation of all the faculties, or a number of them, less fatiguing than the employment of one only, as is the use of the whole arm rather than a particular set of muscles, but that the mode of giving rest to one faculty is by the employment of others.

‘For instance, a man occupied in business, or in speculation in the City, becomes worried—his health fails, appetite impaired, and his nights are sleepless; he is recommended rest. He has not resolution to take a journey; but goes home, occupies his time in wandering about his house and garden, with his mind never off his affairs—is constantly talking of them to his wife, and goes to bed with his ledgers on his brain. This man is worse off than when at his office, for then he was doing something to distract his mind; but now he has the opportunity to dwell on his affairs morning, noon, and night. The only way to get him out of the rut and break his train of thought, is to surround him with new circumstances, which may excite in him novel thoughts and fresh ideas; and so by the process of exclusion the old worries are thrust out.’

The lecturer next insists on the necessity for sleep at the proper times, in order to give repose to the brain, and then proceeds: ‘It is possible, after allowing time for meals and sleep, to fill up the remainder with manual work. If the work be mental, then a small portion of time must be given to exercise or physical labour, and the remainder of the day may be wholly occupied. Of course, as a matter of fact this is not done, nor is it advisable, since a portion of time should be given to amusement or recreation, as to the enjoyment of music or the stage. It is not true, as many seem to think, that it is not possible to fill in all the hours with work, as this would soon wear out the machine, and that therefore several hours of absolute rest are required. Now this is a very prevalent error, and in my profession I do not pass a day without having to combat this mistaken view. What I daily witness, is the fact that young persons suffer from want of occupation. This does not so often occur in the male sex to the same lamentable extent as amongst young women; but occasionally I get confirmed hypochondriacs amongst men, and I then very frequently find they have no occupation, and have fallen a prey to morbid feelings which their idleness has induced. A friend of my own in the medical profession, and working hard in general practice, enjoyed good health until a very rich aunt left him a large fortune. He threw up his business, and then his miseries commenced: after visiting friends and enjoying all the ordinary pleasures of life, he at length became weary of them; he sank into a listless state, and of course his health suffered; he then began to think he had this disease and the other, until he became a prey to a thousand fancied ailments; he became feeble both in body

and mind, a confirmed hypochondriac, and is 'at the present time slowly dying. The bodily machinery is like all machines of human device—it must be worked to be kept in order, for, like them, if left at rest, it will much sooner rust out than wear out. One of the firm of Broadwood lately said to me: You ought to have your piano played upon daily, for nothing is so detrimental to an instrument as to let it lie idle. The numerous joints must be kept in movement if you wish it ever ready for use. The case of my friend is an extreme one; but lesser degrees of it I constantly meet with, and, as I just now said, daily in women. I see families containing several daughters who literally do nothing. Just think of going to bed to-night, and to know the morrow is coming, with no object before you to fill the day, much less for the whole year to come! When I consider the bodily organism with its moral and spiritual aspirations, and think of the numbers of women who have no object to bestow these upon, I do not wonder at all the hysterical and nervous vagaries which I have to treat.'

We reserve the remainder of the lecture for a second article.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

He poured forth an impetuous torrent of self-accusation.

'To be well in chambers,' Thackeray writes in that novel of his which has always been my favourite, 'is melancholy and lonely and selfish enough; but to be ill in chambers—to pass nights of pain and watchfulness—to long for the morning and the laundress—to serve yourself your own medicine by your own watch—to have no other companion for long hours but your own sickening fancies and fevered thoughts: no kind hand to give you drink if you are thirsty, or to smooth the hot pillow that crumples under you—this indeed is a fate so dismal and tragic, that we shall not enlarge upon its horrors, and shall only heartily pity those bachelors in the Temple who brave it every day.' All this I suffered; and with it, in such lucid moments as the fever afforded me, I made myself worse by the rebellion in which I raged against my Uncle Ben's suspicion. I learned afterwards that three days after my seizure, Gregory, who had paid several visits to my rooms, and had succeeded in making no one hear his summons at the door, waylaid the laundress in his anxiety about me; and finding the state I was in, rushed boldly after Dr Brand, and told him not only the fact of my illness, but the reason of it. The good Doctor attended me, and sent a practised nurse, who superseded the laundress; and having discovered her in a state of intoxication, with a bottle of my brandy on the table before her, took upon herself to discharge that faithless functionary. The laundress, as I learned afterwards, revenged herself by pitying statements to the other men whose chambers she attended, as to the sorrow she felt at seeing such a nice young gentleman take to drink so early.

The Doctor's medicine and the nurse's tending brought me round; and for some days after the fever had left me, I lay quite tranquil and at rest; but my after-recovery was made slow by the misery of mind which I endured. I came out

of my sick-room aged and altered. The Holborn lawyer had no comfort for me when I called upon him, though his manner was distinctly sympathetic and gentle. He offered to pay me at any time the first portion of the allowance my uncle had proposed to make me; but I refused it sullenly, and told him that until Mr Hartley had withdrawn his accusation, I would hold no dealings with him, and would nevermore accept a farthing at his hands.

'How do you propose to live?' Mr Bilton asked me. 'You have no profession as yet.'

'I do not know,' I answered, with a bitter and resentful sense of the injustice which had been done me. 'No man with a pair of hands need starve.' He shook his head at that with a pitying smile, which in the soreness of my heart, I received almost as if it had been a blow.

'When you change your mind,' he answered, 'you can come to me.'

'My mind will not change on that matter,' I responded. 'Let me know if you learn anything from the police.'

He promised me that; and I left him, and went back to my rooms, to survey the prospect which spread itself before me. It looked very barren; and I was groaning in spirit over it, and was lashing myself into a great state of rage against Uncle Ben, as the author of my misery, when Gregory came in.

'Jack,' he said with a friendly hand upon my shoulder, 'what do you propose to do?'

'I don't know,' I answered fretfully. 'I think I shall sell off the things, send the proceeds to Bilton, for my uncle, and enlist.'—He kept his hand upon my shoulder whilst I spoke, and gave me a little pull at the last word, which indicated a decided negative.—'What else can I do?' I asked him gloomily.

'It is quite clear,' said Gregory, 'that you can't receive any more money from your uncle until this cloud between you disappears.'

'I will never take another penny from him,' I cried hotly. 'And if any chance present itself, I will pay back every farthing he has spent upon me, though I have to pay it to his grandchildren.'

'You can't do that on a shilling a day, you goose,' said Gregory, with his hand still upon my shoulder. 'Do you know what I do for a living?'

'I didn't know,' I answered, 'that you did anything. I thought your father made you an allowance.'

'My father's money,' he said gravely, 'has been sunk in mines, and swallowed in the Gulf of Mexico, and strewn broadcast over the tracts of Patagonia, and invested in the great vineyard speculation in Smith's Sound, and dissipated generally on hopeful experiments which bade fair to yield a rich profit to—the promoters. I suppose the promoters have profited by them; but his children have been keeping him these past two years, and he hasn't one financial feather left to fly with. I don't blame him,' said Gregory, making a curious grimace. 'He meant well. He never cared for money, or understood it; but he thought it would be nice to leave us all millionaires, and in the attempt to do it he ruined himself. That's all. Now, how do you think I live?'

'How do you live?'

'By teaching my grandmother the art and mystery of egg-sucking,' he answered. 'I am a public instructor. I have this morning completed an article on "Sugar" for the new Encyclopædia. I did one on "Soap" last week. I am the author of that instructive volume *The World's Workshops*. I write for reviews, magazines, newspapers. A farce of mine will be played next week at the Olympic. You must come and see it. I am writing a novel for a firm in Manchester who will publish it simultaneously in thirteen provincial weekly journals. "The pen is mightier than the sword," as the Dandy of Literature most truly saith. You can only earn a shilling a day with the sabre. I make six hundred a year with a quill, and hope to make more in time. All is fish that comes to my net. I shall be in parliament next session—not as a member, but as a salaried censor of the House, a leader-writer to a daily journal. I have been at this work now for four years, and I am doing well at it. Now this brings me to my question again. You must earn a living somehow, and you must do it like a gentleman. Why not try my plan?'

I flushed at the suggestion. Of all the fairy palaces I had built in fancy for myself to live in—and they had been many in my hopeful days—none had seemed so well worth living for as that in which Hope enshrined certain literary works of mine, as yet unwritten.

'But who would pay for any work that I could do?' I asked. 'I am untried. I—I—*think*.'—

'O yes,' cried Gregory, 'you think! I know you think. Put your thoughts on paper. Jack, I can give you a chance. This is a secret, mind you, and it must be kept.' I nodded 'Of course;' and he went on: 'Lord Chesterwood is aiming at a place in the ministry, and he is establishing a daily journal. Stone will be editor. He leaves the *Daily Mail* on purpose to rule over us. I am parliamentary leader-writer. You shall be "Our Special Commissioner," if you will, and you shall hit on a theme at once and write a series of articles. Let me give you a hint. Suppose you take the London Slums, which have been "done" again and again, and *will* be "done" again and again, so long as they and newspaper writers live side by side. Attempt no fine writing. Be as accurate, as uncompromising as a photograph. Say all you see. Make your sentences short and curt, and let each sentence petrify a fact. Keep your eyes open, and set down everything. Don't be afraid of being commonplace or vulgar, but be rigidly and strictly true. Imagine nothing. Use no too-powerful adjectives. There is nothing simpler than the style I mean, and nothing that takes better with the public, which is made up of matter-of-fact people for the most part, and doesn't care for high-falutin'.'

I asked with some misgiving if Gregory had influence enough to secure this work for me.

'Yes,' he answered; 'if you only do these first things decently. Set about them at once.' We shall be ready to begin in a month, and you must start with us. I have named you to Stone already—promising, brilliant young fellow, did well at college, nephew of Hartley, great millionaire, anxious to join literary guild, win his spurs, that sort of thing.'

'Why did you speak of my uncle?' I asked gloomily.

'He is your uncle, isn't he?' said Gregory. 'Very well; I said he was.'

'He must know,' I said, 'that my uncle and I are parted, and that I have no hopes from him. I will not sail under false colours.'

'You Quixotic young idiot,' said Gregory with rough amity; 'don't talk rubbish. What's Hecuba to him—meaning your estimable uncle—or he to Hecuba? You set to work on your articles. Think of a title, crisp, alliterative if possible, and accurately descriptive. Let me see the first, and I'll tell you if it'll do. You'll find me a cruel critic; so take care.'

I had at that time thirty pounds in hand, and half of that had to go in payment of a quarter's rental for my chambers; but I looked forward with new hope now, and under Æsop's directions, I went to work at once, to make this small sum a little larger. The following night saw me in Whitechapel, in company with an Inspector and a Sergeant of Police; and in a week I was fully acquainted with the locale of the slums, and knew something of their characteristics. Every night when I came home, I wrote the story of the evening's adventures in complete detail; and every morning after, I trimmed and polished with zealous care. Then I gave a week to the complete rewriting of the series, and began to regard it as a masterpiece of literary effort. My note to Gregory in which I announced that they were ready for inspection was written modestly enough; but I felt within myself that the articles would stagger him more than a little. When he came to read them, I had arrived at the belief that they were filled with perhaps the vilest trash which had ever been put upon paper; and when he took them away with the simple statement that he thought they would do, I felt immensely relieved.

By-and-by there came to me by post a bundle of damp strips of paper in which the articles appeared in type; and though I knew them by heart already, I read them through and through with an ever-increasing pride and joy, and resolved that they would take the town by storm. At last the paper appeared; and on the placard of contents I with my own eyes beheld in the public streets the printed title of my series. The Strand waltzed with me. I paid a penny for a copy of the new journal, and wondered if the boy who served me knew that there was an article of mine in it, and what he would think if he did know it. I opened and folded back the paper, and read the article anew as I walked to my chambers. If all the hurrying crowds that went between Charing Cross and Clement's Danes had formed in rows to see me pass, and had cheered me like a Royal Procession on a gala-day, I could not have felt prouder. Every placard on the walls from which the words my pen had written looked upon me, was a tribute to me; and when at last a long file of sandwich-men came along the street, each bearing at back and front an invitation to the general public to purchase the new journal and to read my articles, specially mentioned in large type, I was almost beside myself, and was glad to walk into the quiet of the Inn, lest my emotion should be observed. The upshot of the business was that I received a cheque for the series, and that I was engaged at a settled weekly salary as a

descriptive writer on the new daily journal. The salary I received opened no visions of El Dorado to my gaze; but it was enough to live on quietly. I dropped out of my place in the hospital; and nobody there, except Dr Brand, knew why. But the crowd of friends who had sought the society of the acknowledged nephew of the great millionaire, dropped off when the great millionaire's supply had ceased to gild me; and I knew on whose help and friendship I could rely.

In all the devious ways in which my life has been guided, I can but recognise a Master Hand. I have been moved inexorably here and there, against my will, apart from my will. The plan of my life has no more been mine than the words written by my pen this moment are dictated by it. And now in the halting-place of life at which I tell this story, I can see the plan which my unwilling movements here and there have traced, and I know that I was guided to a settled end.

My articles did not take the town by storm; but they attracted at least the notice of the Editor, who made up his mind from them that the low life of London was my especial track. He kept me on it. He found for me series after series, until at last he set me upon the great religious revival, which at that time was agitating the lower classes of London; and I followed the course of this strange wave into such curves and hollows of the human shore as I could reach.

On a certain night, when the rain was falling dismally, I crossed the river afoot, and walked towards a great wooden tabernacle in which the chief services of the revival were held. It was Sunday, and the streets were blank. I remember the look of the flickering gas-lights in the dusk—the grimy perspective of the mean houses as they stretched out towards the dark in dreary monotony of ugliness—the sullen pools of rain in the breaches of the pavement—the chill discomfort of the fretful wind. When I reached the place, I was a little surprised to find that the service had begun; but a glance at the bills upon the wooden walls shewed me that I had mistaken the announced time by half an hour. It mattered little; and I entered, finding even standing-room with difficulty. A man upon the platform was frenzied himself in prayer, and the vast crowd followed his appeals with cries and groans. When the prayer was over, another man gave out a hymn, and some thousands of voices rolled it to the roof. I have heard nothing like that rough singing elsewhere. The hymn over, a third man offered prayer; and then, with first a rustle and a curious swaying in the crowd, and then a dead silence, the congregation settled itself to hear the sermon. A tall and commanding figure clad in black, came forward to the platform's edge. The light was dim, and there was a positive cloud of steam from the damp clothes of the crowd; but I seemed to know the poise of that golden head, and the slow imperious motion of the arm by which the preacher seemed to command silence. And with the first tones of his voice, I knew him. It was Gascoigne. At first, I was so amazed to see him there that I could scarcely find a thought for what he said; but remembering that more than one clergyman of the Church of England had given countenance to this movement, though none, so far as I knew, had spoken from the platform, I composed myself to listen. If such a sermon

as he preached had been written, few men of taste could have approved it. Had it been delivered in a church and to a cultivated audience, its force would have been lost. But Gascoigne, as I knew now, was an orator, and somehow he knew his people, and he swayed the crowd with the passion and the pathos of his words. Every simile was trite. There was nothing beyond the comprehension of the meanest; but everything was dramatic, and instinct with a fire that set even my veins tingling, though I was bent rather on criticism than devotion.

His voice was wonderful to hear. It rang over us like a clarion; it moved us like a wind; it rose to height beyond height of passionate denunciation. It fell to dead silence for a moment, and then its rare music took a softer mood; and in a while it passed to exultation, and rose again majestic, and thrilled and awed and melted the rough souls that heard it. But if I had been amazed before, astonishment transcended itself when the preacher poured forth an impetuous torrent of self-accusation. He, vilest among sinners, he most faithless to the truth, must yet preach, for the hand of God was upon him. So he spoke; and the strange discourse continued with an appeal to the Divine Mercy, which was echoed in sobs and prayers about the place, and closed amidst a storm of tears and cries. I made an effort to struggle through the crowd towards the platform; but the stream was all against me—crawling slowly to the front door; and when I had resigned my effort, and had made a way round the building to the preacher's retiring-room, it was dark and empty. I went home in a condition of uneasy wonder, with a fear about Gascoigne in my thoughts which no reasoning in his favour could altogether stifle.

He had never been a good correspondent; and of late years, our letters, though full of heartiness, were brief and rare on both sides. That had never made a difference in my friendship to him, or indicated any, as I believed, on either side. I had written to him once concerning my Uncle Ben's suspicion of me, and had received a letter of sympathy and indignant protest; but my later letters setting forth my new prospects had not been answered. I began to ask myself if Gascoigne had thrown away his prospects in the Church; but I could resolve on no belief, and was left—as I have said already—in uneasy wonder.

On the following night I went again through the wintry rain to the tabernacle, and reaching the place early, took advantage of my occupation as a journalist, and secured a seat in front. Gascoigne did not appear; but I learned on inquiry that he was to preach on Wednesday. I cannot tell by what instinct I did it; but on that night I waived my privilege, and took a place some twenty rows down in the middle of the central division. When the doors were opened for the admission of the populace, men and women stormed into the building headlong and fought for places. The aisles were choked, and the whole place was crammed almost to suffocation. After a long pause, a sudden swaying in the aisles, and a sudden cessation of the coughing sounds which had hitherto filled the building, sent my eyes to the platform, and I saw, amid the half-dozen square-set, white-tied, bullet-headed men who took their places on it, the tall form and the golden hair of my friend. From

where I sat, I could see him clearly. Even his lips were pallid, but his eyes were ablaze with the fire of an intense excitement. After one keen glance, which seemed to take in all the faces in the crowd but mine, he bent his head, and through all the preliminary service his eyes were fixed upon the floor. Once or twice he raised his hand to his forehead, and I could see a little tremor in it, which told clearly how high his nerves were strung. The service over, he arose and gave out his text, and waiting until the rustle of leaves with which many of the congregation confirmed his citation of the words, was ended, he began to speak, at first slowly and with labour, each syllable falling distinct and clear in spite of the agitation which shook him. In a minute that agitation had left him, and he was master of himself, and thenceforth master of the crowd. I watched him intently—my glance was fastened to his face, but he never looked at me until he seemed to approach the end of his discourse. Clean in the middle of a word, some mortal-seeming pain struck him at the very instant when his eyes met mine. His face grew on a sudden deathly in its pallor, and a terrible hush struck over the place. Both his hands went to his heart for a moment, and then he cast out his arms and threw his head backward like a swimmer in heavy waters who gives up the struggle. 'Gascoigne!' A cry tore the air. Was it mine? I scarcely knew whether it were mine or no; but it rang wildly in my ears as I rushed—how I cannot tell—towards the platform. He was down. He had measured his length upon the floor, and mine were the first arms about him. I could do nothing but hold up his head and look round in an imploring agony; but there were steadier hands and better nerves than mine about him. The crowd began to storm the platform, and I can dimly remember that a burly man with a loud commanding voice ordered them to stand aloof and wait. As we bore the limp figure to the retiring-room, one followed busy at the cravat which bound Gascoigne's throat; and when it was loosened, the head rolled back so lifelessly, that I turned sick with horror at the thought that he was dead. He was not dead; but he had swooned, and he had fallen heavily, and his head was injured. When his pale eyelids raised themselves at last, and his ghostly eyes met mine, he turned with a faint moan and a shudder of the limbs, and his eyes closed again. But after a time, he sat up with my arms about him.

'What was it, brother?' one of the busiest of the helpers asked, as Gascoigne looked round with troubled ghostly eyes and faint quick breathing.

'The heart,' he answered, feebly striking his breast with his left hand, 'pierced—by a pain—like a knife.'

Some one had bound a white handkerchief, dipped first in water, about his head, and there were a few drops of blood upon it. His face was touched with blood also, and the water-spots hung upon his lashes like tears.

'Will some one be good enough to call a four-wheeler?' I asked, gathering a little courage. 'You will come home to my chambers?' I said to Gascoigne; and he answered with a tremor which alarmed me anew.

'Yes, I will—come.' Then feebly wandering

round with those ghostly eyes among the troubled and sympathetic faces which surrounded him, he said brokenly: 'It is—the hand—of God.'

'Ay, brother,' said the man who had just spoken. 'Cling to that.'

Gascoigne could only moan in answer. His eyes closed again; and once more I felt a swift shudder run through him as he lay in my arms.

After what seemed to be a long pause, a cab was brought; and Gascoigne, supported on each side, walked down the broken way which ran by the wooden structure. The builders had left it full of hollows and ends of timber, and we went stumbling about in the dark with the sick man between us until we reached the road. There we helped Gascoigne into the vehicle; and I, taking a seat beside him, bade the cabman drive to Clement's Inn. When we reached Waterloo Bridge, and the cab paused whilst I paid the tollman, Gascoigne laid his hand upon my arm, and called me by name. I begged him to rest; and he lay back murmuring to himself, but made no further effort to address me. When we reached the gates, I gave him my arm; and the cabman helping him on the other side, we went slowly to my chambers, and set him in an arm-chair there. When I had dismissed the cabman, I gave Gascoigne a glass of brandy; and the room being chill and dismal-looking, I put a light to the fire, which soon began to burn up cheerfully. I drew off his boots, though he made what seemed a fretful effort to oppose me, and brought him slippers, and he sat sipping his brandy-and-water and gazing at the fire.

'Jack,' he said suddenly in an excited voice, 'I will tell you everything. I will make a clean breast of it; and then what *will* come *may* come.'

I could see a feverish light in his eyes, and I noticed too that his complexion changed rapidly from red to white and back again.

'You shall tell me what you will to-morrow,' I answered; 'but you shall tell me nothing now. You are not fit to talk. You shall sit here quietly, and I will fetch a doctor.'

'No,' he said excitedly; 'I need no doctor. I can tell what ails me without a doctor. There is only one cure in the universe, and I have it in my hands. Listen to me!'

'You shall not hurt yourself by talking now,' I said, beginning to fear that his mind was affected by the excitement of the night and the sudden illness which had attacked him. 'If you will not have a doctor, I shall insist upon your going to bed. Come now; let me help you.'

He submitted, but with a chafing restlessness. He was so weak, and his mood so variable, that when he was at last in bed, and I laid my hand upon his shoulder in bidding him good-night, he broke into hysterical sobs, and I had hard work to calm him. Thinking he would be more likely to sleep if alone, I left him, and sat beside the fire thinking and smoking. I looked in upon him once or twice; and at length finding that his slumbers, at first feverish and broken, had grown settled, I ventured to go to bed myself. I lay awake for a long time, and could hear his regular breathing from the other room; but at last sleep overpowered me.

I awoke in the morning with a sense of trouble, which resolved itself into a remembrance of

Gascoigne's sudden illness. Slipping out of bed, I opened the door of his room noiselessly and looked in. To my surprise, I found that he had left his bed; and I became alarmed when a visit to the sitting-room assured me that he had quitted my chambers.

AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSES.

BOARDING-HOUSES have long been an essential feature in the social system of our kin across the Atlantic, and are conspicuously so to-day in all the cities of the northern continent from Halifax to Galveston, and indeed wherever the nucleus of a population begins to appear. They are especially well adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the United States, where society is not as yet a very settled element, and where population is subject to fluctuations unknown in countries of less recent origin. Consequently, we find boarding-houses patronised in the States not merely by single persons, and by a class in particular corresponding to the class who in our own country live in lodgings, but also by married couples and families, to an extent which may seem incredible to people with old-country views of what constitutes domestic comfort and seclusion. High rents, difficulty in procuring servants, and other troubles in private housekeeping, are the predominant causes of the success of boarding-houses on a large scale. Sudden movements of trade also produce unsettled habits of life, and so tend to maintain the boarding-house system.

As regards the difficulty with servants, the maid's incapacity to *help* is sometimes matched by the incompetence of the mistress to manage. Indeed, this is exceedingly likely to be the case if the latter has been brought up in a boarding-house. In such an event, that convenient institution naturally suggests itself as the most ready refuge from housekeeping vexations, and is again resorted to by married people whose efforts to maintain an establishment on their own account have been probably brief, and at anyrate abortive.

The condition of things above indicated goes far to account for the prevalence of the boarding-house system in America. It is a system which has no counterpart among ourselves, and which indeed, with our more settled circumstances and steadier-going ways, would be impossible. It is designed, however, to answer all the wants of young and single people, and may even bestow contentment, at least for a season, on such married folk as have found housekeeping a source of constant vexation and discomfort. For a stipulated sum per week, the boarding-house furnishes lodging, three meals a day, and attendance; in fact the arrangement is much the same as in a family hotel. The price paid varies only according to the room accommodation occupied, boarders being all on the same footing as regards meals and attendance. They sit down to meals together; and it is only just to say that the barbarous manners depicted in *Martin Chuzzlewit* would now be looked for in vain, even in much humbler boarding-houses than the renowned establishment of Major Pawkins. In the matter of attendance—which is less even than is given in most hotels—married boarders are no better off than single, both having to employ people specially to do clothes-washing, boot-blackening, and all merely

personal services. Even the lighting of fires, when fires are needed, becomes an extra item of expense; and by these means, as well as by the labour-saving conveniences introduced into city dwellings, the work of domestics is reduced to a minimum. Hot and cold water are found in all the rooms to the very top of these houses; and in winter the heating is supplied by a furnace in the cellar, the warm air from which is admitted into the hall, dining-room, and common parlours, in a regulated current through a grated aperture in the floor of each. This is decidedly not the pleasantest kind of artificial heating, but it is not the least effective, and dispenses with a vast amount of work about grates. It is true, nevertheless, that by such expedients comfort is often ruthlessly sacrificed to convenience.

The cost of living in boarding-houses ranges from strictly economical to profusely extravagant terms, without anything like a corresponding difference in the degree of comfort obtained by these extremes of expenditure. The scale of charges made by an establishment depends mainly on the character of its surroundings without, and its pretensions to style within. Even in the United States style is not despised, and commands quite a fancy price; but it is not very obvious why a boarding-house, where the table-maids are fair and tidy daughters of the soil, cannot pretend to the same degree of that somewhat indefinable quality as one where the guests are waited on by a black man in a black coat and white necktie. In New York, a well-to-do boarder thinks nothing of paying thirty dollars a week for very much the same material comforts as a clerk or shopman can command at an outlay of ten dollars; but the first occupies apartments in Fifth Avenue, while the other remains content with a 'hall-bedroom' or sleeping closet over the lobby in less fashionable Fourth. If bed and board of a plain but comfortable kind in an unobtrusive neighbourhood will content a man and his wife, these they may procure for fifteen dollars a week; but if they desire more than the bare necessities, or if they go to live in some fashionable 'brown-stone-front' in an up-town locality, then they may pay forty, fifty, or even a greater number of dollars. As a rule, middle-class people do not consider it extravagant to pay for board at the rate of from ten to twenty dollars for individuals, twenty to thirty-five dollars for married couples, and for families in proportion—five dollars being about equivalent to one pound sterling. Nor can these rates be deemed exorbitant, seeing that the fare provided in the better class of establishments does not fall very far short of what some boarding-house advertisements promise—namely, 'the best the market affords, with all the luxuries of the season.'

Seasonable luxuries are made a feature on the table, and a regular boarder would think himself defrauded if he did not get shad in April, strawberries in June, buckwheat cakes during winter, and ice all summer. The hour for breakfast is rarely later than eight; luncheon follows at one, and dinner at six. Supper is a meal unknown in boarding-houses; but abstinence from late eating is recompensed by untroubled sleep and a morning appetite which does not disdain porridge. 'The halesome parritch' has been gradually establishing a place on American break-

fast-tables in the past few years. It is eaten in every way which unaccustomed palates can devise to create a relish—with milk and sugar, or with sirup and butter; to begin a meal or to end it; or even as a concomitant to give coherence throughout. But at anyrate, so strong is the belief in 'oatmeal,' that there are now few tables on which it is not a standing dish. Potatoes also are generally served in some form at the morning meal; and as a dainty, strawberries, blackberries, and huckleberries—otherwise called whortleberries, bilberries or blaeberries—are presented in summer, and 'griddle-cakes' with maple sirup in winter. Luncheon calls for no remark; while the evening meal scarcely differs from a plain English family dinner, followed by tea and coffee; and here it may be added that the charge of keeping a scanty table is one seldom brought against even the lower-priced establishments.

Boarding-houses are mostly kept by elderly married women and widows, who devote themselves wholly to the business; and when such is the case, the comfort of boarders is likely to be well cared for. On the other hand, when a boarding-house is kept merely as a means of eking out the existence of a family, the family is more likely to obtain support, than the boarder to derive satisfaction from the experiment.

From what has been said, it will be inferred that living in boarding-houses has its conveniences as well as its drawbacks. The system appears objectionable only when it is adopted by families. Young married couples, in the perhaps novel satisfaction afforded by properly cooked food, punctual meals, and relief generally from all care and concern, are ready to believe themselves more than compensated for whatever privileges they may miss, and whatever unwonted restrictions they may discover; but this satisfaction soon wears out. To wives especially, the life becomes irksome and unsatisfying. If they have no children, they are hard beset to find relief from the *ennui* which attacks them in the solitude of their apartments day after day. In the lack of daily household duties, other occupation fails, visiting resources get exhausted, and inveterate novel-reading is apt to become a habit. On the other hand, if they have children, the maternal anxieties which such tender charges awaken under the most favourable circumstances are inconceivably intensified in a boarding-house, which is not a desirable nursery for the rearing of a family. The evidences of this fact are most marked in the United States, where children are thrust while quite young into the company of grown people, and expect to be made much of by strangers, and so become noticeable for their forward manners and love of shewing off. But the boarding-house also imposes restrictions which are felt by husbands as well as wives. Married people soon find that it is impossible to entertain their friends adequately, or to allow personal whims the indulgence which is accorded them in one's own house; and in a general way they experience the fact, that in getting rid of the responsibilities of housekeeping they also surrender to a great extent the privileges of a private establishment. There must needs be in boarding-houses, in the interests of boarders themselves, a certain routine; and although the routine really conflicts very little with the free-and-easy habits engendered by home-

life, yet a boarding-house offers little seclusion and less freedom to any one whose domestic creed is summed up in the pithy axiom that a man's house is his castle.

In short, a boarding-house never can be made a substitute for home. There is therefore a touch of irony in the fact, that the familiar words which are sung wherever the English language is known as a pæan of tender feeling for *Home, Sweet Home*, may truly be said to have issued from a boarding-house; for it was among these institutions of his native land that John Howard Payne had his shifting domicile. Indeed, from the time when he left his father's humble dwelling on Long Island, a boy just entering his teens, till the day of his death in a palace at Tunis—at which place he was for a short time American consul—the writer of *Home, Sweet Home* had no home better than a boarding-house, and knew no sweet more wholesome than the bitter-sweet of unsettled bachelorhood.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

EIGHTH PAPER.

ON one occasion I was acting the principal character in an equestrian adaptation of *Richard III.*, in which every arrangement had been made with the view to a grand striking display at the close of the piece, immediately after the encounter between Richard and the Earl of Richmond, in which the monarch is killed. About forty horses and a body of supernumeraries representing the rival armies are massed within the ring, forming an imposing *tableau*. The dead king being then thrown across a horse, the procession winds slowly out. The fight commenced. My fierce and relentless opponent Richmond was represented by Miss Ada Jacobs—once famous as Mazeppa—who, after a long and terrible passage of arms, thrust her cruel blade between my left arm and my side, and I fell to the ground as dead as Julius Cæsar. My eyes were closed; but I heard the tramp of the horses' hoofs as they entered the ring, some of them coming unpleasantly close to my head. I was wishing that they would not come quite so near, when suddenly a foot came down firmly upon my chest. I struggled over and sprang up—I, the dead monarch!—and in doing so, well nigh upset my opponent Richmond, who, to add an unrehearsed feature to our *tableau vivant*, had set her foot upon the breast of her fallen foe! The reader may imagine the burst of laughter which greeted this absurd conclusion of a highly tragic display; nor was the merriment confined to the audience, for the performers joined most heartily in it; though they knew that for a moment it had given me a terrible fright. However, 'Richard was himself again' with a vengeance, though at the wrong part of the performance; and his humble representative had proved anew the truth of the adage, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Had I space at my disposal, I might recount many little incidents to shew how thoroughly the advantage of mutual help is appreciated by actors and equestrians as a class, and to what extent their belief in its efficacy is put into every-day

practice among them. The following example, however, is highly characteristic, and will serve well to illustrate my meaning. One of our apprentices, Miss Polly Abbott, a clever and graceful rider, was the fortunate possessor of a beautiful mass of long, silken, dark-brown tresses, of which she herself was justly proud, and others less favoured were unjustly envious. Miss Abbott's younger sister having obtained an engagement with Hengler's circus, and being on the point of departure, Miss Polly asked and obtained leave of absence in order to see her sister safely off by train. On her reappearance amongst us, she was scarcely recognised. Her long wavy tresses were all gone, and nothing but a very short crop remained.

'What on earth have you been doing to yourself?' I exclaimed.

'Had my hair cut a bit—that's all,' replied Miss Polly with a little laugh.

'So I perceive,' I answered. 'But why have you had it cut so short?'

'Well,' she replied, 'you see my sister's taken this place at Hengler's; and she's got no hair herself worth speaking of, so I've given her mine—just to help her to make a more presentable appearance.'

Many years ago, a novelty was offered to the wonder-loving public in the shape of a so-called 'Man-monkey.' The name is misleading; for instead of this specimen being a monkey having some resemblance to a man, it was, on the contrary, a man endowed with the activity and nimbleness of a monkey, and in addition, imitating the tricks and peculiarities of our poor relative. The remarkable agility he displayed in running up poles, &c., and leaping about from point to point, as a monkey does in his cage, was in itself a sight worth seeing. As years rolled by, Martini dropped the 'monkey,' and ultimately became an equestrian agent, or middle-man between proprietor and performers. At the present time, these agents are plentiful enough; but Martini had it almost all to himself, and thrived accordingly. Notwithstanding this, he was a man of unpretending appearance and extremely simple habits. His 'office' was 'situated' at the front of the bar of the *Pheasant* public-house in Standgate, near to the Westminster Bridge Road, in which immediate neighbourhood equestrian and other artistes were thickly congregated. Here then, at the bar of the *Pheasant*, he transacted all his business, engaging men for masters, and finding masters for men; his contracts when signed, sealed, and delivered being usually celebrated in a drink. The question being asked in some form or other: 'What would he take to drink?' 'What did he fancy?' or, 'What was it to be?' one stereotyped answer invariably came from Martini: 'Two without.' And these two-penny nips of gin, which came pretty frequently during the day, with an occasional nibble of plain dry bread, constituted for several years the whole of this man's aliment. Nothing else would he touch. Once indeed, when he was complaining of feeling weak and ill, I took him to task on the score of his diet, and told him that he ought to take more nourishing food. I persuaded him to come along with me and have some oysters. He ate one or two; and it happened that a few days

afterwards he was taken seriously ill, and that this illness, from which he never recovered, terminated in his death. The poor fellow repeatedly assured the people about him that his illness had been caused by eating those few oysters; they had been far too nourishing for him, and more than his system would stand!

A peculiar circumstance occurred to me once while I was at Cheltenham. It was Whitsuntide, and I had organised a grand fête with special attractions, to take place in a cricket-field just outside the town. The chief feature of the day was to be the roasting of a bullock whole, in which I had had considerable previous experience. I therefore prepared drawings of the necessary structure, and gave full instructions to the caterer how he was to proceed. But after waiting some time, I found that no one had begun to construct the fireplace; so I determined to start the men at the work myself. Calling to one of them to bring a pickaxe, I pointed to the spot where he was to begin.

'Now drive your pick in just there,' I said, 'and loosen the earth a bit.'

Down went the pick into the loose soil; up came the lumps of earth, and with them what looked like some pieces of old iron, corroded with age, and with the earth firmly adhering to their surface. There were three or four at this first pick, and the man put down his tool to examine them.

'Never mind them!' I cried impatiently; 'for goodness' sake, get on with the work.'

As the man proceeded, more of the same articles were unearthed, until at last a dozen in all were discovered, and thrown aside to be examined afterwards. But Percy, one of the caterer's men, happening to come by at the moment, picked them up and examined them; afterwards offering the workman half-a-crown for the lot. This the man accepted; and Percy took the articles, whatever they were, away with him. I thought no more of the incident until a day or two afterwards, when a couple of policemen called upon me and began questioning me in a most mysterious manner about some treasure-trove that had been discovered in the cricket-field by some men who were working with me. I replied that I knew nothing about any treasure-trove. I knew some bits of old iron had been turned up, and that was all. Where they were then or who had got them, I neither knew nor cared. I suppose that as far as the police were concerned, the matter dropped. But I heard afterwards that these dozen pieces of 'old iron' turned out to be what are known to collectors of curiosities as 'apostle spoons.' They were of solid silver; and each had upon it, as a continuation or elongation of the handle, an upright figure of an apostle—the twelve spoons together furnishing the twelve apostles. They were decidedly cheap at half-a-crown the lot.

Driving with my man along a rather unfrequented road from Warrington to Lymm in Lancashire, I observed at a little distance ahead a group of women collected in the road, up and down which they appeared to be casting anxious glances. Presently, they appeared to have espied us, and were pointing in an excited manner towards us. Then they beckoned wildly with their naked arms—and such arms!—to other groups of women

standing about, who immediately rushed to the spot. It may appear that I am a coward, if I confess that I was somewhat alarmed. I knew what Lancashire women were; that if they got a notion into their head, nothing but superior force would turn them from their purpose; that if—to suppose a case—these women had imagined, through mistaken identity or false information, that I had in some way injured them, they would have horsewhipped or duck-pounded or killed me first, and inquired into the merits of the case afterwards. But coward or not, I drove on towards them, slackening my pace as I approached the group, but shewing no signs of an intention to stop. The women put up their hands, beckoning me to pull up; two of them rushed to the horse's head and seized the reins; and then we found ourselves surrounded by a gesticulating and jabbering mob of bare-headed, bare-armed, wooden-shod Amazons, their faces betokening an immense amount of excitement, but nothing worse.

'Well, my good women,' I exclaimed as calmly as I could, 'what do you want? what can I do for you?'

They all answered together, as I should judge from the clamour of tongues; but they all replied to the same effect, in their broad Lancashire dialect: 'We want you to give us something that's good for whooping-cough.'

What a strange request! I replied that I supposed they mistook me for a doctor. I was very sorry, but I could not help them, or I would.

'Oh, but you must!' they all sang out, with an emphasis that quite unnerved me.

'Well, but I can't!' I replied with equal vigour.

This parleying went on, until my man quietly said to me: 'Write 'em something down; it'll most likely satisfy them; anything will do.'

I adopted his suggestion, determined to be a doctor for once in my life, even if only a quack. Alighting from my trap, I repaired with the entire army to a little roadside inn a few yards away, and called for pen, ink, and paper. I then wrote down a kind of prescription, directing that eighteen grains of rhubarb were to be made into four pills and administered to the sufferer.

The poor ignorant creatures were as delighted at my action as I was perplexed at theirs. They thanked me, invited me to 'have a drink,' and were in every way as pressingly hospitable, as they had before been apparently hostile. They accompanied me back to my trap, and wished me God-speed as I drove away. Still wondering at this strange adventure, I arrived at the hotel at Lymm, and narrated the whole affair to the landlord, who at once furnished me with an explanation. He had seen me drive up to the door with my piebald horse, and through that, was ready with the interpretation. There was in those parts, he informed me, a superstition that if a traveller were met driving a piebald or skewbald horse, and were asked to give or recommend something that was good for the whooping-cough, whatever he gave or recommended would be an unfailing remedy for all the children round about that were suffering from that complaint. Such is the belief indeed of these simple folks up to the present day.

Whilst staying at an hotel in the Eastern

Counties, I made the passing acquaintance of a commercial traveller—an important man in his own conceit, and familiarly known as 'Sir Roger de Coverley.' Respecting this individual, some quaint stories were afterwards told me, which I might have felt justified in putting down as mere gossip, had not their probability been amply proved to me by the manner of the good gentleman himself during my short stay in his company. He was a persistent and systematic bragger—not confining himself to generalities, or speaking of bygone matters, where refutation of his assertions might be difficult, if not impossible; but boasting openly, and to any one who chose to listen to him, of all such matters as would tend to increase his importance in the eyes of others; making statements without reference to their truth, or to the possibility of his lies being found out. Say, for instance, that the conversation turned upon pictures. 'Ah,' quoth Sir Roger, 'if you want to know what a private collection ought to be like, you should see my gallery. Finest specimens of the Old Masters, and the leading men of the modern schools. Cost me thousands of pounds; and I could have ten times what I gave for some of the pictures. Why, only the other day Agnew offered me five hundred pounds for a little bit of Turner's that cost me only thirty-five guineas;' &c. Or it might chance that wines formed the subject of discussion, and then there was more big talk about his 'cellars' and 'choice vintages' and 'rare wines worth three guineas a bottle,' and sundry other trifles. When at a good distance from his house—which was at Bradford—he would put a clencher to his boastings by inviting some stranger, whom he had previously ascertained by artful questions to be quite sure not to accept the invitation, to come and see his pictures and taste his wines. On one of these occasions, a gentleman thus invited repeated the polite promise that so many others had given, that if he should chance to be in Bradford, he would do himself the pleasure of looking in. Time went by; the gentleman happened to be in Bradford, and he 'did himself the pleasure' of hunting up the address given him. After some inquiries, he was referred to one of a row of small houses in a very second-rate suburban street, which, however, turned out to be the right place. Mr Blank was not at home, but his wife was; and when her visitor informed her that he had been invited by her husband to call and inspect his picture-gallery, the good woman exclaimed: 'Picture-gallery! Lor' bless you, sir, we've got nothing but a few prints hung up in the parlour!'

These and other tales respecting this individual were told me after I had met him. On the evening in question, there was no one in the room but 'Sir Roger,' a dissenting minister, and myself. The usual dose of brag respecting his own affairs having been administered to us, he then proceeded to learn all about his two companions. (I must mention here, by way of parenthesis, that this happened at a time when, owing to successive failures of the grape-crops in France, French brandies had risen considerably.) Having told him as much of my business as I thought proper, the inquisitive fellow turned to the minister with the question: 'And what line might you be in, sir?'

The gentleman replied with a quiet smile: 'Oh, I am in the *spiritual* line.'

'You don't say so!' answered the loquacious man; adding in a sympathetic tone of voice: 'What a confounded price brandy has gone up to!'

A N INDIAN STORY.

I WILL give it in almost the same words my friend W—, an officer of the Indian army, told it.

'Very many years ago,' said he, 'I was ordered from Secunderabad in the Deccan, to Kamptee in the Central Provinces of India. Those were not the days of railway travelling. No Nizam's State and Great Indian Peninsular lines took you from near your very door in the former place to within a few miles' drive of the latter; but palanquins with bearers, or—when anything like decent roads permitted—bullock-carriages, were, as you know, the means of transit; and it goes also without saying that, barring a skin-and-bone fowl or a piece of goaty mutton, a handful of coarse rice, or the commonest of bazaar curry-stuff obtainable for food at most of the dak bungalows, every eatable and drinkable for the journey had to be carried. And above all things water, or—as more portable and refreshing—soda-water, for in the impure element of the wells, tanks, and streams by the way, cholera probably lurked in every drop. On that same soda-water hangs my tale.

Fully provisioned, and with a large supply of the aforesaid aerated drink, my wife, one little daughter, and I, with of course a large retinue of servants, started upon our long but by no means unpleasant march; for what with going through villages and old tumbling-to-pieces, mud-walled strongholds—what with skirting grassy plains and fields of cotton, rice, and other grain—and what with traversing strips of jungle and belts of forests—in which my gun often got us an addition to tiffin or dinner—the route was neither unpicturesque nor monotonous. Then besides, we were always meeting or passing a somebody or other along it; horsemen or footmen all armed to the teeth with long matchlocks or spears, tulwars, daggers, and pistols; and each and every one having his head and jaws thickly bound up with cloths, as if either chronically affected with neuralgia, or suffering from the very worst of toothache. Now and again too, a closed *palkee* (palanquin), contents invisible, but presumed by my wife to be concealing from masculine gaze the *belle*—save the mark!—of a harem; a native swell on his elephant or Arab charger would, so to speak, hustle and jostle us; and many times a day a gang of male and female *bringarees*—the ubiquitous carriers of that part of India—would block the road with their well-laden bullocks and asses. Yes; it was a diversified and attractive but rather fever-stricken beaten track, that old north one by the Neermul jungle.

'Well, early one morning my cavalcade arrived at a large river, name forgotten, and called a halt for *chota hazree* (little breakfast). A venerable man with a long white beard, and really of prepossessing appearance, was squatted under a tree on the bank reading, or rather chanting aloud; and presently seeing my child busied with some biscuits or what not, came up to me, and salaaming politely, asked—in Hindustani of course—"Would the Burrah Sahib permit the little Miss to add a newly made *chupatty* [flour-cake] to her meal?"

"With thanks," replied the Burrah Sahib; that is, I myself.

"Good!" said he. "I will fetch them from my hut close by;" and soon the cakes appeared on a fresh green plantain leaf.

'The child munched and munched, became thirsty, and called for beverage; but neither milk, nor tea, nor coffee was just then available.

"Boy!" I sung out to one of my servants, "bring *Belahetee Pawnee*?" (Written as pronounced.) Anglice and literally, Europe-water, but generally used to designate soda-water.

'A bottle was brought, the wire removed; out flew the cork with the loudest of "bangs." The much bubbling fluid was soon fizzing from the mouth of the flask itself, and trickling into that of the child. The native gentleman stared and stared, and looked flabbergasted. Clearly, *Belahetee Pawnee* was to him a startling novelty—never dreamt of in his philosophy.

"God is great!" said he, after an astonished pause; "and this is most wonderful, that you Englishmen should feed a child so small and delicate as that on water, boiling up and as strong as gunpowder."

"Boiling! gunpowder! what do —" .But before I had time to continue my intended query, he broke in: "Yes, Sah'b! Did not my ears hear a report as loud as a jingall? Did not my eyes see a cork driven with the force of a shot from the mouth of that glass vessel? Did they not observe as well, a sort of thin smoke issue at the same moment, and the water—if water it be—rushing out, and spurting as if it boiled? Behold! even now, that which the little girl has not drunk is yet gurgling and murmuring. It is indeed most marvellous!"

'I saw that my friend was nonplussed; and unfair as I own it was to impose upon his ignorance and credulity, the idea of ice, which of course he could never have met with in his burning-hot, out-of-the-way habitat, crossed my mind, and I could not resist the opportunity of puzzling him still more. "Indeed," I said, "it is wonderful and marvellous what we can do with this *Belahetee Pawnee* of ours. We can if we choose walk upon it, run with iron shoes upon it, ride or drive upon it. We can light fires upon it, roast oxen or sheep upon it. We can take it liquid, as you have seen, about with us; and nature or our art can make it solid—as I could shew you in Bombay or Madras—and then too we can also pack it up and carry it from place to place. Ask Lazarus there, if what I am saying is not correct."

'Lazarus, my *khitmitghar*, who has been listening to and appreciating "Master's" talk, corroborates every word, and puts in a little chaff on his own account. "The Colonel Sah'b speaks well, my father," says he; "and when I went with him across the big waters, I saw in his country more than all he has told you. But also in this our own land have I myself done thus. I have gone on many occasions to the bazaar, bought *seers* upon *seers* [pounds] of *hard* Europe-water, which I have wrapped up in a *cumlee* [blanket], and carried in a wicker-basket; and when I arrived at the bungalow, little or none of it had gone. Then I have taken a hammer or a stone, and with a knife or chopper, beaten the big piece into little bits, which the Sah'bs have eaten."

"God is indeed great!" once more exclaims the

astonished old man. "And now I marvel not—as I have marvelled hitherto—how it has come to pass that the Feringhee has conquered us warlike people, and possessed so much of Hindustan. If he can, as you say—and indeed as I have just seen he does make water his slave and obey him, even to the extent of exploding with the noise and the strength of gunpowder—how could we withstand him? No indeed! I know now that in the *Belahetee Pawnee* rests the might and the success of the Feringhee. Give me, I pray you, what yet remains of it in the bottle, and the bottle itself, that I may shew and tell of its power."

'He got them of course; and no doubt recounted to his friends, in village conclave assembled, all that he had witnessed and heard; but I am very much afraid that practically he was unable to demonstrate the gunpowder-like noise and force he talked of with the stale, flat, and unprofitable *Belahetee Pawnee* he took away with him.'

WIRE TRAMWAYS.

IN our recent article on 'Tramways' (May 1, 1880) it was stated that the working expenses of Hodgson's remarkable wire tramways are too heavy to yield an adequate return. This, we are glad to learn on the best authority, only applied to the early days of the operations. The patent, and the system to which it relates, now belong to a joint-stock Company, of which Mr W. T. H. Carrington is the Engineer and Manager. We have been favoured by Mr Carrington with some interesting details concerning the various ways in which the system is employed.

In mining countries abroad, wire tramways are found very advantageous in conveying minerals and ores from mines situated high up the slopes of mountains down to a valley, river, or seaport; and in conveying workmen and stores of all kinds in the reverse direction. One such line is at Lebu in Chili, where the suspended wire spans no less a sweep than seven hundred and thirty feet. Another is at the Somorrostro Iron Ore Mines near Bilbao in Spain. A third is at Nanaimo, in British Columbia; coal is carried down from a considerable elevation on a mountain-side to a seaport, a distance of over three miles; some of the posts that support the wire being no less than eighty feet high. At the Mayo Salt Mines, in the Punjab, is a wire tramway ten miles in length, which conveys salt not only down to but across the wide river Jhelum.

Some of the mines in this country are similarly provided; but more generally useful, perhaps, are those lines of short length which connect the different departments of factories and mills when too widely separated to allow of bridging, and when the intermediate space or spaces are occupied by lower buildings, streams, roads, &c. In many such cases the transport of goods becomes a matter of considerable expense, entailing as it does the lowering of the commodities from the higher stories of the works to the ground, their removal by a circuitous road, and ultimately their elevation to a higher level. Here the wire tramway becomes at once useful; especially when steam-power to work the wire can easily be obtained from the shafting of the general steam-machinery of the establishment. The system has in this way been adopted in Messrs Worrall's dye-works at

Salford; in Messrs Ashton's print-works at Hyde, to connect the bleaching department with the calico and muslin printing department, and passing over several large reservoirs at a height of thirty feet; in Messrs Knowles's print-works near Bury, where the wire tramway, starting at an upper floor of one factory, passes across meadows, over a river and a large reservoir, and ends on the ground-floor level of another factory belonging to the same firm; in the manure-works of Messrs Adams at the Victoria Docks, to facilitate the removal of manure during various stages of preparation from mixing-rooms to cooling-floors; in the extensive chemical works of Messrs Pattinson at Newcastle-on-Tyne, to carry the refuse from the furnaces and retorts over intervening sheds, workshops, and a street to the banks of the river, where it is shot into barges. Similar wire tramways have been established at Messrs Butterworth's mills near Rochdale, the Linoleum Company's works at Staines, Messrs Norton's works near Huddersfield, Messrs Harrison's brick-works at Otley, the Marquis of Bute's near Cardiff, Messrs Ensor's fire-clay works at Gresley, &c.

The carriage of field and farm produce offers another opening for the use of wire tramways. In Mauritius they are employed to convey sugar-cane from the fields where it grows to the sugar-mills for crushing. In Jamaica, the wires bring down, at an incline of one to three, cane that grows near hill-tops to mills situated in the valleys beneath. In Martinique and St Kitt's the same plan is adopted, delivering the cane in uniform quantities on the carriers, and in some instances carrying the plucked canes right over another field in which sugar is growing. In many countries wire tramways are employed for carrying the crops from large beetroot farms to a railway or a port of shipment. The Netherlands Land Inclosure Company uses one of them to convey farm-produce from their estate reclaimed from the sea.

This system is also ingeniously employed for the construction of a kind of pier-head. Ships sometimes are prevented by the shallowness of the water from coming near the shore. In such a case, ten or a dozen piles are driven into the bed of the sea at a suitable spot; and minerals are raised at that spot from vessels or lighters to the level of a wire tramway running thence to the shore.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE are villages in the Dales and elsewhere in the north of England whose inhabitants are remarkable for the untutored character of their minds and the simplicity of their lives. Mostly excluded from the busy walks of life, seldom seeing any but their own neighbours, and reading little besides the Bible and a few elementary religious books, they are as different from their like in towns and cities as can be. For the most part they are a quiet, orderly, and industrious class of people, enjoying every essential of life with many of its comforts. And not being exposed to temptations such as are common to those who live in more populous places, few are given to intemperance, or to the frivolities and pleasures which characterise the latter.

My object in writing this paper is to illustrate certain phases of life peculiar to these northern rural districts. No one can long mingle with his country brethren without seeing that, while they are generally given to the love of money, they are remarkable for hospitality and neighbourly kindness. It is not uncommon to find many tillers of the soil so fond of hard cash as to feel it a hardship to part with sixpence for almost any kind of benevolent enterprise; yet they begrudge not a hearty meal to any who may call; and I have seen the tables of such groan beneath the good things of this life, to the best and most of which you were made heartily welcome. And at any hour of the day or of the night, they or theirs were ever ready to give a helping hand in any work either of need or mercy that might present itself.

Though not deficient in good sense, yet their ignorance of the ways of the world, especially of the tricks which are often played on the unwary, exposes them to the artful ways of the designing. A woman in one of the many obscure villages in the northern Dales had the misfortune to lose her husband by death; but she was consoled by being told by her minister that he had gone to be better off in Paradise, where in time she would rejoin him. Now, it is well known that in the coal-mining districts of Durham and Northumberland fine names are at times given to some newly formed settlements. One such was designated 'Paradise.' Well, it happened that a hawker of some kind, living in that village, found his way in his peregrinations to this poor woman's house, where he offered his wares for sale. While conversing with this man, the widow got to know that he came from Paradise, which was his home. 'Why,' said she, starting to her feet and looking earnestly at her visitor, 'that's wheere ma good man hes gone ta live: happen ye know him?'

Now, whether the hawker saw a chance of enriching himself at the poor body's expense, or that he was leading her on, at first for the fun of the thing, I know not; but true it is that he told her that he saw her husband when he entered the village; 'and,' said he in reply to her eager inquiries, 'he was well and all but happy when I left; but if I could take him a little of something, he would be perfectly content with his lot.'

The consequence of this was that the hawker left the poor woman's cottage considerably richer in money and in apparel than when he entered it; she actually believing that what she gave the man would find its way to her husband and heighten his happiness. This may not be credited by many; but the incident really occurred not over thirty years since. I believe, however, that the hawker was made to disgorge most of his spoil, the police having heard of the case.

I was well acquainted with a woman, the wife of a farmer, who resided in an obscure hamlet amongst the hills. She had lived till beyond mature life before she married, and had saved during her life of domestic servitude nearly two hundred pounds. Most of this sum she had out at interest when she married. One day a female gipsy entered her house in her husband's absence, and telling her that a fortune had been left her years ago by a relative, and that the money was then

in the national funds, only awaiting certain acts which she (the gipsy) could easily perform in order that it might become hers, an arrangement was entered into at once for the getting of the fortune, one requirement, however, being absolute secrecy. Acting on the vixen's instructions, the woman called in one hundred pounds of her investments, and had the money in 'golden sovereigns' when the gipsy called again.

'Now,' said the hag, 'this money must be put into a *blue* stocking; it must be tied up, and hung on a nail in the kitchen here, and there it must remain for fourteen days, when I will call again, and the fortune will be yours.'

A blue stocking was fetched; the money was put therein, and it—or rather another stocking of the like colour, brought in the gipsy's basket, and dexterously exchanged for the other—was hung up as described; and away went the gipsy. That same night the tents of the Bohemians were struck, to be planted fifty or more miles away. Need I say that when the stocking was taken down, instead of revealing the hundred gold sovereigns, a number of round pieces of lead appalled the gaze of the deluded one!

The following incident will illustrate the shrewdness and ready resource of these simple-minded Dalers. In a village in one of the Dales a kind-hearted but somewhat hot-headed woman resided, who entertained the minister when he came to preach there. On the occasion of the first visit of one of this fraternity, she deemed it necessary to ascertain his preference for tea or coffee for breakfast; so as she was going on with the preparation of the meal, she went to the stair-foot and called out the name of her guest. But no answer was vouchsafed her call. Wonderingly, she waited a while, and then, repeating her call, she was answered by, 'What do you want?' in anything but a gentle tone of voice.

'I want to know whether you'll have tea or coffee to your breakfast.'

'I'll have either, or both,' was the odd and stinging reply.

'You've got out on the wrong side o' the bed ta morn,' said the irritated dame to herself; 'but I'll fit up yer order, my man; so saying, she went to the cupboard, took thence another teapot, and putting therein equal quantities of tea and coffee, she made a strong decoction thereof for the preacher. Presently, he felt that he had a strangely flavoured beverage before him; so, pausing, he asked: 'What's this, Missis?'

'It is *both*, sir; and you sall either sup it or gang without.'

Some young men are possessed of a shrewdness not expected in them when judged by their appearance. The writer was once on a journey among the Dales. The morning was frosty. As he went along a highway, he was overtaken by a big, burly, half-witted looking lad on the back of a pony, which was fearfully affected in its lungs, as its loud wheezing testified.

'Your pony is short of breath, my lad, this morning,' said the writer.

'Duv yo think soa? Naa; aw think it's gotten over mitch, an' can't git shut on't.'

And away trotted the pony, with its philosophic rider, leaving the writer to his reflections.

In these villages, Methodist 'revivals' are common. A young farm-servant had been 'brought in' in one of them, and in the heat of his enthusiasm he was heard at times praying aloud in the barn. On one such occasion, a man stopped to listen. With vehemence the lad was saying: 'O Lord, send the divil aat ov aar village wi' twa hats.'

'What does the lad mean?' said the listener to himself.

The meaning at length became plain. It was the custom of farm-servants, when they left their places to return after a holiday, not to take with them more than the hat they wore; but when they left for good, the sign thereof was an extra hat in the hand. So the zeal of this young convert led him to ask that his Satanic Majesty might be sent away from among them, not to return—that is, that he might go 'with twa hats.'

A clergyman fond of pedestrian exercises was in the habit of strolling through the Dales almost daily in nearly all weathers, and of entering into conversation with any one whom he chanced to overtake, as, he said, 'I can get an idea from even a fool.'

'One day,' he said to the writer, 'I overtook a young fellow who was leading a wagon laden with manure. He was a real specimen of a Daler. After a few words of general conversation, I asked: "How much may you get for your job?" "Fower shillin' a-wick an' me shurt weshin," was the prompt reply. I was in the act of taking stock of the lad's garments, to see if a shirt was the only item of apparel that he might need to have washed weekly, when—looking me earnestly in the face—he said, with a coolness and a deliberation that was perfectly comical: "An' what may thou hev for thy job?"'

My friend did not say whether he enlightened his rustic companion; but it must be acknowledged that he had equal right to know the earnings of the parson.

An instance of an inventive genius in an illiterate farmer's boy is too good to be forgotten. A small farmer hired a youth to assist him in the work of his farm as an indoor servant. The first piece of work he was set to do was to thrash out some corn. As the farmer was passing the barn in which the youth was at work, he heard the flail lazily keeping time to a tune the lad was singing. Stopping to listen, he ascertained that the words were, 'Bread-and-cheese, tak' thy ease.'

Going into the house, the farmer said to his wife: 'This is a queer sort of lad we have gotten; he seems to think that the speed at which he ought to work should be measured by the kind of food he gets.' And then relating what he had heard, he suggested: 'Suppose we give him something different to dinner to-morrow, and see how that acts?'

This being agreed to, he had apple-pie added to his bread-and-cheese. This brought down his flail somewhat more rapidly, for it was going to the speed wherewith the lad sang 'Apple-pie accordin'-ly.'

'Bob's doing a bit better to-day, lass,' said the farmer to his wife; 'let us mend his dinner again to-morrow, and see what that will bring forth.'

So, when the next dinner-time came round, he

had a good plate of beef and pudding set before him, which went down right grandly, and brought the flail into splendid action to the words, 'Beef and puddin', I'll gi'e thee a drubbin', and to a jolly good tune.

'I see plainly,' said the farmer, 'if we wish to get good work out of Bob, we must feed him well;' so Bob had his bill of fare improved without having recourse to a strike.

In a village in a district crowded with inhabitants in the same latitude but in a different longitude from those hitherto spoken of, and wherein the introduction of manufactures has produced a change in the habits of the people, a friend of the writer's once spent a Sunday. He dined at a farmhouse on a hill-side where the good things of this life were both abundant and good. The after-dinner conversation between him and the heads of the household was interrupted by the ingress of a young woman, who began to rummage a chest of drawers in an impatient style. After a while, seeing that she did not find the object of her search, the mother asked aloud: 'What art ta latein?' [seeking].

'I's latein me shift,' was the girl's reply, snappishly.

'Ugh! tha needn't late it ony langer,' said the mother, with perfect composure; 'for seein' nowt else, aw tuck th' lap on't ta boil t' puddin' in.'

'I could not refrain from laughing outright,' said my informant; 'and felt glad that the task of eating the pudding had already been an accomplished fact.'

Before the passing of the Ballot Act, an election often gave 'free and independent electors' no small amount of anxiety, especially if their landlord was of a different political creed from his tenants. But I knew an instance of another kind. A large estate in the district about which I write was owned by a peer of the realm, who seemed to guide his political action more by the candidates in the field than by principle; for the tenants did not know how they would have to vote until the steward made known his lordship's will. So these sixty or seventy possessors of the franchise never suffered electioneering excitements to come near them until the day of the poll, when, having received a circular the day previously to say 'that the Right Hon. Lord So-and-so wishes you to support Mr So-and-so, and his lordship will be pleased if you can arrange to go to the poll in a body,' they dressed in their best, and drove, with most serene and contented countenances, to the town in which the polling-booth was situated.

One man there was who farmed under two landlords of diverse political creeds. During my residence in the Dales, there chanced to be an election for the division in which this worthy lived. Walking out with him one morning just before the day of election, I asked him if he had made up his mind as to the giving of his vote.

'O yes,' was the reply; and then, without waiting for another question, he said: 'I got a papper first fra th' General axing me to vote yellow. Of coorse I said "I will." Th' next day there com' a papper fra Maister Green, my uther landlord, axing me to vote blue. "Of coorse I will," was my reply.'

'What! do you mean to vote both ways, Mr Claypole?'

'Sure-ly,' was the prompt reply; and then he added: 'Dun yo think as I would vex owther o' my landlords for the sake o' politics? Noa, noa; not soa. I knaws better nor that. I've written 'em boath to say, "I'll do as ye desire me;" so nowther on 'em can say as I've gone contrairy to his wishes.'

This Mr Claypole was proverbial for his avarice, though he kept a capital table; but then most of what was served thereon was grown on his farms. It was therefore not a little surprising to the writer when the old gentleman said to him one day, as they were slowly walking through one of his fields: 'I breeds about fower dozen geease ivery year; but I doesn't sell yan; I either eats or gies 'em all away.' Seeing that my look was an incredulous one, he promptly added: 'But mind! aw taks varry good care where aw gies 'em;' then looking me steadily and earnestly in the face, he said, with perfect *sang-froid*, compressing his lips and nodding at the close of the utterance: 'Aw gies a goois where aw believes aw sall git a turkey.'

'Exactly!' was my response.

The writer happened to be present at a preaching service which was held in Claypole's kitchen one work-day evening. His better-half was an earnest member of a Methodist body, and was vastly more liberal than her husband, who, however, kept her bare of money, so that it was with much difficulty that she could keep up her subscriptions to the 'cause.' There was to be a collection on this occasion, and it had been a subject of contention beforehand how much each of them should give. Claypole said he would not give more than a few coppers; but Mrs Claypole said she would give a shilling, 'that she would,' which she had managed to save somehow. 'You mun dew nowt ov th' kind,' was the imperious order of her liege lord. As the collector neared the person of Mrs Claypole, the old man's eyes were fixed upon her with a steady and earnest gaze, believing that he would thereby frighten her into compliance with his wish. Mrs Claypole saw the movement and quailed beneath the stare. But waxing bold as the crisis came near, she clutched the shilling between her thumb and forefinger, and holding it up before his steady forbidding look, she said, loud enough for all to hear: 'It's gangin', see thee!' and down it dropped into the hat that did service as a collecting-box. I need not add that the poor woman had a bad time of it that night.

Upon the whole, there is much to reconcile one to a residence in these out-of-the-way places. The people generally are clean both in their persons and houses, and there is a solid comfort which cannot be found so prevalent among their kind in large places; and their kindness endears them to us. Their simplicity and credulity may now and again bring upon them certain pains and penalties, but for the most part they only result in harmless mirth. The iron-road is beginning to penetrate these regions, and this will ere long be the means of greatly altering the character of the people; for when able to mingle with persons of a different mental calibre, and of being made familiar with the vigour and acuteness of their more instructed brethren, they themselves will be inoculated with

similar influences, and thus become incapable of declaring, as did an old lady when taken for the first time to the top of a neighbouring hill: 'Hay! I didna think th' world wor soa big!'

ON THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

O LOVE, before we part to-night,
Before the last 'I will' is spoken—
Before the ring has touched my hand,
Of pure, true, endless love the token—
Before the Church with holy rite,
Her blessing on our love has given,
Look straight into my eyes with yours,
And answer me in sight of Heaven.

Is there within your heart of hearts
One lingering shadow of regret—
One thought that you have chosen ill?
Oh! speak—'tis not too late even yet.
Is there in all this world of ours,
One you have ever known or seen,
Whom, if you had earlier seen or known,
You would have crowned your chosen queen?

Is there?—I pray you, tell me now,
And I will hold you bound no more.
I will not flinch to hear the truth.
It could not be so sad, so sore,
To know it now, as it would be
If by-and-by a shadow fell
Upon the sunshine of our home;
So, if you ever loved me—tell.

I'd hold you pure from blame, dear love;
And I would leave you free as air,
To woo and win that happier one.
All this for your dear sake, I'd bear.
I will not say how I would pray
That God-might have you in His care;
That would be easy—when I think
Of you, my heart is all one prayer.

But could I join her name with yours,
And call down blessings from above
On her, who had robbed me of my all—
My life—my light—my only love?
Yes! even that I'd try to do;
Although my lonely heart should break,
I'd try to say 'God bless her!' too,
Through blinding tears, for your sweet sake.

I'm looking up into your eyes;
But though my own with tears are dim,
I read that in their true, clear depths,
Which tells me, 'You may trust in him.'
I will—I will! It needs no words,
Though yours are flowing warm and fast,
And eloquent with truth and love.
Forgive my doubts—they are the last!

BESSY FRANKS.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 870.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

FOOD AND FASTING.

THE recent experiment of Dr Tanner, in proving the possibility of sustaining life during a long fast upon air and water alone, affords a text whereon some interesting particulars concerning food and starvation at large may be hung. Apart from their notoriety, such experiments can have little interest. They can certainly never overthrow established physiological ideas regarding the necessity not merely for solid food, but for that due and natural mixture of food-principles which we can easily shew Nature insists upon our receiving day by day. Unless we could rationally indulge in the wild supposition that man's constitution is susceptible of fundamental alteration and sweeping change, the idea of living for any length of time on water and air alone must be viewed as a dream, worse by many degrees than Utopian. These may be strongly expressed opinions, but they can be more than justified by the most elementary study in physiology.

Why do we require to take food? or in plainer terms, why do we eat our dinner? are questions demanding no great exercise of knowledge for their clear solution. It constitutes a great fact of Nature that every action we perform entails a corresponding amount of waste on our physical frame. Work means waste, equally to a human body and a locomotive engine. 'More work, more waste,' is a motto alike true of the mechanic's apparatus and of the mechanic himself. Not an action, we repeat, is performed by us which is not accompanied by an expenditure of force derived from and accompanied by a proportional waste of substance. The movements of muscles, the beating of the heart, the winking of an eyelid, the thinking a thought, entail wear and tear upon the muscles that work and the brain-cells that think. Every action necessitates bodily waste and corresponding physical repair. Waste, however, cannot of necessity be a single and final process in a living body—unless, indeed, we were born with a full complement of matter, and were permitted in the order of Nature to live on the principal with

which we had been provided, instead of wisely using that principal as a means of gaining a livelihood through the interest it acquired. That we are not so constituted is an evident fact; hence our bodies demand pretty constant repair as a companion action to that of work, labour, and duty. This process of repair consists in the reception of matter from the outer world, in the transformation of this matter into ourselves, and in its utilisation in the work and repair of the frame. Such matter we shortly name *food*, and the processes whereby it is converted into our own bodily substance we term *digestion*.

One of the plainest rules for taking food is that which insists that we must find in our nourishment the substances of which the body itself is composed. If we think of it, such a rule is in strict conformity with the dictates of common sense. We are bound to obtain from our food the matter the body lacks; and any food, however pleasant to the palate, but which does not contain elements naturally found in the frame, may be unhesitatingly rejected from the lists of our dietaries. It follows, therefore, that to know what foods are required for our sustenance, we must investigate the chemical composition of our frame. In this way we discover, for instance, that we are largely composed of *water*. Two-thirds of a human body by weight are composed of water. A body weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds, will include in its belongings one hundred and ten pounds of water. Water further permeates or enters into the composition of every tissue; hence, the reason why thirst is so much more painful than hunger is, that whilst the latter is a comparatively local condition, the former affects the entire frame. And we also see the importance of water as an article of diet—a phase in which we are not usually accustomed to regard it. If we take even the most cursory survey of our bodily composition, we find that our chemical structure is of the most motley and varied description. Thus we shall find a large selection of minerals in our tissues; lime, magnesia, &c., in our bones; common salt in our

stomachs and elsewhere; iron in our blood; and phosphorus in brain and nerve. Then coming to our soft parts, we find that these may be divided into what physiologists call the *nitrogenous* and *non-nitrogenous* compounds. Of these, the former contain the element *nitrogen* in addition to other elements, whilst the latter want this element. Thus the 'albuminous' or white-of-egg-like substances existing in our frames, contain nitrogen; whilst the fats of the body and the sugars and starches, do not. To these latter, we may add water and minerals as also non-nitrogenous in their nature.

Now in such a simple study of what we are made of, we have already made some important discoveries as to the kinds of food on which we are intended to subsist. If these matters compose our frames, and if further the substances just enumerated waste and wear and disappear in the work of life, it must follow that we shall require to find new matters of like kind in our food. And it is in accordance with such plain information afforded by chemistry, that we find physiologists dividing foods into two classes—the 'nitrogenous' and 'non-nitrogenous' groups just alluded to. When, for example, we eat a piece of beef, we are receiving 'nitrogenous' food in its juice and in its fibres; and we are also obtaining the other variety of foods from its water, its fats, and its mineral matters which are not nitrogenous in their composition. If we eat an egg, we are presented with a more perfect compound and union of the two classes of foods; for in an egg, water, fats, and minerals are present, in addition to the white and other parts which consist largely of albumen or nitrogenous matter. It is perfectly clear therefore, that for health we require a mixture of the two kinds of foods just mentioned. We cannot live either on a diet solely nitrogenous, or solely lacking nitrogen. And this great truth as to foods can be proved very directly by an appeal to Nature herself. On what food, let us ask, does Nature intend and cause us to subsist during the earliest or infantile period of life, when bones, muscles, sinews, nerve, and brain are all growing rapidly, and laying the foundations of their future? The reply bears that *milk* is the fluid-food upon which Nature relies for the perfect support of man in his early life. Hence it is but proper to acquire a knowledge of the component parts of milk. In one thousand parts of cow's milk for example, there are eight hundred and fifty-eight parts of water and one hundred and forty-two parts of solids. Here again, we find a proof of the importance of water, even in Nature's typical food. The solids of cow's milk are distributed as follows: of casein there are sixty-eight parts, this substance representing the nitrogenous element in milk; of butter or fat there are thirty-eight parts; of sugar thirty parts; and of mineral matters six parts. Thus milk, then, is purely and simply a mixture of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods. Nature

teaches us through the composition of her own fluid food, that on both classes of nutriment we must rely for support; and experiment shews us that one kind of food alone, however nutrient it may be, will not nourish the body or maintain it in a normal state. In an egg too, we find much the same composition. From this body which forms the young animal and which affords all the nourishment necessary for growth, we obtain a combination of the nitrogen-bearing substances with the non-nitrogenous, such as milk itself contains. We are not at present concerned with discussing the merits of a vegetable or a mixed dietary. From plants alone, or from animal matter alone for that matter, both kinds of foods can be obtained. All that is required in any dietary is to insure that a due mixture of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous parts should enter; and we obtain such a mixture most readily from a mixed, that is, an animal and plant diet combined, than from a purely vegetable or a purely animal dietary alone.

Bearing these facts in mind, the folly of attempting to sustain life, without having recourse to those substances which can give heat and restore waste, is plainly apparent. Water and air alone cannot support life adequately. The water will, of course, enter into combination with the tissues, and will in that sense prove itself a necessary condition for normal and healthy existence. The oxygen of the air entering the blood in the lungs into which it has been breathed, will give heat, but only through entering into chemical union with the carbon found in the body, and most notably in the fats. Hence mere atmospheric air itself is relatively useless, unless we can supply it with substances with which it can combine; and these substances it need hardly be said are daily renewed from the solid foods we eat.

So much for the foods we require. It may interest our readers to learn that even plants require something more than air and water to support them. True, a plant is a more wonderful organism than an animal in one sense, because it can live upon inorganic or lifeless matter, and also because it has the power of converting that matter into a living plant. Plants live upon water, minerals, ammonia, and carbonic acid—the latter being the gas which is exhaled from the breathing organs of animals. From these matters, the life-forces build up the living plant. On the other hand, an animal demands living matter for its support. It could not live on the water, carbonic acid, and other matters with which the plant is perfectly contented. And we accordingly find animals requiring the matter of other animals or plants for their food. There are some plants—such as the fungi and lower plants at large—which resemble animals in that they demand living matter for their support. A mushroom, for instance, can only thrive where there is decaying living or organic matter. It likewise breathes oxygen as if it were an animal, and utterly rejects the carbonic acid gas which the green leaves of its plant-neighbours are greedily drinking in. So that the boundary lines between plants and animals are but faintly drawn in the matter of

foods; and we also learn that even the plants which we are accustomed to regard as lower than animals in their feeding and dietary, may in reality approach very near to the animal world in the essential characters of their nutrition.

When the human body suffers from a lack of food, it practically feeds upon itself and absorbs its own substance as food. Every one knows that certain animals normally exhibit this process of feeding upon themselves under certain conditions. The humps of the camel or those of the Indian cattle visibly decrease and may disappear altogether, if the animals are starved. A superfluous store of fat, in other words, is made use of under the exigency of hunger. So is it also with the bears and other animals which hibernate or sleep through the winter's cold. The bear, which in autumn retires to winter-quarters in a well-favoured condition, comes forth in spring lean and meagre. His fats have been absorbed in his nutrition, and the succeeding summer will lay the foundation of new stores of stable food to be utilised during the next winter. With man, we repeat, the phenomena of starvation are essentially similar. In the starving man, the fats of the body are the first substances to disappear. The fats lose weight to the extent of ninety-three per cent.; next in order the blood suffers; then the internal organs such as liver and spleen suffer; the muscles, bones, and nervous system being the last to lose weight. In due time, also, the heat of the body decreases to such an extent that ultimately death in a case of starvation is really a case of death from loss of heat. When the temperature falls to about thirty degrees Fahrenheit, death ensues. This decrease arises from want of bodily fuel or food; but the immediate cause of the fatal ending of such a case is decrease of temperature. It is likewise a curious fact that the application of external warmth is even more effectual in reviving animals dying of starvation than a supply of food. In exhausting diseases in man, in which the phenomena are strikingly like, and indeed thoroughly analogous to those of starvation, the same facts are observed.

A highly interesting and important observation in reference to starvation is, that life may be prolonged well-nigh indefinitely by fluid nourishment alone, and for long periods simply on water. Life will continue surprisingly long if water be within reach; but, as a rule, it terminates in from six to ten days with a total deprivation of food and water together; though much depends upon the state of health, condition, and weight of body. As can readily be understood, the stout will last longer than the lean, and the healthy and strong will possess a plain advantage in starvation over the diseased or weak.

Many interesting cases are on record, in which the phenomena of starvation have been practically even if painfully illustrated. As illustrating the fact of the prolongation of life when small quantities of water have been at hand, we may cite a case quoted by Fodéré, who mentions that some workmen who had been accidentally buried in a damp vault by the fall of a ruin, were extricated alive after fourteen days' entombment. The dampness of the atmosphere doubtless materially aided their preservation through retarding the exhalation from the skin. It is on the same grounds that shipwrecked sailors assuage

the pangs of thirst by soaking their clothes in seawater. It was formerly believed that the water was inhaled by the skin. It is not any longer matter of doubt however, that the skin is but a poor absorptive medium, and that therefore the wet clothes of the sailors merely act through lessening the skin-evaporation which in its turn causes thirst.

Cases of extreme prolongation of life under a dietary consisting of fluid alone are familiar to every physician. In exhausting diseases, life may be sustained, as already noted, on small quantities of fluid nourishment for lengthened periods of time. Dr Willan records a case in which a gentleman, the subject of religious melancholia, and who abstained from solid food, lived for sixty days on a little orange juice. Dr Carpenter quotes a case in which a young French lady who was insane, ate nothing during a period of fifteen days; whilst in hysterical states, as Carpenter remarks, 'there is frequently a very remarkable disposition for abstinence and power of sustaining it. In a case of this kind,' continues Dr Carpenter, 'a young lady who had just before suffered severely from the tetanic form of hysteria, was unable to take food for three weeks. The slightest attempt to introduce a morsel of solid matter into the stomach occasioned violent efforts at vomiting; and the only nourishment taken during the period mentioned was a cup of tea once or twice a day.'

By way of shewing how much depends on the weight of body prior to starvation, we may by way of conclusion mention the case of a fat pig weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and which, by the fall of a Dover chalk cliff, was buried beneath a mass of *debris* for one hundred and sixty days. At the end of that period it was dug out lean and meagre, and weighing only forty pounds. Here the heat of the body had been preserved by the utilisation of the fat, and to this circumstance the preservation of life must be chiefly attributed. A case equally in point appeared in the *Times* only a few weeks ago, of a Skye terrier belonging to a gentleman in Devonshire, which went amissing about the time of its master's departure on a series of visits. On his return home, after an absence of one month and five days, he unlocked the library, the doors and windows of which had been bolted and barred during his absence, and to his astonishment the missing dog crept out into the light, a living skeleton, and totally blind. Being well cared for, he quite recovered his health and sight. During this period of cruel imprisonment he had neither food nor water, and had not gnawed the books or obtained sustenance from any source whatever, but had subsisted by the absorption of the fatty parts of his own body.

To sum up our inquiries, we thus learn, firstly, that in the healthy adult the requirements of Nature demand daily a due supply of food, liquid and solid, equal in amount to the wear and tear of the body. About eight and one-third pounds of matter are thus on an average daily given off and daily received by the healthy adult frame; or about three thousand pounds of matter are excreted and received in the year. Secondly, we learn that the food must give to the body the substances of which the body consists, and that mere air and water are in nowise

sufficient to sustain life beyond a varying period of days. Whilst, lastly, we may form the opinion that experimentation on foods to be of practical value should lie within the lines which physiology has clearly enough marked out.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—HISTORY.

'I am glad that you have a good heart; I hope you will be happy.'

It came to pass, when many years had gone thus heavily by, that Frank felt in his heart a great yearning for green fields; and it came into his mind that he was not much longer for the world. And the yearning drew him day by day, until he had no power to hold himself against it; so he made ready for a journey, and set out in the autumn-time, when the harvest was yellowing towards the sickle, and the fruits were ripening on the trees. He had been more than sixteen years a prisoner in the town, and the solemn sad delights of the fields and woods filled him with awe, and with new longing towards the grave. He went bowed and oppressed with the weight of the slowly revolving years; and the rural people whom he met looked with surprise at his sorrowful face and his silver beard and his heavy long-shore dress; but somehow, for the dignity that was upon him, forbore to mob him.

He went, as though an invisible chain had drawn him, in the direction of his old home. Even the most morbid cowardice may feel secure after years of escape, and Frank's dread had given way to a certainty that he need fear no recognition. Yet when he came to Hetherton, he trembled a little inwardly as he walked the main street and saw Mr Crisp at the bank door talking with a friend. The place was greatly altered; but the bank was unchanged; and neither the corn-chandler nor the baker had invested as yet in plate-glass windows. But there were new shops and new names; and he had no more of friendly greeting at heart for the old town than it had of welcome for his coming. He felt it alien and foreign; and the few familiar things left, reproached him.

But when once he had skirted the new and raw-looking houses which made a cheerless fringe to the town, and seemed an appanage altogether ill suited to it, the fields gave his tired soul a melancholy welcome. He had climbed that oak as a lad, and its mighty arms and luxuriant foliage were pictured on the first canvas he had sold. Red tiles of a little cottage, blue smoke from the hearth, the deep green of foliage with a leaf sienna-coloured here and there, and here and there a flash of red and yellow like a flame—this was the scene which had made his first successful picture, and had been painted at this season a score of years ago or more. He could almost see under the hedges amid the quaking grasses and the ferns, the children who were nutting there in his picture. There was a gap in the distant belt of foliage before the landscape faded to the hill and mingled with the tints of the softly clouded

skies, and he could remember the shape the departed trees had taken. Half a mile farther was a meadow in which his brother Will and he had fought in boyhood; and Frank remembered that he had won, though he had the wrong side in the quarrel. There was scarcely a field that had not its memories for him; and here at last was the entrance to the lane in which he had persuaded his brother to lend him his name for the last time. That lane led nowhere save to his father's house, and he was full of fears as he set foot in it. But the longing which drew him on was not to be resisted, and he went with slow steps, reluctant and yet eager. Did his father live? he asked himself, or was the old house given over to his brother? or had even his brother vanished with the years? The place might be in the hands of strangers. Who could tell what had happened in such a lapse of time? He heard a step in the rustling leaves beyond a bend in the lane, and stood uncertain whether to retreat or to advance. He longed for a familiar form, and dreaded it; but the footstep coming nearer, brought only a groom in sight. The man regarded him curiously, but spoke civilly enough.

'Did you want anything up at the house?'

'No,' Frank answered, shaking his head; 'nothing.'

'This road don't lead nowhere else,' said the groom.

'I know,' said Frank.

'You don't belong about here, do you?' asked the groom.

'I knew the place many years ago,' Frank answered. 'Does the old family still live here?'

'Yes,' said the groom; 'Squire Fairholt lives here.'

'Is the old Squire alive?' Frank asked with outward calm, but inward misgiving.

'Ah!' said the groom, a little ungraciously; 'he's alive, right enough.'

Frank, with a farewell motion of the head, was passing on, when the groom added warningly: 'This is a private road, you know.'

'I know,' Frank answered again. 'But I want to see the old place. That is all.'

'Well, there ain't no harm in that, as fur as I see,' the groom responded. 'Only, don't let the Squire see you. He don't like no one a-trespassin' on the grounds. Good-morning.'

'Good-morning,' Frank responded, and passed on, whilst the groom stood to look after him. He reached the gates which opened on the drive, and saw through a gap in the hedge behind which he ensconced himself, the figure of an old man, who walked to and fro on the gravel. He knew the old man for his father, and his heart yearned over him with indescribable love and sorrow. Whilst he watched with tear-dimmed eyes, there came another figure to join that upon the walk—a portly gentleman of middle age, with square shoulders and a brown beard; and after he had watched awhile, the outcast knew him for his brother. He could hear the murmur of their talk, though only a disconnected word reached him, with no meaning, now and then; and he turned away.

'They have buried me years ago,' he thought, 'with my disgraces.' He strove to be calm; but the regrets and loves and yearnings which wrestled in his heart overcame him before he had left the

lane, and he sat down on the bank and struggled to recover his composure. Whilst he sat thus, fighting down the passions which fought within, another step came rustling through the dead leaves, and looking up, he saw a face which almost brought him to his knees. For it seemed to him that his mother was before him; but the wild thought lasted only for a flash of time; and though he had not seen her since she left infancy, his heart told him that this was his sister. Her glance met his with pitying inquiry.

'Are you ill, or in pain?' she asked.

'No,' he answered gently; and arose and stood before her without fear. She at least could have no knowledge of him—no remembrance.

'But you were crying,' she said simply. 'Are you in trouble? Do you want anything at the Hall?'

'I was born near here,' he answered, looking upon her with a sad and tender pleasure; 'and I have not seen the place for many years.'

'You have been abroad?' she asked, looking with frank and unfearing interest in his eyes.

'No,' he answered. 'But I have been many, many years away.' He looked older than his father, and she took him to mean fifty or sixty years.

'And are your friends all gone?'

'I am alone,' he said, not mournfully, for he thought rather of the sweet face and pitying eyes than of his own condition.

'That is very sad,' she said. 'Do you'—She stopped short with a little blush; and he, seeing that she had drawn forth her purse, waved his hand against it with a melancholy smile.

'No,' he said gently; 'but I am glad that you have a good heart; I hope you will be happy.' Then seeing that she scarcely knew what response to make, and that she surveyed him with a little trouble in her eyes, he bared his head and bowed to her, and stood on one side, to let her pass. But she lingered still. She was the Queen of all the country-people, and her fearless candid nature shone out in her lovely eyes and her beautiful imperious face, which was stately and yet tender.

'You do not speak like one of the country-people,' she said, as he stood bareheaded before her. A look of wonder and inquiry crossed her face, a glance almost of recognition, lost in perplexity. It alarmed him, and he cast his eyes upon the ground and bent his head.

'I have spent my life in London,' he answered. 'Good-day, madam.' For a second she lingered; but there was something in the figure and face before her which forbade the cross-examination with which she would have assailed any of the village people. Her answer included an involuntary 'Sir,' at which she crushed her lips a second later, fearing that it might have sounded like a satire. It was not until she had left him far behind that she asked herself what it was in the stranger which had made her answer him so. 'It was no wonder,' she said then, 'for he took off that old hat like a nobleman.' She thought of his voice, and could almost rehear its words: 'I am glad that you have a good heart; I hope you will be happy.' The approval of the shabbily dressed, picturesque, strange old man, though it seemed familiar, did not offend her. 'He is like somebody,' she thought, pleasantly interested, 'or perhaps he is like a picture I have seen. A head

of Rembrandt's? I am sure he has been a gentleman. Only a gentleman could speak as he did.' And she went away, weaving romances about him—mere cobwebs of invention to catch flies of fancy. 'I should like to know all about him,' she said to herself, little guessing how happy her ignorance kept her.

Frank watched her tall and graceful figure out of sight, losing it now and again in the dimness of his eyes. Then he journeyed into the main road, and walked until the well-remembered walls of Hartley Hall appeared. He did not pass by the great gates, but took a by-road which led him to the village through the corn-fields, where many a shock of corn stood ready for the wain. Emerging upon the high-road, he was aware of a great arch of evergreens at which workmen were still busy. A man on a scaffolding was nailing over the foliage of the arch a linen scroll on which in scarlet baize were marked the words, 'May their Union be happy.' There were flags everywhere in the village street; and there were two other arches visible in the distance. The village people were looking on at the completion of the display; the butcher with his hat at the back of his head, and his hands tucked beneath a white apron; the landlord of *The King, God Bless Him*, at the door of that loyally named hostel, with a pint jug in one hand and a yard of clean clay in the other, blinking comfortably in the afternoon sunshine; the local constable in official cap and trousers, but unofficial coat; the grocer in his snowy shirt-sleeves, with a pen behind his ear; the curate directing the proceedings of the decorators; many children; two or three old women in blue or scarlet cloaks; and one old man in a smock-frock. A pleasant rural picture in the autumn sunshine. Frank saw that it indicated the approaching marriage of some local magnate, but took no great interest in the matter, being filled with his own thoughts. He was thinking chiefly how much less burdensome it would be to spend his last days in the quiet of the country, than amidst the din of town. He would rather that his grave were green, and that the sun should shine upon it sometimes. But he knew, in spite of his desire, that duty held him to Bolter's Rents. He had found a work there; and he could but know, if he were never so humble in his thoughts, that there were some there who could ill spare him. 'I will rest here to-night,' he said to himself, 'and to-morrow I will go back to London.' He entered the common room of the little inn and called for a humble meal.

'Theer ull be rar' doin's yer, in the mornin',' said the landlord, as he set the brown loaf and the cheese before his guest, and flanked them with a cup of thin cider.

'Ay?' said Frank, but little interested.

'Ay indeed,' said the landlord. 'Theer won't a-be such a thing again for many a 'ear, and theer ain't a-been nothin' like it, not in *my* time afore.'

'What is it to be?' Frank asked, being civil by nature with all sorts and conditions of men.

'Did you ever yeer o' Mr Hartley?' asked the landlord. 'Well, his niece do be a-goin' to be married to-morrer.'

'Mr Hartley of Hartley Hall?' said Frank, feeling his heart beat like a sledge-hammer.

'That's him,' said the landlord. 'Her's a-goin' to be married to young Squire Fairholt up to

the Hall theer—Island Hall, up Wrethedale-way, liké.

'I know the place,' said Frank, controlling himself to quiet speech.

'They do say,' the landlord went on, 'as her an' young Squire's brother used to be very thick together in bygone times. But I doan't know naught about that, for I warn't settled yer not till later. They be both middle-aged; but they do seem to ha' struck up a match at last. Young Squire ull be main rich now, um do say. Be you a foreigner?'

'I have not been here for a long time,' Frank answered.

'Ah!' said the landlord; 'it doan't much matter. Annybody ull be welcome up at the new Hall to-morrer. Theer 'ud be enough an' to spare, if the country-side was to come in. Theer's three sheep and a ox a-goin' fur to be roasted, whole. An' Squire Hartley he ain't the man to be sparin' with the poor, that I will say. He ain't like one o' th' old gentry, as they talks about sometimes, as is as poor as poor, an' as proud as proud. I doan't hold along o' they,' said the landlord, who in spite of the loyalty of his sign, may have been something of a republican.

Frank answered his further talk as well as he was able; and when at last the innkeeper went away to the door and resumed his watching of the final decorations of the triumphal arch, he noticed that the guest stayed an unusual time above the bread and cheese, and went back, on pretence of having something to do in the room, to see what was happening to the provisions. He saw that there was little to fear on that head, but cleared away to prevent the chance of mischief. Frank had drawn back from the table, and was sunk fathoms deep in memory's waters. He was trying to divine whether or not Will had long cared for Maud; and he came at length to see that Will had always cared for her. 'Why so patient? Why so patient?' he murmured. Perhaps Maud had only now yielded; and yet one negative in such a matter would have been enough for Will. Could he trust himself to see them go by to-morrow? Yes; he would trust himself. He would see Maud once more; and she should have his prayers at least, though she would never know it. 'All these years,' he muttered in his beard, thinking of the changes which time might have made in her, and questioning, should he know her face? He strayed about the village fields till nightfall, and then went back to the little inn, and was shewn to a low-pitched bedroom with clean walls of carved oak, whitewashed after the manner of British rusticity dealing with carved oak. There were two beds in the room; and a lanky lad who was a sort of factotum to the inn, would sleep in one of them. Frank sat awhile on the bedside, looking out at the open window, round which the ivy talked in leafy whispers. The night was warm and silent, and the voices from the taproom went far afield on the still air. All the talk was of the morrow's festivities—of the ox and the three sheep and the limitless ocean of beer. One by one the people below took leave, and their voices died away on the widespread tranquillity of the harvest-fields. The moon, as yet a sickle, hung steadfast in the violet of the lower skies, with one keen star for a companion. A sound of clanging bars and

grating bolts warned him that the house was being closed; and he went to bed before his room-companion came up, and lay still, looking at the sharp outlines of the leaves against the fathomless clear dusk of the heaven, with here and there the crisp light of a star in it.

No sleep had visited him; but he lay wan and worn in the darkness, and arose ghostlike with the dawn, and awaited the coming of the wedding cortège. Straying along the highway, he noted silently all the preparations. Here was a stand from which the school children would sing a hymn. A carpenter was putting the finishing touches to it; and Frank stood to watch, not guessing that he had lain ill of fever under this man's roof. The carpenter, with his lips full of nails, gave the onlooker a muffled good-morning, not guessing that the one great tragedy on which his life had edged, stood now in bodily form before him. The time passed, and the sound of bells came over the woods and the corn-fields—a merry peal. They had rung for Maud in his dreams years ago, and now their sound drew him as his longing for the fields and for home had drawn him; and his footsteps, eager yet reluctant, took him to the church. The bells were silent; but there was a voice within the church. He had reached the churchyard from the fields, for he knew every foot of the country; and looking over the close-trimmed hedge that bounded it, he saw many carriages in the road. He entered the churchyard and walked to the door of the church, and stood there in silent waiting. Suddenly above him the bells clashed out again with a very cascade of cheerful noise, and the church poured forth its people. He had eyes only for the wedded pair; and now they came, the bride and bridegroom, Maud leaning on her husband's arm. He could have put his hand upon her as she passed him. His brother Will looked him in the face with eyes full of joyful pride and kindness to the world, and had no more thought of him or knowledge of him at that second than if he had never existed. An old woman, scarlet cloaked, who stood beside Frank, cried out: 'God bless you, Madam Fairholt!' in a quavering old voice with tears in it; and Maud's placid eyes passed Frank's face as they thanked the well-wisher. For a mere second of time the soft eyes rested upon him; but it was enough. Calm, good, gentle, almost angelic, they seemed. Grief had made a home there long, and had left signs of his dwelling behind him. Her delicate beauty had none of its old atmosphere of vivacity. There were one or two straight lines upon her forehead, and her face was paler than it had used to be. Yet she seemed wonderfully little changed; and he could see that the ancient sorrow had departed. The bells clashed on, the people cheered; the little procession had passed him. Her image dwelt with him. He could set them side by side, his lover who was almost a child, his brother's wife who was so sweetly grave a woman. In their society he turned his back upon the pealing bells, and set out for London.

He wept often by the way, for he was weak, and the fountain of his tears was full. But whereas of old they had tortured him with their scaldings, they fell now like the dew upon Hermon. And this heart-broken saint, who had sinned so terribly, and so sorely suffered,

went back to the congregation to whom he ministered, and dwelt with them, waiting with yearning patience until it should please God to lead him to his rest.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUTH-AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

THE Diamond Fields of South Africa, though now comparatively unheard of, present a busy and wonderful contrast to the rest of South Africa generally; they support a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, of various nationalities; and although the excitement of the first discovery of diamonds has long since passed away, a sketch of the Fields at present may prove interesting to many of the readers of this *Journal*.

The first discovery of diamonds took place on the Vaal River, and caused the burden of the immigration to set towards there, where during 1869-70, hundreds of tents might be seen pitched, the diggers for the most part doing all the manual labour themselves, instead of relying on Kaffir labour, as at present. The method of working was very primitive, and consisted merely in washing a sieveful of the diamondiferous soil in a hand-sieve, to clear it of mud; then turning it over on the sorting-table, and laboriously searching for the hidden gems. This style of work sometimes was the means of enriching a digger; but the majority of them lost more than they made, the amount of diamondiferous soil worked by each digger in a week being comparatively trifling. In 1870-71 the dry-diggings at Dutoitspan began to be talked of; and the river-diggings were gradually deserted, until now they support a very trifling population, the most of the work being concentrated on what is still called the Fields—namely, the four mines, Kimberley, De Beers, Dutoitspan, and Bultfontein; all lying within a radius of three miles, about midway between the Vaal and Modder rivers, in the territory known as Griqualand West, on the western border of the Orange Free State. The most productive of these mines up to the present time has been that of Kimberley; but as the depth of this mine increases, the difficulties of working it become greater, so that during the last year or two the neighbouring mines have been more worked than formerly, the lesser quantity of diamonds being compensated for by the lessened cost of obtaining them.

The Kimberley Mine as it now is, consists of a huge excavation in the earth of a slightly oval form, about ten or eleven acres in size, and about three hundred feet deep at the deepest point. The walls of this huge quarry are formed of non-diamondiferous rock, or reef as it is called, and are a fruitful source of annoyance and loss to the diggers, as they are perpetually crumbling and falling upon the top of the diamondiferous soil, causing much expense in hauling out and carting away; the work thus done being utterly unremunerative.

The diamondiferous ground in all the mines for the first eighty or hundred feet deep, consists of a sandy soil intermixed with gravel and pebbles; below this the ground changes to a bluish colour, and has to be subjected to various processes before it is fit for the extraction of the diamond; in addition to which the blue soil is much harder to excavate, and is for the most part dislodged by blasting; the sale of explosives forming no inconsiderable item in the merchandise of the Fields. The diamondiferous ground is divided into claims of thirty feet square, the value of which varies from one hundred to six thousand pounds, the richest ground producing, as a matter of course, the best price.

The system of working—not to trouble the reader with too much detail—is briefly as follows. The ground being picked loose by natives and broken up, is hauled out of the mine in tubs running on inclined wires; from these tubs it is transferred to a sifting cylinder, which removes the coarser stones; the remaining soil being mixed with water and slowly stirred in a flat pan of circular form, by means of arms fitted with teeth; this pan varying from six to fifteen feet in diameter according to the amount of work to be done. The effect of this is to leave the diamonds, which are heaviest, at the bottom; the lighter soil escaping over the edge of the pan, to be taken up by a dredger, and trucked away. At the end of the day's work, the contents of the circular pan are cleaned out and washed up in hand-sieves; when in turning over the sieve on the table, the diamonds can be at once seen from their brilliance, some being of most perfect octahedron shape and as clear as crystal. In the case of the blue soil, the process of washing is the same; but the latter has this disadvantage, that it has to be exposed to the sun and sprinkled with water for some weeks before it is fit to be washed, which of course increases the expense of manipulation. The value of the yellow soil varies from two to fifteen shillings per load of sixteen cubic feet, and the blue soil from five to thirty shillings—in some cases in Kimberley, even reaching sixty and seventy shillings; so that a claim-holder who can wash from three to four hundred loads per day, has a fair chance of a good profit; the cost of working the yellow soil being about three shillings, and the blue six to nine shillings per load.

It is almost needless to remind the reader, that diamonds when first taken from the earth are in a rough state, and are destined to lose much of their weight by the after-process of 'cutting.' Those found are almost invariably below ten carats in weight, the average being about the size of a pea; indeed in the Bultfontein mine, a ten-carat stone is looked upon as a curiosity, though specimens exceeding a hundred carats in weight have on rare occasions been secured. The value of a stone depends entirely on its colour, shape, and freedom from spots or flaws; those of faultless shape and perfect whiteness taking the precedence of all others. The diamonds exceeding twenty carats in weight are mostly of various

shades of yellow, a large white diamond being a comparative rarity.

The natives who work in the mines are of various nationalities and tribes of Kaffirs, Zulus, Basutos, Bechuanas, Baralongs, &c.; and receive about three pounds per month in addition to their food. On the whole, they work fairly well, although many of them have no hesitation in appropriating a diamond and selling it by night to one of the numerous illicit buyers, who are the greatest pest on the Fields. These illicit buyers generally pursue some ostensible calling, and have natives in their employ who 'tout' amongst the claim-Kaffirs for diamonds, sometimes buying for a few pounds a secreted stone which may be worth two or three hundred; the profits being so enormous, that no punishment seems to deter them. Until some means of removing the soil from the mines by other than Kaffir labour is discovered, this will always be a drawback to the profits of digging. There can be no doubt, however, that a large working community like this being planted in the centre of South Africa has done much to civilise the natives and bring industrious habits more into vogue with them, as during the last ten years they have increased much in worldly comfort, and become large purchasers of cattle, their chief recognised standard of wealth.

The system of government on the Fields is by means of an Administrator and a Legislative Council, consisting partly of elected and partly of official members; but as the official vote is always in excess of that of the electors, it does not give universal satisfaction. But this and other anomalies may disappear with the annexation of Griqualand West, which is announced to take place in October next. The various mines are managed by Boards elected by the diggers; and Kimberley has an organised Town-council with a Mayor and various municipal officers.

The people of the Diamond Fields are of most varied nationalities, the Jewish people forming a large portion of the community, most of the diamond-buying business being in their hands; but there are representatives of all countries—France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, India; and a great proportion from Holland, the chief town of which (Amsterdam) is the great emporium of diamond-cutting. The language most in use is English; but Dutch, or rather Cape Dutch, is spoken to a far greater extent than one would imagine in an English colony. Very few of the natives speak anything but their own language; and to those with whom they are employed, this is a great source of difficulty.

The cost of living is very great, and the Diamond Fields cannot therefore be recommended as a field for emigration; the country producing absolutely nothing but meat, maize, on which the Kaffirs feed, and a few vegetables, which realise enormous prices, five and six shillings being no uncommon price for a good cabbage or cauliflower. The greater proportion of the food is in the shape of tinned provisions, which come from all parts of the world. The cost of transport is also very great, as all goods are brought by bullock-wagon, a fifty or sixty days' journey from Algoa Bay, at the rate of twenty to thirty pounds per ton. Those readers who are conversant with the weights of machinery, can form some estimate of the cost

of bringing up a twenty or thirty horse-power engine at this rate. The railways are slowly approaching from the Cape Colony; but it will be years before they reach the Fields.

The population mainly reside in the towns of Kimberley and Dutoitspan, about two miles apart. The buildings are mostly of galvanised iron lined with brick; and considering the amount of population, there are quite a number of places of worship—three English churches, three Wesleyan, two Dutch Reformed, two Roman Catholic, one Presbyterian, one synagogue, one Mohammedan and four Kaffir churches; and a place of worship of some unknown denomination frequented by the Indian coolies, of whom there are a good number here.

Copper money is not in use, the smallest transaction being of the value of threepence, commonly called a 'tickey'; and change is very scarce, the principal monetary transactions being by cheques and notes. The natives, however, must be paid in gold, and mostly convey it to their own homes, the value of a sovereign being known as well at the Zambesi as here. On no account will a native take paper money; it possesses no value for him.

Water and fuel are amongst the dearest articles; the water supply being mainly derived from wells sunk at great expense in the hard rock, at a cost of from one to four pounds per foot. Firewood is brought from a distance of sixty or seventy miles by bullock-wagon, and costs from three to four pounds per ton. The supply of fuel is one of the most serious questions for the future, as most of the mining-works now being carried on by steam-power necessitate the use of a large amount, and the supply is rapidly being exhausted. Coal of fair quality is found in the Transvaal about two hundred miles north; but the cost of transport precludes its use at present.

In the matter of recreation and amusement, the Diamond Fields are about the worst place one could be in. There are no rivers near; and the mines stand in the centre of a vast undulating plain, without tree or shelter of any kind for miles, so that promenading or driving has no particular attraction. A few enthusiasts go in for coursing; but as the game is scarce and the prairie or *veldt* full of holes made by the mere-cat, a ride after the dogs is more to be remembered for the bother of dodging the holes, than the pleasures of the chase. Athletic sports are not much indulged in, the temperature for the greater part of the year being too great. Kimberley has a tolerable theatre, in which performances are given occasionally by wandering companies, who make this the limit of their African travels; and a small good company can make it pay very well if they only stay a fortnight, by which time everybody who will go has seen them twice. The Kennedy family, with whose pleasing vocal powers the readers of this *Journal* are familiar, visited us in 1878, and gave about twelve nights' performances to thoroughly appreciative audiences.

Taking everything into consideration, the Diamond Fields are not a desirable place of residence. Plenty of money is made and lost here, as elsewhere; but there are few, if any, who seem to think of making them a permanent residence; although, from its position, Kimberley must long continue to be the centre of a large inland African

trade, even if the mines were to be worked out altogether. This, however, is not likely to be soon the case; as in Dutoitspan alone, at the present rate of working, it would take thirty years to bring the whole mine to a depth of three hundred feet; by which time, no doubt, other mines will have been discovered in this vast region, which as yet has been only imperfectly explored.

A STRANGE WEDDING.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A WELSH valley on a summer's day. A little cottage peeping up from behind a clump of ruddy fir-trees. A broad blue lake stretching along the vale, with a white, sun-baked road skirting its southern shores; while on the opposite side, rising upwards from the water's edge in all its towering majesty, its bold and rugged outline, its massiveness of colouring, stands the mountain-monarch Snowdon. An old man is sitting outside the cottage-door, enjoying the fresh fragrance of the early morning and the gentle breeze that blows upwards from the lake. A child is playing at his feet. The sound of a voice—strong and powerful, with a silvery ring in it—suddenly breaks the peaceful stillness of the spot, causing the old cottager to turn hastily round and scrutinise the intruder. A tall, well-built, handsome-visaged man, clad in loose, tourist attire, is walking up the garden pathway. 'Good-morning, friend,' he exclaimed as he neared the house. 'I am a stranger in these parts, and would be glad if you could tell me where a Mr Penrose lives hereabouts—a Mr Archibald Penrose?'

The old man shook his head. He did not understand the stranger's foreign, English tongue; but after calling to some one within the house, a comely damsel soon appeared at the porch, and courtesied, with a blush, on seeing the strange gentleman. He repeated his query.

'O yes, sir,' she answered in very good English; 'you mean Mr Penrose of the Hafod Gwynant. That is the *plas*, sir, over there on the *bryn* across the road.'

'That?' he cried with a look of surprise; 'that fine old house yonder among the trees? I had no idea I was so near. Then this lovely sheet of water must be the Lake Gwynant I have so often heard about?'

'Yes,' the girl answered with a pleased look; 'this is the Llyn Gwynant, and the bonniest bit o' water in all Wales.'

'It is, my dear,' he continued gaily with a smile. 'I quite agree with you, though it is the first of your larger lakes I have seen. I only arrived in Beddgelert late last night from Tremadoc, and have walked up from there this morning. I have been in ecstasies the whole way with your charming country. I had no idea Wales was half so beautiful.—So that is the house I seek, round the lake there? I wish it had been farther off, so that I might have extended my walk through this lovely scenery.' So saying, he slipped a coin into the girl's hand—whose face was aglow with pleasure at hearing her native land extolled by so grand-looking a gentleman—and with a smile and a nod to the old man, he strode away to reach the road that wound by the lake-side.

The Hafod Gwynant was a picturesque old

house close by the shores of the lake, and lying on the slope of a little fir-clad hillock. Its tall gables rising from amid the trees were all of it that could be seen from the road; but the windows of the house itself commanded uninterrupted views of the valley stretched out below. The young pedestrian as he walked up the avenue thought it a perfect paradise. On being informed that Mr Penrose was at home, he sent in his card, and was ushered into a sitting-room.

Soon afterwards the door opened, and the gentleman he sought for entered. He was a tall, elderly man, with a benignant countenance and well-cut features. 'Mr Nelson—Mr Guy Nelson, I believe?' he said, alternately looking at the card he held in his hand and his visitor, who had risen and bowed to him on his entrance.

'Yes; that is my name, sir,' replied the younger man. 'You are not acquainted with me personally; but I believe you will remember my father—Mr Henry Nelson of Cloughborough.'

'Henry Nelson! Remember him! I should think I do. Why, he was my old schoolfellow at Rugby. We were the closest chums in those days.—And—and you are his son? Let me grasp your hand, for dear old Harry's sake.'

The two men shook hands warmly.

'And how is my old friend? I have not heard of him for a long, long time now,' continued Mr Penrose.

'Alas, sir, he has been dead these eight years. I am his only son. He often spoke of you to me, and told me many and many a story of the school-boy frolics you two had had together.'

Tears were fast rising into the other's eyes. These old memories of our boyhood's happy past, how dear they are to us all; how vividly they come back to us across the ocean of a lifetime!

The two were silent for a few minutes, when the young man continued: 'I am rambling through North Wales on a tourist expedition. Having heard at Beddgelert that you had a residence in the neighbourhood, I have taken the liberty to call and introduce myself to one whom my poor father so often spoke of, and so dearly loved.'

'And I am only too pleased to make your acquaintance,' replied Mr Penrose. 'A son of Henry Nelson's will ever find a true friend in me. Come and let me introduce you to my wife and niece. You must stay the day with us.'

He led the way into another room, where two ladies were seated at work. One was an elderly little woman; the other, a pretty, coquettish-looking girl, scarcely nineteen, with a wavy mass of rippling golden hair, and soft gray eyes under dark eyelashes. These were respectively Mrs Archibald Penrose and Miss Amy Brightwell. The latter was Mr Penrose's dead sister's child—an orphan, and his ward. She was a frivolous little creature enough; but her pretty, caressing ways made her a favourite everywhere. Her life though, was not so gay as she would have liked it. She sighed for the gaities, the fashions, the frivolities of the age. Her uncle, though very well off, was but a Manchester cotton-spinner after all; and between a red-brick villa in the suburbs of Cottonopolis and this summer resort by the Welsh lake, their days were divided. She had never been to London; but longed for its gaities, as a child longs for a beautiful toy it has heard of and has never seen. Her delight on

seeing this tall, handsome stranger was unfeigned. Visitors were not every-day occurrences at the Hafod, by any means; and a fine-looking man like Guy Nelson was a special rarity.

Amy had a good deal of romance about her, imbibed no doubt from the vast amount of fiction with which she filled her little brain. Indeed she knew literally nothing of the world but what she had gleaned more or less from novels—with all that unreal glamour of impossible life which too often pervades works of this kind. So before she had known this new acquaintance ten minutes, she had put him down in her mind as one of her model heroes. It was indeed a red-letter day for Amy; a delightful change from the dull monotony of her every-day life. She found the young man as agreeable to talk to as he was to look at. He was evidently a polished cultured gentleman. He told her about the great world of London she so longed to see—of its life, its gaieties, its vortex of unending amusements and rounds of pleasure-making. She listened to him dreamily and happily. The story of these unknown glories was to her the next best thing to sweet reality itself.

When evening came, he rose to take his departure; to walk back to Beddgelert in the rosy stillness of the summer afterglow. Before leaving, his host pressed him to come and spend a few days at the Hafod, if his time were his own, and he were not in too great a hurry to see all the 'lions' of Wales. Amy was delighted on hearing the invitation. Would he accept it?

'You are very kind, Mr Penrose,' the young man replied warmly; 'but I could not trespass further on your hospitality. I have done so already too much, I fear.'

'My dear sir, don't talk nonsense. It would be quite a charity to us all if you would come. Look at poor Amy there. She says she is moped to death in this quiet old house. Do come, if it will not be a bore to you.'

And so it was arranged that Guy should come back again on the morrow by the coach, and bring his luggage with him.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, when the sun's first rays were tinging Snowdon's summit with all manner of prismatic hues, Amy was up with the lark, and busily employing herself about the house, rearranging and adjusting everything to her own entire satisfaction. When her aunt came downstairs, she was quite astonished at her niece's unwonted industry.

'It is all for our handsome visitor to admire,' remarked Uncle Archie slyly at breakfast, explaining the reasons for Amy's handiwork.

The young man arrived at noon; and the rest of the day was spent in strolling about the grounds and down by the margin of the lake.

Day succeeded day, and there was always plenty for the stranger to do and see in this lovely Cambrian district. The young people were left pretty much to themselves to find out new amusements and plan excursions. Sometimes Uncle Archie would accompany them in their longer trips; but in their many walks and mountaineering scrambles about home, the two were nearly always alone. Perhaps the old people were to blame in not keeping a stricter watch over their

wayward little niece, and in not checking her too constant companionship with a comparative stranger; perhaps the stranger himself was hardly honourable and straightforward enough in allowing such a state of affairs to go on so long; but however it was, in a very short time Amy had fallen madly, hopelessly in love with her new companion. In love—with all the exuberance and delight of a first giddy passion—with all the romance of her young girlish nature. He had become her hero, her idol!

One day, down by the reedy lake, under the shadows of the mighty mountain, he asked her to be his wife. In a moment she consented. With all the wild impetuosity of her temperament, she gave herself up to him—only that she might love him, love and adore him always. And then came a great temptation. He told her that for reasons she would not understand, he was unable at present to ask her guardian formally for her hand. And in a flood of passionate entreaty, he asked her to leave her home and kindred; to go with him to London, and there be married secretly. Once married, the rest would follow easily. Her uncle and aunt would pardon and forgive.

Poor Amy listened, believed, and trusted. For his sake she would do and dare anything. She tried to look upon it all as a mere frolic, this secret elopement. Had not hundreds done so before-time? Did not all her cherished romances hinge on clandestine marriages? Why should not she have a romance of her own? And happiness was sure—so sure—to follow. Of course Uncle Archie would forgive her, and only laugh at her foolishness, as he had done oftentimes before over her girlish pranks and foibles. Thus carefully she shaped her argument to convince herself.

A night was fixed for the *escapade*. Guy was to procure a trap; and they were to start an hour after midnight for Tremadoc—a distance of fourteen miles—where they would be in time for an early morning express that left for London.

The eventful evening arrived. A portmanteau or two had been packed, and carefully secreted amongst the bracken by the entrance-gate, to be in readiness at the time of departure. Amy, in spite of all her romance, was thoughtful enough to leave a letter of farewell and explanation on her dressing-table. At the appointed time she was ready and waiting for him. Her window opened on a balcony, which conducted by a flight of steps—in the old Italian fashion—to the garden below. Thither Guy came for her in the moonlight. Amy fondly pictured him as ardent Romeo of old; while she—poor foolish girl—imagined herself a very Juliet. And so she passed out into the night, and he led her to the waiting carriage; passed, without one last look behind her at the old home she was leaving; oblivious of everything save the unutterable happiness of the present. And the carriage rolled on, through the moonlit woods and sleeping villages, past sombre lakes and mountain streams; away—through the starry stillness of the night, through the dusky shadows, through the faint beams of the waning moon, through the soft-breaking gray of the dawn; away—to a new world, a new life; away—to the dim horizon of an unknown future; away—to what fate, who could tell?

CHAPTER III.

Married, and in London! Dreams realised, hopes fulfilled. The wedding had taken place by special license soon after their arrival, in a little church down Paddington way. They then remained at an hotel until their own apartments should be ready to receive them.

Once duly installed, however, in what was to be their permanent abode, Amy found everything comfortable, and even elegant. Guy seemed a really well-to-do man. What his business or profession was, she had never troubled herself to inquire. Her love had been far too ethereal ever to descend to such a mere worldly consideration. But as the weeks went by she began to lack one thing—the one great thing, society. No one called upon her; nor did Guy take her out visiting or introduce her to a single soul. He too began to be less at home; generally being away all day, and not returning until late at night. The days grew as monotonous as they used to be in the old time at her uncle's house; though she had now plenty of money at her own disposal, and every opportunity for spending it. In one thing only did Guy put a check on her expenditure—he forbade her to give anything away in street charity; the reason for which prohibition she could not understand.

Soon after her arrival in London, she had written to her dear old guardian, telling him she was happy, and beseeching his forgiveness in true novelistic fashion. He wrote back to her a long severe letter, which made her weep bitter tears of repentance; but from its tone, she knew that he would not carry his righteous indignation any further than this mere written reproof. In fact, she was married, and it was too late to do anything now without raising a public scandal.

At length, tired of her loneliness, Amy appealed to her husband. She wanted friends, society—the life of fashionable gaiety she had so long sighed for.

'Amy,' he replied, almost angrily, 'I married you for yourself, and I had hoped that you married me for a similar reason. I have never contracted friendships; and do not wish you to contract any.'

What a cruel, bitter blow to all her bright anticipations! She did not answer him, but brooded over what he had told her for days in silence. What a life lay before her! No friends, no gaieties, no amusements. The dull humdrum of a solitary married life, in which even her husband took but little part. She looked back upon the old, happy, daily companionship of a loving uncle and aunt with regret—the old life she had deemed so listless, so monotonous, so void of pleasure.

At length Guy gave her permission to write for Mrs Penrose to come and stay with her. She did so, but feared the invitation would be declined. Were not all home-ties cut asunder for ever? But no; the kindly old lady had forgiven her, and promised to come. With her arrival, Amy's spirits revived. Though the two went to many of the metropolitan places of amusement, Mrs Penrose was considerably surprised at finding her niece friendless; without even an acquaintance. She wanted to know too what was Mr Nelson's business. Amy had some confused notions that he

had a large warehouse in the City; but beyond this, was utterly ignorant of her husband's doings. The old lady shook her head. A pretty wife indeed, not to know how her husband earned his living! She questioned Guy herself that evening, but received only an evasive answer.

The weeks went by, and the state of affairs between Guy and his wife began to grow more and more unsatisfactory. He was away from home more than ever—sometimes whole nights without properly accounting for his absence. He grew less communicative. She knew literally nothing of his daily life. Mrs Penrose, however, continued to remain, and to her Amy confided all her troubles. Some sort of mystery seemed to hang over this married life of hers. Why had not Guy told her everything about himself before she married him? Why did he keep secrets from her now? She began to suspect and fear all sorts of evil, so greatly did her husband's reserve and strange habits puzzle and alarm her. Mrs Penrose found her becoming strangely altered; no longer the sprightly girl of six short months ago. An appearance of settled melancholy and unhappiness came over her; the passionate love that had been, seemed dead within her.

'My dear Amy,' exclaimed her aunt one day, when the young wife was sadder than usual, 'I have made up my mind to put a stop to this unhappy state of affairs. So strange a position between a newly married couple is not to be tolerated. Try to be more cheerful, and leave everything to me. Depend upon it, I will clear up this mystery, if there be one; and for your future peace of mind, I trust satisfactorily.'

The next day Mrs Penrose went out alone, and returned after several hours very agitated, and apparently ill. She would not, however, tell Amy the cause of her uneasiness. The day following she went again, and on her return in the evening, went straight into Amy's little boudoir. Taking her hands gently into her own, she said gravely: 'Amy, I have discovered all. Do you wish to know your husband's secrets, which are improperly held from you? Do you wish to know how he obtains a livelihood?'

'O aunt,' she cried in an agonised voice, 'I must know everything, even the worst. A fearful presentiment has been with me night and day for months. Let me know the worst at once!'

'To-morrow, darling, you shall see it with your own eyes. Be prepared to follow your husband with me after breakfast.'

Amy passed a dreadful night, as may be imagined, full of vague forebodings of coming troubles. In the morning she rose unrefreshed but resolute, determined to put an end to all this unrest and suspense. After breakfast, Guy as usual wished them a good-morning, and departed. They hastily put on bonnets and shawls, and followed him.

It was all they could do to keep up with him; following at a safe distance behind, through streets and squares, courts and by-lanes. Two long miles had been thus anxiously traversed, when he suddenly turned into a long narrow alley in one of the lowest quarters of 'the great city.' The distressed young wife was too excited to talk. All she could do was to follow blindly whither her companion led her. What was this horrible truth that was about to be revealed to her? this terrible

artifice or deceit, that thus needed bringing to the light of day? She half repented of the loathsome task she had set herself—of this underhand method of learning the secrets her husband chose to keep hidden from her; but an irresistible impulse held her forward; and the two women hurried on, tired though they were, and straining their eyes to keep in view the footsteps of the mysterious man they were following. At length he paused at the corner of a shabby little street; looked carefully round; drew off his gloves; and—to Amy's amazement—descended into a cellar, down some steep crooked steps.

Amy awaited his reappearance with trembling anxiety and fearful expectation. Minutes seemed hours of torture to her. It was all Mrs Penrose could do to prevent her rushing forward and following her mysterious husband. At last, after half an hour's weary waiting, there came up the cellar-steps what appeared to be an old decrepit soldier, bent double almost with age and suffering. He had but one arm, the other sleeve of his coat hanging loosely by his side. On his right eye there was a large black patch. His cheeks looked seared and hollow; while long shaggy locks of thick gray hair hung down his shoulders. His dress was that of a by-gone military fashion. On his arm was hung a basket, filled with the cheap vulgar ballads of the day. He was supported by a crutch, with which he hobbled along at a shuffling gait.

The two ladies on his reappearance had hurried up to the spot whence he emerged. Amy was aghast, horror-stricken, bewildered, hardly crediting her senses. This wretched spectacle that stood before her was her husband—a common tramp, a wayside beggar, an artful impostor in the streets of London! In a moment he had seen her standing there and looking at him with dilated eyes and face of abject terror, unable to speak or move. For a second he stood still and watched her, his face livid under his disguise with rage and baffled fury; then turning suddenly in an opposite direction, he fled down the street, unchecked and unfollowed, till he was lost from view in the maze of winding lanes and alleys that everywhere surrounded him.

With a wild scream, Amy fell forward. The utter stupefaction into which the first horror of her discovery had thrown her, had for the moment prevented her from realising to the full the truth of what had just been revealed. She had been like one in a momentary trance, unconscious of what had caused the sudden change in her condition. But as reason came back and the truth began to dawn, in all its hideous terrible reality, she cried aloud in the agony of her despair, and would have fallen, had not her aunt supported her. A little crowd soon collected round them—gaping women and gutter children of the usual street pattern—and one or two helped to carry Amy, who had fainted, into an adjacent house. When she had sufficiently recovered, the woman who resided there—a gossipy old soul—asked what had so alarmed her.

Of course Amy returned an evasive answer; but Mrs Penrose questioned the woman as to what she knew of the street tramp, who had behaved so strangely, and who appeared in some way connected with the neighbourhood. She told them that she knew very little; there was a

deal of mystery about him; but of one thing she was quite sure—he was making a deal of money by the practising of his deceitful trade. When he was dressed up, she said, he appeared quite the gentleman; and—this with an odd, curious look at Amy—it was reported he had a grand house somewhere at the fashionable end of London, where he had lately brought home a rich young-lady wife, who knew nothing of his way of living, or that he had already another wife—a beggar like himself—alive in London.

Amy could bear to hear no more. The horror of it all was more than she could endure. She fell back in her chair, once more unconscious. A cab was hurriedly called, and Mrs Penrose got her into it. She took her to an hotel in the Strand, then telegraphed for her husband to come immediately.

Poor Amy—broken-hearted, anguish-stricken, almost wishing she might die—lay languishing for weeks upon a bed of sickness. The memories of that frightful past would haunt her to her grave.

Six months afterwards there was once more a household of three in the old Hafod down by the margin of the fair blue lake in sunny Carnarvonshire. Amy had gone back again to the old home, the old life, the old ties of kindred. But she was no longer the bright happy girl of yore, when she had neither a care to trouble nor a remembrance to embitter the gay spring-time holiday of her youth. No longer a girl, but a woman—aged if not in years yet in experience; a woman who had known bitter sorrow, cruel suffering, grossest treachery, and deepest shame; the rude awakening from a first fond dream of passionate, all-trusting love, the total breaking of a heart that had given itself up wholly and entirely to the man who had so basely, so wickedly deceived her.

Of him they never heard again; only that he was an impostor from first to last; for Mr Penrose had made inquiries, and found that his old friend Henry Nelson had died childless. How the man had obtained sufficient information to enable him to pass himself off as his son, ever remained an unsolved mystery.

And Amy lived on with her uncle and aunt, contentedly and even happily, as far as happiness could be her portion now; lived a better and more useful life than in the old days of her youth. She had no longings now for mere worldly joys and pleasures, no ambitions to gratify, no earthly prospects to look forward to. Perhaps, after all, she was the better for the change in her existence—a change which could never have come about had it not been for the sudden ending to her bright young dreams and the cruel blighting of a lifetime. No; the romance was over, the illusion was dispelled. She was left—heart-broken, and the love of her glad young nature was dead for evermore; but still the best part of her life lay before her, and there is little doubt that she would spend it profitably and well.

[The moral to be derived from the foregoing story—which is faithfully true—is never to place too much confidence in strangers until their antecedents are beyond doubt, and their good intentions put to practical test. Let the fair

reader beware of adventurers who in the guise of plausible gentlemen, haunt nearly every fashionable watering-place. The attentions of a man who obtrudes himself without introduction, or minus a letter from some well-known friend, ought to be regarded with caution by every well-conducted young lady.]

YOUNG JERMYN STREET.

YOUNG JERMYN STREET is fresh-coloured, ruddy, and full of life. He comes up to London to enjoy himself, and he does so to his heart's content. His stay is not long—a fortnight or a month at the outside. He is up from school, or Aldershot, or the university. In Boat-race week and Derby week he abounds—a little over-dressed perhaps, and very shiny as to his hat and his boots. He is great at breakfasts, and usually rather late. Breakfasts in Jermy Street are the great feature of that locality. It is only a stray old foggy who would ever think of dining at his rooms or hotel there. From ten to twelve A.M. the prevailing odour in most of the houses is that of broiled soles, deviled kidneys and chickens, frizzled ham, fried potatoes, curried eggs, grilled chops, and mushrooms; and the way young Jermy Street does justice to dish after dish, winding up with a few table-spoonfuls of 'squish' (jam), the whole washed down with the inevitable tankard of beer, is enough to make any one with the smallest respect for his digestion ill for a week. He makes a tremendous row while he is tubbing, and splashes everything within six feet of him. He whistles or sings at the top of his strength—a little out of tune generally—the airs from the last burlesque while he is dressing; and so full of spontaneous activity is he, that if he were not permitted to shout or jump or throw himself about, he would almost infallibly break a blood-vessel or do himself some injury.

He doesn't care much for the Opera, and goes to the Academy to see the people, not the pictures. He hires a hack, and takes a couple of hours in the Park of an afternoon. He flirts with and is treated kindly by the young person who pins the flower in his coat; but he is such a handsome, open-hearted young fellow, that it is not surprising that the women are fond of him. He pays ninepence apiece for cigars, and has always some for his friends. He goes to his club at six to see the evening papers and take a glass of vermouth, and thence back to his rooms to dress for the evening. One of the West End restaurants supplies him with dinner if he is not dining out; but he usually has plenty of friends of his own kidney, and if he is not dining with them, some of them are dining with him. He carefully avoids family people, and it is not kind to ask him to solemn repasts when he is up for a holiday. He is the last man in the club of an evening; and anchovy toasts, lobster salads 'laced' with plenty of Cayenne pepper and tarragon vinegar, and deviled bones, are in constant demand while he is there.

His landlady in Jermy Street is a very haughty female, of a commanding presence, much given to black silks and bullying the housemaids. Her husband 'valets'—as he calls it—the young gentleman, and spends his happier moments in this occupation. He is not averse to a glass of wine,

and always has a little joke or some of the scandal of the clubs to impart while serving breakfast or brushing clothes—just something to mark him off from an ordinary servant. He has usually been a hall-porter at a club, or has seen service—in the butler's pantry.

Ordinarily, young Jermy Street lives at something like ten times his income while he is in town; but then it is a holiday, and does not last long. He does not usually come to much harm; but if he should, there are plenty of the hook-nosed fraternity about Piccadilly and Sackville Street to 'help' him out of his difficulties. It is refreshing to see him 'doing' a bill—for which he pays eighty or ninety per cent.—with those highly respectable solicitors Meshach Brothers. He smokes a cigar and takes a glass of dry sherry—both of exquisite brands—with the sporting member of the firm, and has a friendly chat about the coming Derby or Leger—while the business partner covers a slip or so of stamped paper with the needful promises and figures. He leaves their office with a light heart, and protests to his comrades afterwards that they really are very decent fellows to do 'business' with. If this should prove to be only the first of a series of visits to Messrs Meshach, and young Jermy Street should unhappily come to the length of his tether, he will find that the talons of those hawk-faced usurers will strike as surely and swiftly as ever those of any falcon on his quarry.

Young Jermy Street does not often become a great general, a distinguished lawyer, or eminent in the walks of art, literature, science, philosophy, or theology. But where there is fighting, he will be found in the thick of it; or, what perhaps requires even more courage, when the happy and extravagant days of school and college are over, he will accept his position as a working member of society with boldness, unenvious of those with whom he has mixed on terms of social equality, whose means enable them to flutter about Pall Mall and St James's Street for an indefinite—sometimes a wearying—period. A few years change him into the active, good-tempered, gentlemanly young man who is found at Westminster or the Temple from eleven to four; or in the City; or at the hospitals; perhaps holding a curacy in the country; or perhaps in these few years he has been half round the world, or roughing it in the North American or Australian Bush. He plunges into matrimony—often on insufficient means—without any misgivings, and regards his increasing family with perfect composure. He brings his boys up as gentlemen, and his girls—well, as English girls. And when the lads are in a scrape, he helps them out of it, and gets into their confidence as an elder brother might; and if an extra heavy cheque is required to cover that week or so in Jermy Street which the boys in their turn indulge in, he remembers how in his own youth he conducted himself, and how pleasant have been the memories of that time; how he feels he has never been the worse for it—and he pays up without a grumble. He is never better pleased than when they ask him to stroke their boat on the river, or to make up the team for a cricket-match with a neighbouring Eleven.

Middle-aged Jermy Street is rather 'vapid.' The gentlemen usually addressed as 'Captng,' who live no one knows how, and rarely go to bed

before four o'clock in the morning—who are faultlessly attired, and to be found wherever fashion wends its course—the gentlemen with bird's-eye neckties and knowing scarf-pins, who drive very smart traps with high steppers accompanied by imperceptible tigers, and who are often visited by clean-shaven men with tight trousers, straws in their mouths, and with a habit of flicking their calves with a cane or whip—old dandies vainly endeavouring to renew their youth—are all to be found in this region; but none are so pleasant to contemplate as our friend young Jermyn Street.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IN 1878, Mr C. W. Siemens, while delivering a lecture to the Society of Telegraph Engineers, expressed his belief that the dynamo-electric current would in time be employed for purposes then supposed to be beyond the scope of electricity. In the two years since elapsed, that belief has been verified; for the current is now used for transmission of power, for great chemical operations, for illumination, and as Mr Siemens explained, for effecting the fusion of refractory materials in large quantities in an electric furnace; for horticulture, as a promoter of the chemical changes by which plants take their chief ingredients of food from the atmosphere; and for mechanical propulsion, in which the current enters the lists as a rival of steam, to work either stationary machinery, hoists, or lifts, or to propel trains along rails or tramways.

The fusing capabilities were demonstrated in a remarkable way. A crucible was charged with one pound weight of broken files; the dynamo-electric current was passed through them, and in thirteen minutes they were melted and poured out of the crucible a coruscating fluid. The crucible having become heated, a second charge was melted in eight minutes. Mr Siemens finds by calculation that one pound of coal will melt nearly one pound of mild steel. The coal is burned in the steam-engine which drives the dynamo-electric machine. By way of contrast, we are told that 'to melt a ton of steel in crucibles in the ordinary air-furnace used at Sheffield, from two and a half to three tons of best Durham coke are consumed: the same effect is produced with one ton of coal when the crucibles are heated in the regenerative gas furnace; while with the furnace to which the dynamo-electric current is applied, a ton of steel is produced by the burning of twelve hundredweights of coal. The electric furnace thus has economy in its favour, but will doubtless be further improved. Meanwhile, as Mr Siemens says, it will be useful 'for carrying on chemical reactions of various kinds at temperatures and under conditions which it has hitherto been impossible to secure.' Chief among the advantages is the enormous temperature attainable. An American Professor estimates it at three thousand five hundred degrees Centigrade. According to Mr Siemens, it is 'theoretically unlimited.'

The application of the current to locomotion has been exemplified at Berlin, where last year a circular narrow-gauge railway of nine hundred yards was laid down. A train was put on of three or four carriages, two wheels of the foremost being worked by a dynamo-electric machine. The rails, supported on wooden sleepers, were sufficiently insulated to serve as electric conductors; and when proper connections were made, the trains, crowded with passengers, travelled round the circle at from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. This success has led to a scheme for an elevated electric railway in the streets of Berlin, and as we mentioned three months ago, to the suggestion that dynamo-electric machines should be used in tunnels.

There is something almost marvellous in the exhibition of machines and other appliances used by printers and stationers. The cutting of paper into shapes and sizes is no longer a slow sawing or squeezing operation, for a whole ream can now be cut through at a single blow. A machine that seems alive, makes envelopes at the rate of two thousand four hundred an hour; and books and pamphlets can be stitched by wire ten times as fast as in the ordinary way.—An instrument for preventing a faulty position of the hand or body in writing, was shewn at the last International Exhibition in Paris.

Cornwall is a far-away county, but shews itself as alert as the counties near the metropolis, and maintains a good character for invention and enterprise, as is well shewn in the annual meetings of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society at Falmouth. In the Report of the forty-seventh meeting there are articles which appear entitled to wider publicity: for example, corrugated tubes for boilers, furnaces, and flues, manufactured by the Leeds Forge Company. These tubes are 'immensely' stronger than ordinary tubes, because 'their resistance is measured by that of the material to crushing, and not simply by the resistance to distortion: they do not strain the boiler-shell by unequal expansion: they evaporate twelve and a half per cent. more water; keep much cleaner; break and throw off all incrustation and sediment; have more heating surface, strength with lightness, safety, endurance, and economy in fuel, than any other flue made or used.' After this, the bursting of boilers should be of rare occurrence.

Mr Brenton, of Polbathick, Cornwall, exhibited a Lock-pin Safety Bolt, and Anti-burglar Sash Fastener, which will hardly be regarded with favour by housebreakers. The Bolt is described as suitable 'for cattle-houses, because it is impossible for cattle to unfasten it; for railway doors and gates, because it dispenses with pins and chains, and will not unfasten through oscillation; and for dwelling-houses, because it is more difficult to pick than any other bolt or lock, being fitted with a stop which prevents the lock-pin being lifted from the outside.' Concerning the Sash Fastener, we are told that 'by simply turning the knob from right to left, the operation of fastening a window securely is completed. A tongued bolt draws both sashes together; and it is impossible for any one to pick the fastener from the outside without breaking the glass.'

Specimens were exhibited of iron oxidised by

Bower's patent process. Air, as is well known to everybody, rusts and destroys iron; but in this case, deposited as magnetic oxide, it becomes protective. The castings to be operated on are placed in a retort or chamber, and made red-hot, at which they are maintained from six to twelve hours, while a slight current of atmospheric air is passed through the chamber. They are kept closely shut up two hours more, and then are found to be covered with a coating (the magnetic oxide) beautiful in appearance, and of lasting effect in preserving the articles from rust. Thus it will now be possible to erect ornamental iron-work out of doors without risk of damage or destruction from rust.

Follows & Bate, of Manchester, exhibited an Agate-centred Archimedean Ventilator. It comprises a tube and hood side-vanes, and an Archimedean screw. The shaft of the screws rests on a polished agate footstep, and the friction being small, rotates easily inside the tube. It may be made to move by wind or steam, when, as stated in the Report, it draws accumulations of hot air, sulphurous gases, dirt, waste flyings, and other effluvia from gassing rooms,* or from any other part of a factory. In like manner, steam may be drawn from dye and bleach works, foul air from printing-offices and tailors' workshops; and hospitals, prisons, and sewers may be thoroughly ventilated.

We mentioned last year the utilisation of waste clays in the manufacture of certain kinds of pottery. The meeting at Falmouth shewed that the search for clays had been extended to other parts of Cornwall, and that slimes and sands accumulated by mining operations can be converted into bricks, tiles, drain-pipes, vases, models, and figures of animals varying in appearance and character from 'vitrified stone-ware to a fair average quality terra-cotta.' If he who makes two blades of grass grow in the place of one deserves well of his contemporaries, so does he who converts waste into articles of use and ornament.

The electric light has been brought into use with great advantage in the slate quarries of Angers, France, for instead of digging away the upper strata to get at the good merchantable slate—an operation that required months of unremunerative labour—the quarrymen get out the slate by mining. It is in the deep underground workings that the electric light is employed, the result being that with the increased light the labourers do not require their hand-lamps, that the work is better done than before, that a greater quantity of slates is produced, and the liability to accident is diminished.

The trial at Portsmouth of a new screw for steam-vessels gave a very encouraging result. From the name of the inventor, an American, it is called the Mallory Screw; and especially remarkable is the fact that a vessel fitted therewith requires no rudder. The cylinders are at the stern: they act directly on the shaft which turns the screw; and the screw, obedient to the movement imparted to it, effects the steering. The trial was made with a steam pinnacle forty-two feet in length; and the

little craft behaved like a fish, darting hither and thither, or turning within its own length, or going through the movements of a quadrille with astonishing swiftness. The engines can be reversed from full speed ahead to full speed astern in ten seconds; and it is thought that the Mallory Screw may render good service in torpedo warfare. But (there is a but) the vibration at the stern of the little vessel is so severe that extra strength will be there required to make her entirely trustworthy.

An experiment tried in the port of Kiel proves that heavy weights can by means of a balloon be raised from the bottom of the sea. The balloon is made of canvas and metal plates, with an attached cistern containing carbonic acid gas compressed to a liquid state. When made fast to the sunken object, the communication between the cistern and the balloon is opened; inflation takes place; the sunken vessel or whatever else it may be, is lifted, and can be towed away at pleasure. In the experiment at Kiel, an anchor-stone weighing fifteen tons was thus raised from a depth of thirty-two feet. The lifting power of a balloon ten feet in diameter is said to be more than one hundred and thirteen tons.

Mr Latry, 12 Boulevard St Martin, Paris, has invented historical cards and geographical dominoes, with a view to interest children and young people in their own education, and to provide a means of instructive recreation. For example: the departments of France are represented by different series of picture-cards: the name of a department is called; the players immediately produce the prefectures and under-prefectures of that department or any other particulars. In the same manner, on specifying a reign, the cards are played which illustrate the incidents of that reign; and the best player is the one who places the incidents in true chronological order. In geography, the cards aid in defining the ancient provinces as well as the modern departments; they illustrate, moreover, the leading historic facts and the characteristic manufactures of the towns and cities.

The dominoes, inscribed with dates instead of the usual numerical spots, convert the study of history into a pastime; or, applied to geography, may represent the principal river-valleys of France or any other country. In practice, it is found that a child soon learns the names of the water-courses in a river-basin, of the towns through which they flow, is able to identify their position and form a mental picture of the whole. The name chosen for this new game is 'Magister,' because any one of the players by clever moves may become master. So far as can be judged from these particulars, it is an amusing as well as instructive recreation.

At what height does the aurora appear? Messrs De La Rue and Müller have attempted to answer this question at a meeting of the Royal Society, their experiments on the electric discharge in various gases and in vacua being taken as evidence. They believe that at a height of about thirty-seven miles, the display of the aurora is at its highest brilliancy; is much less brilliant at eighty-one miles; and scarcely visible or even possible at one hundred and twenty-four miles. The colour varies markedly with the tenuity of the air. At a pressure of sixty-two millimetres, the magnificent

* The gassing room in a factory is the room in which the fluff is singed from woven goods passed rapidly over an array of lighted gas jets.

carmine tint prevails which is so characteristic of auroral phenomena; but as the pressure is reduced, the tint changes to salmon colour, and from that pales off to milky whiteness. 'The roseate and violet tints,' say the experimentalists, 'are always in the vicinity of the positive source of the electric current. The positive luminosity fades away gradually, and frequently becomes almost invisible at some distance from its source.'

Mr W. H. Pickering of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in making photometric researches, has discovered a few important facts, and shewn new methods of observation. On one occasion he found the total brilliancy of the sun to be equal to about three hundred and fifty thousand full moons. Or, as he remarks: 'To understand this comparison better, we may add that, if the whole visible heavens were turned into one extensive full moon, it would give rather less than one quarter of the light of the sun.' On the question of heat, his observations lead him to conclude that the temperature of the sun is twenty-two thousand degrees Centigrade.

The American Arctic enthusiasts are making their way through the icy latitudes to the spot chosen for their experimental colony. Captain Cheyne in this country is preparing his expedition, and rehearsing the balloon trips that serve as a preliminary to the aerial voyage which, when the time comes, is to discover the Pole. And it may be said that Polar exploration is assuming an international and comprehensive form.

The Danish government have agreed to establish an observing station at Upernavik; Russia undertakes one at the mouth of the Lena, with a branch at the Siberian Isles; an Austrian nobleman will defray the cost of one on Nova Zembla; Point Barrow has been selected by the United States Signal Service as their place of observation; it is thought too that Canada will maintain an Arctic station somewhere within her vast territories; and the Dutch government one on Spitzbergen, the scene of their early discoveries. These are all northern projects; but the south polar regions are not to be neglected, for a ship is to be despatched by the German government to explore the coasts of South Georgia.

The so-called Celluloid, to which we have on several occasions referred, is manufactured under that name in the United States. In England it is called Xylenite; and the manufacture thereof is carried on by the British Xylenite Company at Homerton, London, E. The production of the substance in this country was, we believe, an independent discovery.

We observe that Messrs Field and Tuer, whose elaborately got-up work on *Luxurious Bathing* we recently noticed, have produced a cheap and popular edition. This, in the interests of Sanitary Science, is a proper step.

With regard to remedies for Sea-sickness, a correspondent writes: 'Allow me to recommend a very simple and almost certain cure for this dreadful malady, and tried by my advice by many who have suffered. It consists of a broad, or as it is called an abdominal belt, put on before going on board, and worn as tight as comfort and convenience will allow. I have never suffered myself from sea-sickness, being a good sailor, but I have the assurance of a great many of the efficacy of my remedy.'

CRAIG-Y-BARNES.

(NEAR DUNKELD.)

'Tis years since thus I rested,
To watch the Tay broad-breasted,
From thy cliffs with pine-woods crested,
Craig-y-barns.

Through all the world a ranger,
In many a storm and danger,
Now, alas! at home, a stranger,
Craig-y-barns.

For *Death* has laid down lowly,
In yonder graveyard holy,
All the hearts that loved me solely,
Craig-y-barns.

And *Life* has brought new treasure,
Fair joys beyond all measure;
But to me, they bring no pleasure,
Craig-y-barns.

O *dear* days, long departed!
And *dear* hearts from me parted,
Since we climbed thy crags light-hearted,
Craig-y-barns.

More fair than poet's dreaming,
With fullest beauty teeming,
Is the scene before me gleaming,
Craig-y-barns.

I see the river wending,
And classic Birnam blending
Purple light with blue unending,
Craig-y-barns.

And yet, that valley shining,
That placid river twining,
Only mock my heart's repining,
Craig-y-barns.

Each beauty but a token,
That tells with words unspoken,
Of a charm for ever broken,
Craig-y-barns.

H. K. W.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 871.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

OVERWORK AND UNDERWORK.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

At the end of the first article on this subject, Dr Wilks was speaking of the injury to health caused by a state of listless idleness, and of the absolute necessity of work, the more varied the better, for our healthful existence. He goes on to say that 'the body is a machine productive of force and heat. If this be not directed to right purposes, it will pursue a wrong course; or if not allowed to escape in some form or other, will react injuriously on the body itself. Thus the hysterical attacks and fits of laughing and crying, are but the outward signs of the escape of superabundant forces. Of course the character of the individual and sex will determine often the mode by which the escape is made. Now hysteria is by no means confined to women, for one of the worst attacks which I have witnessed occurred in a man. This gentleman one day found he had lost, his all, and on returning home, he became the victim of laughing and crying, until sheer exhaustion brought an end to the attack. This was quite involuntary. But it might be remarked that even in hysteria such a thing as fashion prevails, shewing that a certain power of restraint may be used. When I was a boy, hysteria was the fashion; and if during conversation any remark was made to touch a lady's sensibilities, she would clench her hands, make a wry face, her eyelids would undergo a rapid vibration, she would give a sob or two, and sink from her chair. The cure was accomplished by throwing cold water over her face; and if this encroached on her neck or wetted her dress, the cure was very sudden and complete. During church service, it was the usual practice to have a young lady carried out; but I think as a rule she belonged to an inferior class, whose kind of work during the week did not allow them to play dressmaking tricks with themselves on a Sunday; for if I remember rightly the cure was effected in their case by the call for a penknife. This was used to loosen the body-armour, when

a loud explosion took place, followed by a deep sigh and a speedy recovery of the patient. So fashionable was fainting or hysterics in church, that I have a lively remembrance of a young lady who had a weekly attack, and was often carried out by a gentleman in the next pew. As these two were afterwards married, I apprehend that this was one mode of courtship. I am only too thankful to think, for the peace of other people, that this method of forcing matrimony has gone out. In speaking of hysteria, it is curious to observe how crying and laughing are intimately mixed; indeed the mechanism used for both is much the same; the convulsive motion of the chest being observed in both these acts. It may seem strange that so apparently different emotions, or such different phases of the mind expressed by laughing and crying, should be outwardly manifested by movements which so closely resemble one another. And yet on second thought the sentiments are not always far apart; the two emotions not infrequently blend; and as every one knows, some of the strongest feelings of joy may be expressed in weeping. The overflowing heart shews itself in tears, and sadness and joy are but counterparts of the same emotion.

"There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy;"

and there is many a one can say with Jessica,

"Sweet music always makes me sad."

'To return once more to our subject. The mind should be always occupied; it is strengthened and preserved in a healthy state by work; whereas it decays or becomes impoverished by disuse; or what is even worse, since it is impossible to keep the brain absolutely at rest, its powers should be profitably employed, or they react on the system, and give rise to the numberless ailments, physical, mental, and moral, known as hysteria. This term almost implies that I am thinking of the female sex; certainly, it is to women especially that the want of occupation applies. Young men are forced to get their living whether they like it or not; but a large number of young ladies in

a family have absolutely nothing to do. Those brought up in the country have this advantage, that they may always make work for themselves: the village children may be taught and otherwise cared for; bringing not only a blessing on them, but a healthy body and mind to the benefactor. In town, the condition of middle-class girls is to me pitiable. They are too genteel to follow any occupation; they are often too many in a family to assist in domestic duties; they have returned home from school with some very poor accomplishments; their knowledge of French and German is not sufficient to allow them to converse in those languages; and music just enough to indulge in a doleful song or play badly on the piano. They dawdle through the day in a listless way, and fall victims to a thousand little ailments which the doctor is supposed to put right by physic. And the most curious thing is that should the instincts of the girl force her to put some of her energies into use, she is as likely as not to be thwarted by the mother. I am a daily witness to this; and when young ladies are brought to me for advice, the invariable story is that they are overtaking their strength; the maternal instinct being so perverted that it has become with many the belief that every movement means fatigue, and absolute rest is the way to insure health. It is against this very erroneous view that I am now preaching. These mothers do not come to the doctor for advice, but to dictate to him; and they say: "I want you, doctor, to insist on my daughter not playing the organ at church, for it is too much for her; or having that children's class once a week, for she is always ill after it; but order her to have her breakfast in bed, and a glass of port wine about eleven o'clock." It is this fanciful care on the part of parents which is so injurious; for the very energy of young people would command them to occupy themselves. I do not know that girls are worse than boys in respect of idleness; for probably the latter would not work unless obliged, and even for them an occupation is good quite apart from that at which they earn their daily bread.

"I believe every young man should have some special pursuit of his own seeking; but alas, how very rarely do we find that this is the case. The monotony of a city office is often so great, that a second pleasant occupation to engage the better mental powers is requisite; and I therefore generally ask my young patients what they do, or whether they follow any scientific pursuit. An answer in the affirmative is, I am sorry to say, the easiest thing possible; for on asking them how they spend their evenings and what they like, they nearly all say they like music; which by no means implies that they cultivate or study music, but that they like to sing a song at the piano over a young lady's shoulder. I ask them if they like science; they shake their head. I say there is the solid earth with its rocks beneath you; do you ever get a hammer and examine them? There is the sky above, with its innumerable spheres; do you ever look at them by telescope or spectroscope? There is animal life; do you ever study that? Every pond will shew you countless forms for your microscope. I get no response; or when I say none, it is rare and exceptional to find any one cares about these things. I know a few who will take up these studies after business hours; and I assure you they are the happiest of men.

But if you do not this, I say do something—have a hobby, and collect walking-sticks or snuff-boxes. Become a connoisseur in old china; amuse yourself in every friend's house you enter by feeling all his cups and saucers and making a careful scrutiny of the marks underneath.

"This question of occupation comes before me daily, as it does to every other medical man; and I have no hesitation in saying, as a result of my experience, that more people suffer from want of occupation than from overwork. Hypochondriasis, or the making a study of one's self and watching all the operations and functions of the body, is in the main the result of idleness.

"We have seen that it is quite competent for a person to occupy all his time, after having given due heed to the necessities of life, in work; but the work must be varied. It is not difficult, therefore, to comprehend if any physical or mental labour be attempted at the expense of physiological considerations, that the health will suffer; that is, if the time be taken out of that which should be devoted to rest, exercise, or meals. The same evil will occur if the mental labour be all of one kind, so as to produce an excessive tension on one faculty at the expense of others. In considering the question of overwork or forced brain-labour, we must regard it from this stand-point; and if we so do, we shall find that where harm has accrued, it has been from a total disregard of the principles we have laid down. We are constantly told of the dreadful effects of school-forcing; but we are kept in the dark as to the remainder of the history of the child's life as regards exercise, food, &c.

"Our newspapers give thrilling accounts of the evils following in the wake of our present school system, and that children have actually been killed whilst undergoing the process of repletion. The same cry has come from America, where several learned physicians have decried the modern system of over-study. One writer says: "Girls arrive at twelve or fourteen, and at the threshold of the most important period of existence, utterly unfitted for passing through it. Excitable, with wide open eyes and ears for every sight and sound which can excite feeling, rapid and intense in mental activity, with thin limbs, narrow chest, and ungainly back, we meet these twelve-year old products of civilisation going to school with an average of thirteen books under their feeble arms—for I have found by actual count that thirteen is the average number of studies which they take nowadays."

"In spite of this denunciation, it is quite impossible after what I have said, to admit that three or four hours' work a day can be injurious to any one if all the physiological rules of health are obeyed; and unless we know exactly what are the modes of life in girls' schools, we are not in a position to form an opinion, and at once denounce the work as a cause of ill-health. Fortunately, the experiment has been made for many years in boys' public schools; and there we have never heard of the work being too much, although the subjects, such as ancient classics and mathematics, are amongst those which are most likely to try the brains of the young. The reason is clear: the habits of life are regular, and of a kind likely to promote health. A good night's rest, three good meals a day, and numerous games. How different

is all this from what occurs in the day schools, and especially in those for the education of girls. Nothing is known of the child's habits when not at school, whether she enters the room with a stomach provided with a good meal, or on the contrary, starved, nor how she occupies the remainder of her time; there may be in her case an absence of fresh air and exercise; and when she returns home, she may be shut up in a close room to mind the baby. If a girl be living in a manner totally subversive of the laws of health, and then be sent to the Board school, and then break down under the mental pressure, it is not fair to attribute her ill-health to the mental work. I cannot myself think that if ordinary hygienic and common-sense rules of health were primarily considered, the ordinary work in a boys' or a girls' school is too much.

'A very different question is that of competition. I cannot say I like competitive examinations, since competition has the power only of comparing certain qualities of the character, and some of these are of an inferior kind. I know too, the extraordinary tension on the brain in the endeavour to master one or two subjects, does sometimes prove injurious. It is difficult, however, to see by what other means than by competition prizes can be awarded and public appointments be given to the fittest; yet I think some other tests might with advantage be introduced, as it so often happens at present that some of the best qualifications for office may be overlooked and important defects unknown. I remember reading some years ago, when it was resolved to throw open all appointments to competition, a vacancy for a postman or letter-carrier occurred in a small town in the west of England. A number of young men were asked to sit down and shew their skill in writing and their knowledge of geography. One candidate so greatly excelled the others that he was given the appointment. On the following morning, when he came to carry out his letters, it was found that he had a wooden leg. I believe, therefore, that the tests of qualifications are very often far from being either thorough or appropriate. Neither can I see any advantage in putting children one against the other, unless for the sake of pleasing parents by bestowing prizes and puffing the school.

'The endeavour to discover whether a child has profited by its schooling, is another matter; but this may effectually be done in another manner: let him be tested as we do our medical students, by an examination in all the subjects which he has been supposed to study during the last year. There is no difficulty in testing the amount of work which a pupil has acquired without putting him in competition with others. In competitive examinations, it is very probable that harm may often accrue from the mind being kept in a state of tension on one subject for several hours daily, besides the candidate being subjected to the excitement inevitable on fear of failure or hope of success. In ordinary teaching of the young, I believe an immense relief would be afforded if the method could be made more practical and real. The information contained in books must have been arrived at by actual observation and experiment; and if children were informed of the method by which this was done, they would acquire their knowledge in a much more accurate and correct

manner, and with much less fatigue to themselves, than they now do. It wants but a moment's thought to see that a chemist working out experiments in his laboratory is employing his brain in a less arduous manner than when reading up a similar subject in a book; or a geologist with his hammer acquiring knowledge directly from the rocks, than by pondering the same matter in his study. In like manner I believe children might, by the use of their eye and intellect together, be better instructed in the outlines of astronomy than by merely learning from a book the number of days in a year, in a month, &c. The latter method is far more fatiguing, and the knowledge when acquired is not thorough. I have known a country boy learn more in five minutes about the revolution of the earth and night and day, by putting a stick in the ground and making him observe the progression of the shadow, than he has acquired in weeks from ordinary book-learning. I believe if there were more intelligent masters and mistresses, children might be taught more efficiently than at present, and without any fear of overtaxing their brains. The use of pictures, diagrams, and objects generally would be a great improvement over all book-work. Then, again, a judicious teacher would know how to vary the work; and after giving a lesson in arithmetic, which more than any other subject tries the mental powers of the young, he would let his pupils do writing or reading. In girls' schools, needlework should then come in. Of course, there is an evil in all schools, a necessary one; that is, the uniform method which must be adopted and made applicable to all. The hard-grained and clever child will shoot ahead, leaving the more thoughtful and sensitive one far behind; whilst the one who is really by nature obtuse, receives the whole dole of punishments; and formerly, when the birch was in use, the master determined to see if learning which could not be introduced into the system by the ordinary channel, could not by another.'

Dr Wilks concludes his admirable Lecture with the following remark: 'The question of overwork is a large and difficult one to solve, and is exactly the kind of subject which should come under the cognizance of the National Health Society. All I have proposed to myself to do on the present occasion is to ventilate the subject, or rather open it out in a way by which it can be approached in a scientific and rational manner.'

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Do you know that man?'

At this time my sole friend, except for Gascoigne, and almost my sole acquaintance, was Æsop. Gascoigne was always dearer; but circumstances held us apart, and he was not a friend for common loves and uses. In my trouble at his disappearance, I naturally sought out Gregory; and to him I told the story of the tabernacle, and of Gascoigne's appearance there, and his sudden illness. He was silent and attentive; and when I had finished, he said with great gravity: 'Do all you can to find him.'

'I hope,' I answered, 'that there will be no great difficulty about finding him. My only fear is that his excitement, or his fall, or both together, may have unbalanced his intellect, and that he has gone wandering off unconsciously, or under some delusion.'

'Wait,' said Gregory. 'Let us make pictures.'

'Let us do what?' I asked.

He smiled gravely. 'When I want to understand a thing that puzzles me, I form all manner of mental tableaux. I make the actors in any human problem pose for me whilst I examine them. I daresay I am oftener wrong than right; but I find the practice a good one sometimes. It was wet last night?'

'It rained heavily,' I answered.

'Did it rain when you led Gascoigne to the cab?'

'Fast,' I told him.

'Did you wrap him up well, before leading him to the cab?'

'Not at all,' I answered. 'He was bareheaded, for one thing.'

'Did anybody put his hat into the cab after you? No? That was what I wanted to suggest to you. He would buy a hat, or go through the streets bareheaded, or take one of yours. Let us go to the Inn, and see which of the three he did.'

The porter of the Inn had seen a gentleman without a hat pass out at the gates, and had seen him cross to the hatter's at the opposite corner. There was a clue, said Æsop. But the clue led us no farther than the hatter's shop. The shopman had sold a black wide-awake hat to a young clergyman, who had come in bareheaded from Clement's Inn, and had afterwards walked down Fleet Street.

'That tells us little,' I said in a disappointed tone.

'It tells us this,' said Gregory—'that he was at least collected enough to be mindful of appearances. Now, either a sane man or a mad man might think of replacing a lost hat; but a man whose intellect was disturbed by the shock of a fall would never dream of it. He has gone away with his eyes open, for his own reasons.'

'I remember that you said of Latazzi that a man who theorised had no right to call himself a detective.'

'I am not theorising—much,' said Gregory. 'I have better grounds to go on than that fool of a detective had.' He had quite a savage despatch for Mr Latazzi, and for the whole detective force private and public.

'What are your grounds?' I asked anxiously. 'Tell me.'

'No,' he said; 'I will not tell you—yet. It will be bad enough when it comes!'

'What do you mean?' I cried. 'You are not used to talk without a meaning; but I can see none.'

'I had no right to say what I have said already,' Gregory replied, 'and I can say no more. *Nous verrons*, my friend—*nous verrons*. You sha'n't fret about that fellow, with his cranks and twists and changeable tempers. Leave him alone. He has come to no harm.'

'But he was really ill, last night,' I pleaded,

grieved at Gregory's contemptuous tone, and angered by it also, as I had a right to be in my friend's defence.

'He was well enough this morning, I have no doubt,' said Gregory with a harshness of manner which surprised me. 'And the beggar walked off without saying good-bye—that was all. He had his reasons for it, I daresay, and you'll know them some day.'

'What is the reason of this sudden tone about Gascoigne?' I demanded, grieved and hurt.

'Is it sudden?' asked Æsop, turning one quick glance upon me. This set me thinking that the change between the friends was one of long standing, and that I had blinded myself to it.

'How long is it,' I said, 'since you quarrelled?'

'We have not quarrelled,' Gregory replied. 'But I have been guilty of a good deal of hypocrisy about the matter, and I must end it now. I will not tell you whose fault it is, or how it came about; but Gascoigne and I have not been friends for many a year, and will be friends no more, as long as this life lasts.'

I suppose that my tenderness for Gascoigne would have made this revelation hard to bear at any time; but now when I had seen him in pain and illness, and whilst I was so uncertain about him, it angered me, even coming from Gregory.

'I expected this,' I said, 'or some of it. What did you do to Gascoigne?'

'I did that to Gascoigne,' he answered slowly, 'for which, if he has a soul at all, he should be grateful all his life.—Jack'—he put both hands upon my shoulders—'trust me. Wait. Be in no hurry to hurt yourself.'

'Gregory,' I answered, deeply wounded, 'these innuendoes are unworthy of you. However Gascoigne and you have quarrelled'—

'We have never quarrelled,' he answered; but I went on:

'Let me keep my esteem for you, at least.'

'Gascoigne is an older friend of yours than I am,' he answered with a smile, in which I seemed dimly to read many things—sadness and a very kind regard amongst them; 'but we have liked each other, you and I, and we have been pretty thick together. Have I spoken one hard word about your friend?'

'Why should you speak hard words about him?' I demanded.

'I have not spoken them,' he said quietly. 'But you think me hard because I tell you not to grieve about him until you are compelled to grieve.'

'Shall I be compelled to grieve?' I felt the words, as I spoke them, like a challenge.

He answered me sadly, almost solemnly: 'I am afraid you will.'

My mind grasped an awful fancy. 'Is Gascoigne,' I cried, and paused—'is Gascoigne—mad?' His eloquence had not been that of sober reason. His appearance at the tabernacle was singular, and not easy to account for. I seemed suddenly to remember an emphasis in Gregory's words as we left the hatter's shop a little while before—'Either a sane man or a mad man.' I gave myself no time to think that this would not account for Gregory's insinuations, but spoke out the fear when I saw it.

'No, Jack, no!' he said gravely.

'Then why,' I cried, 'do you play upon me with these doubts and suspicions, these hints of

trouble and mischief, which might go to make up a Tragedy of Errors? Look you, Gregory. You have been a friend of mine for years, a good friend and a true friend until now. But I have loved Gascoigne ever since I can remember, and have loved him almost better than anybody in the world. If you have any suspicion of him, let me know it, and I will work harder to clear him than I have worked to clear myself. Could anything look darker than the case against me? Even if it were anything as vile as that, let me know—though indeed, Gregory, the viler the suspicion is, the better I shall like it, for the surer I shall be it is not true.

'Jack,' he said, 'let us leave the theme. I am sorry that it has cropped up between us.'

'It may not be a great thing now,' I answered, accepting his simile; 'but if we walk along on our respective sides, we shall find it large enough to shut us out of sight of each other.'

'Very well,' Gregory replied. 'We shall meet at the far end of it; and you will be sorry for the side you took.'

'I take my side at once,' I said miserably; 'I will hold no doubt of Gascoigne.'

He brought down his hand heavily upon the table, for we were seated in my chambers during the greater part of this conversation. Looking up at him, I saw an expression of resolve upon his face, which frightened me, in spite of my trust in Gascoigne. 'Have you been in the habit of keeping Gascoigne's letters?' he asked.

'I have a few of them,' I answered, trembling without knowing why.

'Bring one or two with you, and come with me. Obliterate date and signature, if you desire to shield him.'

'Is that your accusation?' I cried in a stormy rage and triumph. 'Put it to the test! And when you have proved it false—and prove it false you shall—we will go our ways without handshakings. This is the end of all your innuendoes. Come; I am ready.' I had caught up a bundle of letters whilst speaking, and had drawn out two or three in Gascoigne's hand-writing.

Gregory stood before me with his lips set tight, and his eyes gleaming, not with anger, but with tears. 'Jack,' he said gently, 'I have never been so sorry for anybody in all my life. It had to come. It was only just that it should come, and I knew before Sunday night that it was coming.'

His manner disconcerted me, and threw a chill of doubt upon me. No; I never doubted Gascoigne. 'Before Sunday night?' I said, speaking as scornfully as I could, to hide my fears. 'More mysteries? Or are you mad? What had Sunday night to do with it?'

'I heard Gascoigne on Sunday night, my poor lad,' he answered; and I hated him for the pity in his voice, which seemed so certain of the misery before me. 'You noticed the burst of self-accusation in his sermon there? That clinched the nail a little harder; but it was driven pretty tightly in beforehand.'

'Why, you suspicious madman,' I exclaimed, 'have you no conception of the saintliness of soul which makes one little blot of evil-living look as though it soiled a life?'

'I know,' he answered steadily and kindly, 'that there is such a thing. But there is a religion

—the best some men can reach to—which is all remorse and ecstasy; which has no foundation except in the emotions; which can soar with the saint, and fall with the fool. I know a man whose remorse for a great fault, committed in his boyhood, nearly drove him mad, whose horror of himself and of his crime was as terrible as it was real; a man whose hopes were high, whose capacities were large, a man of ripe scholarship and amazing eloquence, who did again in manhood the thing which made him loathe himself in youth; and having done it, cast his hopes to the winds, and threw himself a waif upon the world. And he set himself,' said Gregory, laying a finger on my breast as he faced me, 'this task—to preach to the vulgar, whom his dainty instincts made hateful to him—to live among them in ministration to their needs—to point them to heights of hope which he believed were lost to him for ever. And it happened at the beginning of his speech one night that he saw the man before him whom he had wronged in youth. The sight almost broke him down; but he struggled with himself—hear me out—and beat his fears down, and went on, until in the full flow of his speech he caught the eyes of the friend he had wronged by the same crime in manhood, and fell back, crushed and broken.—Do you know that man?'

Gregory's voice had grown to an earnestness which bore me down. I was compelled to listen, though I pretended to pay little heed at first. I strove to close my mind's eyes to that picture of the school cricket-field which forced itself upon them, and I struggled not to read the picture's meaning. 'Who is your man?' I asked; but though I tried to throw the scorn I would fain have felt into my voice, my own sick terror sounded there instead.

'The man is your dearest friend,' said Gregory. 'I'll not believe it!' I cried passionately. 'I will give no credence to it for a second. He's the soul of truth and honour, and it is not possible that he should have done such a thing.' I saw less plainly the room in which we stood than I saw the school cricket-ground with its two figures in the moonlight. I heard even whilst I was speaking the stern pity of my old schoolmaster's voice. Gascoigne had cast himself face downwards on the grass, and I was creeping guiltily away again, when Gregory's voice recalled me.

'It is very terrible that your clearance from the charge against you should come in this way. I know how hard it is; and I have held suspicion back from you, and would almost have held back certainty if you would have let me.'

'I shall not clear my friend by raging against the accusation,' I said in answer, trying hard to keep my voice unshaken, and to believe that I believed the story false. 'You shall tell me all your grounds for this miserable suspicion, and I will make it my business to remove them one by one.'

'You shall hear them all,' he answered, still standing sadly before me, and speaking in a reluctant sulky voice, which I can understand better now than I could at the time. 'A month before Gascoigne left school, a cheque in my father's name, bearing my indorsement, was presented at the bank. The people there saw some reason to doubt my father's signature, and consulted with him. He denied the cheque, and came to see

me about it. Less hasty than your uncle, he had faith in me; and the matter was investigated, with this result—that Gascoigne was brought to confession a day before his time at school expired; that we three—the Doctor, my father, and I agreed to hold our tongues, hoping and believing that his remorse and shame would teach him a lesson not to be forgotten; and that he went away scot-free. When this last business came, I knew that Gascoigne had been living at a rate unwarranted by his income; and I had been fearing a smash of some sort, though nothing so terrible as this. When it was decided that the indorsement of the cheque was really in your hand-writing, and I knew that the cheque was written on blank paper, my suspicions jumped in the old direction. When I heard, as I did two months ago, that Gascoigne had disappeared from his curacy, suspicion grew stronger. When I heard again that a young preacher on the Surrey side, who did not allow his name to be announced, was drawing vast congregations, and was talking in a certain vein of inspired half-madness which I thought I knew, I went to hear and see him. I found, as I expected I should find, that this was Gascoigne. I meant to speak to him that night, and tax him with my new suspicions; but I saw you struggling through the crowd towards the platform, and I held back. I went again last night, and planted myself a little to one side in the front row, and he saw me when he came in; and the sight of me nearly broke him down. But he fought through, and was forgetting me—or had forgotten me, when I saw suddenly in his face the look—the very look—which met us when my father and I waited for him in the Doctor's study, and when he knew at a glance the purpose which brought us there. And I guessed then, when I heard your cry and saw you rushing towards him, what I know now—that he had seen you as well as me, and that the accusation of your presence crushed him like a sudden weight.

What could I say or do? Of what avail was it to believe that he had not wronged me, since he had wronged another? He had called Gregory his friend.

'I am bitterly grieved for your sake,' Æsop said; but I turned away in the misery of my heart, and vowed inwardly that I would trust no man any more, or woman either. 'But you at least shall be cleared.'

'Cleared?' I answered bitterly. 'What does it matter whether I am cleared or not? I would rather never have been cleared than have known—this—Why talk about it? Let the whole business slide. Let us hear no more of it. One or two of us are honest, maybe. Let us leave the rogues alone. O Æsop, Æsop, this will break my heart!'

He made no answer, but sat down and began to smoke. I followed his example after a while, boasting to myself that I was beginning to know the world and value it aright. We kept silence for perhaps an hour.

'You must be cleared, Jack,' said Æsop at last. 'I don't suppose that Mr Hartley will want to make a scandal by prosecuting, and I must go down and see him, and tell him what I know.'

'Leave the whole base thing alone,' I responded. 'I can hold no intercourse with Mr Hartley, and

I can accept nothing at his hands. I have no wish to be cleared from his suspicion. Let him find it out for himself, or never find it out at all. It matters nothing to me either way.'

'He loved you for many a year, before he fell into this trap,' said Gregory. 'He has a good kind heart, and his suspicion has been as deep a grief to him as it has been to you. There is nothing which would rejoice him more than the certainty of your innocence. He has a right to know that you are innocent. He has a right to know who is the man who misused his name. Jack, you must be guided by me in this. Indeed, you must.'

So vile—so vile a crime! There on the table lay that letter of indignant sympathy and protest with which he had answered me. So shameful a pretence! So pitiless an hypocrisy! Was it Gascoigne who had done these things? It was horrible—incredible! And I knew that it was true.

'Do as you will,' I answered. 'Nothing matters to me any more in the whole world. Nothing but this one thing—that you exact my uncle's solemn promise that he does not drag Gascoigne'—what an effort it cost me to speak his name—to open disgrace. And this other thing—that he does not offer me any apology or amends.'

'You cannot forgive an old man who loves you for having broken his own heart over a mistake about you? That is not like you, Jack, and it will not last.'

'It will last my time,' I answered. My soul was full of bitterness.

'I know you better than you know yourself,' quoth Æsop. 'I shall see your uncle and shall try to secure the pledge you ask for.' The postman's knock sounded at the door at that moment, and Gregory rose and brought from the box one letter. 'This is from home,' he said, as he laid it before me. 'I hope it brings good news.' With that he shook hands, and left me.

I sat brooding in anger and bitterness long after he had gone, and at length took up the letter from the table. In spite of my misery, the sight of the handwriting made my heart beat; for the letter came from Polly. It ran thus:

MY POOR DEAR JACK—I have just seen Maud, and she has told me everything. I wondered at your silence, and had grown angry at it; but I know everything that you have done, and I praise you and admire you for it. You could not have taken his money whilst he retained a suspicion so prodigious. Trials are good for all good people. You would not have done what you are doing now except for this terrible suspicion. And now you are going to be famous, and will be a great author, and delight and instruct us all. My father has forbidden me to write to you, for your uncle has told him his abominable story. Or—I ought not to say that, for I do not really know; but he has told him that he will not leave you any money. But I have told him that I should disobey him once, and that I should write to say that I did not believe that you had done anything to deserve such cruel conduct. Perhaps after all, papa does not know anything of that monstrous and shameful tale; for I remember that he looked surprised when I spoke of your being cleared.

But take this for comfort—that Maud believes in you—that I believe in you—that Will believes in you; for I asked him, and he said he did with all his heart. You have not suffered without sympathy; and whatever it is that has made Mr Hartley believe such horrid nonsense as that you are a forger, you can afford to be sorry for him, for it has broken his heart. Maud says he thinks well of your refusal to take his money, and that he has learned from Mr Gregory which are your articles, and reads them over and over again, though he never speaks about them, and will not allow you to be mentioned. Be courageous, my poor Jack, and go on working, and believe in the love and constancy of all of us.—Your affectionate Cousin, MARY.

P.S.—Maud is to be married on Wednesday.

Why had Uncle Ben thought it needful to tell Mr Fairholt that he would not leave me any money? The answer was ready—He had guessed the feelings with which I regarded Polly. Why should Mr Fairholt have carried on the news to her? Again the answer was clear—He also had guessed the feelings with which I regarded Polly. I am willing to confess now that a man need scarcely have been a conjurer to make the guess. The matter must have been very plain to everybody; though I had believed with the fatuity common to young people in love, that the knowledge of my state of mind was limited to my dozen of confidants. And now for the first time in my life I rose up in resolve, and vowed that I would do my worthiest to win her. At least I would try to justify some of her belief in me, however her undeserved praises might humble me. I turned to the letter once more, and read the words—‘You can afford to be sorry for him, for it has broken his heart;’ but in spite of the gentler feelings which Polly’s letter had evoked, I refused Uncle Ben my forgiveness, and hardened myself against him.

A VISIT TO A GREENOCK SUGAR-REFINERY.

WHILE travelling last year from a little town in one of the Midland counties of England to the shooting-lodge of a friend who had leased a moor in Argyllshire, I was one evening detained unexpectedly at Greenock, the flourishing seaport of that name on the river Clyde. I had never been in Greenock before, and was not at all in a pleasant humour at the prospect of having to remain over the next day in a town which I had often heard was famous only for rain and mud. Next morning, however, after breakfast, as I strolled along the main thoroughfare, to my astonishment I met an old college friend whom I had not seen since he left Alma Mater, and who I understood had given up the pursuit of learning for the more lucrative employment of sugar-refining. After mutual inquiries regarding health and such kindred topics, I accepted his invitation to join him in his morning walk, which was a business one, and directed to the Greenock Sugar Exchange.

Sugar, except as an article of consumption, had never hitherto excited my inquiries in any particular way. Like a great many other people, I was contentedly ignorant of everything relating to its manufacture and production as a marketable

commodity—as we very often are about those things in commonest use among us. I had a general notion that it was got principally from the sugar-cane, that the sugar-cane grew in India and elsewhere abroad, and that of the manufactured article there were three kinds—brown sugar, white sugar, and loaf-sugar; and beyond this, my knowledge of the subject could not be said to extend. Consequently, with an idle day on my hands, and the advantage of an intelligent companion, I was very willing to go with him and learn something of what I had hitherto known so little. And as I think the knowledge I gleaned that day may interest others, I will narrate in brief what I heard and saw.

The Sugar Exchange, to which my friend and I now directed our steps, is a building somewhat irregular in shape. Principally, it consists of two large quadrangles, and a broad passage leading on to the platform of the railway station. Round the quadrangles and the passage are the rooms occupied by the various refiners for the display of their sugars. Between the doors of the different rooms, against the walls of the quadrangles, stand tables belonging to the various sugar-dealers who frequent the Exchange. When we entered, there were one or two dealers standing at their tables arranging small samples of the different qualities they intended buying when the market opened. My friend conducted me into his sanctum, which was a room about twelve or fourteen feet square, lighted from the roof, and in the centre of which stood a long narrow table or counter, on which a clerk was arranging several samples of the different lots or qualities that my friend had for sale that morning. At one end of the table the sample of the best quality, called the ‘top lot,’ was placed; and next to it the next best quality, and so on, until the eighth or lowest quality, which was at the other end of the table.

After my friend and his clerk had carefully valued the various samples by a previous day’s sales, we strolled through the quadrangles, which presented a somewhat different appearance from what they did when we entered. Now the throng of dealers had considerably increased; some going about from room to room valuing the samples exposed for sale by means of small samples which they carried about on flat trays made of brown paper; others lounging about discussing the prospects of the trade or the latest political topics. At ten minutes before ten, the train arrived from Glasgow, bringing the bulk of such dealers as do not live in Greenock or its suburbs. On the arrival of the train the market opened. Some of the refiners have bells, which they ring in order to let the dealers know that they are about to ‘name prices.’ My friend, however, had no bell, but commenced his sale as soon as the dealers who had come by the train had time to reach his room. After a considerable number of dealers had gathered round my friend’s table, he commenced his sale by calling out the price he wanted for his ‘top lot,’ namely ‘Nine six.’ This I afterwards learned meant twenty-nine shillings and sixpence per hundredweight; being about one shilling more than the value, according to the previous day’s sales, in order to have a margin of safety for any unexpected rise that might take place in the market. My friend’s

'Nine six' was answered by a chorus of 'Eight threes' from the dealers, and one solitary 'Aicht and sax' from a good-humoured, shrewd-looking Scotchman, who seemed determined to preserve his Doric at all hazards. This bid of twenty-eight shillings and sixpence was accepted; and my friend went on to his next lot. As the market was tolerably brisk, my friend sold all his lots except one, which I was told had not enough 'grain' for its whiteness.

After my friend had concluded his sales, I took a walk round the Exchange; and a most animated appearance it presented, with all the dealers in refined-sugar carrying their brown-paper trays, running from room to room as the various bells summoned them. At twenty-five minutes past ten, a porter from the railway station rang a bell, to warn the Glasgow dealers of the approaching departure of the train. By this time most of the sugar in the market had been bought up, and the dealers were preparing to leave. At half-past ten the Exchange was once more comparatively empty, nearly all the dealers having gone to Glasgow by the train. After the close of the refined-sugar market the raw-sugar brokers go round to the different refiners with samples of the various cargoes of raw sugar which they may have for sale; but as my friend was not a buyer of raw sugar that morning, I am unable to describe the process of buying and selling that commodity. I understand that in the forty minutes during which the market lasts, sugar to the value of thirty or forty thousand pounds will change hands nearly every morning, and that without a scrap of writing, everything being done verbally, the refiners and dealers having implicit confidence in each other's honour and integrity.

After we left the Exchange, my friend asked me if I would like to go with him to his refinery and see the process of converting the raw article into the refined. I gladly accepted the invitation. The refinery was a huge pile of red-and-white brick buildings, consisting of the refinery proper, the charcoal-house, the boiler-house, warehouses for raw and refined sugar, and the office. I was first taken up to the top flat of the main house, which was, I think, eight stories high. This is where the packages of raw sugar are first hoisted to, for the purpose of being opened and emptied. The packages that I saw were large hogsheads containing Cuba Muscovado Sugar. On the floor were five holes, each about eighteen inches square, at which the men were emptying the hogsheads. After being emptied and scraped, the hogsheads are put into a large covered cistern to be steamed, for the purpose of extracting every particle of sugar. The steamed hogsheads are then lowered down to the cooperage, to be washed and made ready to be filled with the refined article.

After inspecting this first process, we went down to the next flat. Here there were ranged five large round cisterns, one under each of the holes in the floor of the flat above. Each cistern, or 'blow-up' as it is called, is about eight or nine feet in diameter and six feet in height; and in these the raw sugar was being melted by mixing with water. Near to the bottom of each 'blow-up' there is a false bottom with perforated holes, for the purpose of retaining the larger impurities that may be in the raw sugar; and many very odd

impurities are at times found there, such as hoes, mallets, stones, coins, even crowbars, and a host of other articles which have got into the hogsheads by mistake when being filled abroad. Under the false bottom of the 'blow-up' there are two coils of copper-pipe through which steam is sent to heat the liquid, so that the sugar may dissolve more quickly. After the sugar has all been thoroughly melted, and the man in charge finds that the liquid is of the proper density, the liquor is run off by a cock at the bottom of the cistern, which now contains only sand and mud, and the other smaller impurities which the holes in the false bottom of the 'blow-up' are too large to retain. From the cisterns, the liquor is run into what are called the 'filters.' These are large square cisterns resting on the floor of the flat below, their tops being on a level with the floor of the 'blow-up' flat. On the top of each filter there are about two hundred little holes, about an inch in diameter, through which the liquor passes from the blow-ups down into the filters. Under each hole hangs a cotton bag about six feet long and fifty or sixty inches wide, incased in a narrow flax sheath, to keep the cotton bag from distending with the weight of its contents. By this process the sand and other small impurities which the liquid has hitherto retained, are kept back, the cotton bag only allowing the pure dark-brown liquor entirely free from insoluble impurities to pass through.

I was now taken down to the flat below the 'blow-up' flat, called the 'wash-house' or 'filter-loft.' Here one set of men were busy washing the bags that had been used the previous day, while another set were putting up the bags that had been previously washed, into the filters, ready for the next day's operation. My friend here made one of these men turn an unwashed bag inside out, to shew me the mud and sand that the refiner takes out of the raw sugar. After the pure dark brown liquor comes from the filters, it is conducted into cisterns ready for the next operation, namely the decolourising, which is done by running it through animal charcoal. The charcoal, about the grain of ordinary gunpowder, is filled into large circular cisterns, ten feet in diameter and about sixteen feet high, each cistern containing from twenty to thirty tons of charcoal. Run in from the top of the cistern, the dark-brown liquor percolates through the charcoal, and issues from the bottom as colourless as spring-water.

After the liquor is thus run through the charcoal and decolourised, it is led into large receiving cisterns in the flat below, called the 'pan-loft,' to which place I was taken next. The 'pans,' as they are called, in which the liquor is boiled to bring it back to its granular form again, are large copper vessels something of the shape of a turnip. They are ten to twelve feet in diameter and about eight or nine feet high. Inside the pan is a huge coil of copper-pipe, through which steam is sent to boil the liquid mass. At the top of the pan is a large cast-iron vessel called a 'condenser,' through which cold water is run for the purpose of condensing the vapour as it rises from the boiling mass inside the pan. Connected with the condenser is a pipe leading to a large vacuum-pump, which is constantly kept going during the boiling, to keep the pan exhausted of air. The theory, I believe, of boiling *in vacuo* is that ebullition may take place at a much

lower temperature than could otherwise be, thus enabling the liquor to retain its whiteness.

During the boiling, the 'pansman,' as he is called, stands taking proofs by an ingeniously contrived rod, which runs into the centre of the pan, and brings out, in a little slit at one end, a small quantity of the sugar, which he takes between his forefinger and thumb, to ascertain if the mass has arrived at the proper consistency. When the pansman thinks that the mass is thoroughly boiled, he shuts off the steam from the copper coil inside the pan, stops the vacuum engine and the condensing vapour, and then lets the air into the pan, after which a valve at the bottom is opened, and the mass, now of the consistency of porridge, is run into a receiver in the flat below. Each pan of the dimensions I have stated will boil about fifteen tons of sugar.

After the sugar has lain in the receiver in the flat below the 'pan-loft' for a short time, it is drawn off at the bottom, and led into the centrifugals, which stand in the flat below, the ground-flat. The centrifugals are round perforated copper baskets revolving horizontally at a great speed—some six or seven hundred revolutions a minute, I believe. They are about four feet in diameter, and hold about two hundredweights of sugar. Into these centrifugals is run the porridge-looking mass; and after they have spun round about five minutes, during which the refuse liquor is driven off through the holes in the copper sides, they are stopped, and the sugar is taken out. The sugar is then put into barrows, to be wheeled away, and taken up by an elevator to what is called the 'box-loft.' This is a large, beautifully clean loft, where the now finished material is spread out ready to be casked. On the floor of the 'box-loft' are several holes, through which the sugar is shot down into the casks resting on the flat below; and these after being filled and headed up, are ready for the market.

I would just say a word about the charcoal which plays such an important part in the refining operation. After the liquor has been run entirely off the charcoal, boiling-water is passed over it for several hours, to wash away the soluble impurities which it has retained from the brown liquor. After being thoroughly washed, the charcoal is taken out of the cistern and burned in retorts called 'char-kilns,' for the purpose of revivifying it. After being thus treated, the charcoal is again filled into the cisterns, ready for the next day's operation. Three or four or even more cisterns of charcoal, according to the quantity of sugar refined, are used every day.

I now felt, after having had the method of sugar-refining explained to me, that the actual process is very different from what I had gathered from the sources of popular information I had hitherto consulted. I had read, for instance, that sugar-refiners used bullocks' blood to clarify the liquor, and in my simplicity asked my friend where was the bullocks' blood. He laughed very heartily at my ignorance, and told me there had not been such a thing used in Greenock since he had known anything about the trade, now over thirty years. What struck me most was the sand and mud that my friend shewed me had been taken out of the raw sugar when I was in the filter-loft; and I that day registered a vow that I would never again be tempted to buy 'real raw sugar'

for domestic use. I shudder as I think of the quantity of mud that I must have eaten in my time; and feel annoyed at having been deluded into paying a penny a pound more for the 'real raw sugar' than I could have bought the pure refined article for. I told my friend what was passing through my mind, at which he again laughed, and said: 'Every one that comes to see through the refinery says the same thing. You sometimes hear grocers charged with putting sand in their sugar. They really do nothing of the sort. It would not pay them to do so, even if they had a mind. If the use of raw sugar were given up by the public, we would never again hear of such an accusation against the poor grocer.'

My friend seeing the disgust I had displayed at the sand and mud, took me up to the laboratory in connection with the refinery, where he said he would shew me even worse than mud in the raw sugar. He took a small glass vessel like a tumbler, into which he put about a teaspoonful of 'real raw sugar' such as is sold in the shops, and then poured some water slightly heated over it. In a short time little specks appeared on the surface, scarcely visible to the naked eye, two or three of which he placed under a microscope and bade me look through it. To my amazement I saw little insects like lice crawling about. I asked what they were, and was told they were the *Acarus sacchari*, or raw-sugar mite, and that they abound in raw sugar, more especially in the better descriptions. I asked if there were none to be found in refined sugar, and my friend said no; that they were all either retained in the filter-bags or killed during the boiling. I understand a celebrated chemist has estimated that there will be as many as one hundred thousand of these creatures in a pound of raw sugar!

I learned that there were about a dozen refineries at work in Greenock, turning out about two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand tons of soft refined sugar per annum, being more than a third of all the sugar consumed in Great Britain. Greenock has great natural advantages for the refining of sugar, having excellent harbour accommodation where the largest vessels can discharge the raw material, being near to the Lanarkshire coal-fields, having an unlimited supply of water at a very cheap rate, and a plentiful supply of cheap labour.

After enjoying my friend's hospitality for the remainder of my stay in Greenock, I proceeded on my journey, not only much improved in the knowledge of sugar-refining, but having a much higher opinion of Sugaropolis itself.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

As I sit dozing in my armchair, a worn-out and prematurely decrepit old man, my memory reverts to my youth, and I think, think, as the aged are apt to do, of days gone by—of opportunities lost—of life's many vicissitudes—of old comrades, many of them very dear, who have passed away—of strange adventures by field and flood. I glance at the daily register suspended over the mantel-piece, and with a start realise that this is the 25th May, a

date never to be forgotten, for on this day forty years ago, I was struggling in the water, and my life preserved from the most horrible of deaths, by God's Providence, and the strong arm and courage of a dear friend. Years are obliterated; in memory I am young again. I turn over the pages of a worn-out, nearly illegible, and well-thumbed journal; not to refresh my memory—for the event is too forcibly impressed ever to be weakened—but to linger over the thoughts of one who, alas! has been no more for many a year past. Poor Tainton met his death as a gallant soldier should, on the battle-field, some years after the events I am about to relate. But a short digression is necessary to lead up to my tale.

My father possessed considerable estates in one of the Midland Counties; and from my boyhood I had been accustomed to shoot, fish, and hunt; and a Public School education had made me a tolerable proficient in most manly and outdoor games. At the age of eighteen I was a cadet in the glorious service of the Honourable the East India Company. Steamers and the overland route were then but talked of; and one fine day in June 1838 I set sail in the *Windsor Castle* East Indiaman, for Madras, round the Cape. I need not describe our voyage. We had the usual tomfoolery crossing the Line—the usual amount of eating, drinking, sleeping, love-making, and quarrelling on board—the inevitable storm; and after a fortnight's detention off Cape Town for repairs, and a voyage of nearly five months, we were landed at that most dreary-looking place, Madras.

India had provided for several of the younger sons and brothers of my family, and my uncle was still in the service, commanding at Nagpore; so our name was well known; and no sooner was the anchor down, than I received a cordial invitation from Captain C—, of the Quartermaster-general's department, to put up with him during my stay in Madras. This I gladly accepted; and remained with my kind host nearly six months, being put to no expense the whole time. I then found myself posted to a regiment stationed at Moulmein.

I had numerous letters of introduction given me, not only to many of my future brother-officers but to sundry officials in the province; but with the exception of one to my commandant, from C—, I did not deliver any of the others; for I had been warned to despise these missives, which were contemptuously termed 'Tickets for soup.' I accompanied drafts for various regiments, and reached the pretty and picturesque town of Moulmein just before the setting in of the periodical rains or monsoon, which in those regions last from May to November. I was most kindly received by Colonel A—, commonly called 'Tiger A—', and by my brother-officers, and chummed with one of them, P—, a quiet, studious fellow, who gave me good advice, set me a good example, and helped me in every way. In those days, a lad on joining a regiment met with the greatest kindness, and was received with the greatest cordiality, especially if he shewed an aptitude for field-sports, was manly in bearing, could take a joke, and stand chaff. Regiments in India had nearly their full complement of officers; thus there would be twenty or more present, some of whom excelled in shooting, others in riding, some in rackets or billiards,

cricket, &c., and probably one or two in all. They were all gentlemen by birth, education, and bearing, and were only too willing to give a youngster a helping hand, and to teach him to become an adept in what they themselves excelled.

We were very fortunate in having one of the best messes, and perhaps the most popular commandant in the service. Having come out with a good kit, and been put to no expenses in Madras, I had a considerable balance to my credit with my agents, and I also possessed a capital double-gun and rifle on the percussion principle. I thus began life under the most favourable circumstances, and was further blest with youth, strength, and a sound constitution.

I had to go through the usual drudgery, learn my drill, and pass in the language, before I could get leave to go out shooting; but I got through these tasks satisfactorily by April 1840, and had also learned some Burmese. During the rains and cold weather, our amusements were somewhat circumscribed; but to kill time, we got up pony-races, pigeon-shooting, picnics, parties at mess and private houses; now and then a ball. We also got up a capital Eleven at cricket, and amused ourselves with billiards and quiet games at whist of an evening; for our Colonel would allow no gambling; and although it may be said small-game shooting did not exist in the Tenasserim Provinces, snipe swarmed from about the middle of August to November, and gave us full occupation whilst they lasted. Being a light weight and tolerably well mounted, I was fortunate enough to win the garrison steeple-chase Cup for the regiment, and sundry other stakes for myself, during our Monsoon Race Meeting; and as I entered freely into all the sports, and was a fair shot, I am happy to say I became a general favourite; and was nicknamed the Sporting Griff.

Our Colonel—as his sobriquet of Tiger A—proved—had been a noted *shikarie* (sportsman) in his day; but long service in a tropical climate, many wounds, malarious fevers, and more lately gout, had somewhat incapacitated him from following his favourite pursuit; but his spirit was as keen as ever; and his reminiscences and anecdotes of sport kept alive a love of adventure amongst us; while he was at all times willing to assist any one who shewed the least inclination to follow in his footsteps. His purse was ever ready to help a brother-officer, and he was more like a father or a brother to us all than a commandant. He had been especially kind to me; so when I applied to him for two months' leave, he readily promised it; but advised me not to go alone, for my chances of getting sport in such a country as we were in would be little indeed, unless I was accompanied by a more experienced *shikarie* than myself.

'But you know Tainton; don't you?' said he. 'Well, he is going out; and I am sure will take you if you ask him; and you could not be in better hands.'

I went over to Tainton at once; and he very kindly consented to my going with him.

'But don't be too sanguine,' said he; 'for I hear most conflicting accounts of game in this country. Some say there is none; others, that it is plentiful, but can't be got at. One thing is certain—that all the bags I have heard of have been very poor. But I'll see Berdmore of the

Artillery, and O'Riley the planter, and will let you know by-and-by; and if you can shoot as straight with a rifle as you do with a smooth-bore, you'll do.'

A few words regarding Tainton. His regiment at that time was stationed at the Straits (Singapore, Malacca, and Penang); but he was officiating as Brigade Major, whilst the real incumbent was absent on furlough at the Cape. A man of ordinary height, or perhaps slightly above; passably good-looking; and although he shewed but little outward signs of strength, his muscles were of iron, and his arms, like Rob Roy's, very long and powerful. He was known to be an extraordinary shot with gun, rifle, and pellet-bow. He and his brother had beaten first-class professionals at billiards and rackets. He could ride anything; and he was, I think, the most even-tempered, imperturbable man I ever met. Nothing could ruffle him outwardly; but I pity the man who wilfully insulted him; for Tainton with a smile would think no more of throwing him out of the window than he would of kicking a cur down-stairs. He was a lamb in appearance, but a very lion in strength and courage; and neither drank, gambled, nor quarrelled; but in those duelling days even he could not at times avoid the 'wager by battle.' He had never been known to take the initiative; and though he had been out several times, he would never fire at his adversary, which was fortunate for the individuals concerned, seeing that he could hit a wafer many times running, at fifteen paces.

The anecdotes told of him would fill a book, and many of them are problematical enough. But I must relate one here, which I have been assured is true. D—, a foolishly irate and somewhat tipsy man, moreover only a late arrival, took umbrage at some remarks of a perfectly inoffensive nature made by Tainton; and the usual challenge followed. There is a limit to the greatest forbearance, and my gallant friend was tired of being made a target of; so consented to go out provided his terms were acceded to; and these were—that they were to be placed face to face at fifteen yards or less, he to be armed with his pellet-bow alone, and his adversary to load his own weapon; and that from the moment the word 'Load!' was given, each party was to be at liberty to do with his weapon what he chose. The seconds knew Tainton well, and they anticipated some fun from the novel duel; so, whilst consenting to the terms, they made them known all over the station. The day arrived. Tainton's adversary strongly protested against fighting such a strange duel; but he was told he had no choice, as the right of choosing weapons lay with the challenged. So D—, more irate than ever, went to the place of meeting, vowing he would drill a hole through his man for making such a fool of him. The whole plain was crowded with spectators. The two stood face to face; Tainton with his pockets full of hardened pellets and his bow; D— with an ordinary pistol. The word 'Load!' being given, D— lifted his powder-flask; when rap, rap came two pellets on his knuckles, and he dropped his pistol and flask as if they had been red-hot! The by-standers screamed with laughter. D— got more savage, and hastily picking up the pistol and flask, tried to load; but a similar visitation as before made him drop them again, whilst another rap, rap

made him turn his back on his foe! The seconds now interfered, and declared the duel at an end, because the conditions had been violated by D—, who was led off the ground foaming with rage. But a little reflection and a little inquiry into the antecedents and character of the antagonist he had to deal with, convinced him of the folly of quarrelling with such a man, and a party was got up at mess, where the two met and shook hands.

Tainton's skill with the Indian pellet-bow was something marvellous. He had been known, for a wager, with five pellets to knock over three snipe; and the sepoys and native officers of his regiment not only loved him, but believed him to be possessed of supernatural powers, and were ever fond of relating the most improbable stories about him; and nothing would convince them to the contrary. One story was, that with a hard pellet he could drill a hole in an earthenware water-pot, and with a soft one fill it up again! It was useless pointing out to them that a soft pellet could not be propelled from a bow; the reply being: 'But Sahib, we have seen him do it with our own eyes. Tainton Sahib is not an ordinary Sahib. He is not only our father and our mother, but an Eblis—a very Shitan, before whose presence all things are possible, and before whom all created things are but as dust.' His experience as a sportsman had been mainly confined to the Wynaad, Nermul, and Goomsoor jungles. He had never been out in Burmah.

Berdmore of the Artillery, though but a young man in those days, had already made a name for himself as a naturalist of no mean order, and he had been Assistant Commissioner at Tavoy and Mergui. O'Riley was a jolly Irishman, who had tried his hands at most things, with but indifferent success. He was, at the date of my story, working some forests in the south; and he had travelled a good deal over the country, and had moreover killed some wild-cattle and other game, and could talk Burmese like a Burman. Our other authority was Mason, the celebrated missionary, who told us he had seen much game whilst he was rafting down various rivers; and advised us to try the Ghine or the Attaran.

We also consulted Thornton, who had no particular employment, but who had been wandering about the country in search of minerals. He did not profess to be a sportsman; but we found out afterwards that he could shoot straight enough when he pleased, or when the occasion arose; and his knowledge of woodcraft was far from contemptible, and he could also speak the language well.

To my delight, the next time I saw Tainton, he told me to get my leave put in 'orders,' for he had got things in trim, and that both O'Riley and Thornton were coming with us. He said: 'I find there is little chance of our getting sport without elephants. The commissariat officer won't lend us any; but O'Riley has a couple of elephants which he thinks can be trusted; and as it is our only chance, we'll risk it; and if that does not answer, we will follow Mason's advice, and take to the water.'

Thornton promised to undertake the culinary department, camp and mess arrangements, and also to be treasurer. O'Riley undertook to engage *shikaries* and elephants, to have *téhs* or huts built,

and to act generally as interpreter. We were to go south, and work our way north.

Finding a Chinese junk was bound down the coast, we easily procured a passage in her for ourselves and followers. We had five Madras servants and four Burmese lads with us. Our battery for those days was a formidable one. Tainton and I had each two double rifles and a smooth-bore; O'Riley, a double rifle and shot-gun. Thornton contented himself with a shot-gun only, saying he would borrow one of our spare rifles if ever he felt inclined to go after big game.

We left on the 2d April, and reached Mergui on the 7th, and put up in a house belonging to O'Riley, and were welcomed by his wife, a pretty little Burmese; for our friend, though he never said a word about it, had been married for some time, and had already two olive branches. We could now fully account for his vernacular knowledge. We were detained here a few days, making arrangements for a start, hiring elephants for our traps, and waiting for O'Riley's two elephants, which he had sent for. At last we got off, Thornton and I on one elephant, and Tainton and O'Riley on the other. Our course lay through an almost uninhabited country, alternately forests and long grass. We saw nothing for the first two days. On the third we saw marks, which Thornton said were those of *tsine* or wild-cattle, *pyoung* or gaur, and of *kyang* or rhinoceros; whilst deer-tracks were plentiful. But not a living thing did we see except a few peafowl and a *yit* or pheasant. On the fourth day we reached our *téh*, near some cultivation, and found two *shikaries* awaiting us. They promised us plenty of game close by.

The next day, O'Riley had work to attend to; Thornton took to geologising; so Tainton and I went on the two elephants, taking with us Mong Oo (Mr Egg) and Mong Kyang (Mr Rhinoceros), the two *shikaries*, who sat behind us with the extra rifles, and acted as guides. We had no howdahs; and shooting sitting on a pad is very unsatisfactory work, because you can only shoot in one direction—that in your immediate front. The *shikaries* took us into some long grass close by the paddy-fields, and though we seldom saw anything, we heard many animals rush or break away; but the grass was so high, we had not a chance; so leaving this, the men took us to where the long grass had been burned in patches; and the very first unburnt bit we entered, out rushed a doe sambar across a burnt bit in front of my comrade, who, however, would not fire at a hind; but the temptation was too great for me to resist, and I let fly, but missed; and got a good blowing up from my mentor, who declared it was most unsportsmanlike to fire at female deer. We beat about several hours, and Tainton bagged a couple of stags (sambar); whilst I, after firing some twenty shots, killed a young pig with ball, and a *dray* or hog-deer with shot; regarding which I kept very silent, as I knew my gallant friend disapproved of people firing shot at deer, as, he said, for one killed, twenty would go away wounded. We did not remain out long that day; and going homewards, I got on to Tainton's elephant, and chatted over the day's experiences.

'It is no wonder,' said Tainton, 'fellows who go out shooting on foot in these provinces, complain of getting no game. How is it possible to see anything in such grass as we have been pushing

through all day? And evidently the game retires into it during the day; for though I did not see, even off this elephant, which is nearly ten feet high, one quarter of the game I disturbed, I could hear beasts rushing off on every side; and the few I did see were those crossing over the burnt bits in my front. I wish I had a howdah and could stand up. I think I could bowl over a few then. But shooting off an elephant, even in a howdah, is not easy work, I am told; though the knack can be acquired by practice; but if I remain in Moulmein for another season, I will get a howdah from Calcutta.'

I quite agreed with him, and said I would get one too; for I was sure, if properly mounted, one might get glorious sport.

We got home early. The young pig and the hog-deer were delicious eating. The sambar tongue and marrow-bones not bad; but the 'beef-steaks' which our cook concocted from the sambar, were not a success, being decidedly tough; though soup made from the head and loin was excellent.

We hunted about in this neighbourhood for a week with various luck; and getting used to our insecure seats, we learned to shoot fairly. Tainton, as was to be expected, soon got into the knack; and anything which got up and went away in the open to his left front, was pretty sure to be bagged. We then moved camp another two days' journey towards the range of hills which separate British from Siam territory. Villages there were none—only a few wandering Karens, who were preparing their annual clearances, and who had squatted here and there. We got a good deal of information from them, and encamped near a *bheel* or marsh, in the midst of a *quin* or plain surrounded by tree-forests. Here also we had fair sport, killing a couple of wild-bulls, which fell to Tainton and O'Riley (I missed the one. I fired at through misjudging distance), several sambar, hog-deer, and *ghee* or barking-deer, besides a few pig. We saw no *thamin* or brow-antlered deer, though they were said to be found there. Tainton also got two tigers; but as they shewed no fight, they did not afford much sport.

On the 24th April we got our first and only gaur, or bison as it is more commonly called. The Karens told us we were too early; had we come later, after the first heavy fall of rain, the gadflies torment the game so, that it is then quite easy to get within shot of it; whilst at present the animals were on the *qui vive*, and would rush away without giving us a chance. The one we shot, we put up in a very high bit of grass. I heard something heavy rush away, and fired two shots at the moving grass without the slightest effect, as far as I could see, and I called out to my companion to look out, as I thought a buffalo had broken away. Tainton cut across, and got to the edge just as the bison, a solitary bull, broke; and he rolled it over with one ball. How I envied my comrade his success! How I wished I had been the fortunate slayer! to have been enabled to send the head home to my father, who, I knew would have prized it for my sake, though he had several bison's heads in the old Hall, which had been sent home from India from time to time by various members of our family. We got off to examine our prize. What huge proportions, what

magnificent colouring, what a gamelike head and small feet for such a leviathan!

'Well,' said Tainton, 'I have killed a good many gaur in various parts of India; but I never saw such a monster as this; and if I mistake not, it is not identical with the Indian Bos. Why, look at the dorsal ridge; it is far higher, and extends further back. The head is longer; the nose more arched; and in height he must be fully twenty-one hands; whilst those in India seldom exceed nineteen hands. He is broader across the forehead; the horns are half as large again in circumference at base, much longer and heavier than those of the largest animal I ever killed. It is altogether of a much larger variety, and a prize worth getting. I wish you had killed it; for it would have been a glorious trophy to send home; but better luck next time, and I hope you will kill one yet before we get back. To me it is worthless, as I have neither a home in England to send it to nor a father living. —But what is this? Surely, it is a bullet-hole! Well done, young fellow! The beast is yours after all; for though the bullet has not done much harm, it is enough to claim first blood; and by the laws of venery, though I killed it, it is still yours.'

I protested, I fear, but feebly against its being considered mine; for there was a second bullet which had merely entered the buttock near the tail, but had done little or no harm.

But my generous friend shut me up by saying there was but one law, and we must abide by it, otherwise it would lead to no end of bickerings and squabbles. So it was decided that the head was to be mine, and the skin his. It took us the best part of the day to flay the beast and to cut off its head; and we went back much pleased with our luck.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATCHES.

For the following sensible remarks upon watches, we are indebted to Mr R. Houdin, a Frenchman, whose hints we have translated into English, and offer to our readers.

'We have always,' he says, 'observed the embarrassment under which persons labour in buying a watch. In most cases, and for very obvious reasons, this piece of business assumes serious proportions. In fact, it is not a mere jewel or toy, which fashion or caprice may cause us to continually change, but rather a faithful and devoted servant, which is long to be attached to our persons.'

The watchmaker to whom we may go when purchasing a watch should possess two essential qualities—honesty and knowledge; honesty alone affords no sufficient guarantee. In fact, the vender who has not the requisite experience to be a judge of a watch, is compelled to trust to others, who may deceive him; thus he may deceive you while deceiving himself.

The following advice may prove serviceable to those who have to rely on their own unassisted judgment in selecting a watch: 1. While adhering to taste and elegance, choose a watch thick enough. In a watch too thin or too little, the parts are too feeble, and have not sufficient space to work well. Watches as large as a penny-piece, or those that are about as thin as a fourpenny-piece, are mere

experiments of skill, which should rather be regarded as master-pieces of patience, from which there is more vanity than utility to be derived. 2. Avoid in watches that construction which fashion has often prescribed, but which good sense condemns—such as those that point the days of the month, and so forth. These extra pieces necessitate additional parts, which occasion friction, and encumber a space already too limited; though here it may be observed that complicated watches such as chronographs, repeaters, &c., are now brought to a high state of perfection, at, of course, a correspondingly high cost. 3. Do not allow yourself to be attracted by the supposed advantages of new escapements. In watches for ordinary purposes, the lever and the horizontal escapements are generally adopted, as giving the best results. 4. The watchmaker who is conscientious will point out to you the limits beyond which a watch ceases to have the qualities necessary to go well. A watch procured for the design of its case may be covered or set with chasing and gems; it is then simply a jewel; but that which is bought for its utility, ought to be as plain as possible, and this plainness itself is, as a rule, a distinguishing characteristic of its good quality.

We will now say a few words as to what we ought to do, and what we ought to avoid, to preserve a watch in good condition. Having obtained a really serviceable article, you should, in order to produce satisfactory results, follow out these rules: Wind up your watch every day at the same hour. This is generally done at the hour we retire to rest; or perhaps, better still, at the hour we rise. Avoid putting a watch on a marble slab or near anything excessively cold. The sudden transition from heat to cold contracting the metal, may sometimes cause the mainspring to break. Indeed, the cold coagulates the oil; and the wheel-work and pivots working less freely, affect the regularity of the time-keeper. When we lay our watch aside, we ought to slope it on a watch-case, so as to keep it nearly in the same position as it has in the pocket. In laying aside your watch, be sure that it rests on its case, as by suspending it free, the action of the balance may cause oscillation, which may considerably interfere with its going. If you would keep your watch clean, you must be quite sure that the case fits firmly, and never put it into any pocket but one made of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton, or calico give, by the constant friction, a certain quantity of fluff, which enters most watches, even those the cases of which shut firmly. If the watch is not a 'keyless' one, the key should be small, in order that we may feel the resistance of the stop-work; then we can stop in time without forcing anything. It is also necessary that the square of the key should correspond with that of the watch. If it be too large, it may in a short time cause the wind-up square to suffer from undue wear and tear; the rectifying of which is rather expensive. The hands of an ordinary watch can be turned backwards without much risk. It is, however, always better to move the hands forward to adjust your watch to correct time.

Watches, by reason of their fragile construction, and the variations to which they are liable, can after all only obtain a limited perfection in their performance; therefore, we must not be

astonished to find them subject to certain variations. These variations, which are easy to correct, need not prejudice the quality of a watch, as will be proved by the following example. Two watches, we will suppose, have been put to the same time by an excellent regulator. At the end of a month, one of these watches is a quarter of an hour too fast; the other is exactly right to time. To which of these two watches would we give the preference? Perhaps to the one which is exactly right. But in making such a choice, we nevertheless incur the risk of abandoning a good watch for a bad one. The first watch has, we assume, gained thirty seconds a day; and according to this rate, it has gained a quarter of an hour in thirty days. What must be done to make this watch go well? Alter the regulator inside from fast to slow, or get a careful watchmaker to do it for you, thereby altering its daily rate. Let us now admit that the other watch has been affected during a month by irregular going, which has occasioned it sometimes to gain, at other times to lose to a certain extent daily. It may easily occur that at the end of a month, this gaining and losing compensate each other, and by this means, the watch indicates the exact hour at the time we look at it. Such a watch can never be relied upon.

The fact is, that a watch which gains in a *regular* manner or loses in a regular manner, is superior to any whose variation is uncertain; and where its variation comes to be familiar, the little companion may vie with the most delicately adjusted ship's chronometer.

A skilful watchmaker one day thus reasoned with a customer who complained of his watch. "You complained," said he, "that your watch gains a minute a month. Well then, you will congratulate yourself when you have heard me. You are aware that in your watch, the balance, which is the regulator, makes five oscillations every second, which is four hundred and thirty-two thousand a day; so that your watch, exposed to all the vicissitudes which heat and cold occasion it, the varying weight of the air, and the shaking to which it is subjected, has not varied more than a minute a month, or two seconds a day. It has only acquired with each vibration of the balance a variation of the two hundred and sixteen thousandth part of a second. Judge then what must be the extreme perfection of the mechanism of this watch!"

A watch cannot go for an indefinite period without being repaired or cleaned. At the expiration of a certain time, the oil dries up, dust accumulates, and wear and tear are the inevitable results to the whole machinery, the functions becoming irregular, and frequently ceasing to act altogether. A person possessing a watch of good quality, and desirous of preserving it as such, should have it cleaned every two years at least. But care should be taken to confide this cleaning or repairing to careful hands; an incapable workman may do great injury to a watch even of the simplest construction.

There is in the generality of watches a regulator for fast and slow, with a movable index. The two words "Fast" and "Slow," engraved at each end of this regulator, leave no doubt as to which way the index should be moved in order to make the watch lose or gain. It is easily understood that if the watch gain, the index should be pushed

towards the slow; and when it loses, towards the fast. This operation should be performed with a good deal of care and attention, in consequence of the susceptibility and fragility of these regulating pieces. It would be impossible to give any information as to the effect existing between the degrees of this regulator and the variations of the watch; it is therefore only by trial that we can arrive at the precise point at which to bring the time to its fullest accuracy. When a watch varies only a little, we content ourselves with pushing the index one degree. We then wait twenty-four hours, to judge of the effect, and act according to the result obtained. In the event of the variation being greater, for instance, than ten minutes in advance in a day, we ought to push the index to the end of "Slow," even if we have to retrace our steps the next day. But if in this state the watch gained again, it would be necessary for the watchmaker himself to undertake the regulation of it.

It would be useless to attempt to correct a variation of one or two seconds in a day, or a minute in a month. Even supposing that the going of such a watch did not vary more than a second a day, this would be perfect enough, as it would be extremely difficult to produce a correction slight enough for an error so trifling. The difference of time can generally be adjusted by a comparison with mean time as registered daily in nearly every large town; or, as we have already said, if the watch be regular in its habits of irregularity, it is virtually equivalent to a perfect time-keeper.

CURIOUS PETITIONS.

THE right of expressing their opinions and making known their desires by petition, has always been dearly cherished and abundantly exercised by Englishmen, who find a satisfaction in having said their say, even if nothing comes of it.

Under the Declaration of Rights the like privilege undoubtedly appertains to the weaker sex; but whether it was always held to do so, is not so certain. When, in 1642, Anne Stagg and her sister politicians, necessitated, as they averred, by their terror of papists and prelates, to imitate the example of the women of Tekoah, claimed equal right with the men to declare their sentiments by petition, the Commons thankfully accepted the petition of the women of London; but twelve months later, upon the ladies coming to the front again to demand the cessation of civil warfare, the self-same House told them politics was not their business, and bade them mind their household affairs; enforcing this new view of the matter by dispersing the petitioners by a cavalry charge, in which two women were killed and eight wounded.

Hardly amenable to the charge of meddling with matters that did not concern them were the ladies of St Albans, who upon George III. taking a wife unto himself, embraced the opportunity of calling royal attention to the grievous distaste for matrimony displayed by the young men of the period, by presenting a petition to

the new queen, expressing the hope that, as subjects were always influenced by the example of their sovereign, the matrimonial state would be honoured by their Majesties' dutiful subjects cheerfully following the royal example—an example too much needed in that degenerate age, wherein the happy state was made the object of ridicule instead of respect, by too many vain, giddy, and dissipated minds. 'If the riches of a nation consist in its 'populousness,' argued the fair enthusiasts, 'this happy country will too soon become poor, whilst the lawful means to continue posterity are either shackled by the restraint of mistaken laws, or despised by those who respect none. But as every virtuous and commendable action is encouraged by your royal consort, and your own noble sentiments and conduct, we hope this example will be duly followed by your Majesty's loyal subjects.'

Even more to the purpose was a petition addressed, in 1733, to the governor of South Carolina by sixteen maidens of Charleston, which ran thus: 'The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten. Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our own youthful charms thereby neglected; in consequence of this, our request is that your Excellency will for the future order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties; and likewise a fine to be levied on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will permit no further insults. And we poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray.' The forlorn sixteen would have very much approved the edict of the Portuguese king which forbade widows above the age of fifty from remarrying, on the ground that experience taught that widows of that age commonly wedded young men of no property, who dissipated the fortunes such marriages brought them, to the prejudice of children and other relatives.

If a time comes, when sex will be no longer a bar to possessing the franchise, bachelors will have to beware; for unless the ladies lose their hymeneal instincts, we may look for the enactment of laws for the encouragement of matrimony, and the infliction of pains and penalties upon obdurate men; as was within an ace of coming about not many years ago in Indiana. Mr Cutter, a young member of the legislature, had rashly promised to introduce a bill for the taxation of old bachelors; and a number of young ladies went down to the House to see that he kept his word. He would fain have cried off or delayed the matter; but Mr Robert Dale Owen, seeing some fun in prospect, urged him to draw up a bill then and there, imposing an annual tax of ten dollars upon every bachelor above thirty years of age who could not prove that he had popped the question twice ineffectually. Then a very rapid act of legislation was performed. The rules

of the House were suspended, and the bill read three times, passed, and ordered to be reported to the Senate without a moment's delay; the House adjourning in order to accompany the young ladies, and see what the senators would do. They, catching the infection of the hour, read the bill twice; and it seemed as if its passage was secured; but two or three of the older and graver members, awaking to a sense of their responsibility, then made a stand against its further progress, and procured the adjournment of the debate. This proved fatal to the measure. Next day, it was defeated by a small majority; at which the bachelors of Indiana had good reason to rejoice, since the governor was resolved to sign the bill, as he saw no impropriety in its provisions; and as for its expediency, the legislators would have to settle that matter with their consciences; it was none of his business.

In the present day, when certain legislators seem persuaded of the possibility of making men sober, industrious, virtuous, and provident by Act of parliament, it is not surprising if some among the objects of paternal legislation believe it to be the province of governments to insure cheap food, high wages, and plenty of work for everybody that wants these. Certain citizens of Wisconsin, unbelievers in the dignity of labour, went even further. Assuming that the American government could produce any amount of money it desired by the simple process of printing greenbacks, they petitioned the Senate to pass a law for the issuing of five billions of dollars' worth of paper money every year, to be applied in paying every individual in the United States, without any distinction on account of sex, age, or colour, the sum of ten dollars every Saturday night, upon his or her calling at the nearest post-office!

The subjects of Frederick the Great who had any grievance to air or favour to ask, were wont to hang their petitions on a linden-tree at Potsdam, to have their prayers granted or refused as the king inclined, without waiting the pleasure of minister or secretary. The Petition-tree doubtless bore strange fruits sometimes; but never did Old Fritz have a stranger document submitted for his consideration than one that found its way into the hands of Charles I. in 1640. This unique petition ran as follows: 'Whereas your Majesty's petitioner hath understood of a great discontent in many of your Majesty's subjects at the gracious mercy your Majesty was freely pleased to show upon your petitioner, by suspending the sentence of death pronounced against your petitioner. These are humbly to beseech your Majesty rather to remit your petitioner to their mercies that are discontented, than to let him live the subject of so great a discontent in your people against your Majesty; for it hath pleased God to give me grace to desire with the prophet, "That if this storm be raised for me, I may be cast into the sea, that others may avoid the tempest." This is, most sacred Sovereign, the petition of him that should esteem his blood were shed to cement the breach between your Majesty and your subjects.' Whether John Goodman's crime deserved death or not, after such an appeal it was impossible for the Crown to revoke its revocation of the sentence.

In very different style was her present Majesty

addressed by the lady, Countess of Derwentwater in her own conceit, whose vagaries led to her incarceration in Newcastle jail. 'O Queen!' wrote she, 'Mercy and Justice is thy mission on earth, and why allow one inoffensive heir of Derwentwater to be falsely incarcerated, shut up for seven months, languishing, and deprived of even a breath of fresh air? What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Are tyranny, torture, and wrong the civil rights of the people thou rulest? I have kept all thy laws diligently. O Queen, listen. It is thy prerogative to command, "Let right be done!" The crowns have fallen lately from the regal heads of several princes in Europe; and the greatest monarch that ever held the English sceptre, looked back and moralised, and Her Majesty exclaimed: "Millions of money for moments of time!"'

Ladies can wax wondrously grandiloquent when in the mind. A Kentuckian victim of man's inconstancy thus set forth her plaint in a petition for divorce: 'Dark clouds of discord began to lower over the sky of wedded felicity, and the minacious lightning of disunion began to dart its lurid flames across gloomy clouds of atramental blackness, obscuring every star of hope and happiness whose resplendent glory illuminated the dawn of the first few brief years of her wedded life, when she gave her hand and an undivided heart to the defendant, who in the sultry month of July 1876, after having been warmly and snugly wintered within the fond embraces of her loving arms, and closely nestled to a heart that beat alone for the defendant, shewed his base, black ingratitude by abandoning her without cause whatever, except the insatiable thirst for novelty, which is the predominant character of defendant's nature.' If the deserted one was in the habit of holding forth in this style, the wonder is that the union endured even a few brief years.

A very extraordinary petition for divorce once came before the courts in Tennessee. The petitioner set forth that his wife died in February 1871, leaving eight children; that his mother-in-law took great interest in her grandchildren; and feeling that she was nearer and dearer to his children than any other human being, and was bound to them by the ties of common affection, he, in September of the same year, married his mother-in-law; it never occurring to him or her that there was any technical objection to their taking such a step. Two months afterwards, he was horrified by accidentally discovering, not only that he had committed an illegal act, but one unsanctioned by the Church of which he was a member. He therefore petitioned the court to pronounce the marriage null and void, and declare complainant and defendant free from the supposed obligation and its consequences. No opposition being raised on the lady's part, the court decreed accordingly, and the too hastily contracted union was formally dissolved.

Another attempt to escape the consequences of a matrimonial misadventure did not end so happily. In this case, the widow of an officer who fell fighting for the North, tired of her mateless condition, had, by marrying again, relieved Uncle Sam of a pensioner. Unfortunately, her new partner treated her so badly that she was compelled to go to the Divorce Court for relief; and that obtained, petitioned Congress to reinstate

her name on the military pension roll; on the plea that she had reverted to her former status as an officer's widow. The committee to which the novel claim was referred, reported that they could find no instance of such a thing being allowed, and declined to advise Congress to create a dangerous and inconvenient precedent.

Here we stay our pen, not for lack of material, but because we have no disposition to try the patience of our readers as hardly as petitioners are apt to try that of the authorities to whom they pray.

SEA-SPOIL.

SEE the children with quick eyes
Seeking many an ocean prize—
Storm-tossed weeds of red and green,
Rare sea-shells of varied sheen.

Here a patch of silver sand
Strews the pebbly gleaming strand;
There a tiny brooklet free
Ripples on to meet the sea.

In this cave the clear tide-pool
Gleams within its haven cool,
By the sea-weeds curtained fair
From the sun's bright noontide glare.

In its halls of sand and shell,
Ocean's treasures safely dwell,
Though each day the wild sea-foam
Thunders o'er their caverned home—

Safely dwell—till tiny hands
Part the clinging, shining strands
Of the sea-weed's graceful screen,
Till each sheltered nook is seen.

Steeled by childhood's careless joy,
All its beauties they destroy;
Fright the tiny elves who glide
Swiftly round the cavern's side;

Scatter with unmeasured shock
All the inmates of the rock—
Some so small, that mortal sight
Cannot mark their passage light;

Stir the tide-pool's sandy floor,
Sully its placid shore;
Tear from off its fringe of rock
Shells and weeds with ruthless shock—

Till the spoilers fly the cave,
Warned by th' approaching wave,
As the proud and mighty Sea
Comes to set her children free.

M. P.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 872.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

LOCAL USAGES.

WE often wonder if the time will ever come when the legal usages prevailing respectively in England and Scotland will be assimilated on a uniform international system. It is now a hundred and seventy-three years since the two communities were united for good and all under one legislature, yet each continues to retain its original institutes and usages, greatly to mutual inconvenience. We would not depreciate the Union of 1707. It was a great and valuable work, for it welded two contumacious and often hostile nations into one, and internal peace and prosperity have been the consequence. This remarkable success was doubtless in a great measure due to the nature of the contract, which consisted in a respect for the traditional usages of both peoples. Neither on one side nor the other was there anything like a forcible conquest, calculated to produce dispeace. Though united, each country was to maintain its old and venerated local arrangements. And thus matters have continued till the present time. Topographically, the international division is for the most part undistinguishable. Travellers by railway trains are unconsciously swept across the ancient Border line. To the world at large, the English and Scotch people are one. Only among themselves are they in a sense two.

Obviously, as might have been expected from constant intercourse, there has been a tendency towards general assimilation in a social point of view. Prejudices, long inveterately maintained, have happily died out. The style of speaking and habits of the south have penetrated to the farthest north; a circumstance greatly due to the perfect security to the life and property of English families who settle in all parts of Scotland. As for the Scotch, wherever they have established themselves in the south, they have been reciprocally appreciated and received in a friendly spirit. We should say as regards private life, that there is at length no distinction. At the same time, there have been powerful agencies to effect amalgamation in commerce,

navigation, and public revenue. The post-office, reaching to every nook of Great Britain, dominates over, and cements all in an harmonious whole. These and other tokens of national unity contrast strangely with protracted distinctions in legal institutes. The laws of England and Scotland are still distinctly different, as if no Union had ever taken place. The law practitioners in one country know little or nothing of the legal usages in the other. The courts at Westminster and at Edinburgh rest on a separate basis; for each a special course of education is required. With such distinctions on what intimately concerns the comfort and welfare of individuals, it would be wonderful if no inconveniences and losses were of frequent occurrence.

We are not, however, to suppose that the old law of Scotland has been left unsupplemented by innumerable enactments of the Imperial Parliament. During the last sixty years, fresh statutes may be reckoned by hundreds on the subjects of police, prisons, municipal government, treatment of lunatics, roads and bridges, poor relief, registration of births and deaths, education, sanitary arrangements, and so forth. These supplemental statutes of course spring from the pressing wants of modern society. In a large degree, they have been promoted and carried through by the Lord Advocate of the day. This useful state officer, peculiar to Scotland, is strictly public prosecutor in name of the Crown; but upon him for a long period has been imposed a multiplicity of duties. He acts very much as a sub-secretary of State and adviser of the Home Office for Scotch affairs. He is always an experienced advocate at the Scottish Bar, and does not relinquish private practice in civil cases, on his appointment. Scotland owes much to its Lord Advocates, some of whom have been very able men. Mr McLaren, the present Lord Advocate, is the author of an exhaustive treatise on the 'Law of Trusts and Trust Settlements,' which is esteemed a valuable authority.

In constructing Acts of Parliament for Scotland, an effort is perhaps made to assimilate them to corresponding Acts for England; but this is not

always practicable, on account of certain usages ingrained in the social system, which, to render an Act workable, need to be kept in mind. In county management, for example, there is a great diversity in the two countries. The county jurisdiction in England is mainly in the hands of Justices of Peace, who meet in quarter-sessions, and though not trained in law, possess considerable powers of administration. Further, each English county has a High Sheriff, whose office is purely honorary, but entails so heavy an expense that many gentlemen shrink from the appointment. At one time, Scotland possessed this clumsy and unsatisfactory county administration, which was put an end to in 1748, when all heritable jurisdictions were abolished, as being inefficient, and dangerous to the peace of the country. Instead of the antiquated and worse than useless hereditary sheriffs, a usage was established that has worked admirably, and to which the settled peace and prosperity of the country are in no small degree due.

The county jurisdiction of Scotland is at once simple and effective, with the additional advantage of not being hampered by hereditary officials. To each county is assigned a Sheriff, who must be an advocate of a certain number of years' standing. In effect, he is a judge, who holds civil and criminal courts within his sheriffdom, and does much that in England is usually left to Justices of Peace. Every Sheriff has a Substitute, also learned in the law, who resides in the county-town, ready to hold civil and criminal courts, and to issue warrants. Latterly, through the progress of social improvement, one Sheriff has sufficed for two or more counties; and it seems probable that by-and-by, excepting in two or three cases, the Substitutes, raised in position, will be sufficient. The English county courts of recent date are a kind of imitation of the Scotch sheriff courts, but they are less comprehensive in character. In connection with the sheriff courts of Scotland, there is a Procurator Fiscal or Public Prosecutor, who is a salaried officer of the Crown, appointed by the Home Secretary at the recommendation of the Sheriff. The whole system is compact, and conducted at a comparatively small expense to government. On a former occasion, we mentioned that the entire cost of criminal prosecution and trials in Scotland was only about seventy thousand pounds a year. In some counties, there are hardly any offences of the nature of crime; and but for petty assaults and cases of river-poaching, some of the sheriff courts might almost shut up. Sheriff Watson of Aberdeen, now retired from office, once informed us that he had successfully extirpated assaults in his district by the ingenious device of recommending actions to be brought before him for civil damages. The terror of having to pay five or ten pounds for a blow, settled the business. The ruder portion of the natives became as quiet as lambs. Disappearing from the Scottish rural districts, vice and crime have been intensified in the large towns; for there a ready harbourage for all sorts of disorderly characters is found in the old lofty buildings and dark narrow lanes which, notwithstanding local improvements, unhappily continue to disfigure and disgrace the principal seats of population. In Scotland, there are Justices of Peace appointed as in England; but their duties are of a limited scope, and consist mainly in signing certificates

and taking part in the licensing of public-houses and theatres; in some towns they hold small-debt courts and courts for various petty offences.

In Scottish criminal procedure there is no Grand Jury, the functions of which are performed by the Crown counsel or legal staff of the Lord Advocate. Different views may be entertained on this point. We have seen it stated that the percentage of convictions is larger in the Scotch than in the English courts, which at least shews that there is no failure of justice. In England, within the last year or two, a Public Prosecutor has been appointed; but the institution seems to be on a meagre footing. In Scotland, public prosecutors are spread all over the country, and prosecution by private individuals is practically unknown. Nevertheless, we do not uphold the system as a perfect thing. The Procurator Fiscal in each town, county, or district is in principle the coroner, and he no doubt makes careful investigations, which he reports to Crown counsel for instructions; but all his investigations are in private. The public are not permitted to know anything of them. There may be some virtue in this privacy. Newspaper readers are not bored and scandalised with the protracted sensational reports of coroners' inquests; nor are householders annoyed by having to serve on coroners' juries. On the whole, however, publicity is best. The huddling-up system prevalent in Scotland is essentially bad, especially in the case of deaths and injuries from alarming railway and other accidents. A railway accident causing several deaths has lately occurred within the English border at Berwick, and by means of a coroner's inquest, the public will hear all about the mishap. Had the accident taken place about two hundred yards farther north, it would have fallen under the cognisance of the Procurator Fiscal of Berwickshire, and the truth would not have been divulged, unless the inquiry led to a criminal trial. Reports on railway accidents by an officer of the Board of Trade, partially remedy the want of publicity. This, however, does not justify the want of an open inquest on deaths by violence, which is acknowledged to be a blot on Scottish procedure.

In a few instances, the English have not declined to copy Scottish local usages. The appointment of a Public Prosecutor has been above adverted to. We may further mention the humane practice of allowing prisoners arraigned at a criminal bar to be defended by counsel. That is not all. Scotland, as is well known, has for ages possessed a very effective system of registering the rights of heritable property, mortgages included. Attempts by eminent lawyers to introduce a similar system of registration into England have signally failed, principally through the unwillingness of proprietors to have their title-deeds engrossed in a public record; accordingly, from a whim, an important advantage to all concerned in connection with land rights remains in abeyance. An economic and generally approved method of administering and winding-up bankrupt estates in Scotland was some years ago legalised in England, and has similarly broken down. The cause of failure is curious. The Scotch method is successful chiefly from the fact that creditors give a reasonable degree of attention to the appointment of an honest trustee to look after affairs. English creditors, it seems, will

not take this trouble; the business gets into improper hands, and the available proceeds are squandered. A new project for winding up bankruptcies is now on foot in England; but if creditors decline to interfere for the sake of justice to themselves and others, how is the matter to be mended, unless by placing the business entirely under the expensive control of official administrators? That, however, would be anything but a step towards uniformity in the English and Scottish bankruptcy laws.

Trial by jury, that much honoured palladium of civil rights, differs materially in the two countries. A Scottish criminal trial is a model of fairness and deliberation. The accused is in good time served with a very precise indictment, along with a list of the witnesses to be used in evidence against him. At the trial, the jurors are chosen by ballot, and each is furnished with a printed copy of the indictment, with paper, pen, and ink to write notes of evidence as it proceeds. The trial begins by the clerk of court reading the indictment, by which means the exact nature of the accusation is openly and clearly defined, and there is no need for a lengthened prefatory harangue by counsel for the prosecution. The indictment being read, the evidence is at once proceeded with. Any one can compare this precision with what occurs, and is occasionally complained of, in England. A Scottish jury may give a verdict of guilty, not guilty, or not proven; this last alternative being adopted when the evidence appears to be incomplete. There is no such alternative in England.

In English criminal procedure, the jury consists of twelve men, who must be unanimous in their verdict of guilty or not guilty; when not being able to agree, after hours of wrangling together, they are dismissed, thereby occasioning a new trial. In Scotland, the thing is conducted more in accordance with human nature. The jury is composed of fifteen men, who, if not unanimous, may decide by a majority, such as eight to seven, or possibly fourteen to one; by which means a juror with twisted notions, resolved on being singular, as often happens, is unable to thwart the ends of justice. The decision by a majority is accepted without demur. In the trial of civil cases, a latitude is also allowed. The jury consists, as in England, of twelve men; but if they have been in consultation for three hours, a majority of nine is sufficient for a verdict. If after nine hours there be not a majority of nine, the jury may be dismissed. These Scotch arrangements seem to be in all respects more rational than the practice prevalent in England and Ireland. No one ever heard of a miscarriage of justice, civil or criminal, in Scotland owing to decisions by a majority. The accurate and impartial method of summoning Scotch jurors, special and common, in itself merits commendation; but we have not space to go into these details.

From juries we go to the subject of burials. In England, there has lately been much discussion concerning a 'Burials Bill,' from which the people of Scotland are fortunately exempt. The Scottish parish ministers possess no patrimonial interest in the churches, the churchyards, the glebes, and the manse or parsonages which they occupy. They are supported by moderate stipends, drawn from certain ancient tithes, which form a perpetual burden on lands within the parish, and

payment by fees is wholly unknown. On the landowners, who are designated heritors, is imposed the obligation of paying the stipends according to a specified allocation, also the obligation of providing glebes, building and repairing the churches and manse, and of providing and maintaining the churchyards. To the minister is confided the custody of the church, and no one officiates in it without his permission. But he exerts no right whatsoever over the churchyard, which is the property of the heritors, subject to the control of the local authority as regards extension and sanitary considerations. In almost all cases, the older churchyards date from before the Reformation, and were consecrated, or set apart for interments; but that does not affect their present character as burial-grounds. Generally speaking, the Scotch care nothing for the distinction of consecrated ground. They perceive that battle-grounds where thousands who are slain find a grave, are unconsecrated; that the vast ocean, which ingulfs crowds of living and dead, is unconsecrated; and that in reality the whole earth is a sepulchre in which humanity may graciously mingle with its native dust. Yet, Scottish people are not devoid of sensibility. They do not undervalue the burying-ground where their forefathers sleep, and which has been provided for every neighbourhood. They know that by law, every parishioner, no matter what be his religious belief, is entitled to burial in the churchyard; or if it be overcrowded, in any cemetery provided for the parish. In no instance is the parish minister under an obligation to be present or to officiate at funerals, nor can he legally challenge any ceremonial that may take place on the occasion. If he be present at all, it is only by invitation.

The plain decency of burials in Scotland has been frequently commented on. In recent times, from the progress of taste and relaxation of prejudices, religious observances at the grave have been introduced. Sometimes, the touching funeral service of the Church of England, or the rite of the Roman Catholic Church, is employed without exciting remark. In every case there is a scrupulous regard to decorum, as befits a solemnity of this nature. Throughout a long experience, we have never seen the slightest approach to anything indecorous at interments in Scottish burying-grounds.

In England, the incumbent of the parish is invested in a species of life freehold of the church, churchyard, glebe, and parsonage, and so far he claims an authority resembling that of a proprietor; while in virtue of his office he, as a general rule, is bound to read the funeral service, and can lawfully object to any burial at which that particular religious observance is not conducted. Hence, the project of a 'Burials Bill,' to confer greater freedom in the matter of burials in parish churchyards. In other words, as it seems to us, the object of the measure has been to secure to the people of England that degree of freedom in the matter of burials which has for centuries been enjoyed in Scotland.

We need not extend comparisons. In a large variety of cases, difference in local usages is not of material consequence. So far, each country may consult its own convenience and traditions. But on certain points, uniformity is desirable. By

some strange mismanagement, the regulations for the fisheries on the English and Scotch sides of the Solway differ so greatly as to cause frequent dispeace and disorder. Why so gross an absurdity has been so long tolerated, can only be explained on the ground that legal absurdities are not without friends, and are sometimes tenacious of existence. But there are more serious inconveniences to deplore than those connected with the fisheries on the Solway. It is to be lamented that within the narrow limits of Great Britain, there should be two different laws affecting marriage, legitimacy, the succession to and division of property, and that the operation of these laws in questions of domicile is often most unseemly and disastrous. Here, there is too much reason to plead for assimilation, and we should like to see law reformers turn their attention in this direction. Even an approximation to resemblance would be received with gratitude. A legist of comprehensive knowledge and genius, who neither grudges trouble nor is afraid of criticism, has here a splendid opportunity of distinguishing himself, and leaving his mark on his day and generation.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXV.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Troman,' said my aunt, 'what have you to cry for?'

I WORKED, and found in work such relief as it could give me. I laboured as I had never done before, and accumulated large stores of journalistic capital. But life had grown to be a bitter business, and I had little heart or hope for anything, or faith in anything. Perhaps there are not many men so happy as to preserve their faith until they reach the age of five-and-twenty. Perhaps those who keep faith longest feel it hardest to lose it. My life had gone smoothly. I had had my dreams—dreaming with my eyes open. Most men had seemed lovable, many admirable, two or three kingly, and one supreme. And when Gascoigne tumbled from his place, my scheme of things went to chaos. Stunned by that misfortune, I looked stupidly back, and thought even the suspicion which had fallen upon myself easy to bear by comparison. There is no pain like the pain of finding a friend unworthy and untrue. And now for a time I doubted everybody, and nursed a wrath and hatred against the world, by far more foolish than my faith had been.

I prospered in my profession, and men began to speak favourably of me. There are some people, who live altogether out of literary circles, to whom any sort of connection with letters appears to be of extravagant value. Some of my old acquaintances were men of this kind, and shewed a disposition to return to me, now that I began to be known. I am afraid that in my new-born cynicism I treated some of them rather uncivilly, though indeed they had not deserved well at my hands. I hope I have grown wiser than to quarrel with butterflies for liking sunshine and avoiding shade, though even now the butterfly is scarcely my type of friendship. But it has been said, times out of number, that your convert or pervert is the most sweeping and thoroughgoing of men, and I being perverted to cynicism and a wholesale disbelief in good, did my best to imbitter myself against

everybody in those days, and in a most unhappy degree, succeeded.

Through all this I clung to *Æsop*; and he stuck to me with a fidelity not to be shaken or strengthened by any fall or rise of fortune. Seeing how low my general mood had fallen, and how prone I had become to nurse my grudges against the world in private, he proposed—on grounds of professed economy—to chum with me and share my chambers; and this being carried into effect, we worked together; breakfasted and dined together, and kept each other in almost constant company. It pleases me now to believe that Gregory worked the better for companionship. He was writing a comedy at this time. I can recall his staid and serious face as he sat apart at a table overspread with scattered manuscripts. I can see him, again, rising from his chair to prowl about the room, pipe in mouth, emitting vast clouds of smoke, and rumpling his hair at intervals with both hands, looking as distracted as a condemned criminal. Now and again he would break into wild shouts of laughter, and would execute fantastic dances, and then, with a countenance of gloom, would commit his inspirations to paper, and prowl about once more distractedly. In our literary work we were both afflicted with a desire for bodily motion, and we used to cross and recross each other in our thoughtful rambles over the carpet, until it bore the plain impress of our feet, and two threadbare and faded lines ran from end to end of the room. I believe that Gregory still works in that manner; but I confess to having worked it out, and abandoned it. The work was happier in those days of emotion, when at a sweet fancy my eyes have seen the lines that traced it, dimly, or with some half-expressed sarcasm seething within me, I have had to leave my table and hammer out the lines with mutterings and stridings to-and-fro. After every one of Gregory's laughs, and its consequent wild war-dance, I was dragged earthwards from my own clouds whilst he read over to me scraps of dialogue. 'I think this'll fetch 'em, Jack,' was his exordium, and he would spout the products of his Muse's labours with infinite gusto. An hour later, he would rise in deep despondency, and announce his opinion that the whole comedy was bosh; and then sitting down despairingly to read it, he would go off into a succession of crackling cachinnations, which bespoke the intensest relish of his own performance.

It chanced one day that we were both marching up and down the room, hammering in great heat at our respective mental irons, when a timid and uncertain knock sounded at the door; and Gregory, being nearer than I, answered the summons. Standing in the middle of the carpet, a little disturbed by the interruption, I heard a voice that warmed my heart, and hurrying to the door, found Bob and Sally Troman in the act of entering. The good creature, Sally, embraced me there and then, and shed tears over me, in quite the old familiar manner; and her husband shook my hands meanwhile, murmuring, 'Excuse the liberty.' When the first heat of welcome was ended, Gregory closed the outer door; but Bob, repeating 'Excuse the liberty,' reopened it, and revealed the presence of a small boy, who had hitherto escaped attention. This small boy, who was dressed in black broadcloth of a cumbrous

cut, and reminded me quaintly of myself as I had first appeared at Island Hall, was comically like Sally, and had a ridiculous resemblance to Bob, so that I had no difficulty in identifying his relationship.

'This is your boy, Sally?' I inquired.

'Yes, my darlin', returned Sally, brightening. 'He's the eldest.—Come in, Johnny.'

I had not seen him for some four or five years; and he had so far outgrown his remembrances of me, that on my offering to shake hands with him, he retired in much apparent discomfiture behind his father's legs.

'Johnny's his naam,' said Bob in the old broad dialect, which always sounds in my ears like a memory of childhood. 'Excuse the liberty, young mister, but the missis, her would naam him after yo.' Bob himself was dressed in black broad-cloth, and I believe had had his hair curled for his visit to the metropolis. I cannot actually pledge myself to the accuracy of that surmise; but I know that he had a long and half-unfolded roll of curl upon the very top of his head, which I could not remember to have seen there before. This ornament displayed a treacherous inclination to stand bolt upright; and Bob becoming conscious of that fact, smoothed it furtively with his broad palm; but it arose again and again, and gave him, in conjunction with his dark clothes and his solemnity of visage, something of the aspect of a cockatoo in mourning. Gregory and I cleared a table, and laid out a refectory of wine and biscuits; and Sally, who wore a bonnet like a flower-show, and a shawl like a rainbow, sat in her gloves in great grandeur, and sipped and nibbled in the most ladylike and superior manner. Bob—what with the clothes and the curl, and the strange rooms, and Gregory's presence—was in a sort of patient agony of uneasiness. Gregory was quick to discern the discomfiture he inflicted upon my visitors, and feigning business in a little while, went out. Shortly afterwards, Bob arose, and obscuring the obdurate curl with a hat so stiff and shiny it might have been of steel japanned, also withdrew, announcing his intention of taking a look at Temple Bar. He led away my young namesake by the hand, promising to return in half an hour, and I was left alone with Sally.

'An' now, my precious,' said Sally, all her company manners vanishing, and her good self returning suddenly. She settled herself in her chair, and hugged her many-tinted knees with her gloved hands—'an' now, my precious!'

I cannot easily tell how much good the sight of Sally did me, or how immediate and direct the influence seemed. But she had been so closely knit with all my early life, and from the first to the last of my remembrances had been so true; she was so little changed, and brought so vividly back to me the memory of so many gracious acts and happy times, that I should have been hard indeed not to have been somewhat moved by recollection in her presence.

'And now, Sally!' I answered.

'Bob an' me,' said Sally, 'has never had not what you might call a reg'lar out since we was married. An' Bob havin' that prospered as to be a master-builder, Master Johnny, a-keepin' on a dozen hands an' doin' well, we made up wer minds as we'd come to London; an' here we be.'

'And here you are, Sally,' I responded.

'Yes,' said Sally, still hugging her knees, 'an' here we be. An' who do you think we come up in the same train with?'—I professed my inability to divine.—'Make a guess,' said Sally, with such a meaning look, that I guessed at once, and asked: 'Not Cousin Polly?'

'Yes,' said my old nurse, nodding like a toy-mandarin—'your Cousin Polly, Master Johnny. She come up in the same train along o' we, with your aunt; an' she was a-lookin' that beautiful—Well, there!' She lengthened the adjective into 'bee-oo-tiful,' and unclasped her knees and cast her hands abroad when she said 'Well, there!' as if proclaiming the inability of further words to express the sight.

This news disturbed me; for in spite of all the vows I had made, I could not fail to recognise the gulf which had opened up between Polly and myself. While the expectations my Uncle Ben had taught me to entertain were still with me, there had been no social breach between us; but it seemed as though it would have been a cowardly and cruel thing to ask her to share the broken hopes of fortune and the struggling life which lay before me. Here and there, the prizes of the literary life are large; but I had modesty and sense enough to know that the great prizes were not for men of my calibre; and although I could already see my way, I knew well enough that there was no golden goal at the end of it. The life before me was a life of labour and of narrowed means. Single, I could get on well enough; but I could not endure the thought of narrowed means for Polly, and Love's sweet dream was coming near the end and growing bitter. In the pleasure of welcoming my old friend, I had forgotten my troubles; but this mention of Polly's name brought them all back in full tide.

'Why, Johnny, darlin', what's the matter?' cried Sally. 'You're a-lookin' quite downcast, I declare. What is it?' She came and knelt before me and took my hands in hers. 'What is it, Johnny? Theer's nothin' amiss between you an' your cousin, is theer?'

'Sally,' I answered, 'this is not a thing to be talked of; but I can trust you, I know. I am a poor man now, and work for my living, like many other people. All my life is changed, and a good many of my old hopes are thrown away—and that among them.'

'No,' said Sally; 'not if it was to come to a crust o' dry bread an' a glass o' water.'

I did not understand her, or pay any great heed to her words: but I repeated that my life was changed, and that many of my old hopes were thrown away.

'Not that among 'em, Johnny,' said Sally. 'Not if you was to be as poor as Job. You couldn't have the heart!' I did not understand at all, and I suppose my face expressed it. 'Johnny,' she said with an air of serious admonition, 'when a young gentleman's been keepin' company with a young lady all his life, he ought to ask her if she's willin' to part, afore he goes away, whatever happens.'

'My dear Sally,' I answered, 'you do not understand. I have never spoken a word to my cousin which would make her think'—

'Words, my foolish precious!' returned Sally, shaking her head as she knelt, still holding my

hands, before me. 'Why, what's words? Actions speaks louder than words, my darlin'. Do you fancy as she don't know? An' you remember, Johnny,' she went on with a general plea for the whole sex, 'as we poor women's tongues is tied. It's you to speak first.'

'No,' I responded; 'it is not for me to speak at all. Had things gone differently, I should have spoken; but not now—not now.'

'How old are you, Johnny?' asked Sally suddenly.

'Three-and-twenty,' I responded. 'Nearly a quarter of a century, Sally. That sounds quite old.'

'Miss Mary's a year younger,' said Sally. 'Two-an'-twenty. Most ladies is married younger than that, my dear, ain't 'em? What's she a-waiting for? How many offers has she throwed away? O Johnny, my silly darlin', to be so blind!'

Could it be true? Sally spoke with the confidence of conviction, and my own heart was eager to believe. And yet, and yet I scarcely dared to think it. And yet, and yet there was no escape from hope.

'Sally,' I said in much agitation, 'you speak as if you were certain.'

'So I am,' she answered, kneeling before me still. 'You must tell her, Johnny, and ask her to wait for you.'

I arose from my seat and paced the room excitedly. 'Yes,' I said at length; 'I will speak. I will ask, and know the truth.'

At that instant there came another summons at the door; and thinking that this was Bob come back again, I left Sally to open it, and not caring to be seen just then, retired to my bedroom.

'You here, Troman?' said my Aunt Bertha's voice. 'How do you do?' My aunt's voice came nearer. 'Where is Mr Campbell?'

'I am here,' I cried, 'and will come to you in a moment.' I drank a glass of water, and composed myself; then re-entering the sitting-room, met Cousin Polly's candid eyes and outstretched hand. This apparition coming upon me in so unprepared and emotional a condition, found me quite helpless. 'We speak,' I said, 'of angels, and, they shew their wings.'

'Troman,' said my aunt when our greetings were over, 'you are the very woman I want to speak to. I have something serious to say to you. —John, take your cousin for a stroll through the Temple Gardens while I talk to Troman. Don't hurry back. I've a great deal to say to her.'

I submitted tamely to be driven from my own chambers by this overwhelming aunt; and Polly came with me. We crossed the roaring Strand, and walked into the quiet of the Gardens. There were few people there. A few nurse-girls, a scattered handful or so of children, a Blue Coat Boy walking along bareheaded, and reading as he went. As we passed him, I looked down, and saw that the book was the *Essays of Elia*; surely the fittest book in the world to read in the Temple Gardens. I am always too shamefaced to do those things, but I should have liked to have tipped that Blue Coat Boy on the spot. Polly saw the book as well as I.

'Elia was a good creature,' she said. 'If I lived in London, I should come here a great deal; and I fancy that he would be oftener in one's thoughts

than any one else associated with the place. Are you often here?'

'Often,' I answered. 'But not to think of Elia.'

'You are an author now,' she said, 'and have many thoughts. I have often wondered—tell me—do you write to the world impersonally? If I were an author, I think I should never be able to do that. I should write as if I were writing a letter, and I should have some one in my mind who would be sure to understand my mood—Maud, for instance, or Will, or you, or somebody who had known me all my life. It would be easier to write so, I fancy, than to scatter one's bread upon the waters, without knowing who might taste it.'

'I have written all that I *have* written,' I responded, 'for one reader only, and I have looked to my audience of one to keep me at my best, and to shut out everything unworthy from my work.' I felt her eyes upon me, and, glancing at her, saw upon her face a look which was difficult to define. I thought it a little troubled, and feared she read my meaning, and was sorry for it. But I had resolved to speak, and I went on: 'I have had that one reader always in my mind and in my heart, and she has ruled my life.' We were walking slowly side by side, and there was no one near us. The Blue Coat Boy was deep in *Elia*, fifty yards behind. 'Polly! I have loved you ever since I can remember you. I have had no hope or ambition which you have not governed. I am poor now, and I have to fight the world; but you have given me heart and hope to fight it. I have struggled day by day to be a little worthier to love you.'

'Jack!' she said in a pained voice, appealingly.

'I was wrong to speak,' I said a moment later. 'Forget that I have spoken.'

'No,' she answered softly; 'it is not that. You make me feel ashamed. I am a wayward, foolish girl, and you speak of being'—

'I love you,' I answered; 'that is all the worthiness I have.' We walked a little farther in silence. 'Tell me—it will but cost a word—if I can hope?'

I was looking down at her bent and averted face as we walked. She turned her head, and looked me bravely in the eyes, though brow and cheek and throat were blushing, and her own eyes were moist.

'Hope for my love, Jack?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Be sure of it.' Her eyes brimmed over, the sweet blush faded as she spoke, and she drooped her head again.

We walked in silence for a long time, and walked so slowly, that the Blue Coat Boy, still poring upon *Elia*, following the path we took, went past us. I have often smiled to think how narrow an escape that Boy had from great astonishment. I felt an almost irresistible desire to endow him at one stroke with all the money then in my possession. My invariable want of promptitude on small occasions, robbed the Boy of a splendid tip, and me of a great relief. But I was grateful to him, and felt affectionately towards him, for I remembered that it was his *Elia* which had opened the conversation between Polly and myself. The Blue Coat Boy is quite a young man by this time. He has probably given up the pursuit of literature in the Temple Gardens, and is, perchance, in

the Groves of Academe beside classic Cam or Isis. But if this should meet his eye, I beg him to accept a gratitude which has lost none of its flavour by a little keeping. If he will favour us with a visit, my wife and I will make him welcome. He has never guessed it, but all this time he has been one of our Lares.

It was quite dusk when we turned to go back to Clement's Inn; and when we reached my chambers, Aunt Bertha and Sally were sitting in the gloom alone.

'Has your husband lost himself, Sally?' I inquired.

'He's took Johnny to the circus,' responded Sally. 'I didn't want to go away 'ithout seein' you again.'

'You have been away a pretty time, young people,' said Aunt Bertha with severity. But by this time and in this society, I was prepared to encounter reproof with a forehead as of brass.

'Aunt Bertha,' I answered, drawing Polly's arm through mine, 'you may be assumed to stand *in loco parentis* towards Polly. And Sally, who is the best and most faithful creature in the world, as everybody knows, may be assumed to stand in the same relationship towards myself. And in your presence, I confess that the two indiscreet young people whom you may now dimly behold—'

'Don't be prolix,' said Aunt Bertha. Sally had risen, and was standing near the window with her hands clasped. Now that I come to think of it, I do not believe that Sally understood one word I said, except perhaps her own praises; but she understood the situation, and shewed the fact by a gasp of genuine emotion. At that signal, Polly withdrew her hand—Aunt Bertha rose to meet her—and in less time than it takes to tell it, they were crying for joy in one another's arms. Sally of course was weeping over me; and for my own manhood's sake, I was thankful for the gloom.

'Troman,' said my aunt, 'what have you to cry for?'—Sally returned no answer.—'Do you think that Mr Campbell is throwing himself away?'

'O ma'am,' cried Sally, 'haven't I knowed and loved 'em both sence they was babies?'

'Troman,' said my aunt, advancing to her, 'you are a good creature, and you have a beautiful heart.' And with that commendation, Aunt Bertha positively kissed Sally, and made her, as I believe, the proudest woman in the United Kingdom. When we had all toned down again, I was about to light the lamp; but my aunt forbade me; and in a little time Sally took her leave, promising to call again on the morrow.

'Did Troman tell you anything, John?' asked my aunt, before Sally's footsteps had left the stairs.

'Yes,' I answered, sheltered by the friendly darkness, sitting with Polly's hand in mine; 'she told me to do what I have done.'

'Should you have done it, if she had not told you to do it?' asked my aunt.

'No,' I answered; 'I should not have dared.'

'Then for once,' said my aunt triumphantly, 'a match-making old woman was right. I ordered Troman to come and tell you. And now'—she hurried on, as if to prevent either of us from speaking—I want to say a word about your future. My brother Robert will object.—Mary, be quiet. Your father will object. Well, if you

must know, he objects already. But I have saved a good deal of money, and I have my own fortune, and I have made my will, and left it all to John on condition that you marry.—Don't speak a word, but find my bonnet. I don't know whether you will ever think of dining any more, but I am starving. Let us go home, and ask Mrs Brand for some dinner. We are staying with Dr Brand, and you can come too, if you like, John.'

Two or three hours later, we were seated in Dr Brand's parlour. The Doctor was called away, and Mrs Brand followed him from the room.

Polly, rising, drew aside the blind. 'What lovely moonlight!' she said, after looking out for a minute or two. 'I don't think I ever saw moonlight look so beautiful before.'

'My dear,' said Aunt Bertha, rising and kissing her, 'the moonlight has grown brighter for happy lovers, ever since the world began.'

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

On the 27th April we got into the midst of a herd of buffaloes, and killed three, but only after a savage fight.

We had seen plenty of marks of rhinoceros and elephant, but had not come across the animals themselves. As we approached the head-waters of the river Ghine, O'Riley left us to look after some timber at a distance, and he was to meet us four days hence.

On the 17th May we were pushing our way through long grass some twenty feet high. Our progress was very slow, as the elephants had to break their way through reeds (stems of the grass) several inches in circumference. There was no game to be expected in such a jungle; but our animals shewed unaccountable signs of fear. We could not see an inch in front; the seeds and fluff of the grass nearly blinded us, and we were all but suffocated by the heat and dust. We were plodding along in single file, Tainton leading, when without the least warning, there was a shrill scream, a rush, and my friend's elephant was knocked over sideways, sending his riders and mahout flying! My elephant turned tail so suddenly that Thornton and the *shikarie* were thrown off, and I only saved myself by clinging to the mahout. We were carried away nearly a quarter of a mile before the mahout could stop his elephant; and neither persuasion nor force would induce him to return. I did not know what to do. I feared all my comrades were killed; for the noise of a savage fight between two animals could be heard, but not another sound. My heart was in my mouth; and in my anxiety to render help, I jumped off the elephant, and attempted to retrace my footsteps rifle in hand; but the nature of the jungle was such that I found I could not get along at all. The reeds, even along the path made by the elephant were, though broken, interlaced; the stumps sharp, innumerable, and close together; covered, moreover, with a fluffy dust resembling somewhat cowitch or cowage, and equally irritant, for it got up my legs, and nearly drove me mad. But by dint of great exertions and much suffering I made perhaps a furlong in a quarter of an hour. The perspiration was pouring down my face and

blinding me, and I was nearly crying with vexation and pent-up agony. All this while a terrific combat was going on between Tainton's elephant and some monster unseen; and suddenly looking up, I saw his elephant being driven down stern foremost towards me; and to avoid being crushed to death seemed impossible; for the reeds, except where they had been broken down by the elephants, were as impenetrable as a wall. To fire at the hind-quarters I knew would do no good; and I fully anticipated that within a few minutes I should be another victim to an unseen but terrible foe. Our elephant, a fine tusker, and of the largest size, should surely have been able to overpower any beast alive; but he seemed powerless before his foe, and was driven down closer and closer towards me. I attempted to go back; but gave it up in hopeless despair; seeing that, for one pace I took, the elephant came backwards a dozen. There were but a few paces between us, when a shot was fired, and some huge monster fell with a loud thud. Our elephant, still greatly excited, no longer retreated, but assumed the offensive, and with many a fiendish shriek and many a clumsy war-dance, kept prodding his fallen adversary. I knew it would not be safe for me, a stranger, to approach him in his excited state, and I begged my mahout to come up; but he would not budge an inch. Thinking it was my intrepid friend who had fired the shot, I called out: 'Is that you, Tainton? For heaven's sake, answer.'

Thornton replied: 'I fear Tainton is killed, as I have neither seen nor heard him. But pray, make your mahout secure this elephant, or we shall never get out of this horrible place.'

My mahout hearing our voices and the cessation of the din, now brought his elephant up. I scrambled up its back, and we pushed forward. No sooner did Tainton's elephant see mine than he became quiet, and allowed himself to be led to where Thornton and the *shikarie* were. They got up, the *shikarie* acting as mahout; and we found the cause of this disaster was a huge *must* (tuskerless) mucknah elephant. We rejoiced at his death, but wasted no time over him, proceeding to search for Tainton and his guide and mahout. We found the first-named just coming to. He had been thrown against a stump and stunned. The mahout had his thigh broken; but the *shikarie* was more frightened than hurt. We made the mahout as comfortable as we could on one elephant; and the four of us got on the other, and set out for our camp, which we knew was a long way off, and where we did not arrive till dark.

En route we had time to talk matters over, and to thank heaven for our escape. Wild elephants when *must*, lead, like many other brutes, especially gaur and buffaloes, a solitary life, and are then exceedingly savage and cunning, lying in wait, and endeavouring to kill any one or anything they can pounce upon. The one that attacked us was probably a foot higher than ours and nearly twice as massive. Fortunately, having no tusks, he had not done much injury to ours, beyond knocking him over at the first rush and bruising him a good deal about the shoulders; and though ours had a splendid pair of ivories, they had been blunted—that is, a piece had been sawn off, to prevent accidents; for even the quietest of elephants will sometimes give a vicious prod at

another male; so generally the tusks are cut every year or two; and though he had made a magnificent fight of it, he never had the least chance, as the superior size and weight of the other bore down all opposition; and if Thornton had not retained his presence of mind and my spare rifle, which he was holding when thrown off, and shot him dead with a ball behind the ear, as he passed by within a few yards, I should have been to a certainty trampled to death; our elephants killed one after the other, or driven far away; and not one of our party would ever have got out of the jungle alive.

We sent messengers to call O'Riley back; but I don't believe they ever went in search of him. We did the best we could for the poor mahout, whose leg we bandaged up with splints and strips of our sheets, which we tore up for that purpose. We wished to send him down the river on a raft; but the Karens refused to take him that way, as they said there were too many rapids, and they feared an upset. So we got a litter made, sent a Madras and a Burmese lad with him, and passed him on from village to village, until he reached a navigable part of the river, where he was put into a *dugout*, and reached Moulmein, as only a native would have done, in a far better state than any one could have expected; and eventually recovered.

All this occupied us a whole day; so it was not until the second day that we could go back to the scene of action, in the hope of recovering some trophy from the monster; but when we got within a quarter of a mile of him, we were forced to beat a precipitate retreat; for he was swollen to an enormous size, covered with filthy obscene birds; and already half putrid. So we left him, without even a hair out of his tail as a remembrance.

Thornton told us that an elephant four or five days defunct was a sure find for tigers; for every carnivorous brute for miles was attracted by the smell, and by the flight of innumerable vultures towards the carcass. 'Then is the time,' said he, 'to sit up; for tigers come too, and fight over the putrid flesh; and a friend of mine once killed three tigers thus in one day.'

The very thought of it nearly made us sick; and we vowed we would rather never shoot a tiger in our lives than do so under the circumstances mentioned.

The next day we moved camp towards the place where O'Riley was to meet us. Although, as a rule, rains set in early in May, scarcely any had fallen as yet, and the long grass was as inflammable as pitch; but this not being the season for burning, we anticipated no danger, especially as the inhabitants were few and far between. Thus taking our laden as well as riding elephants with us, we cut off a curve of the river, and marched across an uninterrupted plain covered with long grass, extending fully twenty miles in every direction. We had gone fully two-thirds of the way and had seen no game, when we descried some smoke to our right, which soon blazed out into flames; but as we were well to the windward, we thought nothing of it. Presently, it circled to our rear, spreading with amazing rapidity; and soon on two sides of us the vast plain was one sheet of fire, the flames curling heavenward, and licking the air with their fiery breath;

whilst darting amongst them could be seen kites, crows, and the little king-crows, though how they existed in such an atmosphere was a puzzle. Flakes of lighted reeds were floating about here and there; for as yet there was not a breath of air. Still, as our left and front were clear, and the flames in our rear appeared to be retreating rather than advancing, we thought nothing of it, beyond being a grand spectacle. We steadily pushed on, though the elephants were beginning to shew signs of fear, and would now and then spin round and face the flames, whence the reeds were bursting with reports like pistol-shots. Those conversant with fires must have noticed that often during an immense conflagration the wind gets up suddenly, and is most eccentric in its movements. At one moment there would not be sufficient air to move a feather; gradually a puff would come from our front; then a stronger one from the east; a stronger still from the west; then from the south—till in a few seconds there was a perfect tornado raging all round us, never consistent in its course for one second.

'Let us get on, for heaven's sake!' said Thornton. 'This is getting dangerous.'

If our elephants were restive before, they became almost unmanageable now; but our mahouts drove them on with the utmost speed towards the point we were making for, and we knew we still had two or three miles to go before we could be at our destination; but though the fire to our right and rear came now nearer, and again retreated, in accordance with the changes of the wind, our front and left were still clear. Presently, without any warning, flames broke out to our left, and spread with the speed of lightning, as it seemed to us, not only towards us, but to our front.

'Haste, haste!' cried my two brother-sportsmen, 'or we are dead men.'

The elephants seemed to know their danger, and swung along at their best pace. Thornton spoke to one of our *shikaries*, who was as pale as death, and whose teeth chattered in his head; and he muttered that there was a brake about a quarter of a mile ahead which in the rains was a vast swamp; and if we could get there before the flames, we should be safe from being burned to death, if we escaped being suffocated.

The fire now seemed to have surrounded us, and to bear down upon us from all quarters. Whichever way the wind now blew was equally deadly to us; the elephants shrieked aloud, and became almost unmanageable; for there is nothing they dread so much as fire. The situation was indeed critical. We were racing with death! We goaded on the elephants. It was a race for dear life. The hot wind and smoke obscured our vision, and almost choked us; our eyes were bloodshot, our lips parched; and as the flames came nearer and nearer, the heat was awful, and all but unbearable. Death, and such a death! stared us in the face. The flames licked up the very footsteps of our animals, who raced along screaming with agony. A forked tongue of flame, driven farther than the main body by a gust of wind, singed the sternmost elephant's back, and set the *guddie* on fire; our faces and hands were skinned, our hair singed, our clothes scorched; but not a word was uttered in our agony. It was the silence of death. Escape was impossible. The flames curl round our heads. We stoop forward to meet our doom, and pass

headlong into and through a fiery furnace. Our leading elephant going head-foremost into a hollow full of brambles and creepers, the others fall almost on the top of him, and their joint weight breaks down the obstruction, and we are safe, safe!—almost, but not quite. Much has to be done. The fire is close—too close. It is impossible to breathe the heated air and live.

'Dismount, and lie down,' shouts Thornton.

We all do so, to the best of our ability; but we are sore from many a burn, but thank heaven for the mercy vouchsafed to us. As heated air ascends, that near the ground is, comparatively speaking, cool. We feel instantaneous relief on measuring our length on mother-earth. The elephants force their way farther into the brake. The fire in the *guddie* has been extinguished. We remain long prostrate and helpless, and in vain long for water. No one is able to speak; our tongues are swollen, and glued to the roofs of our mouths—our lips parched and sore. We can scarcely see, our eyes are so inflamed with the heat and smoke. But at last the atmosphere clears up a bit, and a *shikarie* whispers that there used to be water in the middle of the brake; and under his guidance, we get up and stagger along in search of it, and, O joy inexpressible! we find a dirty pool, some ten feet in diameter and perhaps a foot deep, half mud, and in which, evidently at no remote period, a herd of buffaloes had been wallowing. But we think nothing of all this then; only rush into it frantically, drink it greedily, like nectar, and throw it over us; though I have little doubt the water which runs down the London gutters after a thaw would be filtered compared with it. But such as it is, we are thankful to get it. We look at each other for the first time since our escape, with wonder expressed in our eyes; for we are bereft of all hirsute appendages; eyebrows and eyelashes we have none; our hair is frizzled; the Europeans are burned black, the natives white; and so closely allied is the ridiculous to the sublime, that we laugh aloud in our misery!

Our elephants are in a pitiable state; the soles of their feet and their bodies are terribly scorched, their eyes sore. It is evident we cannot use them again after to-day. Allowing a few hours to elapse to cool the heated earth, we hit off a pathway, and make for the village we were bound for, and which we are assured is only a *dhine* or two miles off; and we crawl rather than walk there, only to find it a smoking mass of ruins; for the fire in which we so nearly perished had spread with such alarming speed, the poor people had been unable to arrest it, or to save a thing beyond the clothes they stood in. They had lost all they possessed. Their houses, with their granaries, had been burned, and they stood weeping and bewailing their fate. Happily no lives had been lost, as is but too frequently the case in these fires.

As if one element, fire, had not caused enough misery, another element, water, was now let loose upon us. The clouds gathered together, and the first storm of the season swept over us. Before we could adopt any measures to protect ourselves, we and everything belonging to us were wet through. As for the poor villagers, they huddled together in groups like drowned rats, vainly seeking shelter and warmth from one another. Only one build-

ing, a small *zyat* or rest-house, far away from the village, on a mudbank, almost in the middle of the river, had escaped; and into this we thrust all the women and children, whilst we coiled ourselves up in our blankets and lay down in the rain all night. As is so often the case in Burmah after a night's continuous downpour, the sun arose in all its glory, the clouds disappeared, and all was sunshine once more. We distributed the few rupees we possessed amongst the people; gave the most feeble a tot of brandy apiece, and sent to a large Karen village for rice and other necessaries.

Though the Burmese and Karens are easily depressed, they are as easily elated. By twelve o'clock, a store of firewood and rice, cooking-pots, and the filthy *gnapee*—stinking salt-fish, which the Burmese consider a great relish—had been collected. The women were once more chattering merrily and cooking; whilst the men were searching among the debris for remains of coins, jewellery, &c., and setting aside such partially burned bamboos as would serve again to erect their frail structures.

Intent upon having some sport upon the river, we had to remain here two days, to get three rafts made—one for ourselves, one for cooking, and the other for our goods and chattels. The elephants we left where they were, as they were incapable of being moved.

O'Riley only arrived as we were ready to start. He had been detained longer than he had expected, and had heard nothing of our troubles. Rigging up a shelter over our heads, we made our raft very comfortable, and went at a great pace down stream, the Karens guiding the clumsy affairs capitably. We probably did from fifteen to twenty miles a day. On the 24th May we had reached an open part of the river, and anchored off a pretty spot. The bank on one side was steep—perhaps ten feet high—fringed with the pretty bamboo-like grass. The water was deep and slightly muddy. The shore opposite was shelving and pebbly, and it was said that occasionally animals came down to drink there; but none of us were pot-hunters, and cared little for night-shooting. The part of the Ghine where we were bore a bad reputation for man-eating crocodiles, called in the East *muggers*; but we had seen none, and thought nothing about them. We sat talking till about eleven P.M., when one by one we went to sleep. Tainton and I occupied the stern of the raft; O'Riley and Thornton the forepart. But this night O'Riley had his bed and mosquito-curtains rigged upon the shelving beach, telling us laughingly, not to allow him to be eaten up by tigers. The mosquitos were very bad; and probably about three in the morning, I awoke, and sat outside the shelter in an easy-chair, smoking a cheroot to keep off these pests. Tainton was lying down half dressed on a small camp-cot. I did not see Thornton. Presently I heard a slight noise on the bank on our side; and on looking up, saw first the huge ears, then the ugly muzzle of what I knew at once to be a two-horned rhinoceros. His chest was fully exposed as he looked down upon us; and without thinking, but chuckling at the chance, I quietly seized my rifle, which was lying beside me, and rapidly fired both barrels into him. Simultaneously with the report, the huge body toppled over, and we and all belonging to us were

ingulfed in the water. I was carried down amidst the debris of the raft a considerable distance before I could extricate myself; and being a good and powerful swimmer, struck out for the bank, when without the least warning, some monster seized me by the thigh, and notwithstanding my desperate struggles, dragged me under water. I fought hard. I knew I was in the clutches or rather the jaws of a *mugger*; and I endeavoured to turn round to gouge him, which I had read or heard of as having been done in America; but I was like a babe in his jaws; as the horrid brute kept dragging me down into the slimy depths, and I gave up all hope. But a greater monster than he made a rush at my captor, who, to defend himself, opened his jaws and set me free. I then quickly rose to the surface, and gave one despairing cry for help. I had barely taken a full breath, when I was again seized, this time by the ankle, and was again being dragged under water, when I felt a blow dealt at the reptile, and a strong arm thrown round me; and I was lifted to the surface and borne unconscious to the bank. When I came to, Tainton and O'Riley were by my side bandaging my thigh and leg, from which the flesh had been stripped off in great 'fids.'

And while my injuries were severe enough, the shock to my system was far greater. I was taken to Moulmein in a *dugout*. Brain-fever set in; I lingered for months between life and death; and for some time it was doubtful whether my leg should not be amputated; but youth and a naturally robust constitution carried me through, and I recovered sufficiently to be sent home for three years on medical certificate.

I found I owed my life to Tainton's courage and determination. When our raft was sunk by the falling rhinoceros, Tainton, as I before said, was lying down partially dressed and with his belt on, in which he always carried a favourite *Arnachellum shikar* knife. He sank with the raft; but coming to the surface, was swimming for a place where he could land, when I rose, and he beheld my despairing face and heard my appalling cry as I was dragged down again. He realised at once what had happened, dived knife in hand after me, drove his weapon into the mugger, and brought me out, as related.

What became of poor Thornton was never ascertained. Every search was made for him, and large rewards offered by Tainton and O'Riley; but in vain. I fear the rhinoceros fell on him and killed him on the spot, and that he was devoured by the crocodiles, which swarmed there. I have never ceased to accuse myself of being instrumental in his loss through my foolish and thoughtless act.

Before I embarked from Moulmein, O'Riley and Tainton presented me with the head of the rhinoceros, and that of the crocodile which my last-named friend had so gallantly killed. The former beast was found jammed between some rocks; and the latter floating down stream on its back, with the good *Arnachellum* blade buried to the hilt, behind the shoulder. But I cannot bear the sight of either, as I always think of poor Thornton's tragic fate, caused by my folly. But the trophies, together with the head of the gaur, found their way to my father's Hall, where

they are still preserved by my brother the Squire amongst his most precious relics.

Moulmein becoming hateful to Tainton after our disastrous trip, he threw up his appointment, and rejoined his regiment. My health never recovered its former robustness; but I was able to return to military duty, though with a game-leg; and six years and more elapsed before I met Tainton again. I was then in the Quarter-master-general's department, and we were on active service in the Southern Mahratta country. We resumed our intimacy; but alas! it did not continue long, for poor Tainton fell in action shortly afterwards. His death was so in keeping with his life, that I may as well relate it. We had been having constant desultory fighting, more skirmishing than pitched battles, and as usual, my gallant friend had kept with the advanced line, using his rifle with deadly effect on the enemy; for it was a chance if the wretched weapons our sepoy were armed with would go off, and the men depended a good deal on him. He was well—too well—known to the enemy, and they, in common with his own men, believed him to be possessed of a charmed life. At last one man determined to rid his race of this implacable enemy. He loaded his gun with bits of silver, iron, lead, and sundry charms, and stood behind a tree till the skirmishers, with Tainton at their head, were within a few paces; then stepping out, he shot the gallant leader full in the chest. Whilst in the act of falling backwards, Tainton instinctively raised his rifle and shot his foe dead. He himself died in Dr Mackay's arms a few seconds after. He was universally regretted; and every man and officer in camp off duty followed his remains to the grave. Thus died a man to whom I owe my life, and who was an ornament to the service he belonged to—a man who was indeed without fear or reproach.

I have little more to add. Changes which would not greatly interest the reader so disgusted me and many others, that we took the pensions offered us, and left a country which had been our home for the greater part of our lives. But of all my reminiscences, and they are many—for I served throughout the Mutiny, and witnessed its horrors—none is more vivid or frightful than that of my escape on the 25th May 1840 from the jaws of the crocodile in the Ghine.

G. A.

POETIC PARALLELS.

THAT 'there is nothing new under the sun' is as trite as true; and possibly, when the Hebrew king said it, he was himself but repeating an ancient proverb. Boswell tells us that Dr Johnson was so convinced of the fact, that he thought of writing a book to demonstrate that the amount of invention in the world was very limited, and that really the same incidents and the same imagery, with but slight variation, have sufficed all the authors who have ever written. Unfortunately, the learned lexicographer never executed his idea; but the position he assumed was perfectly tenable. Thoughts are few, and run in grooves; and there can be no doubt that much which has been denounced as plagiarism is often quite as original, to the author himself, as the bulk of what the world receives as a genuine addition to its stock. Of course there is such a thing as real plagiarism,

or downright robbery; but with that it is not our present purpose to deal, our intention being to merely furnish some remarkable examples of poetic coincidences of thought; due, apparently, to that unconscious process of assimilation to which Johnson evidently referred.

The greatest poets have always been deemed the greatest offenders by the public; and no man's ideas have been more severely scrutinised by the critics than Shakspeare's. His contemporaries declared he had decked himself in their plumage; and their successors have traced many of his golden opinions to another origin; but unlike too many of his craft, nearly all he touched he improved. Shakspeare's similarities are too well known to call for instances.

Gray's *Elegy* has afforded much occupation for the coincidence-seekers, who declare it to be a mere piece of mosaic-work, in which every idea may be traced to former writers; and they prove their assertion. In some of the same writer's other poems, many curious similarities have been detected. If Gray, however, benefited by his predecessors' ideas, many of his successors have resorted to him for theirs. The Koran spoke of the angel Israfil's heartstrings as 'a lute'; the *Elegy* alludes to the heart as 'the living lyre'; Moore likens it to 'the harp of a thousand strings'; Edgar Poe, to 'the trembling living wire'; Charlotte Brontë to 'the human lyre'; and Béranger to 'a lute.'

Scarcely second to Gray in these unlucky parallels was Pope; indeed some one went so far as to assert that he was the greatest of all plagiarists. In support of this terrible accusation, much evidence can be adduced. In *Eloisa and Abelard* is—

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven;
which is suspiciously like Davenant's—

Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in the sleep forgiven hermits are.

Pope's line—

I have not yet forgot myself to marble,

reads too like Milton's 'Forget thyself to marble,' to be purely accidental; whilst Sir Thomas Browne's words, in his dear old *Religio Medici*, 'Nature is the art of God,' sounds suggestive of the Twickenham bard's, 'All nature is but art.' Young, it may be remarked, apparently preferred the old form, as he reproduced it in his *Night Thoughts*, verbatim. Denham spoke of

The foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

Then Orrery followed with the simile:

Poets are sultans, if they had the will;
For every author would his brother kill.

Whereupon Pope wrote:

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

The close resemblance of the lines beginning

Vital spark of heavenly flame,

to some that were written by Flatman, an almost unknown versifier of Charles II.'s time, has often been commented upon; whilst the well-quoted words—

The proper study of mankind is man,

have been traced to the French: 'La vraie science et la vraie étude de l'homme c'est l'homme.' From the French, from Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, has also been derived Pope's sarcastic line—

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;
although some deem it suggested by Shakspeare's—

Wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.

In explanation, if not in extenuation of Pope's adaptive proclivities, Thackeray urged that 'he polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from others' works to adorn and complete his own, borrowing an idea or cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, a stream, or any object which struck him in his walk.'

Sir William Jones, who, by the way, detected some close parallels in thought between Hafiz and Shakspeare, is credited with the poetic idea, of undoubted Oriental origin, that 'the Moon looks on many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one Moon.' This fancy, which bears some resemblance to an aphorism of Plato's, was probably in Moore's mind when he wrote:

The moon looks on many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this.

And the late Lord Lytton used a similar idea in the blind girl Nydia's song, where

The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
But the Rose loved one.

But there is no need to go abroad for these transmissions of thought. It is really surprising how many writers will use the same idea without any material alteration, one after the other. A case in point is the oft-quoted line of Campbell—

Like angel visits, few and far between;

and which, unfortunately for the later poet's fame, the ancients said before him. In Blair's *Grave* is—

Its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between;

which is at least better expressed; although perhaps the originator—so far as we have as yet traced the idea—has expressed it in the best way, as originators generally do:

Like angels' visits, short and bright.

One of Campbell's supposed borrowings was drawn attention to by Byron, who, not beyond suspicion himself in such matters, asked whether the origin of the far-famed couplet—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue,

was not to be found in Dyer's—

As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear.

Certainly the rendering by the author of *The Pleasures of Hope* is the more attractive; and it is more probable, if the idea was not original with him, that he derived it rather from a line in Collins's splendid ode on *The Passions*:

In notes by distance made more sweet.

As hinted, Byron has not been deemed free from all reproach in these matters; but it must be confessed that few cases of close parallelism are discoverable between his ideas and those of his predecessors; he has been more sinned against, in that respect, than sinning. Probably he had in mind Churchill's lines—

The gods, a kindness I with thanks repay,
Had formed me of another sort of clay—

when in *Childe Harold* he wrote—

Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

In his *Prophecy of Dante*, he used a favourite thought:

Many are the poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.

Wordsworth gave the idea as:

O many are the poets that are sown
By Nature! men endowed with highest gifts—
The vision, and the faculty divine—
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

And our genial transatlantic friend Holmes, in *The Voiceless*, tells of

Those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

No man less needed poetic co-operation than Burns; but a few close coincidences can be shewn between some of his best known thoughts and certain of his predecessors'. Perhaps the most popular idea the Scottish bard ever enunciated was—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that;

but it is closely paralleled in these words of Wycherley's old comedy of *The Plain Dealer*: 'I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better, or heavier.' A still closer resemblance is seen between the lines—

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!

and this passage in *Cupid's Whirligig*, published in 1607: 'Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice; but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.' So closely indeed have the Scottish bard's thoughts been scrutinised, that even his epitaph *On Wee Johnny* has been traced to a Latin epigram of the seventeenth century! Yet he probably never saw one of these productions.

It is a noteworthy thing that when famous authors repeat what has been said before, they do not resort to the works of their well-known contemporaries, but to forgotten or rare books. Such an instance of unconscious accretion was doubtless Moore's *Canadian Boat Song*—

Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time,

from a couplet in Marvell's *Bermudas*:

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Brave old Marvell's thoughts have been mercilessly pillaged; his trenchant satire on *The Character of Holland* supplied Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, with quite an armoury of invectives; and many later poets have found the patriot's

verse a fruitful source for the supply of needed fancy. *The Dial of Flowers*, by Mrs Hemans, owed its origin, in all probability, to some lines in Marvell's *Garden*:

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new,
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

In the catalogue of unconscious parallels, the following singular case must not be omitted. *The Dropsical Man* is the title of a piece in Dodsley's collection of Poems, containing the line—

With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye;
in *Marmion*, Scott varies the idea thus:

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye;
whilst Lover, in *Rory O'More*, furnishes this version:

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye!

Again, Sir Walter in his *Lay* has adopted a line from Coleridge's *Christabel* just as it stood:

Jesu Maria: shield us well!

Nicholas Grimoald, a name to 'fame unknown,' but not unknown to Herbert, as he is quoted by him on the title-page of *The Temple*, wrote:

In working well, if travail you sustain,
Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain;
But of the deed the glory shall remain.

Herbert re-expressed the idea in his *Church Porch*:

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains;

and Sir Egerton Brydges, a man well read in old poetic lore, compressed the thought into one line:

The glory dies not, and the pain is past.

Whilst amid our ancient bards, it may be pointed out that the charmingly poetical passage in Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms—

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust—

was evidently suggested by this couplet in Shirley's magnificent *Death's Final Conquest*—

Only the ashes of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

There is a fine thought in James Montgomery's *Home in the Heavens*:

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

But a very similar idea was expressed two centuries ago, by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester:

At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

But hark! my Pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells *Thee* I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

This fancy of Life marching homeward to the

sound of a stifled drum, is repeated in Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, where it is said our hearts

Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Indeed, Longfellow's extensive reading and receptive mind but too frequently lead him into these luckless coincidences. The *Psalm of Life* is almost as much a piece of mosaic-work as Gray's *Elegy*:

Art is long, and time is fleeting,

is as old as Greek literature, although Lord Houghton and Longfellow both treat it as their own property. Sir Philip Sidney has: 'Fool, said my muse to me, look in thy heart and write;' and in his *Prelude to Voices of the Night*, Longfellow says:

Look, then, into thine heart, and write.

The Village Blacksmith has been traced to an old poem by William Holloway, running:

Beneath yon elders, furred with blackening smoke,
The sinewy smith with many a laboured stroke
His clinking anvil plied in shed obscure,
And truant schoolboys loitered round the door.

Here the few slight changes are artistically made: 'Elders' become 'the spreading chestnut tree;' 'the sinewy smith' has 'large and sinewy hands;' and the 'truant schoolboys,' as better children, are 'coming home from school.'

A REALLY GOOD CASE.

A LEGEND OF ST MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

EVERY one knows that St Michael's, as we shall take the liberty of calling it, is the largest and most celebrated of the London hospitals. It is situated quite in the heart of the city; and is about equidistant from London Bridge, Westminster, Gower Street, Smithfield, and White-chapel. I was student there, and there the happiest days of my life were passed. And now to my story.

A large number of the students had gone down for the short Christmas vacation, and I should have gone also, but was just then 'dresser' to Carver Smith, and could not leave town; moreover, it was my week of residence. I must beg you to remember, what is perhaps but little understood by the general public, that a large part of the watching and care, and a certain proportion also of the treatment of hospital patients, devolve upon assistants selected from the senior students. Some of the less important appointments, such as the 'dresserships,' are held by every student in turn; but the more responsible offices, some of which require twelve months' residence in the hospital, can only be gained by a few men each year; and for these appointments, which are esteemed positions of great trust and honour, and which are exceedingly valuable as stepping-stones to professional success, there is very keen competition. On the surgical side of the hospital, each of the four visiting surgeons had a resident house-surgeon; and to be Sir Carver Smith's 'H.S.' was one of the highest ambitions of a 'St Mike,' for Sir Carver was at that time one of the leading English surgeons.

A man named George Adams held the post at this time; and as he is the hero of my story,

so far as I have a hero, I will just say a word about him. He was one of those men that we occasionally meet with, who seem to stand head and shoulders above their fellows—very quiet and reserved, and when he chose, quite inscrutable. No one knew where he came from. But his very great ability, his calmness in all emergencies—I never saw him discomposed except once—his mature judgment, and his great kindness, won him the respect alike of the students, the nursing staff, and the surgeons. Under him were four dressers, junior-men, who assisted in the hospital under his direction. I was one of them. Each week, one of us in turn resided in the hospital; and as I said, Christmas week fell to my turn; and that is how I came to spend Christmas in St Michael's. I ought to add that there were four assistant-surgeons to the hospital; but their care was over the out-patient department, and it was only in the absence of the visiting surgeons that they had any duty in the wards.

Well, it was Christmas night, and our work for the day was done, except some late visits to the wards by-and-by; and of course any casualties that might turn up. But Christmas day is usually pretty slack in that respect. It is medical rather than surgical casualties that Christmas day produces. We had got up in honour of the day a little entertainment in an empty ward, for any of the hospital inmates who cared to attend and were able to do so.

We had a famous little programme. One or two of our residents could play and sing well; another had a curious facility in whistling to the piano; another was an amateur ventriloquist and prestidigitateur; and I fancy there were also some recitations and tableaux to come off. Also, there was one of the patients, an old sailor, who could sing in a grand rich stentorian barytone and bring down the house. Our chairman—Adams of course—had just begun, and was delivering himself in a semi-serious way of some very eloquent remarks, amidst great applause—for nothing pleases the lower classes better than a few oratorical flourishes—when, 'tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle' went a small high-pitched imperious bell. It was the accident bell!

Oh, ye lay mortals, ye little know how the social and domestic joys of a medical man are at the mercy of a bell! We invite our friends to tea, we welcome them, and anticipate a pleasant evening, and—there goes the bell! We come home tired and wet, change boots for slippers, and get comfortable by the fireside, and—there goes the bell! We turn into bed on a cold night, and just get warm and snug when—there goes the bell! My bell-experiences began that night at St Michael's, and I shall not soon forget it.

It was Sir Carver's 'taking-in week;' and his assistants had to attend to the accidents. Adams nodded to me; and off I went to investigate, knowing that it might be anything from a cut-finger to a railway smash. I found a scene of considerable excitement in the accident-room. Two policemen, aided by a crossing-sweeper and a cabman, had just brought in a patient, and some other spectators had pushed their way in out of curiosity.

'Just happened outside, sir; knocked down by a runaway cab, sir.'

'Lost a lot of blood; 'fraid it's a bad case, sir.' Thus the policemen.

'Ask Mr Adams to come down at once; and clear the room,' I said.

It was a young fair-haired girl of eighteen or nineteen, perfectly pale, unconscious, and almost pulseless. A strange contrast to her rough, swarthy, weather-beaten bearers. A deep wound in the neck was bleeding profusely; but on tearing open the dress, I found I could stop the hemorrhage almost entirely with my finger.

Adams was there immediately: in a minute he knew all about it, and had settled his course of action. Quietly he said: 'Send for Sir Carver. Take her to the theatre* at once. Ask the other men to come, and get everything ready for operation.' And then to me: 'Keep up steady pressure, and don't take your finger away for an instant.'

Nothing could be found out concerning her. No one was with her when she was struck down. She was very tastefully, though not expensively dressed. Her features were exceedingly regular and pretty, and when the colour was in her face she must have possessed a very considerable share of good looks. Nothing but a purse and a handkerchief were found in her pocket. The former was well filled, and the latter was marked 'E. Stead.' Adams said at once that she was a lady.

I do not know whether it ever happened before at St Michael's that on the occurrence of a sudden emergency, no one of the surgical staff was at hand. Strange to say, it happened so to-night. Sir Carver Smith and three of the assistant-surgeons lived close to the hospital; but in five minutes the messenger returned with the news that Sir Carver had been called to some aristocratic celebrity at the West End, who had met with an accident, and had taken one of the assistant-surgeons with him. The second was out of town; and the third, who had been left to act in emergencies, had been taken suddenly ill.

We had been discussing the case, and offering advice upon it with all that calm assurance which characterises embryo surgeons. But matters now became serious. Half an hour would suffice to summon one of the other surgeons; but it was plain that something must be done at once. We all looked at Adams, who had said very little hitherto, but had gone on making everything ready. He simply said: 'Begin to give chloroform; I am going to operate.'

'What are you going to do?' we asked.

He told us; but I will not inflict any details upon my readers, but will simply say that the sharp end of a broken shaft had made a narrow deep gash in the root of the neck, and had wounded a large artery. The operation contemplated, afforded almost the only chance of life; and to delay it any longer would, Adams said, be throwing that chance away. It was an operation of the highest difficulty and danger under the present condition of the parts; and could its performance have been anticipated, the theatre would have been crowded with spectators from all the hospitals in London. And here was a young surgeon of twenty-five, called upon at a few minutes' notice, to undertake what many a long experienced surgeon might hesitate to attempt; for it was impossible to perform it without much additional loss of blood;

* The operating-room.

and it was not at all improbable that the patient might not survive the operation, to say nothing of after-dangers.

Adams carefully explained to the other house-surgeons what assistance they would have to give him; and when the patient was ready, commenced at once. Perfect silence reigned, broken only at intervals by a word from the operator; but indeed he had little need to speak, for we were well drilled at St Michael's, and everything he needed was put into his hand almost before he asked for it. I think I can still see that quiet eager group of young men under the brilliant gaslight, standing around the pallid, slumbering, unconscious girl; and in the centre the young surgeon, cool, collected, with steady hand, without hurry, without hesitation, doing his work. I have witnessed many of the most brilliant operators in England, and of course have seen Adams himself many times in that theatre in later years; but I think I never saw that night's operation surpassed either by himself or by any one else. A special demand sometimes calls forth special powers, and acts almost like an inspiration; and so it seemed now.

In a short time it was done, and successfully done; and the patient was carried away to a quiet ward, where she was duly cared for by the nurse in charge, Adams, and Sir Carver Smith, who came later on. I think Adams stayed up all night.

Our miscellaneous entertainment did not come off; but we scarcely regretted the change of programme. In a place where accidents are hourly, and operations daily occurrences, one more or less seldom creates much excitement; and when I go on to say that this case excited more interest among residents and non-residents than almost any other case I ever saw in the hospital, I wish you clearly to understand that this fact was due entirely to the extreme professional interest of the case, and the great enthusiasm of St Michael's men for the study of surgery. At the same time I may state, although not particularly bearing on the question, that the patient was an uncommonly pretty girl; and day after day passed by without any light being shed on the question as to who she was and whence she came—circumstances quite sufficient to excite in a mind not preoccupied with such matters as burden the intellect of the average medical student, the liveliest interest and curiosity.

After the operation, she was at first too ill to be interrogated; and when she got a little better, she declined to give any information; at any rate none could be obtained from her. Perhaps she was a little 'queer' with feverish or hysterical excitement.

At the expiry of two days I went in to help with the dressings. She was very grateful for everything done for her, and bore her pain very well. For a long time she was in a very critical state. As the euphonious phrase of the young profession went, 'She had a very close shave for it.' At the end of three weeks however, she was in fairly smooth-water; and for the first time some of the clinical class went in with Sir Carver to see the case. He had hitherto said nothing on the subject of the operation. He was a man of few words; but one word of praise or blame from him was never forgotten by any of us. Turning to us from the patient,

he said: 'This, gentlemen, is a case of so-and-so;' and he briefly explained it. Then he added: 'Nothing but the most exceptional circumstances could justify a house-surgeon in this hospital in undertaking an operation of such importance. In this case, those exceptional circumstances existed. The operation is one of great difficulty and rarity. I have once, many years ago, performed it myself, and the patient died. Had my patient recovered, such a recovery would then, I believe, have been without precedent. But the gratification to myself of having performed the first successful operation, would not have been greater than is my gratification now at having under my care a case which will, I believe, recover, and whose recovery will be due without doubt to the prompt and skilful action of a St Michael's student, my own house-surgeon, Mr Adams.'

'Strong for Carvy, and good for Adams,' was the general comment. Adams pretended to be writing notes; but there was not one of us who would not readily have suffered 'ploughing' in our 'final college' to gain such a word from Carver Smith.

And now, my fair readers, if you will turn to the clinical report of this celebrated case in the pages of the *Lancet*, somewhere about March 18—, you will find it stated that 'after this point the case presents no features of special interest; convalescence was rapid, and the patient was discharged cured on the forty-seventh day after admission.' I therefore give you fair notice that you may lay down this record here and not read any further, unless you like.

Yes; she recovered rapidly; and prettier and prettier she grew as she got better. She talked very little, and said nothing at all to help her identification. Inquiry was fruitless, even though the case got into the newspapers. The interest among the students increased daily. It was reported that she was an heiress who had quarrelled with her guardian; that Adams was madly in love with her; that she was waiting for him to propose, and then would marry off-hand; that Adams knew all about her, but kept it snug. And the men got to chaffing him in a mild sort of way, wanting to know the 'state of the heart' and the chances of 'union by first intention.' But Adams was impenetrable. Personally, I am inclined to think that whatever the condition of his patient's heart might be, he was a little affected in that region. She was evidently very fond of him, and liked no one but him to dress the wound. Still the mystery increased.

At last one afternoon I was sitting in Adams's room in a leisure interval, when a lady's card was brought in. It had a deep black border, and bore the inscription: MRS STREAD, *The Cedars*. She wished to see Mr Adams. Immediately afterwards, the lady was shewn in. Adams motioned me to stay. She was a fine, tall woman of fifty, dressed in deep mourning, with hair just turning gray, a firm mouth, soft keen gray eyes, and a face combining intellect and kindness.

'Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr Adams?' she said.—He bowed.—She then produced a paper which gave an account of our famous case and of the part Adams had played in it.

'May I inquire whether this patient is still in the hospital? Can I see her?'

'Yes; certainly. Would the lady be able

to identify her? Would it not be better for the patient to see the card first, to avoid sudden excitement; that is, if the lady's visit were likely to cause excitement?'—

'Perhaps it would be better to take up the card, and say that Mrs Stead desired to see her.'

Wonderfully calm and self-possessed the lady seemed to us; and yet she could not entirely suppress some signs of emotion or excitement. She said that illness in her family had prevented her from seeing the papers for some time, or she would probably have been here before.

I took the card up and shewed it to the patient. She turned very pale, then buried her face in her pillow and burst into tears.

'Shall the lady come up?' I said.

I thought she sobbed out 'Yes.'

The visitor came up. Slowly and calmly she walked up the ward. The news had somehow got about, and several of the men found that they had business in that part of the hospital just then. The lady stood by the bed, and said softly: 'Elizabeth?'

The girl looked up, and their eyes met. One glance at that face was enough.

'Yes,' said the lady; 'I can identify her.'

'It is your daughter?' asked Adams.

'It is my cook,' said the lady—'Elizabeth Saunders.'

I think I said that I only once saw Adams considerably discomposed, and that was on the present occasion.

'I—I—thought her name was Stead,' he said, and his eyes rested on a pocket-handkerchief lying on the pillow. The lady's eyes followed his, and a slight smile played on her features.

Yes; it was even so. The acute scientific observer, the far-sighted young surgeon, famed for his diagnostic acumen, had seen through his case, but not through his patient. It turned out that the girl, being remarkably good-looking, and having acquired, from a previous situation in a nobleman's family, a very correct way of speaking and some very ladyish manners, was fond of dressing up in her holidays, and frequenting places of public amusement, where she usually attracted a good deal of attention. Her mistress having been called away from home to nurse a sick relative, had allowed her servant to go, as she thought, to visit her parents in the country; but the girl having her wages in her pocket, had preferred to remain with an acquaintance in London, where she enjoyed her Christmas holidays very much to her own satisfaction, until her accident put a stop to her manœuvres, or rather changed her field of action. Finding, as she recovered, that she was being addressed as 'Miss Stead,' and that she was the object of much interest and attention, it seems to me—judging by what experience of human nature on its female side I have since acquired—not very remarkable that she preferred to keep up the delusion; golden silence being her main line of tactics. And, fair readers, do you think it very contrary to your experience of human nature on its male side, that an otherwise exceedingly acute young man should be the subject of a delusion of this particular kind?

The lady spoke very kindly to the girl; and guessing, I fancy, how matters stood, said some

very graceful things to Adams. Subsequently, you will perhaps be glad to hear, she proved a very kind friend to him, and her influence was of no small assistance to him in his future professional advancement. She became, in fact, quite a mother to him, though not a mother-in-law.

I really do not know what befel the girl, except that, at her own desire, the lady obtained for her 'a situation in the country, out of the way of temptation;' and that she proved to be a faithful servant.

I am sorry to have to state that public interest in this case at St Michael's somewhat rapidly declined after Mrs Stead's visit; perhaps because, as the *Lancet* said, the interesting symptoms had all disappeared. But I said then, say now, and always will say, that it was, from all points of view, 'A Really Good Case.'

LOVE IN ALL.

NAME the leaves on all the trees;
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flow'rs by rill that blow,
All the myriad tints that glow,
Winds that wander through the grove—
And you name the name of Love;
Love there is in summer sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gaily bounds
O'er the meads, where, on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing;
Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
Of their song, sweet love's the theme;
Love there is where zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west, mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fold the rose;
Silvery dews begin to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy Nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in Heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this,
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of Nature's pulse the beat,
Like the tread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent north
Shimmering arrows shooting forth:
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things;
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love, creation first
Into glorious being burst:
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her,
Spirit sweet—all else above—
Love is God, since God is love!

ROBERT W. HAY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 873.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

POACHERS AND POACHING.

ATTEMPTS are sometimes made to impart a degree of romance to the character of poachers. On the contrary, in our day at least, they are a good-for-nothing, idly disposed set of rascals, differing little from habitual thieves. Most of them, perhaps, carry on some ordinary profession. They may be small-tradesmen, artisans of some sort, mill-hands, farm-labourers, or workers on railways; but half, or more than half, their reliance is on securing game or salmon, which they have the means of turning into money. The plea to their conscience for depredations is, that the animals which they contrive to catch are wild, and belong to nobody. But this will not do. If any one has a right of property in game, it is the owner and occupant of the land on which they feed and find shelter, and not the individual who steals forth under night to take that which in no respect belongs to him.

Mr Richard Jefferies, has written a book called *The Amateur Poacher*, in which the poacher's character is noway minced. Poaching, he says, is no longer an amusement, but a hard, prosaic business, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, requiring a long-headed, shrewd fellow, with a power of silence, capable of a delicacy of touch which almost raises poaching into a fine art. In short, 'the poacher's idea is money, and he looks upon his night-work precisely as he does upon his day-labour.'

No doubt, the poacher in the pursuit of his avocation frequently displays a wonderful amount of cleverness—a degree of misplaced ingenuity and perseverance which, brought to bear on the useful arts of life, might be the making of him. No kind of weather deters him, for he has work for all weathers. If the night be fair and bright, he can find his way through the almost impenetrable blackness of the woods; and when the night is wet, dark, and windy, he has recourse to the wide open hills. He exhibits an amazing knowledge of the habits of the creatures he seeks to entrap, and sets his snares with a patience of

detail and dexterity of hand which would be praiseworthy were they put to a better use. He falls upon all kinds of devices to cheat the game-keeper, and will even fight with him when all means of escape fail, and the worst comes to the worst. No animal, however swift or sagacious, seems to be beyond his skill to capture. Even the hare is sometimes caught by hand, the poacher moving round and round the creature as she crouches in her form, drawing nearer and nearer in his circles, till at length he makes a rush and the animal is secured.

In the work of Mr Jefferies on the *Amateur Poacher*, there are numerous instances given of the curious plans and devices resorted to in the capture of wild animals, and the careful and acute methods employed by the poacher in getting his booty transferred from the field to the market. We have a pretty full-length portrait of one of this class, named 'Oby' or Obadiah, who 'lived with his grandmother in Thorney-lane,' and who, in his own language, 'larned to set up a wire when he went to plough when he were a boy, but never took to it regular till he went a-navigatin' [that is, working as a navvy], and seed what a spree it were.' He has been more than once in jail, yet still keeps at his malpractices.

The case of Oby may be taken as a typical one of the class. There are in each one of them the same caution and cunning, the same practised dissimulation, the same neglect of honest industry, and love of low and paltry gains, which are such ruinous features in the characters of most of the poaching fraternity. Now and again, the perpetrators of these malpractices are only saved from being utterly repugnant by the streak of humour which frequently gives to their character a certain sense of relief, and by the singular devices which they fall upon to escape detection. The poaching principle indeed formerly reached to a higher class of society than now. A few years ago a special inquiry was made on the part of the government into the operation of the Fishery Laws of the south of Scotland; and in the Blue-book that was afterwards issued

containing the evidence taken on that occasion, many amusing particulars are vouched for.

Salmon-poaching on the Tweed and its tributaries, though known to be a constant source of demoralisation, has seldom encountered any serious popular rebuke. In the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, the Rev. John Elliot, of Peebles, writing in 1834, says: 'Poaching is very little known. Salmon are killed at all seasons when found in the river; but unless an information is lodged with the sheriff-substitute or the justices of the peace, no notice is taken of the trespassers in close-time.' He also considers the leistering of salmon as a kind of amusement, requiring much skill and address, and as affording good recreation for those of sedentary habits. And Dr Macdonald at Innerleithen is quoted in the Blue-book as declaring his belief that the sending up of a large quantity of good food to the upper districts of the river, at a season when other sources of food-supply were scarce, was a wise dispensation of Providence. Cool remarks these to come from men of education, presumed to be guardians of public morals.

The slaughter of salmon in the Tweed by bands of poachers connected with the towns and villages in the vicinity of the river, is very considerable. As many as a hundred fish have been taken by one company from the river in a single night. As these fish might weigh from fifteen to twenty-five pounds each, it was sometimes no easy matter to get them transported from the river-side into town. A cart and horse were the most frequent means employed; but cases are cited in which a carriage and pair have been hired in an emergency, the better to escape detection. Hearses and mourning-coaches have even been utilised to cheat the river-police. What is thus done by gangs or companies of men, is also practised, though on a less deadly scale, by individuals, many of the latter being led thereto in the course of their angling pursuits, and apparently from no other cause than their inability to avoid the temptation of killing a fish when opportunity offered. One veteran who gave evidence before the Commissioners, and who had been both heavily fined as well as imprisoned for his poaching misdemeanours, said he could not help taking a fish when he saw it.—'It is,' he said, 'a sort of disease in me.'

The facilities of transmission by railway have largely increased every kind of poaching, and we may add pilfering, for boxes of game legitimately sent in presents to friends at a distance are sometimes apt to be tampered with. As a precaution, it is not unusual for the sender to inscribe on the direction ticket, 'This box contains three brace of grouse; if any be missing, let me know.' Game pilferers, however, have tricks to avoid detection. They are known to substitute poor thin birds for those that are plump and valuable. The following account of this species of swindling, given in a late number of the *Pall Mall Budget*, should be widely circulated.

'A curious scandal in connection with the grouse-trade was disclosed a few years ago. It was occasioned by the cunning of a family (a father and three brothers) who acted as guards on one of the northern lines of railway. These men bought from keepers, through the agency of a confederate, who shared in the profits of the swindle, all the poor grouse which could be

obtained: "cheepers," "piners," and "cripples" especially. These birds, by arrangement, were carefully packed and consigned to a dealer in the south. Half-a-dozen hampers, we shall say, having been filled with these outcasts of the moors, and duly labelled and sent to the station, were operated upon as soon as the train started by two of the brothers, who regularly travelled by the train as guards. These men opened all the other hampers of grouse sent by the same train, and selecting the largest and fattest birds, replaced them with "piners" or "cheepers." Boxes consigned to private individuals were first operated upon, because persons who receive presents of grouse do not usually look their gift-horse in the mouth, and therefore, in acknowledging receipt of such a present, say nothing about the quality of the birds. Dealers of course are not so reticent, and credit the account of the senders with the prices only which the birds are worth. The "oracle" was, however, worked in this way: the grouse sent as presents to private persons were first selected; and if there were not enough of these, the birds were changed and changed all round, till even the dealers could hardly make a complaint. The fine, heavy, half-dozen brace of plump birds consigned to Lady A. were at once seized upon by the two guards; but they could not put in their very "starvelings," because Lady A. was a judge of grouse. So they operated on all the other hampers till they "worked round," until in the end, of the thousands of birds sent forth by that particular train, the *crème de la crème* of the lot were found to be consigned to Messrs O. P. and Q., the consignees being X. Y. and Z. of, we shall say, Inverdeen. The price paid for the "cheepers" was at the rate of about sixpence per bird, the price credited was nearly eight shillings per brace—a most excellent rate of profit certainly!

Tricks of the kind here narrated mostly take place early in the grouse season; but are later carried on with partridges and other game. Of course, they can only be perpetrated in confederacy with men who make a regular trade of poaching, and who are known to realise considerable sums by netting and catching the weaker kinds of birds, to supply pilferers by train. To disguise their nefarious traffic, they use herring-barrels, trunks, carpet-bags, and other kinds of travelling apparatus not likely to be suspected. We believe that railway authorities do the best they can to check these depredations; and wherever practicable, they should be aided by the public. Sympathy with poaching, as with smuggling, indicates a depraved tone of feeling. Behind any apparent success which the poacher may achieve in his illegal traffic, there generally lurk the deplorable issues of a misused life—idle habits, a lowered morality, a wretched home, his wife neglected and abused, his children ill-clad, ill-fed, and uneducated. The state of our game-laws is not infrequently urged as the cause, if not the excuse for this unhappy propensity; but this cannot be held as any justification of a habit so fatal to everything like moral purpose and rectitude in the persons addicted to it. Poachers and poaching may for romance-writers have their picturesque side, just as the robbers of Spain and the banditti of Greece have theirs; but they are not elements which contribute to

the comfort and happiness either of the individual or of society; and it is to be hoped that the practice is one which the spread of education among the rural artisans and labouring classes, with its consequent elevation of feeling, will gradually tend to weaken and abolish.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It was no fortuitous likeness, but a portrait.

LET me write down my words again. In all the devious ways in which my life has been guided, I can but recognise a Master Hand. I have been moved inexorably, here and there, against my will, apart from my will. The plan of my life has no more been mine than the words written by my pen this moment are dictated by it. And now in the halting-place of life at which I tell this story, I can see the plan which my unwilling movements here and there have traced, and I know that I was guided to a settled end.

It was a good and wholesome thing that I had to work for a living, and that my work was of such a character that it could not be done without a certain abstraction from all other thoughts than those which concerned it. It happened thus that the poison brought its own antidote. I was daily in some haunt of poverty or vice; and I set myself to shew that part of the world for which I worked how the world outside it lived and felt and thought. How are the rich and prosperous to know *how* to be merciful to the poor, if the press give the poor no voice? It is not three months since I learned for the first time in my life that there are thousands of people in England to whom railways are a real and a terrible grievance. There are countless problems in the life of the very poor of which the world has no conception, can have no conception. I set myself first to learn the more urgent of these problems, and to lay them out for popular study, believing that in the multitude of councillors there is wisdom, and that the solutions were likelier to be got at in that way than in any other.

I found one of the most troublesome of these problems on its way to a solution in the hands of an old acquaintance—Mr Hastings—who had purchased one of the worst human rookeries in all London, and had transformed it into decency. The place is known as Bolter's Rents, and stands on the south side of Oxford Street. There is a way through from it to the Seven Dials; and there are intermediate homes of villainy in the midst of which it is even now unsafe for a well-dressed stranger to shew himself alone in broad daylight. It was one of the natural results of my occupation that I was 'known to the police'; and a Sergeant of the force told me the history of Bolter's Rents so far as he knew it.

'I was on duty close by there,' said the Sergeant, 'years ago, when it was a real dangerous place to go into in the daytime. You mayn't believe it, but I was with the present proprietor when he made his first entry into the place. I was on duty in the night-time when he come up to me with a doctor. There was a feller took hill in the Rents; and the gentleman—Mr Hastings were his name, and I daresay you've heard of him—had been down with a nigger-servant which he kep'

at that time, which is since dead, I b'leeve. The doctor akshally wouldn't go down without a hoffer; and I went down with 'em; an' it turned out in the hoddest way that Mr Hastings knowed the sick party, which had come down in the world, from bein' a money-lender in the City, terrible. He's a-livin' there now. German Jew he is. Sweeps a crossing near the Marble Harch, and goes by the name of Tasker.'

I was startled to hear this, though I made no remark about it to the Sergeant, but kept my knowledge of the man's history to myself.

'Hif,' said the officer, who was very intelligent and very civil, 'you reely desire to 'ave a good look at the place, you can't do better than find hout a party by the name of Penkridge, which lives theer. Tell 'im *hi* sent you, an' you'll find 'im a civil an' respectful feller.'

I sought and found the party by the name of Penkridge, who acted as a sort of porter to the place. It was his function to keep order, and to collect payments, and to overlook a certain amount of weekly scrubbing, which had now been for some years one of the fixed ordinances of Bolter's Rents. I found him, as the Sergeant had foretold, very civil and respectful.

'I'm quite a reformed party,' he told me in a whining way, which left me not so certain of his reformation as I might have been; 'I'm quite a brand plucked from the burning.'

I supposed—to keep him talking—that Mr Hastings had done much good there.

'Yes,' he answered; 'and so has Dr Brand's good lady, sir; and Dr Brand hisself, sir. O yes, sir; but the party's hand wot saved me, sir, lived in the place hisself, sir. It's the Duke, sir, as done most o' the good as 'as been done 'e'er, sir. It was 'im as made me sign the pledge, sir, an' kep' me a teetot'ler this last eight year. Ah sir, if ever there was a saint as was a Dockman, it's poor Mister Jones.'

'Do you call Mr Jones "The Duke"?' I asked him.

'Oh, I do assure you, sir,' said Penkridge, 'he's quite the gentleman. They say as he had a million of money, sir, and lost it on the turf. Of course, sir, he's quite a poor person now, sir; but he needn't have been so, sir, if he'd have liked; for many a time, sir, Mr Hastings have said to me—"Penkridge," he says, as familiar-like an' as pleasant as you might say it yourself, sir, or any gentleman—"Penkridge," he says, "I wish you'd ask the Duke to live here altogether an' attend to the Rents," he says, "an' leave them Docks for good," he says.'

'And the Duke won't leave?' I asked. 'How is that?'

'Well, sir, it's like this,' said Penkridge. 'He doesn't like to be beholden to nobody. Not as he's proud. Oh, I do assure you, not at all, sir. But he's got that way with him, sir, and the kindest 'art as ever breathed.'

The man told me in his own whining way many stories of this broken millionaire's kindness and generosity; and when I left him, and passed from one room to another, I found that a mere mention of 'the Duke' drew forth praises. My curiosity to see so remarkable a personage, natural in itself, was stimulated by the constant statement, in answer to my inquiries, that he would speak to nobody but the inmates of the court. Mrs Brand,

her husband, the landlord, city missionaries, Bible readers—in all a score of people or more, had attempted to hold intercourse with him. He was, except for charity, a hermit, and was quite unapproachable. I determined that I would seek an interview with him; and consulted Penkridge, who responded, that 'Mr Jones had gone into the country, saying he might be away a week.' This was the first occasion on which he had spent a night away from the place, since he first came to it, many years before.

'But, sir,' said Penkridge, under the soothing influence of a shilling, 'if you'd like to see the party's rooms, sir, I've got a key as ud let you in, sir.'

My curiosity had been so keenly stimulated concerning the man, that I resolved at least to see the place in which he lived. Penkridge led the way up several flights of stairs to a dark landing; and inserting his key, admitted me to a chamber with a sloping roof, a clean-scoured floor, and whitewashed walls. A low trestle-bed, with coarse but clean clothing; a chest like a sailor's; a frying-pan, a teapot, a cup and saucer; a plate, with knife, fork, and spoon beside it; one chair and a little table—were all the room contained. The wall had been scratched in one place; and the powdered whitewash lay in a line along the floor, below it. I walked across and, without any purpose which I can recall, looked at the place which had been so cleaned; and Penkridge volunteered the statement that the inmate of the room was 'allays a-drarin' on the walls, an' scratching out of what he drored.'

'He used to do it when I lived 'ere with him, sir,' said Penkridge in his whining way. 'Faces, he'd dror, an' ladies an' gentlemen; pretty near allays the same ladies an' gentlemen, sir; an' one 'ouse he used to dror, an' trees an' things. I've told 'im many's the time, sir, as he might ha' made five shillin' a day if he'd ha' took to drorin' on the pavement, sir.'

'An artist?' I said lightly, as we left the room.

'You may well say that, sir,' my guide answered, looking the door behind him. 'You may well say that, sir, I do assure you, sir. I've got a take-off as he did o' me, sir, as couldn't be drored truer, not if it was photographed, sir.'

I said I should like to see it; and on my way out I paused at his door, and waited for the production of this work of art. He brought a half-sheet of dirty letter-paper; and I looked at it listlessly; but my eyes had no sooner fallen upon the paper, than my listlessness had vanished. It was an absolute and amazing likeness, and was produced by the least effort conceivable. The man who could have done this might have made a fortune as a caricaturist. It was drawn in that effective outline of which Wallis Mackay is the latest master, an outline which gives shadow and rotundity. I bought it for half-a-crown, and carried it away with me. It hangs before me now, a memento of that tragedy which it was my destiny to trace to its close.

Gregory had, after an enforced and lengthy waiting, fulfilled his promise; and this visit to Bolter's Rents was made on the Saturday on which he visited Hartley Hall. He came back late that night, and gave me in full the result of his interview with my uncle. He told me that Uncle Ben had at first obstinately refused to listen to any

evidence upon the case, saying that it had cost him grief enough and more, already.

'He said the indorsement was yours,' said Gregory, 'and that he knew it for yours, in spite of all the evidence in the universe. I told him I admitted that; but that the forgery was not; and that you had been fraudulently tricked into signing your name upon that sheet of paper. He answered in great excitement, that if I would prove that, he would give me a hundred thousand pounds; and said he would draw out a cheque for it that minute, and hand it over when I made the proof clear. I told him, in answer to that,' said Gregory, with a wink, 'that he'd better wait until the case was proved; and that then, if he liked, I wasn't too proud to be set down for a trifle in his will.'

The gist of Gregory's narrative lay in the fact that Uncle Ben was at that moment in London, whither he had come for the purpose of examining the forged signature, which he admitted he had not yet critically looked into, except so far as to enable him to pronounce it an imitation of his own. He had heard the story of Gascoigne's perfidy; but had promised that, if I wished it, and the tale proved true, he would let him go, and take no steps against him.

All this brought but little consolation to my spirit; and indeed, I would rather have continued to bear the blame, than have had it removed from me, to be transferred in such an unexampled load of treachery and baseness to Gascoigne's shoulders. Crime is a plant which has a thousand-thousand seeds, that fly, loose as thistle-down, and wide as the bounds of human circumstance can carry them, to breed corruption in uncounted hearts. Revenge, distrust, and many ulcers more were bred in me from the seeds of Gascoigne's guilt. I had cast away love and worship, and felt as though there were no more to give, and all men were unworthy.

When I remember what happened on the following Monday, I am filled with shame. But I am bound, if I tell this tale at all, to tell it fairly, and I set down that with the rest. I was alone in my chambers, and sore at heart, thinking of Gascoigne's villainy and Uncle Ben's faithlessness, when there came a knock at my outer door, and I found my Uncle Ben standing there. I gave him no greeting; and he followed me into my sitting-room, and set his hat and stick upon the table. I sat down, and would not look at him; and he stood there for a little time in silence. Then he cleared his throat once or twice, and called me by name. I made no answer; and again there was a silence for a space.

'Johnny,' he said at length, relapsing in his emotion—which surely should have touched me—into a broader accent than I had ever heard him use till now—'I've come to ax your pardon. Theer's no moor doubt about the matter. I do't suppose theer ever was anny; but I acted wrong, Johnny. We've hunted that theer Gascoigne up, an' we've found him out; and he's confessed; an' I've come straight up from him t'ax your pardon. I've let him off, for your sake, Johnny; and I've come up t'ax your pardon.' His voice melted me, but I would not speak. I am ashamed to tell the truth; but it was this, and this only, which held me back from meeting him at once with open arms. I was miserably afraid that men

would say or think—if they did not say it in my hearing—that had Uncle Ben been poor, I could have had no forgiveness for the wrongful suspicion he had held; but that since he was rich, I forgave him freely. And this fear held me silent whilst he waited, and silent still as his appeal went on. 'Johnny,' he said again, 'it broke my heart to think it of you. Be mine the shame, Johnny; it ain't no shame to you. Throw it all on me. I'll bear it. I deserve it. But I will say this, as never a uncle loved his newew better in this wide world than I did. It broke my heart to think it of you. I take all the shame an' blame o' what I did, an' I take it glad an' willin'—glad an' willin'. I couldn't bear to think it o' my sister's child.' His voice broke, and he paused again; and I knew that he was weeping. Pride filled my heart, and though his tears should surely have touched me, I held my peace, and answered not a word. 'You're hard, to be so young,' he said again, after a long pause. 'But I deserve it. Oh, I deserve it; but it ain't what I looked for. I'm gettin' old. I ain't long for this world. You won't turn me away without a word. You won't let me go away without sayin': "Uncle, I forgive you!" I acknowledge as I was a wrongheaded old fool to think my lad 'ud dream o' such a thing. But I've suffered for it, Johnny; I've suffered for it.' Still my pride kept me silent, and he stood there waiting vainly for an answer. 'Good-night,' he said brokenly. 'I'll come again, when you've had time to think a bit. I do you justice. I've thought an' said a hundred times to-day as if annybody had brought a charge like that agen me, I'd never ha' spoke to him, not if he was dyin'. I know it's hard; but you'll forgive me in the long-run, an' I'll—I'll leave you for a bit, to think it over. Good-night, my lad, an' bless you always.' He lingered for a while; and then, finding me still obdurate, went away through the open doors; and I heard him pass down-stairs, and listened to his steps until they died upon the gravel of the pathway in the square. Then my shame and pity ran in upon me in an agony, and I would have given all I had to recall the last five minutes. But I told myself that the chance of reconciliation was gone, and stayed where I was, and nursed my miseries, and justified myself in my own mean mind, and bolstered the shameful purpose I had held to with spites and prides; and through it all suffered, I hope, as I deserved to suffer.

Uncle Ben came no more; but Will and Maud called upon me on their return from the continent, and begged me to be reconciled. I besought them in turn to leave that theme alone; but at last Maud drew from me the reason of my refusal, which indeed she had more than half guessed all through.

'You shall come with me to Uncle Ben,' she said; 'and neither of you shall say a word about it, but you shall be friends. "Let the dead past bury its dead," my dear.—Do you know who is with us at the Langham?—No? Your cousin Mary. You must let us take you back. You know,' she said, speaking apart to me, while Cousin Will stood outside smoking his cigar upon the landing-place, and taking an intense interest in the balustrades—'you know that Mr Fairholt's objections are likely to endure as long as your enmity to Uncle Ben.'

'There again,' I answered, 'you urge me to my own advantage. I must forgive a wrong to profit by forgiveness. You make it harder for me—not easier.'

'It is now four o'clock,' said Maud, ignoring my pride and my pettishness, 'and we have purchases to make. We will call for you at six. You will come, I know,' she said; and added sweetly: 'You can make us all happy. Come.'

I promised to answer her when she came again; and I accompanied them to the gates, and saw them drive away. Not knowing what to do with the two hours which were thus left on my hands, I rambled into Chancery Lane thinking, and determining more and more to ask Uncle Ben's forgiveness in my turn. Moved by this growing resolve, I walked on faster and faster, along Holborn and into Oxford Street, and was pushing along at a great pace, when a shabby, panting, breathless creature ran full tilt against me, and in the mutual recoil and stare, the man Penkridge and I recognised each other. I was going by, when, with wheezing haste, he besought me to stop a moment.

'What is it?' I said, a little angrily.

'Ho, sir,' he panted, 'no doctor as don't know me'll think o' comin', sir, for a cove like me. But the poor Duke, he's a-dying, sir, an' Mr Hastings he'd give anything to have him seen to proper. O sir, I've been for Dr Brand, sir, an' he ain't in, sir; an' I'm a-going to find the landlord, sir; an' would you, sir, for heaven's sake, go an' look at him?'

I tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and wrote upon it: 'An urgent case. Please, accompany messenger. I will be responsible for medical charges.' I signed this, and gave it to the man. 'Run with that to the nearest surgeon. Bring him to Bolter's Rents. I will go on and see if I can be of service.' I walked hurriedly to the Rents, mounted the creaking stair, and found the room, with half-a-dozen people jangling noisily in it about the bed. One old woman was burning feathers, and another held a basin of water in her hands. On the bed lay the recluse, a venerable figure, with long white hair and beard. He was dressed, and lay motionless and unconscious, and there was a stain of blood upon his silver head.

'What has happened?' I questioned.

The noise had ceased at my coming; and one of the women answered in a whisper: 'Knocked down, sir, by a hansom. The cabman's give up his ticket to the pleeceman, sir.'

I ordered the burning feathers to be thrown out of the window; and then felt the injured man's pulse and examined his eye. He was unconscious, and his pulse was feeble. I despatched one of the women for brandy, and cleared the room of the others; and then sitting by the bedside, awaited the arrival of Penkridge and a doctor. I looked about the bare and almost empty room, and then back to the prostrate figure on the bed. The man's face was calm, and had a venerable and even a noble look; and I regarded it long and thoughtfully, for it seemed to stir in me a memory of some one I had known long since. Looking away with abstract eyes, I saw a face start from the whitewashed wall. I write of my impression. There was no face in the world I could less have expected to see limned there than this—for it was Polly's. It was no fortuitous likeness, but a

portrait, a reproduction in outline of the living face. It was but roughly traced in charcoal on the whitewash of the wall, but it was a master's work. Turning from this in a chaos of amazement, for which I can find no words, I saw above the low-browed fireplace a smaller sketch in pencil. Nearing this, I stood rooted before the almost living forms and faces of Will and Maud. They stood before me arm-in-arm, and the door of a church was indicated behind them. I went back to the bed, and looked again upon the man who lay there. The likeness I had dimly thought was there flashed out upon me. It was that of my cousin Will—a resemblance disguised by the form and colour of the hair and beard, but growing more authentic to me every second. In my agitation I scarcely knew that I spoke aloud: 'Frank Fairholt did not die in the Crimea. This is he!'

The man's eyelids moved, and the eyes looked out from under the black eyebrows wearily, as though they surveyed some misery grown familiar. And I knew him then, beyond all chance of doubt, for the dreadful stranger of my childhood's dreams.

A VISIT TO THE COREA.

IN those days of exploration, it is not surprising that a traveller should be adventurous enough to penetrate into the Corea, that vast and mysterious peninsula in Eastern Asia, tributary to China, which until quite recently shut its doors to all other nations, and where millions live and die, as their fathers did, with literally no change and no improvement in their lot. Several years ago, Mr Ernest Oppert laid his scheme before Mr Whitall, managing partner of a firm of British merchants in Shanghai; and it was arranged that the steamer *Rona*, chartered for Newchwang, should deviate from her course, and visit the Corea on the way; but as five days only could be allowed for the detour, it was expected that this voyage would merely serve to open negotiations, and enable Mr Oppert to make plans for a future visit, with the object of opening up the country to friendly and commercial relations with the rest of the world. The result of this and subsequent visits to this isolated nation is presented to us by Mr Oppert in a volume entitled *The Forbidden Land* (London: Sampson Low).

The voyage was safely accomplished; but the maps and charts then in existence being rather faulty, it was with some difficulty that the steamer neared land, passing many islands, and finally being anchored in Caroline Bay, near a little fishing village. A small party went ashore in a boat; and all the white-clad crowd that had rushed out to look at the strangers, vanished up the hills as fast as possible, overcome with terror at their first sight of a steamboat, and leaving only a few old men, who were too feeble to escape, one of whom approached carrying a brazier with burning charcoal—possibly to exorcise the evil spirits, for which they took the strangers. Kindly looks and the friendly words of a Chinese interpreter soon put the people at their ease, and one by one the fugitives returned, shewing signs of intense interest in the foreigner. Next morning, the *Rona* proceeded on her voyage, making several ineffec-

tual attempts to discover the mouth of the river leading to the capital, a city called Saoul. The natives were always found kindly and well disposed; but more anxious to ask questions than to answer them, the threats of the government making them afraid of giving information to the foreigners.

After many preliminary ceremonies, Mr Oppert stated his intention to proceed to the seat of government; but the Chinese interpreters positively refusing to stay with him, made the matter an impossibility; and thus ended voyage number one, after gaining some information likely to be of future use, and having the satisfaction of learning the desire of the people to have this exclusive policy ended, their desire of greater freedom being only equalled by their dread and hatred of the Regent.

On the extinction of the Ny dynasty, the queen-dowager adopted a boy of four years—a distant relation—as the future king, nominating a council of Regency to govern during his minority, the father of the boy being one of them. Ambitious and unscrupulous, this man soon managed to get the reins of government into his own hands, and ruled the people with a rod of iron. More than a century before, the Roman Catholic religion had been introduced by some Coreans attached to the Embassy at China; and owing to the low moral character of the native bonzes, who brought the worship of Buddha into the utmost disrespect, the new religion made great progress, thousands professing its doctrines, which were favourably regarded by the then reigning family. But this new Regent, cruel and suspicious, afraid of any enlightenment which might threaten his despotic authority, caused nine Roman Catholic priests to be arrested and executed; while the other three fled into the mountains and forests, and escaped after many dangers. A general massacre of the native Christians took place in 1866, when they were put to death by thousands; while whole villages were depopulated. The news of this dreadful event reached Mr Oppert on his return to China, and fully accounted for the mandarin's anxiety to get him out of the country, where such a cruel and uncalled-for persecution was at that very time going on.

Undeterred by these tidings, and firmly convinced that a brave attempt only was needed to open up this forbidden land, our traveller again made ready, procuring a suitable steamer of light burden for ascending the unknown river leading to the capital. With a complement of six Europeans and nineteen natives, the *Emperor* set sail, reaching the Corean Archipelago on the fourth day, and again anchoring in St Jerome Gulf, where their old friend Kam-ta-wha paid a visit of ceremony, which resulted in nothing but fair words. He desired Mr Oppert to wait until he forwarded his despatches to the government; admitting quite coolly that, never expecting to see that gentleman again, he had not thought it worth while to send on the papers. Considerable astonishment appeared on his face when told that it was of no consequence, as Mr Oppert was himself going on to the capital to open negotiations with government; an act of daring which appeared to exceed the mandarin's powers of belief.

Captain James of the *Emperor* when on shore, was approached in a strange and furtive manner

by two Coreans, who placed a letter in his hands addressed to Mr Oppert; and it turned out to be written by M. Ridel, one of the three French priests who had escaped with their lives, and who begged the strangers in the vessel to take pity, and help them out of the country. A reply was written to M. Ridel, offering any assistance possible, and giving a sketch of the probable route of the *Emperor*, so that they might make plans to get on board. M. Ridel's letter was several months old, and it appeared to have been written after the *Rona* was seen on the coasts, so that the poor creatures had been hunted in the wilds for many months, escaping death by wild beasts as by a miracle. The Coreans who brought the letter were taken on board and kindly treated, the very Lascars rushing up to shake hands with them, in admiration of their brave conduct. 'And it was a touching sight to see a poor, rough-looking, and worn-out native sit down and indite Latin letters as if he had done nothing else all his lifetime.' The attachment, devotion, and self-sacrifice of the native Christians deserved all praise and honour; and from these men Mr Oppert received 'an accurate and detailed account of the present state of affairs in the country, and learned something of the terrorism which reigned there.' Hearing of Mr Oppert's desire for a pilot, one of the men, who was a sailor, willingly offered his services, but required to go on shore; and alas! when the next day came, the man never made his appearance, having doubtless been forcibly detained by the authorities.

Deprived of a pilot, the progress of the steamer was necessarily slow, and lauding at various points to make inquiries, which the people would have answered frankly, but the untimely appearance of some representative of government shut their mouths at once; and after proceeding for eighty miles without being able to discover any signs of the river, the spirits of the explorers fell to zero, and Captain James was for beating a retreat, on the principle that perhaps there was no river to find! A day was required to overhaul the engines and examine into the state of the coal bunkers, as it seemed that the stock was disappearing more rapidly than had been expected; and while this was being done, Mr Parker, the chief-officer, volunteered to go in the cutter and survey the coasts, in the faint hope of discovering the as yet invisible mouth of the Kang-kiang. Illness kept Mr Oppert from accompanying the party; and in a fever of expectation, he waited the return of this forlorn-hope. Thirty-six hours had been fixed; and when that time passed, and hour after hour slowly followed, anxiety became almost unbearable. At last a ringing cheer announced the return of the cutter and the safety of the men; and soon came wafted over the sea the welcome shout: 'The river! the river!'

Mr Parker reported that falling in with some fishing-boats, the captain of one of them gave him a sketch of the position of the banks, along with such clear directions, that he had found the entrance without difficulty. All then became life and spirit on board the *Emperor*; and starting with fresh courage, in a few hours later the islands were rounded, and the steamer entered the long-sought-for river. 'Steaming now close along the shore, a varied and beautiful scenery developed itself to our sight; pretty, well-cultivated valleys, changing

with thickly wooded hills, running down in steep precipitous masses to the water's edge, while high summits of mountain-ranges towered in the background. Many large and small villages are on the main shore, shewing signs of much life and activity, their inhabitants crowding up the hill-sides to gaze at the foreign vessel moving up the river without a sail. The whole country seemed to be alive and stirring; of a sudden, thousands on thousands flocked together on all sides; their white garments, the highly picturesque scenery, in the first glow of a fine clear summer morning, all combined to make it a sight never to be forgotten.'

The navigation was difficult; and landing at a large town, the chief official—a villainous-looking fellow—declared that this was not the Kang-kiang at all; that they were thousands of *li* away from the capital; and in every way tried to induce the travellers to turn back. At the same time, a Corean came astern in a small boat, and requesting an interview, stated that the official was a bad man; 'that we were now about fifty miles from Saoul, and that all the people were glad to see the foreigners, and wished to warn them not to believe what the head-man said.' Thanks to this native's daring, the travellers pushed on, and succeeded in reaching the largest town they had yet beheld, where immense crowds gathered, and a group of high officials stood on the shore surrounded by soldiers and flag-bearers. 'On nearing the shore, we could perceive the expression of utter astonishment, nay, almost of terror, with which our approach was regarded.' Walking up to the official apparently highest in rank, 'I took his hand, and gave it a hearty shake; then putting my hand on his arm, made him understand that I had come to invite him on board the steamer and favour me with an interview there.' A smile soon shewed that the chief had been won over; and during their visit everything passed in the most amicable manner, the Coreans shewing the greatest interest in everything new and foreign, and listening to Mr Oppert's desire to open up the country to friendly relations with the rest of the world, in a gracious manner, signifying their personal acquiescence in his wishes, but referring everything as usual to the government.

Finding, from the report of an officer who had been sent farther up the river, that navigation soon became almost impossible, Mr Oppert agreed to the wishes of the mandarins, that he would remain where he was until envoys should come from Saoul with the answer from government to his demands; the fact of there only being enough coal on board now to convey the *Emperor* back to Shanghai, being a most urgent reason against proceeding farther up the river. The four days of waiting were spent in the most friendly intercourse with the natives, who were delighted with gifts of little mirrors—glass being an article entirely unknown among them, highly glazed paper, of which the native manufacture is very fine, taking its place in windows and doors. On the morning of the third day an extraordinary commotion was observed on shore; and, introduced by the governor of Kangwha, the two envoys with their secretaries made their appearance; and after the customary formalities, Mr Oppert in a plain and forcible manner stated that he had come in a friendly spirit to ask the government to open the

country to friendly and commercial relations with other countries, touching on the profit and benefit which would accrue to the Corea from a more enlightened policy. To make a long story short, the government shifted the responsibility from their own shoulders to those of the Chinese Emperor, stating that they could make no change without his sanction. For many years Corea has been entirely independent of Chinese supremacy, so this proposal was merely a feint to gain time or to postpone indefinitely the negotiations.

Thus ended the second voyage, which merely confirmed the first impression that the people of all ranks and classes were eager for more freedom; but it required more urgent measures and a more formidable menace to force from the Regent an entrance into his Forbidden Land.

Mr Oppert's third voyage was undertaken in a much more romantic manner, but unluckily had the same abortive result. M. Feron, one of the three escaped missionaries, who had been eleven years in Corea when the massacre took place, represented to Mr Oppert that the only way to overawe the Regent was to obtain possession of certain holy relics, which were thought to insure his future, and were highly treasured as the source of his power. To hold these until treaties were signed, and the country free to trade with foreigners, and free to worship whatever the people chose, and it was believed that the Regent would agree to anything which would again place him in possession of these sacred and valued relics. Arrangements completed, a third descent was made on the coasts of Corea; and a strong party landed, and proceeded to the secluded spot where the relics were enshrined; but alas! all the representations of the ease by which they were to be obtained had been exaggerated; and after a body of men worked hard all day at the earthwork by which it was surrounded, in place of a door, an immense block of stone was found fitted into the wall, and there were no implements at the disposal of the assailants for displacing this formidable obstacle. A retreat was therefore resolved upon; and all the bright dreams were suddenly dispelled; for of course it was impossible to make a second attempt, as by this time it was well known that the Regent would send his troops to guard the treasures, and it would be impossible for an unarmed party to achieve success. Secrecy and rapidity were the only elements likely to win the desired end, and now secrecy was no longer possible, as the country was swarming with crowds, who openly expressed regret at the failure of the enterprise.

M. Feron was especially grieved that his design for returning to his beloved Coreans was thus frustrated, and it was resolved to make one more attempt; and a despatch was forwarded to the Regent entreating him to reconsider his decision, and entertain the proposals of a treaty of peace and friendly commerce. The attempt was again fruitless. An unfortunate circumstance caused a sudden retreat of the party. When most of the travellers were on shore, the men strolling about the town, while their superiors were conferring with the chief officials of the place, and the party were about to re-embark, it was found that one of the men had stolen a calf. Mr Oppert offered to reimburse the owner for the loss, and was standing arranging the terms, when a shot

was fired from the wall of the city, followed by another and yet another. The sailors made a regular stampede to the boats, a Manilaman being killed and several wounded; and all got away as fast as possible, for it was no joke to have five hundred soldiers firing away as hard as they could. This was the first appearance of hostility, and was no doubt dictated by the Regent's orders, in revenge for the attempt on his relics; and as nothing further was to be gained, the *Emperor* steamed back to China.

Since these events, the Japanese government has been successful in gaining important concessions; and by the terms of a treaty lately signed, the Japanese are now entitled to send a permanent resident to the capital; three ports are open to vessels from that country; and liberty is given to survey the coasts, a right likely to be of great service. What Japan has gained, other nations may as easily secure; and perhaps before long Corea shall cease to be known as 'The Forbidden Land.'

CECIL'S MISTAKE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

EDGAR TRESILLIAN was one of Fortune's darlings; so at least said every one who knew him. He was five-and-twenty, handsome, well endowed, with brains, popular with each sex; the only child of one of the most wealthy and highly respected bankers in London; and as yet he had not known a care. Look at him, as he lounges into the breakfast-room of the handsome great Kensington mansion his father has lately taken. Did you ever see a better specimen of a fine young Englishman of the period? Tall and slender, with a lazy, careless grace of manner; dark eyes, hair jet black, and a slight dark moustache. He looks very lazy; perhaps you might suspect him to be self-indulgent. But for all that, Edgar Tresillian is a true gentleman, when you get at the real man under these little affectations. He is kind, even tender-hearted; gentle to the old and the very young; honourable too; and with a genuine scorn of anything base, mean, or degrading. The breakfast-room is empty; the table only laid for one. Mr Tresillian the elder is up and in the City before his indolent son has rung for his hot-water. What does it matter? the father says. He likes his boy to enjoy what his industry has provided for him.

Edgar took up the letters lying in a little pile by his plate, and turned them over. He tossed the business-looking documents on one side, and glanced over the invitations carelessly. But there was one directed in a clear round woman's hand he picked from the rest with some interest. 'I wonder what Cecil has got to say to me?' he said to himself. 'It isn't often my little cousin honours me. Perhaps it is only in her mother's name—invitation to some dance or picnic at Richmond.' As he opened the envelope, he saw with surprise that it contained a closely written letter, beginning abruptly. 'Yes,' it said, 'you have found out my secret. If it were any one in the world but you, I would deny it even now; but you would soon find out I was deceiving you. And after all, is it so shameful for a girl to love a man who does not care for her?'—'Good

heavens!' Edgar ejaculated in dismay, letting the letter fall from his hand. 'Can it be possible that Cecil Maynard writes like that to me?' He read on however. 'I will be honest, and have it out; and then you must never, never as long as you live, speak of it again, or I think it will kill me. I can't help it. I know I am a fool—anything you like; but—murder will out—I am in love—(there's plain old English for you at last, you see) with Edgar Tresillian. Now, Olive, if you ever breathe a word of this, I do believe I am capable of killing you.'—'Olive!' cried Edgar. 'Then the letter is not to me! What have I done?' He turned the sheet over quickly; it ended thus: 'Well, I have scores of other notes to write, so I must bring this scrawl to an end. Excuse it, dearest Olive; put it all down to the horrid state of mind in which it was written. I feel as if my face never would grow cool again, after what you said last night; and believe me always your affectionate but idiotic friend, CECILIA MAYNARD. Tuesday evening.'

'Let me think now,' Edgar said to himself, folding up the poor little traitorous letter with remorseful care. 'I have got into a pretty scrape! Cecil must never find this out. It is as plain as possible to me now. She has put a note for me probably into the envelope directed to Miss Denzil; and Miss Denzil's letter has found its way, by a most unfortunate mistake, to me! What is to be done? The first thing is to keep it from Cecil. Poor dear little girl! I would not have her hurt for worlds. So she is in love with me; and all her defiant, proud, saucy ways after all come to that! I never for one second imagined it. If it had been Olive Denzil now—the worst of it is, I am mortally afraid I prefer Olive to Cecil, who prefers me! And yet, Cecil's happiness is the first thing. If she loves me, I do not see what I can do but offer myself to her. No such great sacrifice on my part either. I have known and been fond of her since I was in jackets and sent her valentines. My "little wife" I used to call her. Strange if she is to be my little wife after all!'

Edgar Tresillian did not eat much breakfast after this disclosure; his thoughts were busy with the past and the future. Much that had been enigmatical to him was plain now; and he would make Cecil happy, and flirt no more with Olive. Involuntarily, he sighed as this resolve passed through his mind. Olive was very fascinating, though he did not believe in her as he did in Cecil, who was true to the heart's core. He knew that Olive had not very much heart; but she was so 'taking,' and always knew exactly what to do and say. Cecil was a little bit shy and abrupt sometimes, and would get huffed and say snappish things. Never mind. He had quite determined. The first thing to be done was to see Miss Denzil, and set the matter right with her, and then he would go to Cecil. After all, it was something to have a purpose in life. He was almost tired of the endless round of pleasure that year after year had brought him. The next question, he thought, as he pushed back his chair from his scarcely touched meal, was, how to get at Olive without any one else being there? He was to have met her, and Cecil too, that evening at Mrs Appleton's; but he dare not put it off till then. The end of his cogitation was that he must call in Monteaule Square directly,

and get a minute with Olive somehow. Edgar went out with more energy than usual; the thought of sparing Cecil pain, of giving her happiness, roused him to resolution of purpose.

The fates were propitious to him that morning. The servant told him that Mrs Denzil had driven out with the young ladies; but Miss Denzil was having her singing-lesson; and if he would sit down in the drawing-room a minute, she would be disengaged. So Edgar sat on the sofa, feeling a little bit nervous, for almost the first time in his life, and looking very handsome, and with a slight flush on his face, as he leaned back, tapping his boot with his cane. The folding-doors were closed, and from the back drawing-room came the sound of the piano and the clear, brilliant, bird-like notes of the singer. Edgar did not think of the music; he was only impatient for it to cease. At last Signor Rossi took his leave; and the folding-door swung back to admit the entrance of Miss Denzil.

'You here, at this time, Mr Tresillian!' she cried with a pretty surprised look, stepping forward and giving him her hand. 'What very important business brings you, pray?' Something in the young man's heightened colour and confused look struck her as she looked in his face; her own colour rose slightly—very slightly—Miss Denzil generally kept her face in excellent control. She was a striking-looking girl, tall and slim, with an ivory-white skin, and eyes that seemed able to express anything at will. Edgar noticed the faint, soft colour that rose to her face, and he felt that he was getting on dangerous ground. He saw that Olive misinterpreted his errand; and he stammered dreadfully as he spoke, drawing Cecil's letter from his pocket.

'I—I believe, Miss Denzil—you must have received a note which puzzled you from—from my cousin Miss Maynard, this morning.'

'From Miss Maynard? From Cecil? Indeed, I have received no note.' She looked wonderingly at him, completely at a loss; and he paused too, scarcely knowing what to do. 'What makes you think I have heard from her?' she asked again.

At that moment, oddly enough, the postman's rat-tat sounded. 'Perhaps it was delayed—perhaps that is it,' muttered Edgar.

Olive looked more and more surprised—a faint frown crossed her forehead. Had Edgar Tresillian come to call just to ask her if she had heard from Cecil Maynard?

He hurried into an explanation, very awkwardly. 'The fact is—you will wonder what I am driving at, Miss Denzil—I received a letter from Cecil which was intended for you. The envelopes were wrongly directed. This is the letter. But do not read it, please, till I have said a word or two.'

The servant entered at this moment with a note, which he gave to Olive. 'Yes; it is from Cecil,' she said. 'Shall I open it?'

'Please, do. You will find that it is intended for me, I believe.'

Miss Denzil read aloud: 'DEAR EDGAR—Mamma asked me to send you a line to say she will not be able to go with us to Hampton, as we talked of doing on Thursday; so of course it is out of the question, as we have no other chaperon on hand. She wanted me also to ask you if you can persuade Mr Tresillian to come to dinner with us on Friday, as an American gentleman is coming

with whom she thinks he would be pleased. She will be glad to see you too, that evening. Dinner at the usual time.—Yours always truly, C. M.’

‘Yes; you are right, you see,’ said Olive, holding the note out to him. ‘Now for mine. What a funny blunder Cecil has made of it!’

‘This note is yours,’ Edgar said earnestly, withholding it a moment; ‘and yet—now I have seen it—I feel as if I should like to ask you to put it in the fire unread. But perhaps candour will be the best in the end for all of us. I know I can trust to your generosity, when you have read that letter. Cecil makes a confession to you which has opened my eyes to what is a great happiness to me. I can’t say what I mean more plainly. Please, read it—it will explain itself. Don’t think me a coxcomb, and spare Cecil; but I need not ask you that.’

He got through this speech very lamely; and as Olive slowly read the letter he gave her, he waited with his eyes fixed upon her face. But it was not an easy face to read. She placed the note in her pocket, raised her eyes to his, and said quietly and coldly: ‘Well?’

‘I am going to trust you with a secret of mine now,’ he said, his eyes falling under her steady gaze. ‘I hope to be able to tell you soon that Cecil is to be my wife. I won’t insult you by asking you to keep my secret from her. You are her friend, and I know she is safe in your hands. I should be miserable if I thought she knew that I had read that letter! Dear Miss Denzil, we are both in your power.’

‘So that unfortunate mistake of Cecil’s has brought to light a very fortunate discovery,’ Olive said, with rather a scornful little laugh. ‘You have found your own feelings out, as well as hers.’

‘I have always been very fond of Cecil,’ he replied half pleadingly. Olive’s voice was a trifle sad, and it touched him more than he dared own.

‘Well,’ she said, ‘I am very glad then it seems likely to end so well for you and her. Cecil will make you very happy. Now you know so much, I suppose I may as well tell you what brought this note to me. I was blaming Cecil a day or two ago with not trusting me, with being so reserved with me. She owned to being—well, to caring for some one—and I suppose she thought I was vexed with her. It was all foolish girls’ talk, which there is no use in going into. I wish you joy, Mr Tresillian, and Cecil too. It is perhaps a little sad to look at happiness through another’s eyes; but few people are born under such a lucky star as you and Cecil!’

She held out her hand to him. Poor fellow, he was almost traitor to his resolve as he pressed that slender white hand. For a moment the desire seized him to draw her to him—to give up all idea of making Cecil happy, to think only of himself; but he released the hand, and with it he let drop for ever the thought of Olive Denzil’s love. Only a few more words passed between them; and before many minutes were over, Edgar was again in the square; the door, of what had sometimes seemed a sort of Paradise to him, was closed, and he turned his thoughts determinately on Cecil Maynard—and duty.

That evening, at about ten o’clock, Edgar entered Mrs Appleton’s rooms, where were assembled the

usual well-dressed crowd of ball-goers. A good many eyes lingered on him as he made his way through. There was not a handsomer young man in the room, and he looked even handsomer than usual that night, for a certain excitement gave just what he generally wanted, animation. Two girls were standing together. One, tall, slender, in white silk, with bunches of exotics here and there, was Miss Denzil; the other, smaller and less striking, though not without attractions of her own, was Cecil Maynard. She had a sensitive face, which was almost too true an index to her thoughts; dark-blue eyes, honest and tender—a little wistful too—brown, wavy hair; a complexion which made a pretty contrast to Olive’s ivory pallor. Cecil always felt annoyed with her own tiresome trick of blushing; other people thought it pretty enough. Something now in Edgar’s intent look as it fell upon her brought the eloquent, foolish flush almost to her forehead, which Olive’s slight, sarcastic smile did not tend to diminish. Possessing himself of Miss Maynard’s card, Edgar quietly returned it to her with the initials E. T. opposite every round-dance. Olive turned away to bow to an eager partner hurrying forward; and Cecil looked doubtfully in her cousin’s face.

‘What do you mean by putting me down for all these, Edgar?’ she asked simply.

‘What do those hieroglyphics generally mean?’ he answered, smiling.

‘But if I dance with you all those times’—She stopped.

‘Well, if you dance with me all those times, what will happen, Cecil?’

‘Mamma will not be pleased; and—besides’—

‘Well?’

‘People might wonder,’ she murmured.

‘Never mind that. Come now; don’t be disagreeable, and spoil my enjoyment! Let me have one perfect evening to-night, and don’t think about what comes after.’

‘How foolish to talk like that, Edgar,’ returned Cecil, severely. ‘You need not treat me as you do other young ladies; we have known each other too long.’

‘How do I treat other young ladies, pray?’ he asked, laughing. ‘I assure you, I don’t intend to do so.’

‘You know what I mean. You need not take the trouble to flirt with me.’

‘Do you call it flirting to want to dance every waltz with you? I do not. I never have flirted, never want to flirt with you, Cecil.’ Something gravely tender in his tone struck her strangely. She had never heard him speak so before. She raised her clear candid eyes to his; but met there so soft an answer, that they fell again beneath it, and the hand upon his arm began to tremble. They did not take many turns in the waltz; Edgar was lazy, and said it was too hot to dance; and before very long he had established his partner in a quiet nook of the conservatory behind a great orange-tree, where two low seats were most conveniently placed. As they disappeared, Miss Denzil’s eyes lighted upon them with a peculiar expression—not exactly a pleasant one.

‘You lazy boy!’ interjected Cecil, trying to speak in her usual laughing easy way with him. ‘Why do you want to bring me in here? You know I like waltzing better than anything.’

'Oh, we will have plenty of waltzing presently. I am not lazy just now. I never felt less so; but I want to get you all to myself, little cousin, for once, and have a talk—we two alone.' You know it is my only chance on these occasions. I don't know whether it is *your* fault or your family's, but you are always in a crowd at home. I often want to send them all to the right about.'

'Why, Edgar, what nonsense. What on earth should you want that for?'

'Why should I want to get you all to myself? Well, I think your own common-sense may tell you why.'

'Edgar,' Cecil said, in a slightly displeased tone, turning her head away, 'I wonder you think it worth your while so to treat me. I don't care for that sort of thing, you know.'

'What sort of thing, Cecil? Why are you so cross? What sort of thing is it you don't like? Is it that you don't like me to love you?'

'Love me? O Edgar! I know you don't mean it; a "silly dream."'

'Cecil, I am afraid you have a very bad opinion of me. Did I ever try to deceive you? Look at me, darling, and see if you think you shall be able to care for a lazy good-for-nothing fellow like me?'

We may leave the rest to the reader's fancy. When a tender-hearted girl is asked to take the very man of all others she has secretly fixed her heart upon, she is not very long hesitating. Edgar and Cecil were an unconscionably long time in the conservatory. Mrs Maynard had begun to look somewhat anxiously for her daughter, who had very pink cheeks when she emerged.

Presently, Olive drew Cecil on one side. 'Well, my dear,' she whispered, 'is it all right? Have you discovered that while you were fretting about him, he was sighing for you?' There was a certain something in her tone that jarred the sensitive girl. The thought passed through her with a sudden pang: 'I wish I had not told Olive I cared for him;' and she replied rather coldly and quietly: 'A ballroom isn't a very good place for confessions, Olive. You will know all about it soon enough.'

'Oh, there is something to know, then? Well, dear, I congratulate you. In your case, true love seems destined to run very smooth indeed.'

The rest of the evening was one dream of happiness—perhaps the most perfect Cecil was destined ever to know. Mrs Maynard could not resist her daughter's entreaties for 'just one more dance;' and the summer dawn was stealing up the east as Edgar placed her in the brougham. Her sweet eyes were a little heavy, and the face looked pale by the garish light; but, he thought, only the tenderer and softer for that. He wrapped the white cloak round her fair neck, and longed to kiss her as he did so; but Mrs Maynard was there, and lip-salutings must wait for a happier opportunity. 'Adieu, darling,' he whispered. 'I shall call on "mamma" before lunch; and if she allows, I shall try and take you on the water. Adieu, my own little wife!'

To his father's astonishment, Edgar joined him at breakfast, looking as animated as if dancing till four in the morning was the healthiest occupation imaginable. Mr Tresillian was a tall, heavy, grave-looking man—a very picture of a British moneyed man of high respectability. He

spoke always slowly and with caution, and was never known to betray feeling, except where his son was concerned. This only son was his idol; for him he worked and amassed money; to please him he would have given up the most cherished hopes of his life. Edgar had never been crossed by his father, and had a true affection for him; but there was no intimacy between them. Mr Tresillian had not an intimate in the world.

'Why, what on earth's the meaning of this, Edgar?' he said, smiling as his son entered the room. 'Of all mornings to choose, this ought to be the last for so early an appearance! You can't have been in bed three hours.'

'Did you hear me come in?'

'Yes. It was broad daylight. Have you anything to say to me, my boy?'

'Yes, sir. You know you have been urging me to marry lately.'

'Yes,' said his father eagerly, as he paused. 'And are you going to take my advice?'

'I hope so, if you have no objection.'

'And the lady?'

'Is Cecilia Maynard.'

'Cecilia Maynard! I am very glad indeed to hear it, my dear boy! She is everything I could wish—a pretty, taking, lady-like girl; and last—and least, I suppose you will say—she has not a bad little fortune of her own.'

'Certainly I do not attach much importance to that,' returned Edgar, with indifference.

His father rose. 'I must be off,' he said; 'though I should like to stay and talk with you. I am very glad, Edgar, very much pleased with your choice. I was rather afraid you would have fixed on Miss Denzil. You have been very sly about Cecil.'

Edgar looked somewhat embarrassed. 'Why afraid, father? Miss Denzil is a very handsome, clever girl, immensely admired.'

'Yes, yes; I know. But I prefer little Cecy. Well, good-morning, my boy. I am late as it is.'

Edgar's interview with Mrs Maynard, who was a widow, was highly satisfactory to both. The mother was delighted to think that her darling was likely to be so happily married; for she had a sincere affection for her 'Cousin Mary's boy,' as she called him, though she wished he had a little more purpose in life. And she had always had quite a motherly feeling for him. Perhaps too she had an impression that Cecil had got to feel rather more than what was cousinly or even sisterly for him; though, as the reader knows, she had confessed it to no one but Miss Denzil in that note which had, either so unluckily or so luckily, miscarried. Edgar asked leave to take his fiancée on the river; but was rather annoyed when she appeared ready for the expedition with a small brother at her heels. She saw his disappointment. 'You silly boy!' she said, 'why need you mind Harry? He will be quite absorbed in his fishing if we land; and you will have plenty of me before you have done with me.' Perhaps Cecil had been a little bit cunning in her selection of a chaperon. Harry was rather a dull little fellow, and never saw what he was not meant to see. A sharp-sighted sister just in her teens would be far more alarming.

What in the whole world can be more charming—even when one is not in love—than floating on

a calm, sunlit river in glorious June weather? Edgar was a capital rower; but it was too pleasant drifting on among the lilies to work hard; and he found a never-failing interest in watching the changing face opposite his own, looking so pretty under her broad hat with its bunch of wild-flowers. Harry behaved beautifully. He begged to be landed on a small island to fish; and the others were most obligingly ready to humour him. So they floated softly on, in a dreamy world of youth, and love and hope; and all seemed inexpressibly sweet to Cecil—too happy almost to be true. Of course they gathered forget-me-nots. Years after, Cecil could hardly look at the little packet labelled 'June 10th, Edgar,' without tears. So the long, still, happy summer day wore on to perfect evening; and when Edgar went home that night, he was quite satisfied that all other loves had been shams and delusions, and that Cecil was the only girl in the world worth living for.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

NINTH PAPER.

OLD Jack Clarke, a notability in his way as a circus proprietor, was, I have good cause to believe, the model who sat for 'Sleary' in Charles Dickens's *Hard Times*. Many of Clarke's personal characteristics are faithfully pictured in that character; and the physical defect of his gruff asthmatic voice, though not quite turning the *s* into *th*, so nearly produced that effect, that no combination of type could represent it better than that which the great novelist adopted. On one occasion, I was riding in company with Clarke from Reading to Oxford, when he commenced speaking of a few of his misfortunes, finishing up with the direful results of his short stay in the town he had then left. 'I've jutht given three performanthes in Reading, and lortht nearly two hundred poundth by them. It'th a fact, thir.' I was not aware that Clarke ever had so much money as that to lose; so I expressed my surprise, asking him how he had managed to do it. 'Well, you thee, thir, when I came to the plathe, I made my calculathonth that the firht evening'th performanth would produth a hundred poundth, and the necht two nightth we thood take at leatht fifty poundth a night; that'th two hundred poundth in all, thir. Well, you'd thcarthely believe it, thir, but we only took twenty-thickth!'

Some time ago I met Tom Fillis the clown, and after an exchange of greetings, expressed my surprise to see him look so thin and miserable.

'Enough to make any one thin and miserable,' he said in reply, 'to go through what I have done lately. I've been doing a tour with old Snuffy J——'s proprietary company [a kind of co-operative undertaking in which the members, instead of receiving a fixed salary, share the profits in certain proportions agreed upon] and have had a nice time of it. Sharing the profits indeed! We had to share the losses, more like, and live on nothing a week or near to it. The tent was pitched alongside a turnip-field once, and we thought a bit o' thinning would do the crop good;

so we set to work to help the farmer after our fashion—kept our pot boiling some time, I can tell you. But it's poor work living on turnips, even when they *are* to be had cheap. Do you remember old J——'s missis? She's marked a good deal with small-pox, and squints horribly. But for all that, she'd take leading ladies, young or old—didn't matter which to her. Once, one of our regular customers asked us to play *The Lady of Lyons*, so we brought it out. Mrs J—— took Pauline, while I appeared as Claude Melnotte. I shan't forget that night in a hurry. There was a parcel of lads in the audience a bit up to their larks; and you know how handy youngsters are at picking out any peculiarities in others. Well, we got to the place where I am supposed to see Pauline coming, and have to announce the interesting fact. Just at the moment that she was standing at the wings ready to come on to the stage, I spoke my line—

"See where she comes—the beautiful Pauline!"

and smiled rapturously upon the missis as she entered. For a moment all was attention; but just then a young scamp sang out in a stage-whisper: "Lor, ain't she a lovely creetur!" and then all the boys chimed in, and a pretty chow-row they kicked up all the while, first one and then another of 'em. I was precious glad, I can tell you, when the thing was over and the "beautiful Pauline" took herself off.

In the spring of 1865, after a most brilliant season in the Royal Pavilion Riding School at Brighton, our circus proceeded to Southampton, where we occupied the building erected in the previous year by Mr Charles Hengler. Here an incident happened to me, upon which I cannot even now look back without a shudder at the narrow chance by which I escaped with my life. I had suggested to Mr Ginnett that the boys of the Training Ship, which was lying about three miles distant up Southampton Water, should be invited to visit a performance at the circus gratis. This proposition being agreed to, it was decided that Mr Bruin, the agent to our establishment, should accompany me on the first favourable opportunity; the sea at that time of the year—March—being usually very rough. After a few days' delay, a bright sunshiny morning, almost free from wind, tempted us to try our fortune on the deep; and off we started towards the hiring station for boats. Arrived there, I handed Bruin half a sovereign, telling him to make the best bargain he could. Now, Bruin was always known as a close-fisted fellow, and good at making a bargain; though in this instance his exceeding cleverness in this direction nearly cost us our lives. Leaning on the railings, I watched my keen friend's interview with the group of old salts who had surrounded him, until when my patience was nearly exhausted, he shouted out: 'It's all right—come along!' The bystanders shipped the oars and sails; Bruin and I took our places; the boat was shoved off into the water, and in jumped a young fellow who had undertaken to convoy us to the Training Ship and back; a mere stripling, and not at all *my* idea of a sailor. But that was only a passing thought; and off we went. The tide was running with us; and any one who is familiar with the swiftness of the current in this narrow

sea, will understand my surprise at reaching our destination—a distance of three miles—so much sooner than I had expected. 'It's all nonsense to call *this* three miles,' I exclaimed.

'Wait till we're coming back again with the tide against us,' replied Bruin; 'you'll find it long enough then, I'll warrant.'

We arrived at the ship. The captain received us very kindly; and we explained the object of our visit. After accepting our offer with many thanks on the boys' behalf, the gallant officer invited us to partake of some refreshment before our return. When we came on deck again, the lads were put through some of their manoeuvres, which they executed with cheerfulness, promptness, and skill. On being again mustered, the captain explained to the lads the purport of our visit—an announcement which was received with ringing cheers. After cordially thanking the captain for his hospitality, we descended the companion-ladder, at the foot of which we found our boatman impatiently waiting our return; for a brisk wind had sprung up, and the weather altogether looked very nasty. We immediately started; but after an hour's hard rowing, we seemed to have made but little headway; so I suggested that as the wind was astern, we might take advantage of it and hoist our sail. Our boatman proceeded to carry this suggestion into execution; but he handled the sail so awkwardly that a gust of wind caught it; we heeled over to leeward, shipping a quantity of water, and were in the greatest danger of capsizing altogether. At the same moment, one of our oars slipped out of the rowlock, and I only just succeeded in reaching it before it was out of reach. Bruin swore at the youth for his clumsiness; but for sole response, the poor fellow sang out: 'You must lend a hand, or we shall all be drowned!' I know nothing of boating; but I knew that the wind was too much for us in the absence of any one who could handle the sail; so I at once hauled it down—how I did, I don't know; then telling Bruin to take my place at the helm, I took up the oar I had saved, told the boatman to take the other; and thus, after another hour and a half's hard pulling, during the whole of which time Bruin was bailing out water with his deer-stalker, we succeeded in making port; and very glad we were to find ourselves once more upon terra firma.

It appeared that the sailors, disgusted with the terms Bruin had offered, would have nothing to do with us; but one of them had agreed to lend his boat to the man who took us, who instead of being a sailor, turned out to be only a land-lubber—an idle tailor!

It must not be supposed that the life of an equestrian performer is all pleasure, or the business of the proprietor all profit. In the career of master and man alike, there are many ups and downs. The successes of each, though arising in a few instances from pure good fortune, are in the main due to diligence, perseverance, and pluck; while the reverses that occur, sometimes no doubt the result of unavoidable misfortunes, are in too many instances caused by the individual sufferers themselves. Competition between the great rival companies is occasionally very keen; and it needs one to have all his wits

about him to steer safely through the shoals and quicksands on each side and avoid the breakers ahead. Two once well-known circus proprietors, Ryan and Pablo Fanque, although well established in popular favour, succumbed to the internal weakness of a faulty or laggard management; and each died in the greatest poverty. While it is impossible to avoid the existence of competition, it is possible to steer clear of some of its worst results, and make certain of a goodly portion of popular support.

At the close of my description of a tenting tour in an earlier page, I alluded to the keen competition that existed then, in consequence of the stay in England of the powerful American circus of Messrs Howes and Cushing, which consisted in 1861 of four distinct and strong companies, all contending for a share of the public patronage, which would, but for their presence, have belonged to English proprietors alone. After completing our tour through South Wales, we made direct for Gloucester. Here we found a formidable array of competitors thick on the field. When I arrived as agent in advance for Mr Ginnett, Cooke's circus was already performing in the town; Sanger's was announced to arrive in three or four days, and Hengler's in little more than a week! Sanger's had the novel attraction of a live lion on the roof of one of the large vans, crouching at the feet of Britannia, who was armed with a trident and seated on a throne. A striking group they formed. Hengler's had with them a curiosity in the shape of a South American bullock with a huge hump on its back, which, if I remember rightly, they called a Bonassus. Here, then, was a host of opponents.

Not many weeks after, we met Hengler's again under the following circumstances. I was at a place called Haltwhistle in Northumberland, and went to the post-office to inquire if there were any letters for me. The postmaster handed me one; but upon looking at the address, I found it was for Rivolti, Hengler's famous ring-master, and then agent in advance. I at once returned the letter to the postmaster, who apologised for his mistake. The letter being there, told me that Rivolti himself could not be far away, and that his circus must be close on our heels. Judge of my mortification when I learned that he had taken the town for the very same day that I had! The result was, that Ginnett's circus, for which I was acting, proved a failure as far as Haltwhistle was concerned. One interesting circumstance contributed to turn the tide of popular favour away from us. During the previous visit of Hengler's circus to the neighbourhood, Mrs Hengler had met with a serious and nearly fatal accident, which necessitated a long stay on her part in the town, to the principal inhabitants of which she thus became a familiar acquaintance. It is not surprising, then, that many of her old friends, who had sympathised with her illness, should wish to see her once more, and visit the circus.

Referring again to the rivalry of Messrs Howes and Cushing; this circus appeared once more in force upon the field in the spring of 1870. I was then agent in advance to Messrs Sanger, whose circus is by far the largest and most complete among the 'tenting' establishments of this country. Finding ourselves threatened with this formidable competition, Messrs Sanger determined that we

must offer the Americans battle, and continue the fight until we had driven them off the road and out of the kingdom. The general arrangements for attaining this result having been intrusted to my hands, I commenced operations by persistently 'bidding' each and every town taken by them, as though we were coming ourselves on the following day; it being well known to us that English sightseers frequently wait for the *last* circus, when two or more companies are announced for about the same dates. Our next move was to take all the best towns of the North well in advance of our rivals, so as to quench the thirsters after enjoyment with *our* cup of pleasure, before Messrs Howes and Cushing could offer a draught from theirs. This mode of operation was entirely successful; and at last, bearding the lion in his den, we appeared side by side with them in Preston—the greatest English and the greatest American tenting companies thus appealing together to a by no means large constituency. On this memorable occasion, showmen came from all parts of England to witness the contest; two such concerns never having before been seen in one town on the same day. Our rivals acknowledged that we had beaten them; and shortly afterwards the Company returned to America.

A difficulty of another kind meets the equestrian manager. It sometimes happens that the presence of a popular favourite in some other branch of public entertainment will mar the success of the travelling circus. Once our company visited Wrexham, usually an excellent circus town. But it happened that on the same day there was a formidable counter-attraction, which caused our performance to be a financial failure. Our competitor for patronage on this occasion was the celebrated actor J. L. Toole, who besides being a brother-freeman of the City of London, was my schoolfellow for about four years, and my opponent in a contest for a much coveted prize that was competed for by the form in which we both sat. Mr Toole was giving his services at Wrexham in order to raise funds for the repair of some church in the neighbourhood!

Again, the travelling proprietor is open to disappointment through some break-down in his arrangements, arising from an unforeseen and unavoidable cause. A unique instance of this species of annoyance happened within my own personal experience, and I must add, to my own great loss. It will be remembered that a few years ago a troupe of Chinese jugglers came over to England and astonished us all with their remarkable dexterity in throwing knives and in performing curious and less dangerous tricks. After this Company had appeared for a long season at Drury Lane Theatre, I engaged them on my own account for a long provincial tour. I was of course put to enormous preliminary expenses, for which, however, I expected to be amply repaid before the close of the engagement. We got through a portion of the tour satisfactorily, meeting with great success and plenty of patronage. But unfortunately for me, this happened at a time when Chinese jugglers or conjurers were not allowed to leave their own kingdom or to remain abroad without the special permission of the Court; and long before the conclusion of my tour the troupe received a summons from the Chinese Emperor to return at once to their native land.

This of course quite upset my calculations, and inflicted upon me a heavy pecuniary loss.

A most important item in any well-appointed circus is the valuable stud of highly trained, performing horses. Most of these intelligent creatures receive their training and learn their tricks in the circus to which they are attached; but occasionally clever horses are bought up from other circuses, and sometimes exceedingly high prices are given for them. They thus represent not only a large sum of money intrinsically as horses, but are valued at a considerably higher price, which varies according to their cleverness and the number of their 'accomplishments.' Much might be said as to the best method of training horses; but after all, it resolves itself into this: The horse must first be brought to feel that you are his master—his superior; not through fear of your power; but on the contrary, through his experience that though you have the power, it is always accompanied by kindness and by firmness, but *never* with cruelty. Great tact on the part of the trainer is indispensable if he is to succeed in gaining first the confidence and then the obedience of his dumb pupil; especially when we consider that the horse is many times stronger than a man, and is a dangerous animal to deal with when a spirit of resistance is roused within him.

In my next and last paper, I propose devoting a few lines to a fuller consideration of certain traits in the character of this noble and useful servant of man.

SOME BRAVE WOMEN.

MEN, as a rule, have little admiration to spare for Amazonian dames. Even those who profess to believe that the only natural difference between the sexes is that of gender, would never dream of contemning a woman for wanting valour. Excepting that form of it which consists in endurance of suffering, courage is scarcely yet recognised as a feminine attribute, and examples of bravery in womankind are still held worth the noting; so we shall hardly do amiss in setting down a few modern instances not generally known.

An American authoress tells of an Arizonan matron who, upon her house being attacked by a band of Indians, while her husband was absent doing duty as a legislator, deeming

Where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course,

shot down six of the red-men with her own hand, and next day wrote to her lord: 'DEAR JOHN—The Apaches attacked the ranche. I have won the fight. You need not come yourself; but send some more ammunition.'

When the lives of those she loves are at stake, then, if ever, a woman will prove valiant; but even then, it is odds that she breaks down as soon as the danger is past. Lady Cochrane readily put her life to the hazard for her husband's sake, to shame his faltering crew into sticking to their guns; but although it is not so recorded, it would have been nothing surprising if she had indulged in a good cry when the end was accomplished and the victory achieved.

A West Virginian named Van Bibber was one day hotly pursued by Indians, bent upon obtaining his scalp; and all other access to the river being

cut off, he made for an overhanging rock just below the Kanawha Falls; and there, a hundred feet above a seething whirlpool, kept his foes at bay with his good rifle; within sight of his wife, standing with her babe in her arms on the other side of the river. For a moment she stood as if petrified, then calling to him to leap into the river and meet her, she laid the child on the grass, sprang into a skiff, seized the oars, and plied them with a will. As she neared the middle of the stream, Van Bibber saw the Indians coming in full force, yelling, in anticipation of an easy capture. 'Wife, wife!' shouted he; 'I'm coming; drop down a little lower;' and springing from the crag, descended like an arrow into the water. As he rose panting to the surface, the boat was alongside of him, and his wife helped him to scramble into it, while a shower of arrows and shot fell around the pair. The brave woman wasting none of her strength in words, silently rowed her more dead than alive husband to the bank, straight to the spot where the baby had been left. Some men pulled the boat high up on the sand, and helped Van Bibber on his feet, and gently deposited him by the infant's side, whilst its mother burst into a wild fit of weeping. The babe is now living in the pride of grandfatherhood, and the rock is called Van Bibber's Rock to this day, in remembrance of his narrow escape.

In October 1877, the brigantine *Moorburg* left Foochow in China, for Melbourne; carrying four seamen, the captain, mate, and last but by no means least, the captain's wife, who was a little delicate woman, and her baby. They had not gone far on their voyage ere the crew fell sick, and one after another died. The mate did not succumb entirely, but became reduced to a skeleton, and was incapable of doing much; while the captain himself was almost in as miserable a plight, his legs having swollen tremendously, and his body being a mass of sores. His wife alone held up under the terrible heat, although she had nursed the sick till they needed nursing no longer, had looked well to her baby's needs, had done duty at the wheel in regular watches, and taken her share of seaman's work besides. To make matters worse, the ship sprang a leak, which the captain luckily was able to stop; and eventually the *Moorburg* got into Brisbane harbour, half-full of water, with two sick men on board as her crew all told, and a woman at the helm; the gallant woman bringing not only the ship but her baby safe into port.

Some time in 1871, a woman named Theresa Maria, dwelling in the village of Fratel, on the frontier of Portugal and Spain, on the way across the fields with her husband's dinner, was told by a shepherd-boy that he had seen a wolf prowling about. Never having seen one in her life, she put down her basket, and directed by the lad, climbed to a high place, and looking eagerly around, descried the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. Thinking to scare the brute from its prey, the boy shouted at it and pelted it with stones; so infuriating the wolf, that it left its meal unfinished, and made for its disturber, jumping up at the little fellow's face, tearing the flesh, and then pulling him to the ground. What did the horror-stricken onlooker do—run away? Not she. Picking up a large stone, she rushed on the beast, and seized hold of him. In vain he bit and tore her flesh; the undaunted woman contrived to

keep his throat closely infolded by her left arm, while she battered his head with the stone, and at length killed him. Meanwhile, the villagers had been alarmed, and came hurrying to her aid, armed with guns, sticks, and stones; meeting Theresa on her way home covered with blood, from terrible wounds in her face, arms, and hands. They carried her to the hospital at Niza, where, pitiful to tell, she expired exactly a month afterwards, consoled in her dying hours with believing that she had not sacrificed her life in vain. A false belief, alas! for the shepherd-boy died of hydrophobia a day or two after his lamented deliverer.

Courageous in another way was a woman of the Commune, who during that terrible rising had worked day and night in the hospital, assisting a certain surgeon, whose services were freely rendered to men with whose cause he had no sympathy. When the insurrection was quelled, the doctor was arrested, and marched off to be tried by drum-head court-martial. As he approached the door of the tribunal, he met his late female assistant coming out between two soldiers. 'Why, Adèle!' he exclaimed, 'how came you here?' Looking hard at him, with unrecognising eyes, she replied: 'I don't know you, sir;' a denial, he set down to a fear of acknowledging the acquaintance of a doomed man. Not a little to his surprise, he got off, and was set at liberty; to learn that Adèle had been shot, and was on her way to death when she had repudiated all knowledge of him, and forbore appealing for his aid, rather than compromise him, and render his chance a desperate one.

A poor servant-girl of Noyon, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repairs, the opening being covered at night with some planking; but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near, to warn wayfarers of the danger in their path. Four men returning home from work, stepped on the planks, which being frail and rotten, gave way under their weight, and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before any one became aware of what had happened; and when the people gathered round, no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men, by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently, a fragile-looking girl of seventeen, stepping to the front, said quietly: 'I'll go down and try to save the poor fellows;' and creatures calling themselves men were not ashamed to stand by and see Catharine Vasseur let down on her valiant but fearful mission.

Then ensued a few long minutes of anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing but unconscious men were, with the gallant girl, brought to the surface. Nigh exhausted as the effort had left her, the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before descending again, regardless of the risk she ran.

This second venture nearly proved fatal. Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer, and fastening a rope around one prostrate form, Catharine felt as though she were being strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortunately, the rope round her own waist had become unfastened; and when, after groping along the dripping, clammy wall, her hand touched it, she had not strength sufficient

to pull it down. Dazed as she was, she still had her wits about her; and loosing her long hair, twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up; and the horrified crowd beheld the inanimate form of the brave young girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearance dead. Fresh air and prompt administration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she had failed in saving all, her brave endeavours had restored three of the bread-winners to their families.

One more illustration of feminine endurance, and we have done with our subject. In this case the heroine was a Pennsylvanian lady, living at a place called Holmesdale, who, walking home from a friend's house one evening in 1879, unfortunately got belated, and missed her proper way. Suddenly she felt herself sinking in the ground, and knew too well where she was; she had wandered into Link Swamp. Mrs Avery's first resource was to cry aloud for help; but there was no response. She was far away from any dwelling, and there were no night-walkers abroad to hear and extricate her; while her own efforts only resulted in her sinking deeper and deeper into the bog, till, finding the inexorable mire up to her knees, she ceased struggling to get out of it, and deliberately considered the situation.

It was anything but a pleasant one, look at it how she would. She was out of sight and out of hearing of any human being; had no food, and no means of getting any; it was pitch-dark; and for aught she knew, wild animals might assail her in the night; while slowly but surely, she seemed to be sinking farther in the treacherous mud, with no alternative but to perish quickly by suffocation or slowly by starvation. Still she kept up her courage, and made the best of a very bad thing. Unable to make any way out of the swamp, she contrived to avoid descending deeper. Keeping her blood from stagnating by slight but continual movement, quenching her thirst by drinking the dirty water in which she stood, and staying if not satisfying her hunger by eating the birch-bark on some bushes luckily within her reach, Mrs Avery managed to keep herself alive for eight days. Then a wandering hunter caught sight of her, and with some difficulty she was rescued from the swamp and carried to the nearest house, some three miles distant, where food, drink, and a doctor brought her round; never, probably, to be exactly her own self again, and assuredly never to forget the hundred and ninety odd hours spent in Link Swamp.

TO DETECT ADULTERATIONS IN OLIVE-OIL.

From the *Textile Manufacturer* we gather the following curious notes upon oils.

As olive-oil is largely used in the textile industries, for instance in oiling wool, in mordanting for Turkey-red, and other colours, &c., it is of interest for the manufacturer to know to what extent this oil may have been mixed with other but inferior and cheaper oils. The detection is not difficult for a chemist; but as manufacturers generally cannot be expected to have either special knowledge of this science or the time at command for complicated analyses, they require a simple mode of procedure. Such a test has lately been indicated in a meeting of the French

Academy of Sciences, and depends upon observing the configuration of a drop of oil upon the surface of water.

To make the test, it is only necessary to pour a little water into a saucer, and then to allow a drop of the oil to be tested to fall gently upon this water. If the oil is pure olive-oil, it will take an irregular shape, much like a rocky island in the sea, with promontories, inlets, and bays. If it is poppy-oil, the drop, at first round, will soon dissolve itself into elegant festoons of half-circles. A drop of rape-oil will take a similar shape, but the outlines are more positive. The oil of ground nuts gives a round drop, accompanied by a large number of smaller drops; thus distinctly differing from olive-oil, with which it has in other respects many qualities in common. Gingly oil (*sesamum*) displays also these small drops, but they are much smaller than in the preceding oil and of a greater number. The drop produced from colza-oil is round, with sharp and well-defined outlines. Where the olive-oil is mixed, the drop will shew the configuration approaching more or less to the details given above, according as it contains a greater or smaller admixture of the other oils. Oil which, when shaken in a bottle, will shew on its upper surface a *permanent* collection of small air-bubbles, is not olive-oil, but has been adulterated with poppy-oil; in pure olive-oil such bubbles do not remain.

We regret that the savants referred to have not given us the characteristics of cotton-seed oil, especially as, to our knowledge, immense quantities of this oil have for some years past been shipped from America to Marseilles and Leghorn for the purpose of adulterating olive-oil.

IN FRUIT-TIME.

YELLOW the harvest-fields with golden grain,
And the white-bearded bending barley-ears
Nod in the soft south breeze: the poppy hides
Her scarlet glory from the noon-day sun,
Amid their sheltering stems: the clover patch
Is flushed with roseate glories—and the lark,
His speckled breast gemmed with the morning dew,
Springs up with clear shrill note, all-jubilant
Toward the broad blue heavens: the quivering oats
Rustle their waving pennons, and the vetch
Her purple petals shews.

The orchard-lands
Teem with a wealth of fruit; the russet pear
Neighbours the red-streaked apple; dark-blue plums
Their luscious tears let fall; greengages swell
Beside the bloomy damsons; apricots
(Their golden globes leaf-hidden on the wall)
Perfume the air; and the pink, downy peach
Vies with the rosy-tinted nectarine
In dainty fragrance.

Ripening hang the nuts
Upon the laden boughs: the clusters brown
Of russet hazels; the spiked bursting husks
Of polished chestnuts; and the teeming store
Of mellow walnuts. Autumn-tide hath come,
And pours from out her overflowing horn
Her welcome blessings on the grateful Earth!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 874.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

COMICALITIES OF INDIAN ENGLISH.

NOTHING strikes the new-comer to any of the great towns of India more than the large number of natives who speak a little English. The missionary and government colleges are every year in a rapidly increasing ratio pouring forth thousands of young men imbued with the higher and nobler spirit of the English language, and chastened in thought by the purer literature of the Saxon race. The pettiest tradesmen too have acquired a greater or less knowledge of the tongue of their rulers, and are, like their more educated countrymen, kept back by no bashfulness from using to the utmost what knowledge they possess.

Every person who tries to express himself through the medium of a foreign language is certain at times to make some ludicrous mistakes; and it is only natural that the Indian should be extremely liable to fall into absurdities both of language and thought, when there is remembered not only the contrast between the ornate and inflated style of most oriental languages and the plain and sober Saxon, but the vast differences between the customs of the East and West, and the new world of ideas into which the Hindu mind is introduced through the medium of the English tongue.

The love of the *Baboo* or native gentleman for big words, high-sounding and stereotyped phrases—foreign or classical, if possible—and great rolling sentences, has given rise in Calcutta to their style being commonly termed *Babooese*. One of the best examples which we know of this style is a Memoir of a respected Calcutta Judge published not long ago by a relative. It was so perfect a specimen of *Babooese*, that the first edition was soon bought up; and when a second edition was called for, the author, highly pleased, begged leave to make some alterations and improvements; but the publishers would not hear of it. In it, the Judge's personal appearance is thus described: 'When a boy, he was filamentous; but gradually, in the course of time, he became plump as a partridge.' His power of arguing a question

with 'capacious, strong, and laudable ratiocination and eloquence,' soon brought him an income; and he is said to have used it 'to extricate his family from the difficulties in which it had lately been enwarped, and to restore happiness and sunshine to those sweet and well-beloved faces, on which he had not seen the soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim-visaged year.' But the account of his death is curiously the most amusing part of the book: 'And having said these words, he hermetically sealed his lips, not to open them again. All the well-known doctors of Calcutta that could be procured for a man of his position and wealth were brought—Doctors Payne, Fayrer, and Nilmadhub Mookerjee, and others; they did what they could do, with their puissance and knack of medical knowledge; but it proved after all as if to milk the ram! His wife and children had not the mournful consolation to hear his last words; he remained *sotto voce* for a few hours, and then went to God at about six P.M.'

The following, from a Report sent in to a civil surgeon by a hospital assistant, is very suggestive as regards the language in use by the medical men whom this young man was accustomed to meet: 'At or about nine A.M. of the 21st October 1877, I held a *post-mortem* examination on the carcass of Mussamut Sooknea, a female, aged about thirty years, and found her body frightfully swelled and entirely decomposed.'

A very amusing species of literature is the letter from the native excusing himself or begging some favour. A boy begins a letter explaining his non-attendance at school: 'BENEVOLENT SIR—The wolf of sickness has laid hold on the flock of my health.' An office lad writes: 'HONOURED SIR—Being affected in the stomach and vomiting, I am too sorry I cannot attend to office to-day.' A production matched by the application of another clerk to a Calcutta firm for leave of absence: 'SIR—With due respect and humble submission, I beg leave to state that I shall feel too much assisted if your honour leave me to-day.' The writer received recently the following from one of his servants, written probably by a

schoolboy: 'RESPECTABLE SIR—I most respectfully beg to inform you that my marriage will be on the 13th inst. of May. Now please to leave me only for 2 months. My father will be as a candidate for me. Kindly grant to supply your service by my father, who will repay those money which I have borrowed from one.'

But it is from among the answers to the questions in the numerous college and university papers that the most laughable absurdities are to be found. Take two bright scientific ideas, well worth the attention of the natural philosopher and the physiologist. One replies to the question, 'Why are the days longer in summer and shorter in winter?'—thus: 'Because heat expands and cold contracts.' Another, in describing the circulation of the blood, remarks, that it goes down one leg and comes up the other.

Professors in missionary colleges are often startled with the curious replies given by the students in their Scripture papers. Moses is described by one as a sort of provision merchant: 'He supplied the Israelites in the wilderness with manna and other necessaries.' In a relation of the parable of the Prodigal, otherwise as good as could have been given by any student of theology, occurred this odd sentence: "'Father," said the young man, "I am no more worthy to be called thy son, therefore let me be as one of thy hired servants;" but the father called a barber to shave him,' &c.

The average undergraduate is to a great extent made up of words and phrases. Here are a few examples of his replies to questions formally put: Q. To eke out. Ans. To extract milk from a cow.—Q. Pandemonium. Ans. A mountain in Greece.—Q. Blue-stockings. Ans. An order of knights.—Q. Bill of lading. Ans. An account written by a person overboard.—Q. To walk the plank. Ans. To do a thing in which there are many dangers.—Q. With his mistress's favour on his arm. Ans. Taking the baby in his arms.—Q. Classical equivalent of 'all-powerful.' Ans. Full of stout.—His ideas too of some things in the commonly taught subjects of history, literature, grammar, and geography are certainly unique. We have not met the boy who described the curfew as 'an island in the Mediterranean, surnamed Rufus, because it had red hair;' nor have we seen the sign 'European loafer,' said to be in Calcutta over the shop of a native baker; but a student told us once that the Puritans were the followers of *Ignis-fatuus*. He was evidently thinking of the Jesuits and their founder, Ignatius Loyola. Another, apparently a Darwinian, says of Shakspeare: 'Shakspeare was the father of English poetry. His fame hangs chiefly by his Canterbury Tail.' An adept in grammar, in reply to the question, 'Explain the difference between direct and indirect narration,' evidently thinking an example better than a direct reply, wrote: 'Direct sentence—He died; indirect sentence—He kicked the bucket.' Another, equally familiar with geographical terms, in answer to the question, 'What are the chief feeders of the river Irrawadi?' adorned his paper with the innocent reply—'Alligators.'

The Hindu is undoubtedly a fruitful source of very ridiculous blunders in the use of English; but no one who has had much to do with him, can doubt his linguistic faculty, or the power with

which the English tongue can be used by many native preachers and lawyers of real ability and chastened eloquence; nor can any one who knows aught of India, overestimate the value of the English tongue in the spread of European culture, science, and religion among its countless millions.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'It is all atoned for; but the atonement was not mine.'

I SAT beside the injured man, so marvellously discovered; and as my mind grew calmer, I surveyed the chain of circumstance which led me here, and heaped surmise on surmise as I strove to guess what hideous compulsory fate had driven such a man as Frank Fairholt had been to such a place as this. When Penkridge came at last accompanied by a surgeon, I waited only to carry away a sounder opinion of the medical aspect of the case than I could form. I had already given the patient a little brandy, and had moistened his lips and temples with the spirit; and his pulse was somewhat accelerated when the surgeon came.

'I can have no opinion yet,' he said, in answer to my inquiry. 'He is an old man, and a shock of this kind may prove fatal.'

'Will you be good enough to remain with him?' I asked. 'I will drive to Dr Brand, and either bring him back or leave word for him to come.'

'Dr Brand?' said the surgeon. 'Do you mean the Dr Brand? of Wimpole Street?'

'He has taken a great interest in this man,' I answered, not caring to give either Penkridge or the surgeon any insight into my discovery; 'and he will be glad to come.'

'I'm afraid the poor fellow will be scarcely able to pay Dr Brand's fees,' said the surgeon.

'I will be answerable for that,' I returned; and at once sped in pursuit of the Doctor, whom I found in the act of sitting down to dinner. I told him hastily what I knew; and he snatched up his hat and ran to the cab in haste. As we rode over the brief space between Wimpole Street and Bolter's Rents, he said only: 'Whether this extraordinary belief of yours be true or false, Campbell, there is a mystery about this man which may be unravelled now.'

'You know my cousin and his wife?' I asked; and he nodded in reply. 'Look,' I added, 'at their portraits in pencil on his wall.'

He nodded again gravely; and neither of us spoke again until we reached the room. The surgeon met him with marked respect, and made some observation on the condition of the patient, which Dr Brand disregarded. By what intuition he knew, I cannot tell, but the physician shook his head as he looked at the prone figure, and after the briefest examination, laid the patient's lax hand gently down. 'He will probably rally in four-and-twenty hours by the exhibition of cordials,' he said in a low tone to the surgeon; 'but recovery is impossible.'

The surgeon bowed assent to this judgment; and the physician turned silently, and guided by my glance, walked to the fireplace and looked at the drawing above it. Guided by my glance again, he crossed the room, and looked at the drawing on the opposite wall. He said nothing then; but

after carefully surveying the face, and standing before it thoughtfully a moment, he produced his pocket-book, and wrote out a prescription.

'This is a case,' he said to the surgeon, 'in which I take a deep and special interest. Can you oblige me by securing a good nurse? We must do what we can for him, poor fellow;' glancing to the bed. The surgeon responding that he was happy to be of service, took his leave; and Dr Brand holding him a moment by the button-hole, asked him to return at his earliest convenience. This he promised; and a minute later, Penkridge having been dismissed, the Doctor and I stood side by side, looking down on the unconscious figure. 'Tell me,' he said in a low voice, 'on what you base your belief about this man's identity.'

In the same tone, I sketched the story rapidly; and the Doctor nodded here and there to signify attention. 'These,' he said, waving his hand towards the sketches on the wall, 'are potent proof, certainly; but we shall probably know all when the patient rallies. It will be strange and terrible,' he murmured, 'if such a tragedy has been near us all these years, and we have never guessed it.'

'My cousin Will is in town,' I reminded him, 'with his wife. My uncle is with them. It must be told to one of them. But Maud should never hear of it.'

'No,' he answered. 'I remember the story well. They were lovers. We must spare her, if we can. Wait until the surgeon returns, and then find Mr Hartley, and tell him what you believe. Let him be here before this hour to-morrow.'

I promised; and Dr Brand departed. I waited until the darkness fell upon me, and I could see only the faint silvery gleam of head and beard as I looked upon the bed. And in the solemn silence, broken only by the breathing of the dying man, and by the roll of traffic, which sounded there like a murmur from the shore heard far inland, the better thoughts which had long struggled within me had full sway. I called to mind all the suffering which I had known to spring from the one tragedy whose end was drawing near so swiftly; and I vowed within myself that the hearts which had been so wounded, should henceforth know no added pang through me.

When at last my watch was over, and I had seen the nurse take her place, I betook myself to the Langham and asked for Uncle Ben. I discovered that he had not been told of Maud's attempt to persuade me, and that he had gone out to a dinner of some City magnates, with whom he had been associated in his business days. But Maud and her husband and Polly were there, spending a restful evening in quiet talk. I told them of my better purpose with regard to Uncle Ben, and shrived myself of my ingratitude and hardness. And all the time, as Will and Maud talked happily, and as I read in every glance that passed between them, and in every tone as they addressed each other, their settled surety in each other's love; and when I saw in Maud's dear face the placid happiness that beautified it, my thoughts turned back to the dying man who lay in the mean chamber so near at hand, and I thanked God that the two scenes were so wide apart in

spite of nearness. It was after midnight when Uncle Ben returned, and Will and I were then alone. He came in with a sad and weary look, which touched me to the heart. He did not see me at first, and started at my voice.

'Uncle,' I said, 'I have acted vilely, and I am here to ask your pardon.'

He made no answer in words; but coming near me, he placed his arms about my neck, as he had done when I was a child, and kissed me. Then with eyes a little dimmed, we shook hands heartily, and our reconciliation was complete. Will bade us both a cheery good-night, and left us; and then I told my story. It was listened to with such wonder as may be imagined; and my uncle, much perturbed by it, promised to be with me before noon, and to accompany me to Bolter's Rents; reserving until after his visit, all opinion as to whether Will should know of the belief at which I had arrived. We met at the appointed time, and walked to Oxford Street together.

'I have told Will privately,' said my uncle as we went, 'that in two hours' time I may want to see him on a matter of great importance; and he's promised to wait for me.'

I understood from this that he had decided, in case he shared in my belief, to communicate the facts to Will; and it seemed to me that it was scarcely possible to do otherwise. I had warned him of the nurse's presence: and when we reached the room, I pointed without comment to the sketches on the walls; and he stood before them in deep amazement. Then after long and careful study of the face of the dying man, he beckoned me, and left the room on tiptoe. When we reached the court, he turned an agitated countenance upon me. 'There's nothin' surer in the world, Johnny,' he said with tremulous solemnity. 'It's the man. I should ha' known him in a crowd, if I'd had reason to look at him.'

'Mr Hastings saw him,' I returned, 'when he was probably less changed than he is now, and did not know him.'

'Yes,' assented my uncle; 'but Hastings didn't have the pictures to guide him; and he thought he'd buried him 'ears an' 'ears ago, in the Crimea.'

My uncle's disturbance was so evident, that I would not allow him to enter the hotel. We appointed a meeting-place; and I proceeded to the hotel alone, and sent a waiter to say that Mr Hartley would be glad to see Mr Fairholt at once. In a short time Will came down, and in some surprise set out with me. He asked in vain for an explanation; and we drove to Bolter's Rents in silence. There was a little crowd in the court waiting with anxious looks for news. Penkridge formed one of this sad knot; and touching his hat to me, humbly said that the nurse had left the patient for a time. He had recovered consciousness, and had asked to see a minister of religion. A priest who had within the last two or three months been in the habit of visiting the Rents, had been there at the time, and was now with him. I could not even yet bear to break the whole news to my Cousin Will; but I said to him as we walked towards the end of the court: 'We have what I am afraid will prove a terrible surprise for you. We would have spared you if we could; but we did not think it possible or right, and we have acted for the best.'

My uncle nodded in confirmation of my words,

and held out a hand, warning us to silence as we reached the foot of the stairs. Slowly and silently, we climbed story after story until we reached the last flight, when we heard the sound of a measured voice reading. As we stood, we could even hear the words which told the parable of the Prodigal Son. At a further gesture from my uncle's hand, we went on silently, and paused upon the landing. There Will laid a hand upon my arm; and in the light which reached us through the half-open door, I saw his lips shape a word—a name. I nodded, in token that I knew it; and we stood in silence. Another voice spoke in repetition of the immortal words—‘BUT WHEN HE WAS YET A GREAT WAY OFF, HIS FATHER SAW HIM.’

Will Fairholt's face turned ghastly pale; and like one who had no power or will to stand or stay, but moving as though another mind impelled him, he passed into the room. We who remained without with beating hearts, heard on a sudden a wailing cry, and silence fell, broken after a space by sobs and murmurs.

‘Will,’ said the voice which had spoken last, ‘God is merciful. It is all atoned for; but the atonement was not mine.’

A sigh followed; and there came another silence, and then Will's voice called upon his brother: ‘Frank! Frank! Look at me! Speak to me!’

There was no sound of answer; and when we dared at last to enter the room, we saw the brother a second time bereaved, upon his knees beside the bed, with his face lying on the dead man's outstretched hand. And in the open eyes from which the glory of the prophecy of death had not yet faded, there was peace unspeakable.

There was one in the garb of a friar who stood beside the bed with downcast eyes, whom all the living there had known and loved, whom we could know and love no longer. And after a while he went his way with downcast eyes and bitter tears; and there was no word spoken and no sign made among us. It was—Gascoigne.

We drew poor Will away gently, and sent the nurse to her last melancholy function. And whilst Will was weeping for his brother, Hastings came and learned the story, and was smitten with grief and wonder. But when we were all a little stronger, we made a solemn pact that our knowledge should rest among us; and only we four, and Dr Brand, know upon whose grave the flowers bloom so sweet in the quiet churchyard near Frank Fairholt's ancient home.

THE END.

HOLIDAY FATALITIES.

As sure as the welcome holiday season comes round, it produces its bitter crop of disastrous accidents. Year after year, the same doleful autumnal experience repeats itself, until we have come to regard it as a fatality which is all the more dreadful because, while we can clearly foresee, we feel helpless to prevent it. As soon as the wheat begins to ripen, or the golden sheaves to nod upon the plain, our human hives appear agitated with an instinctive desire to migrate to other neighbourhoods or other lands. As they swarm preparatory to their pursuit of pleasure,

the reflection, happily no doubt, will never occur to the individual rover, that of those who set out, a proportion are fated never to return, and that he himself may be one of the predestined victims.

The tourist cannot, of course, be held responsible for what befalls him from the railway or the steamboat accident; but these are not the dangers to which he is peculiarly exposed. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred fatal casualties which are invariably recorded at this time of the year, it will be found to have been the natural effect of the sufferer's own wilfulness or folly. These discreditable qualities are too often allowed to pass under other and more flattering names for the adventurous scaler of ice-armoured mountains, or leaper of yawning chasms; and perhaps this amiable indulgence is in great measure the cause and mischief of it all. The truth that bluntly tells an Englishman he is a fool for his pains, as soon as he has slid down from some snowy peak never essayed before, is never likely to be popular or even sufferable. Is he not, after all, a sort of hero? Has he not, standing where an angel might fear to tread, and balancing his life on the point of his climbing-staff, exhibited himself to a breathless and envious world of ‘foreigners,’ as a sign or symptom of national fortitude, determination, and enterprise? But is there not something gratuitous, to say the least of it, in this self-imposed mission of personally manifesting these manly virtues of one's countrymen? Surely, the real and legitimate occasions for the exercise of these are sufficient, without wantonly calling them out, and on vain and false pretences, in our pleasant and peaceful holiday rambles.

Then again, the tourist who is apparently bent upon qualifying himself for the distinction of having braved every danger that a reckless life can know, ought to pause a moment and consider those who have a vested interest in him; and even to remember that it is ill-bred to obtrude an unpleasant subject upon society at a time when it signifies its disposition to enjoy itself; and the tourist is certainly guilty of that offence when, through his own foolhardiness, he presents the spectacle of a hideous, headlong crash down the side of a sheer precipice. It is a most painful duty to reflect in satirical terms on the folly of any man when he has paid the forfeit of it with his life, and for this reason it is seldom performed. But so to evade it may be a false tenderness, and a perversion of the maxim that instructs us to say nought but good of the dead.

In a certain city of antiquity, a suicidal mania seized upon the women, which neither appeals nor punishments could stay, until a certain legislator gifted with an insight into female human nature ‘passed a Bill’ whereby the successful suicides were condemned to be strung up by their unconscious heels in the public market-place. The legislator was of course a fiend; but there were no more suicides among the ladies. Now, to build a theory on this scandalous story—might not tourists be less reckless of their lives, if they were premonished that in cases where they culpably lost them, their folly would be visited with unsparing contempt and reproach? Numberless families are able to

boast or deplore the possession of one member distinguished from the rest by a spirit of perilous adventure, a familiar object of constant maternal anxiety mingled with admiration, in English domestic life. We are far from indorsing many of the undue strictures on these interesting varieties of our species. The boy whom Nature has inspired with a genuine passion and genius for climbing the highest tree in the village, or for tempting the treacherous ledge of some beetling cliff in pursuit of birds' eggs, is most generally provided with the safeguards of self-possession, strong nerve, and common-sense. The lives of not a few great men remind us that such a danger-seeking boyhood, as, for instance, that of Clive, has often produced the hero or saviour of his country. But this is the real thing, the strong-welded handiwork of Nature. It is the 'spurious article,' the Brummagem imitation which, we imagine, is responsible for the greater portion of our holiday fatalities. We are all doubtless acquainted with one specimen or another of that headstrong conceit, which without experience and without the requisite qualities, and in derision of the warnings of wiser heads, runs upon an undertaking not with a rational recognition of its difficulties, but with a foolish and ignorant denial of them.

Examples of this kind of folly will readily suggest themselves to many families who, by reason of the vagaries of some unfortunate individual, are for a good portion of the year in a constant state of fear and trembling. There is the man who, having been accustomed all his life to the most unemotional of hacks, suddenly announces his instant intention, in the presence of his trembling wife and shrinking little ones, to bestride some half-broken steed, at which even the most experienced equestrians have looked askance. Then there is the worthy citizen who has never been in a sailing-boat in his life, but has convinced himself, from ten minutes' observation, that the management thereof is the easiest thing in the world, and who forthwith effects a charter on favourable terms; but is presently fished up with a boathook, and tries to evade the question of damages by insisting on the unseaworthiness of the craft. Then again, there is the man who, having on several occasions swum round the public bath in his native town, is suddenly fired with the desire, on some rock-bound coast, to take a boat a mile or so from the shore, and there plunge headlong into the deep. He swims one way, the boat drifts another; and fortunate for him if they come together again, and if he be able afterwards to explain the difference between diving from a boat, and clambering back into her with weary limbs over the unaccommodating side or forbidding stern. In the above are indicated but a few types of self-willed and inexperienced folly; and it is easy to imagine that when such men are excited by the keen mountain air of foreign lands, and by a spirit of perilous emulation, and spurred by their characteristic temper to deride all warning and contradict every authority, they will do their best to furnish us every year with a list of horrible misadventures to mar the reminiscences of our annual holidays. The unfortunate English gentleman who lately lost his life on the mountains in the neighbourhood of Lake Lucerne, is a melancholy case in

point. He had been spending an afternoon with his son, a boy ten years of age, at Seelisberg, two hours walk from Beckenried, where his wife was waiting their return. Instead of taking the ordinary road back, which, 'though rather steep, is safe,' the gentleman, in spite of descending darkness, in spite of evident signs of an approaching storm, and of warnings by some of the natives of the extreme danger of any such attempt, especially in the shades of evening, determined to make a short cut to Beckenried by a footway which is 'so difficult that even in the full daylight it is only used by shepherd-boys and goat-herds, provided with climbing-sticks.'

Surely it is not too much to ask of such rash tempters of Providence to remember that if the consequences likely to ensue from their own courted mishaps cannot be brought vividly enough before them to act as a deterrent of their recklessness, they are at all events bound to refuse to jeopardise the very lives of those who at home are the nearest and dearest to their hearts.

CECIL'S MISTAKE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

AFTER the first glamour of those early days, prosaic arrangements began to be discussed. Mr Tresillian urged most strongly that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Mrs Maynard was by no means in as great a hurry; nor was either Cecil or Edgar in haste to bring the betrothal to a close directly. But the father's persistency had its way, and it was agreed that they were to be married quietly in September. The lovers were very happy, though Cecil sometimes thought Olive Denzil had grown a little strange since that memorable evening at Mrs Appleton's. To tell the truth, Olive had determined to try her power over him, his choice of Cecil having piqued her exceedingly. She did not deliberately intend to win him away; indeed, she never thought much about what might follow her action. She just did what pleased her, and took her chance.

The season was drawing to a close; June was nearly over; but the Denzils had a party, which was to be a sort of finish to the gaieties they had been having without cessation for two months. Olive was a capital actress, and she had insisted on getting up some theatricals. She of course had the effective part; and Edgar was to do the handsome lover to her French Countess of the Revolution period. She looked very charming in the part, and acted wonderfully well—too well, Cecil thought, considering the circumstances of the case. Edgar, at the perpetual rehearsals, which he thought great fun, had been rather stiff as a lover; but on the evening in question, he got warmed up by the audience, infected as he was by Olive's splendid acting, and intoxicated by her fascination. He meant no harm; but to Cecil the situation was certainly trying.

When it was all over, Edgar came to her for applause. She only said a few words very quietly; but she involuntarily shrank coldly from him as he placed his arm on the sofa behind her, almost touching her shoulder. Olive sent a message to her, begging her to come up to the room to help in

getting her hair right again. She went up at once. Olive was standing before the glass with a flushed face, that enhanced her already dangerous beauty.

'Well,' she cried gaily, 'how solemn you look, Cecy! Did you like the piece?'

Cecil answered with some hesitation: 'I thought you acted beautifully; but I'm not sure I liked the play itself.'

'And Edgar—Mr Tresillian—didn't he do it splendidly?' said Olive with a sort of triumphant smile.

Cecil was of too open a nature; she could not help speaking coldly and with a little haughtiness, though she tried hard. 'Yes,' she answered; 'and your dresses were a great success.'

'You jealous little thing!' cried Olive, laughingly pinching her cheek. 'You are going to monopolise Edgar altogether, and you grudge me even his sham courtship.'

'You are quite wrong, Olive,' returned Cecil earnestly. 'I own I did not like the play; it was a little bit too free, I thought. But indeed I am not jealous of Edgar. I only can't help wondering always that he chose me, and not you. I cannot do anything; and you are so clever at whatever you try. But since he does prefer me, I should be a fool to be jealous.'

Olive was irritated by these words. She saw that Cecil meant what she said; and in her present excited, unnatural mood, she grudged her her security in Edgar's love. 'It was a happy blunder of yours, Cecil,' she said, almost before she knew what she was saying. 'You found out a splendid way of securing your own success—by chance.'

'What do you mean?' demanded Cecil haughtily.

'Oh, never mind! Nothing. What an idiot I am!'

'Olive! I *will* know. What blunder did I commit to make Edgar—to secure my happiness?'

'Well, if you *will* have it,' said Olive impatiently—'and it can make no difference to you now—do you remember the letter you wrote me the day, or two days before he proposed to you?'

Cecil turned deadly pale; she just formed the words: 'Yes—well?'

'Now Cecil, don't look like that! What does it matter? I wish I had not said anything.'

Cecil seized her wrist. 'Tell me,' she cried fiercely—'tell me, or Edgar shall—— Did he see it?'

Olive reluctantly nodded.

'Did you shew it to him?' demanded Cecil again in the same tone.

'No, no! O Cecil, what a wretch I am to tell you! You sent the two notes wrongly directed.'

Olive Denzil had very little heart, but she did feel genuine sorrow and remorse when she saw how deep the stab had gone. The poor girl's face was piteous as she sat down beside the table in the silence of despair.

'Dear, dear Cecy, do forgive me!' cried Olive, flinging herself beside her agitated companion.

Cecil quietly put her hand away as it caught her own. 'Please, go down, Olive,' she said in a voice once more calm, but which seemed to have lost its former youthful tone. 'I will follow directly. I am all right. I only want to be alone a little while.'

Olive obeyed her, feeling thoroughly ashamed of herself for almost the first time in her life.

Very soon Cecil reappeared. She looked rather pale, but talked quite as usual; and no one but her mother and Edgar noticed anything.

'My darling,' said Edgar, 'you do not look like yourself to-night! Have I vexed you?'

'Please, do not worry me now, Edgar,' she said sharply. 'I can never talk with a headache.' She turned away from him; and very shortly she persuaded her mother to take leave.

Edgar saw them to the carriage as usual; but Cecil did not speak except to murmur a cold 'Good-night,' as he pressed her hand.

Before he was up next morning, a little packet was put into his hands. It contained the pretty diamond ring and other presents he had given Cecil, and a little note, which ran thus: 'I return you your presents. Do what you will with mine. You will not wonder, I think, at my breaking off our engagement when I tell you I know now that you only sacrificed yourself to me out of pity. It was good of you; and you have been very good to me since; but if you know me at all, Edgar, you must know I never will bear to be the wife of one who has no real love for me. Do not think I have taken this step from pique or any passing feeling of the sort. I am quite, quite sure I am doing right in releasing you. Do not try and see me yet.—C. M.'

At first, Edgar was utterly at a loss to understand the motive which had actuated this step on Cecil's part; and then it flashed upon him that Olive had betrayed the secret he had felt he would have guarded from Cecil with his life. He could have shed tears, when he realised what Cecil's shame would be. He resolved he should see her.

When he got to Gloster Terrace, and was shewn in as usual, he was kept waiting some time; and at last Mrs Maynard came to him, looking very grave. He started forward as the door opened, and then stood disappointed. 'Mrs Maynard—where is Cecil?'

'She is up-stairs, Edgar; but she will not see you. She begged you not to urge it. Indeed, it would be useless. Cecil is very determined, as you know, when she takes a notion in her head.'

'But, dear Mrs Maynard, what can I do?' pleaded Edgar.

'My dear boy, you can do nothing but wait. If she sees you keep really faithful to her, she may come back to you. But I believe worrying her now would only drive her farther away. You know what Cecil is—how proud and sensitive.'

Edgar pled to see her; Mrs Maynard shook her head. 'No, Edgar; that cannot be. You had better do what I tell you. Don't attempt to see her till after we return from Wales. We go in a fortnight. Be true to her, and keep up a good heart, and then perhaps all may go well. Now go; there's a good boy; and good-bye.' And Edgar obeyed her, sadly enough.

Mr Tresillian took the rupture of his son's engagement so deeply to heart, that Edgar was quite surprised at it. He expected his father to sympathise with him in his trouble of course; but he seemed depressed and unhappy beyond all reason. He was out longer than ever, slaving at his work in the City, and whenever Edgar saw

him, he thought him looking more and more dejected. Edgar went a walking tour by himself, in a morose and sombre frame of mind, and tramped through beautiful country, thinking of Cecil, and regretting her more each day that seemed to take him farther from her.

Autumn had come, and the Maynards were back again in Gloster Terrace. Sea-breezes had embrowned Cecil's face, and given her a healthy colour; but sea and air and change alike had failed to bring back the old brightness of her eyes. Edgar had also returned to town. He seemed to know by intuition when the Maynards were at home again, and appeared the very same day to the dull, handsome Kensington house. He met his father at dinner, and was terribly shocked by his looks. Mr Tresillian seemed to have grown twenty years older; his voice was altered; his manner was feverishly restless; he ate nothing, but what was a most unusual thing for him, drank glass after glass of wine. To-night he seemed preoccupied, and did not attend to anything his son said, but treated him with more affection than ever.

'You don't look happy, my boy,' said the old gentleman, laying his hand for a moment upon his shoulder. 'Are you fretting still about that trouble with Cecil?'

'I don't find I get used to it,' replied Edgar bitterly.

'Ah!' said the father, with a strange ghastly smile, 'boys are apt to fret about trifles! Wait till you are my age, my lad; you won't make mountains out of mole-hills then.'

'And you, father,' returned Edgar, alarmed by the look and manner, 'what is wrong with you? I am sure you are ill. Do consult some one about yourself.'

'Oh, no, no, Edgar! I'm not ill. It is only business, dear boy; nothing but business worries!—There, there; go out. I shall have coffee in the study, and not see you again. So good-night—good-night; and God bless you!' and he pressed his boy's hand hard.

Edgar wondered when he felt how the hand burned him. He did not like to leave his father; but the latter insisted upon it that he was all right, and should be busy that evening, and went up to his study with slow, heavy steps.

The next morning, about eight o'clock, Edgar was awakened by a loud knocking at his door. 'Hollo!' he called, 'who's there? What's wanted?'

It was the voice of his father's man-servant that replied: 'Please to come out and go to your father, sir, in the study. I fancy he must be ill. He has not been to bed at all last night.'

Edgar flung on his things and proceeded to his father's door. He knocked loudly. No reply. It was an awful stillness. 'Help me to burst it in, Williams,' he said under his breath. 'It is not a strong door.'

The two men set their shoulders against the panels, and pushed with their whole strength. The door yielded; and Edgar entered the room.

The reading-lamp stood on the table still alight; a tray was beside it, on which stood an empty coffee cup and a small phial overturned. The table was covered with papers; and before Mr Tresillian's study-chair stood a blotting-pad and a

folded and directed letter. Edgar's eyes took in these details at one glance before he saw where his father was. A motionless figure knelt upon the rug, the head buried in the folded arms, which rested upon an arm-chair that stood by the side of the hearth. Edgar lifted the form of his father—his living father last night, and turned to the light a calm, dead face!

The letter, which was addressed to Edgar, in a few broken sentences told of the disgrace and shame which his father had brought upon himself, and under which he could no longer hold up his head among his fellows. 'If I could spare you this last misery,' it said, 'I would; but my death will be less terrible for you than my life under all I should have to undergo—to leave you for ever, is the truest kindness your father can do you.'

That morning, as Mrs Maynard and Cecil were sitting as usual busy with their ordinary occupations, a note was handed to the elder lady. She examined it with curiosity. 'Whose writing is it, I wonder? It is like Edgar's, only that the hand is so shaky.'

The mother slowly removed it from the envelope with a vague foreboding of ill, and in a few seconds dropped it from her hands, with an exclamation of horror.

Cecil snatched it up, and echoed her mother's cry. In large, tremulous characters was traced: 'A horrible thing has happened here. My father is dead—by his own hand—I cannot write.—E. T.'

'Mamma!' Cecil gasped, seizing her mother's arm, 'I must go to him. I will. He has no one.'

'Impossible, Cecil,' urged Mrs Maynard, trembling from head to foot, but maintaining self-command. 'You could do no good at such a time. You could not stand it. I will go to him. My poor, motherless, fatherless boy, he shall not be left alone. Ring for the carriage, and keep calm till I return.'

'Never fear for me,' said Cecil with a strange, forced calm. 'I shall keep strong, in case I am wanted. Yes; go to him, mamma. Comfort him, if you can. Perhaps you are right; you would be more comfort to him than I.'

Mrs Maynard was at the door of Edgar's home in a very short time, and going swiftly upstairs, gently opened the study door. Edgar was sitting by the table, his head resting upon it. Poor fellow! Years seemed to have passed over him since yesterday. His face was piteous to see. Mrs Maynard put her arms round him, and kissed his cold damp forehead as his mother might have done. 'Oh, how kind of you!' he muttered. 'I thought I was quite alone! Help me to bear it.'

By kindly motherly ways she led him to speak at last to her, and speaking brought tears after a while to relieve the dull agony of his suffering.

Mrs Maynard did not return home till after dark. When she entered the drawing-room, she found it only lighted by a dull red fire. A small white figure rose and came forward, and Cecil's voice, broken with bitter weeping, spoke to her: 'Mamma! how is he?'

Her mother put her arm round her, and told

her by degrees, as well as she could, what Mr Tresillian's papers had disclosed to them of the ruin and disgrace that had occasioned his last fatal step.

Cecil said nothing. She sat bowed in the attitude of one, whose grief is deeper than words can speak. At last she whispered a question or two. 'Then Edgar is actually left without anything?'

'Without anything that is justly his; he is determined to give up every penny.'

'And what will he do?'

'God knows! Poor boy; he has not learned to earn his bread.'

Cecil said no more; she only took her mother's hand, and kissed it again and again. Mrs Maynard knew what those kisses meant. Then she rang for lights and tea; and when she had seen her mother properly attended to, she slipped softly out of the room and went up-stairs.

The inquest, with its customary verdict of 'Temporary Insanity,' and the funeral, were over. Edgar sat alone in the firelight after a long weary day of unutterable distress. Slow tears gathered in his eyes as old memories of his father's indulgence and care rose up before him. No one was by; he was not ashamed of his tears now. The door opened very softly and with hesitation. 'Is it you, Williams?' he asked in his hopeless voice. 'I don't want any dinner to-day, tell cook.' But the person who had entered came into the room close up to him, and kneeling on the rug at his feet, looked up with deep yearning eyes—Cecil's eyes.

Edgar gave a start and a cry, almost of joy. 'Is it you? really you? Oh, how good—how good of you, darling!'

She leant forward and clasped him round the neck. 'Yes; I am come, Edgar. No one knows it; but I could not—could not keep away. My poor boy, won't you let me stay and try to comfort you?'

He hid his face upon her head. 'My Cecil! Is it my own Cecil come?'

'Yes, your Cecil—your wife, your anything you will. I will never leave you—never! All that is mine shall be yours, and your trouble shall be mine too.'

'My own generous Cecil! But you are wrong in one thing—you do not give me everything. Is it possible that you think I do not love you?'

'Yes, Edgar, I did think so. You only took me because you thought I should not be happy without you.'

'Just at first, perhaps. But did you really believe that love did not come after?'

'But did it? did it? Edgar, for pity's sake, don't deceive me out of kindness!'

'Deceive you! No, Cecil; all deceits are over for me now; Life is too stern and awful a reality. But to sacrifice yourself to me—you had better stop and think a little yet.'

'O Edgar, I have enough for two.'

'Hush!' he said haughtily; 'you don't think I am going to live on my wife! I was called to the bar, you know, but it was only a farce; I should never get practice.'

'I think,' returned Cecil timidly, 'Uncle Thornton might help you. Do not trouble about all that now, Edgar. Good-night.'

He rose, holding her to him, and the blaze

that suddenly sprang up in the fire shewed Cecil such a haggard face; so changed from her handsome lover of former times that her heart was wrung. She clung to him as she never had in those old easy days. 'May I walk back with you?' he said. 'I have not stirred out to-day. I think the air would do me good.'

So they walked back together to Gloster Terrace; and in that night's walk Edgar managed to persuade Cecil that he *did* love her as much as she loved him.

Edgar's honourable conduct in sacrificing all he had to satisfy as far as he was able some of his father's creditors, or rather victims, raised him up many friends; and the son of the dead man was gratified at receiving a kind letter from a certain great lord—whom he only just knew—offering him a post which would give him at least a living. There was no reason now for delaying his marriage; so one morning Edgar met Cecil, her mother, and uncle at the parish church, and they were married without any fuss whatever. Their honeymoon was only one fortnight's quiet in Wales, and then they came back to London to find their little house ready for them and looking like home already. That same evening a small packet was brought to Cecil. It contained a valuable bracelet and a note written in guarded but affectionate terms, and signed 'Olive Denzil.' All their anger against her had died out by this time; such terrible realities and such a perfect sympathy had come between that time and now, that Cecil could hardly recall her own bitter feelings. Olive really had not meant to do harm. She had only gratified a sudden impulse of malice, and she was glad when she knew that her words had not separated the lovers for ever.

So the missent letter was not such a very dreadful mistake after all. It brought together two who never could have lived so well asunder; and Edgar often says it was the happiest mistake that could have been made, or he might have gone on all his life liking the wrong woman best.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

DURING my residence in rural villages, I became familiar with a respectable yeoman, at whose house I was at all times a welcome visitor. He was a remarkably quiet little man. His wife was a fine buxom woman, whose rosy cheeks and dark benevolent eyes made her pleasant to look upon, and whose children, eight in number, were fine strapping lads. Going in one morning, the first thing that met my gaze was Mr Stafford seated in his armchair, a basin poised on the palm of his left hand, the contents of which he was deliberately supping with the aid of a teaspoon.

'You seem to be enjoying yourself this morning, Mr Stafford. What may you have got in the basin?' I asked.

'A drop o' salts!' was the odd and laconic reply.

'Salts!' I exclaimed in astonishment; 'and supping them with a teaspoon too!'

'Ay,' responded the yeoman quietly; 'I allus sups salts wi' a teaspoon, 'cause ah loikes 'em. Yo knaw if ah wor ta drink 'em, th' plesure 'ud be soon ower; but usin' a teaspoon, why, th' plesure lasts a lang toime;' saying which, he took another spoonful, and licked his lips with marked gusto.

'My husband is a queer man, I assure you,' chimed in Mrs Stafford, with studied politeness; 'he has the queerest fancies of any man I know of. See you, Maister Brownson,' she continued in unassumed earnestness, 'I cannot keep a bit o' mustard in the house because of him. I used to make a goodish bit, for the lads are fond of it; but he got to go to the cupboard, and he would lick, ay—lick the mustard until it was all licked up; so I gave over making it at last, and for many years we've done without.'

'Ay, indeed; ma woife says th' truth,' put in Mr Stafford sorrowfully. 'Ah niver gits a taste o' mustart naa but twice a yer—that's on th' tithe-days. Th' Vicar maks us a gooid dinner when we gang ta pay aar tithe; an' soa, as sooin as ah gits inta th' raam, ah luks abaaf for th' mustart-pot; an' takin' it inta ma hond, ah puts th' contents all rand th' rim o' me plate, an' soa ah gits a gradeley blow-in' o' mustart than. Yo knaw'—looking at me very significantly—'it hes ta last hawf a yer.'

'And see you, Maister Brownson,' said the canny wife, 'my husband is such a man for gruel; why, bless you, he would have me boil gruel day by th' length, if I would'—

'Nowt noa bether,' put in Mr Stafford, interrupting his spouse in good-humour—'nowt noa bether, ah say, owther for mon or becast. Naa, Maister Brownson, let a body advase yo as knaws; whenever yo feels aat ov soorts, as th' sayin' is, mak yorsen, or git yer woife—when yo've got yan—ta mak yo a gooid jorum o' waiter-gruel; moind, waiter-gruel, an' drink it as yo git inta bed; an' moind ma words, yo'll feel reet at morn, noa mather what yo may ail. There's nowt noa bether nor waiter-gruel owther for mon or becast, ah say!'

'I wish I may be as fortunate as you in the choice of a wife,' I remarked in perfect sincerity.

'A vary nat'ral wish, Maister Brownson,' readily responded the little yeoman, putting down his basin of salts, and rising up to the height of an idea which had struck him, and which he was about to express. 'Ah'll tell yo whot; if yo wish to be happy as a wed mon, yo maun hev a woife wi' three vartues in her—th' vartue o' good temper, th' vartue o' claneliness, an' th' vartue o' aiconomy; wi'oot which, yo conno be happy, let her be otherwise as she may.'

'But how am I to come at a woman with those virtues?' I asked.

'Ah wor bawn ta tell yo. Now, yo may come at th' furster by axing th' naybors; they knaw reet weel th' tempers o' aych ither. Or yo may form a goodish ida-ah by takin' gauge o' her fayters an' th' expression ov her fa-ace. As ta whether she's clane, just yo find aat wheere she keeps her dish-claat, an' tak th' scent on't. If it smell swate, I's uphod it she's clane iverywheere.

An' than as ta aiconomy, yo take a poipe naa an' agin; vary weel, just yo hond her a pratty lang bit o' papper, an' ax her cannily ta leet yer poipe for ye. She'll do't; an' moind, if she knocks aat th' leet an' puts whot's left by for another leetin', yo may set it dawn as she's a careful body; but if she throws it behint th' foire, stop afore yo further goa, ah say.' Saying which, he resumed the supping of his salts, while his happy wife's face shone with unwonted amiability.

There were many odd folks in the parts about which I write while I lived there, but Abigail Roe was the queerest of them all. She was of such odd and uncertain temper, that no one knew, when about to approach her, how he would be received; and so, unless forced, no one went near her; wherefore, for many years before she died, she was shunned by her neighbours. It was well for her that she was fond of work, for it kept her out of many scrapes into which her temper would have driven her, had her time been at her own disposal. Her husband was a farmer, and like his spouse, was a somewhat earthly-minded body. So they often in busy times left their house early in the morning for the fields, returning only when the crows were winging their slow flight homewards. Richard was a local preacher in a Methodist Society, and being a quiet and inoffensive man, and kindly disposed withal, he was much pitied by many because of the cantankerous temper of his better-half, who at times greatly tried the poor man's patience. Much to the surprise of every one, he had somehow prevailed upon Abigail to entertain the preachers with bed when they came to the village, and one of them with board besides; but whenever she had the chance, arising out of Richard's absence, she had the door locked and herself out of sight before the preacher's arrival; and then he might knock to his heart's content. One of the fraternity once called in at Abigail's with the view of relieving himself of his carpet-bag, while he attended to a little business in another part of the village. The moment he made his appearance, she exclaimed: 'Your whoam is at Philip's, you knaw.'

'I do know, Mrs Roe,' said the young fellow, in good temper. 'My only object in calling now is that I may leave this bag. May I do so?'

'Clap it daan onywhere!' said the dame impatiently, and walked into the yard, while the parson went on his way.

Returning next minute for an article he had in the bag, the young divine was just in time to hear Abigail cry out to a listening neighbour: 'These parsons 'ud eat yan oot ov 'oose an' 'arbour if yan 'ud let 'em; but I've lounderred yon chap off ta Philip's!'

Purposely attracting the irate dame's attention by shuffling his feet on the floor, Abigail was assured, on putting her head within the door, that her uncanny speech had been heard by him whom she had 'lounderred off;' and so it became an earnest inquiry of hers during the rest of the night in what way she could best atone for her rudeness. She had evidently resolved to get to the parson's heart through his stomach; for the next morning, on his presenting himself at her fireside ready to go to Philip's, she said in a soothing tone and with a smile: 'Yo needna gang ta Philip's ta morn; yo mun stop an' git break-

fast wi' me; I've mad' it reight wi' Philip.' And so he stayed.

Never had Abigail made a more sumptuous repast than the one provided on that occasion; for there was 'fatty-cake,' ham-rashers, poached eggs, the richest cream, and a cup of ruby tea, all but the cream smoking hot; from which the young divine went on his way quite conciliated for the incivility of the previous night.

Not long before she died, poor Abi. fell into a sore temptation, and became a wrong-doer in another way: not only so; but her uncanny act became known to her neighbours, and that too in connection with an incident, the remotest allusion to which filled her ever after with unpleasant emotions. An apple-tree belonging to a neighbour threw one of its branches in close proximity to Richard Roe's garden. One year, this bough was laden with fruit, the temptation to purloin which was irresistible to some one, as was denoted by the fact that day by day the branch was seen to rise higher and higher.

'My apples are fast diminishing!' said the owner; 'I wonder if Abi. is the thief?'

He resolved to watch and, moreover, to frighten the pilferer, if caught, into better behaviour. Hence, with a sheet rolled up under one arm, he crouched behind a clump of raspberry bushes. It was getting dark when the watcher heard operations going on in the adjoining garden. A step-ladder was put in position; presently a hand was seen busily lessening the apples on the tempting bough.

'My Ribston pips are going like magic; I must stay the process;' so, throwing the sheet over his head, and standing erect with his arms lifted up, he cried in a solemn tone: 'Thou shalt not steal!' A sound as of falling apples, and then a leap on to the ground and a run; finally, the banging-to of a door not far off, and the scene ended.

Next day, seeing Abigail at the back-door, the apple-owner got into conversation with her; in course of which she related, in earnest manner, how on coming into her garden the night before, she had been appalled by seeing and hearing a real ghost in his garden. 'I ran back wi' all my might,' said Abigail; 'an' it'll be some time before I sall hev courage ta enter my garden efter dayleet's gone,' she added.

'Maybe my apples will be suffered to ripen now,' said the man, in a way which brought a blush on to poor Abigail's cheeks, and caused her to creep off in evident shame and confusion of mind.

Richard was fond of relating an incident which took place in the village, which I will recite, and then leave him and his old wife to rest beneath the sod which covers their grave. A nonconformist minister of great eminence was in the habit of holding a preaching-service now and again in the kitchen of a farmhouse not far from Richard's. The latter never missed the pleasure of hearing this 'Prince of Preachers.' On one occasion, there was no one present who had sufficient musical talent to enable him to put a tune to a hymn. The preacher was evidently annoyed at this; for after repeating the first two lines of the hymn once or twice, and waiting each time for a voice tuned into melody, he asked: 'Can no one pitch a tune to this hymn?'

'Noa, sur,' said an old gray-headed patriarch

who was seated in a corner near the fire—'noa, sur; but theer's an owd chap here as con whussel th' owd 'undred!'

Leaving these recollections of things pertaining to the ordinary aspects of life, I will now turn to matters belonging to another class—a class which one would suppose no longer existed except in tradition. A belief in witchcraft lingered in most of the villages which I was in the habit of visiting. I know it to be a fact that whatever subtle disease laid hold of either man or beast, or whatever fatality befell a family, it was by some laid to the charge of an evil-eye, or to the wicked machinations of a woman in league with the Wicked One. There must be many who buy the wisdom of the 'wise-man' and 'wise-woman,' else the latter could not lay up the riches which they do. It is not more than ten years since a woman died in one of our large West Yorkshire towns who had for many years flourished on the superstitious credulity of her fellow-creatures. She combined the wisdom of the astrologer with the skill of the medical botanist; and under the guise of a parcel of dried herbs, she received pay for a prescription for the dissolution of a spell of witchery, or for a well drawn-up nativity. At this witch's death, a young woman who had lived with her from childhood, and had acted as servant and companion, became heiress to her possessions. Every drawer in the house was crammed with rich and costly dresses and shawls; and the cupboards contained over three dozen silver or silver-gilt tea and coffee pots, with a vast number of silver cups and silver spoons—all the presentations of wealthy ladies, whose fortunes she had told, or whom she had delivered, according to their belief, by her occult incantations, from the power of some evil spell. But are not such persons themselves more worthy of punishment than the 'wise-one;' seeing that, were it not for the purchasers of such-like wisdom or power, there would be none to sell it?

During his residence in rural places, the writer came into contact with not a few who had been at one time or other, in mind, body, or estate, under the supposed power of witchcraft. The witch, unlike the generality of such folks, was not always old or ugly. Sitting one day in the house of a respectable mechanic, he was startled by the sudden action of the mechanic's wife, who, rising from the seat by the fireside, rushed in mortal fear towards the door, where, seizing by the shoulders a good-looking woman, who that moment was in the act of entering the house, she pushed her over the threshold, saying, with quivering lip and flashing eye: 'Come in here, if ta dare, thou bagtrash, thou!' The woman evicted, the door was put to with a bang, and the poor old lady retook her place at the fireside trembling in every limb. Need I add that the ejected woman was, in the judgment of the ejector, a veritable witch—one who had the power of assuming the form, or entering into the body of cat or hare, hurting whomsoever she listed?

It was my lot, while a resident in rural places, to lodge for a time with a singular couple, whose belief in witchcraft, and indeed in all sorts of superstition, was as profound as it was confirmed. My bedroom had been made by cutting off a small portion of a large room by a partition of thin wood; and as the room was open to the

slates, a ceiling of lath and paper was put over my portion thereof. This sounded, when touched, like a drum. One night I was awakened out of sleep by hearing a tambourine-like noise overhead, occasioned by something going across this ceiling; then the something leaped down on to the room floor, scampered down-stairs, and away into the street out of an open window.

'Oh!' said I, 'it is only a stray cat;' and so tried to get to sleep again.

But anon I heard my hostess on the floor, and soon she was hard at work down-stairs, rummaging in cupboards and corners. I knew her search would be a fruitless one: so it was; but in a while, on returning to her bed, a long earnest whispered dialogue was held between her and her 'owd mon.'

At breakfast next morning, believing that something more was thought about my visitor by them than by myself, I asked the old lady what had led her to make so diligent a search after the cat, as she had made.

Looking me earnestly in the face, she said: 'Ugh! A cat, yo call it! If ah hed a-got hod on't, ah wad a-cleaved its skull wi' th' fire-point,* see yo, an' a-laid its carkase on th' dur-stane; an' it wad a-been vary soon reported 'at a woman hed been fand deead i' bed wi' her skull cleaved!'

'What! Do you really believe that the cat and a woman are somehow mixed?'

'Ah knaw yo'll do nowt but laugh at me; but ah've suffered moore than onybody knaws fra sich-lake catures; an' ah dunnot want yo to be hurt by 'em whale yo live wi' us. We're in a bad naybr'hood!'

A few weeks after this incident, I was passing the house just as it was becoming dark; and slyly looking over the window-curtain, I saw my hostess sitting on a low stool with her chin in the palm of her right hand, and her elbow resting on her knee, staring into the fire. I had just entered upon manhood at the time, and so had the relics of boyish larking strong in me; wherefore, acting on the promptings of the moment, I scratched on the window and mewed like a cat. The old lady sprang out of her reverie in a twinkling, and her face, the picture of terror, was turned to the window. I ran off. This was on a Saturday evening.

On Monday morning, while at breakfast, the old dame said: 'Well, Maister Brownson, we're bawn ta flit.'

'You're going to flit!' I replied, in unaffected astonishment. 'What has put that resolve into your minds?'

Fixing her bright and suspicious eye upon me, she said: 'I've told aar Richard 'at if he doesna flit me, he'll hev ta bury me. I've told him this often; but now he believes it. Yo recollect the cat, as yo call it, 'at wanted ta git at yo a whale sin?'

'Yes; very well.'

'Weel, it com' agen on Setherday neet just on th' edge o' derk. I wor by mysen. It com' ta that there winda; it scratched an' it gowled ta git at me: nay, it wor fair mad ta git in; bud it couldna, thank God. An' soa we're off fra here, I's glad ta say.'

I may just add that so many had been the journeys which Richard had taken on Sundays to see the 'wise-man,' and so much had been the fee which he had had to pay each time for advice or for material whereby to neutralise the power of the witch, that this couple were kept in poverty all the days of their lives.

One more case only, and then I will tie up these gatherings from the stores of memory. In a beautiful rural village in a certain dale there lived, years ago, a mole-catcher; a man in middle age, the like of whom for vigour and health could not be met with any day. He was besides a well-informed man, and highly respected. At last, an interruption took place in his health; he began suddenly to droop and fade, and in less than a fortnight he was a wreck, his flesh gone, and his strength become perfect weakness. But he had no pain. This gave an element of mystery to his case; and the impression thus made was increased when the doctor said he could not make out the cause of the wasting. 'He must have taken some subtle poison, which his system could not rid itself of.'

A friend of the writer's went to see this poor fellow just at this stage of his malady. That he was ill, yea, nigh unto death, there could be no question; and as day succeeded day and no change took place, it began to be whispered that his was a case of foul-play. 'The second time,' said the friend, 'that I went to see the patient, he was alone, and cheerful as a lark, though weak as an infant and worn to a skeleton.'

'I sall soon be all reight agen,' said he, most emphatically.

'Indeed!' said the hearer. 'Has the doctor said so?'

'Not he!' was the reply; 'he wad let me dee, that he wad; but me wafe hes gone where she wanted weeks agoan, if I wad but a let her.'

'I began,' said the friend, 'to suspect that something out of the common order was in the wind, so let the man go on.'

'Yes, fra th' furst,' said the patient in a whisper, 'me wafe believed as I wor under a wicked spell, an' soa wanted to goa to th' 'wise-man;' but ah didna think as she did. Last neet, hooiver, seein' as there wor but a step atween me an' deeach, an' as nowt seemed to stop th' complaint, ah began to think as there might be moore in the wafe's idea than in me ain, an' soa I sed, dee as tha thinks; an' soa she's off ta-day; an' yo'll see as I sall be all reight agen vary soon.'

'I simply relate what took place,' concluded my friend, 'without offering an opinion. That night was spent in following the directions of the wizard; a series of spells and incantations were gone through; the man took a turn; his appetite came back; and in less than ten days the mole-catcher was up and out of doors, and in a few weeks more he was in the fields after the moles. Of course, if "conceit can kill, conceit can also cure".'

Ere long, it will be seen what education will do in eradicating a belief in such witchcraft-power as I have described, and which still lingers in some rural neighbourhoods and elsewhere. As I have said, persons who move in higher circles have consulted the 'wise folk' on matters such as loss of health and of property; hence, there seems to be

* *Fire-point* is the name for poker among a class in West Yorkshire; it was the old woman's in question.

an innate tendency to ascribe to the supernatural what may really belong to the more occult departments of Nature. This, education will no doubt open up, and so dispel delusion.

A FEW FINAL HINTS TO INTENDING TEA-PLANTERS IN ASSAM.

IN addition to the articles upon Tea-planting in Assam, which have already appeared in our columns, we hereby offer a few final hints to young men who contemplate trying their fortunes in the far East.

From a gentleman who has been for some years in Assam, and from whom we have had no previous communication, we have received the following hints, the perusal of which may induce those who propose to try their fortune at tea-planting in Assam, to give the matter a little further consideration. The writer says :

Situations in Assam have been so run after of late, that I fancy they will soon be open only to those in a position to bring strong influence to bear in the right quarter, or to men able and willing to pay a premium for the first three years' experience. I have already heard of several instances in which premiums have been paid, and may mention, that in answer to a single advertisement in one Scotch paper, offering three years' employment in tea without remuneration, over a hundred applications were received. I think it hardly possible that the climate and prospects in Assam can be thoroughly understood by, or fairly represented to the many, who are so anxious to try their hand at tea-planting.

The first and most indispensable quality required in Assam, is robust health. When I mention that the Insurance Companies refuse policies, except on premiums equal to those on Indian military lives, I think I am more than justified in drawing close attention to this point. The climate is decidedly a very bad one, and requires the most undoubted constitution to bear up against it. From the number of men physically unfit, who have come out lately only to die in the country, or leave it in a few months, I think the evils to be coped with cannot be thoroughly known at home. A man's being strictly temperate in his habits, is greatly in his favour, as temptations to 'peg' with brandy are continual.

In the second place, sound good sense, and a dignified, firm, and decided manner are requisite ; while any peevish or nagging spirit has a very bad effect on the native labourer.

Thirdly, let a man be more or less a Jack-of-all-trades. Let him have a knowledge of agricultural chemistry, let him be able to bleed a horse or bullock, to pack the manhole of an engine, to swing a sledge-hammer, to plan a house, to survey a garden, to mortise a joint, to keep a set of books, and in an emergency to physic a sick coolie.

And lastly, let him have some private means to fall back on, should the climate prove too much for him.

As, notwithstanding the foregoing hints, some—intent upon giving tea-planting a trial—will doubtless venture to the East, the following notes as to outfit, &c., may be useful. On this, as on many other subjects connected with life in the tea

districts, many erroneous ideas are entertained. I have seen men come to the country with the most extravagant amount of clothing, one half simply useless, and three-fourths of the remainder very soon rendered so, by the attacks of moths, white ants, and damp. What would you think of a young man—ay, and that young man a Scotchman too—bringing out nine pairs of cord riding-breeches? You may consider this ridiculous, but I assure you such a thing has happened ; and absurdities of the same kind are occurring every week, all for the want of a little useful information.

On no account should any of one's old clothing be left at home. A coat which may have been thrown aside as useless in England, comes in very handy indeed of a wet morning in the garden, when a better one would be completely spoiled. Old home boots are as good as, if not better than new. The sole, the first part to go to the bad in the old country, has little or no tear or wear on it, where not a stone can be picked up within a radius of ten miles. The sewing, however, exposed to the incessant damp of Assam rains, soon gives way, more especially if any tugging—usually so necessary in putting on new boots—be indulged in. Two or three pairs of American pegged, lace ones, not heavy, but of the best material and workmanship, should be provided, together with a couple of pairs of canvas shoes, and a pair of leather gaiters with spring fastenings.

Besides all his old wardrobe, then, let him provide a serge suit for the voyage, a few suits of cricketing flannel, a couple of dozens of shirts, made wide at the neck and sleeves, and composed of jute. These are usually known as Oxford shirts, and are to be preferred from the fact that no insects ever attack them. A supply of woollen underclothing sufficient for two years should be taken, and a lot of woollen socks with double heels and toes. Should the latter not be easily obtainable, have a little bit of chamois leather stitched in at those points, or better still, let the embryo planter, among his other accomplishments, number the very useful one of darning. A pair of Bedford cord riding-breeches, strapped, makes a useful addition to the above list ; while a large strong umbrella, and a waterproof-coat are indispensable. Towels, both hand and bath, should be taken, as well as some rough cheap table-cloths and napkins, and a few bed-sheets. A small supply both of cutlery and crockery, though subject to a small duty in India, should be brought out.

If firearms must be added to the baggage, let them be represented by a twelve-bore, central-fire breech-loader ; and if too much money be still unspent, a four hundred and fifty express rifle might be purchased ; but on no account let us have any more revolvers.

SEA MESSENGERS.

READERS of the voyages of Columbus will recollect the expedient to which that discoverer had recourse when caught in a storm off the Azores. Believing himself near death, and not wishing the king and queen of Spain to be ignorant of what he had done in their service, he wrote as much as he could of his discoveries on a skin of parch-

ment; 'and having wrapped it up in a piece of cerecloth, he put it into a wooden cask and cast it into the sea.' The position of the *Investigator* and *Enterprise* at a certain time was, if we mistake not, made similarly known to the Admiralty; and another wave-tossed messenger, thrown overboard from the *Erebus* on her way to the Antarctic seas, is said to have been picked up off the Irish coast.

Repeated experiments with bottled and other sea messengers have often furnished navigators with information as to the force of the wind and waves and directions of the currents. Charts, as we have on a previous occasion shewn in these columns (*Chambers's Journal*, No. 314, Jan. 1870), have been made of the wanderings of these curious ocean-waifs, some bottles afloat having safely accomplished such trips as from America to Europe; and others, thickly incrustated with shell-fish, turning up several thousands of miles from the place at which they were thrown overboard. Could a log-book be kept of some of these storm-tossed bottles, it would furnish some interesting items; as for instance, when one, cast adrift over a thousand miles from land, is months afterwards discovered within a short distance of the port whence the vessel sailed which took it out. Another being picked up, is perhaps found to have been over a dozen years at sea, as if its contents were the spirit of a second Vanderdecken; but probably, like the bottle in Dickens's *Message from the Sea*, such an erratic messenger would pass most of its time 'floating in a corner of the smooth water, within some reef, entangled in the seaweed.'

That such frail vessels are considerably influenced by the wind, is well known; and experimenters have made observations from the respective conduct of metal cylinders and wooden bottles weighted with lead—the latter proving much duller sailors under like circumstances than their more fragile models.

As is too well known, there are persons, weak-minded and vicious, who take a delight in perpetrating the paltry hoax of fabricating false news by means of sealed bottles thrown into the sea. As an example of this scandalous practice, it was reported some time ago that a sealed bottle was picked up at sea containing the announcement of the loss of the ship *Vermont*. To leave no room for doubt, the paper bore the name of the skipper, together with a pathetic statement that it had been written 'in sight of death.' These sad tidings must of course have caused grief and consternation among the friends and relatives of those on board the ill-fated ship, not to speak of the underwriters who had insured the vessel and her cargo. As the *Vermont* reached St Helena 'all well,' the announcement turned out to be a hoax. The further mischief of such jokes is obvious when it is said as much as eighty guineas premium per cent. was offered for re-insurance, in consequence of such news coming to hand. As a newspaper justly remarked at the time, marine insurers have already quite enough odds to contend against in their business, without any more risks of this description being added to them.

Even the most sceptical underwriter would feel inclined to re-insure if informed by a solemn voice from the deep that a vessel in which he had taken a risk was lost with all on board. As the very

profitable nature of the trick would soon bring it into favour with the swindling brotherhood, underwriters must feel specially interested in the swift detection and punishment of such experimenters. At the time this paper was written, the Admiralty received a telegram stating that a bottle had been discovered floating in an eddy of the river Weaver containing a message from the sea to the effect that the missing training-ship *Atalanta* was dismantled in a fearful hurricane. The manuscript was signed—Boy—H. SMITH. But as no boy of that name is said to have been on board the *Atalanta*, and the position of the bottle was not one in which such a waif was likely to be found, there seems little doubt that the affair was a dreary hoax.

A few instances of messages from the sea, reported from time to time to have been found, like Poe's manuscript, in a bottle, are here added, but like the one just mentioned, may perhaps be taken for what they are worth. A girl picked up in the sea near Barrow a securely corked bottle containing a scrap of old newspaper on which was indistinctly written: 'Gone down off the coast of Ireland the steamer *Combat*, with all hands—CAPTAIN YATES.' There was no mention of date on which the ship sank, but the writing appeared to have been hurriedly done.—On the shore of the Bay of Luce a bottle was reported to have been found containing the following message, written in pencil on a piece of paper, the writing being much faded: 'On the 29th of April 1876, the ship *Herclades* was wrecked on the extremity of Patagonia. Crew in the hands of savages. Bring us assistance.'—During a fearful winter storm, it was conjectured, from the large quantity of wreckage floating about, that many vessels had been lost at the mouth of the Tay in addition to those reported at the time. Some particulars reached the press—whether verified or not the writer is unable to say—that a letter inclosed in a bottle was cast ashore on the Fifeshire coast giving a clue to one of these ships. The letter, blotted and otherwise damaged by sea-water, was written in bold Norwegian characters, and was thus translated: 'Schooner *Bay*, Tönsberg, 25th December, eight morning. We are now in a sinking condition, within sight of the Bell Rock, outside the river Tay. We have had both boats smashed and carried away, and cannot therefore make an attempt to come ashore. We have experienced great hardships during the heavy gales in the North Sea. Greater part of rails, stanchions, and bulwarks are away. We have been labouring constantly at the pumps for three days, and the fore-cabin and cabin are full of water. Everything is destroyed, and we have had but little to eat. We now put our trust in a merciful God; and if it is our fate to die, we hope to arrive at a heavenly throne. The crew is otherwise all well, and asked to be remembered to their dear ones at home.—(Signed) H. MATHISON, captain of the schooner *Bay*.' The letter bore the address 'To Tönsberg, Norway.' The name of the *Bay* was on the Norwegian shipping-lists, and she would have a crew of seven or eight hands; and is supposed to have been bound coal-laden from the Tyne to Norway. This sad message from the sea was reported to the owners.

Considering what has resulted from mariners' experiments with bottles afloat, and how often, after disasters at sea, these have been the means

of communication between the living and dead, too much cannot be said in condemnation of thoughtless persons who perpetrate hoaxes of this description.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE boring of a deep well last year at a brewery in Tottenham Court Road has confirmed a geological theory, and brought to light remarkably interesting facts. Some twenty-five years ago, Mr Godwin-Austen, from observation of the geology of Belgium, stated that, in his opinion, 'an axis of Palaeozoic Rocks was prolonged from the Ardennes under the London Tertiary district, and that a band of coal-measures coincided with the line of the valley of the Thames, where it might some day be reached.' This has been verified by the boring above mentioned; for, at a depth of one thousand and sixty-four feet, 'beds of undoubted Upper Devonian age, as proved by their fossils, were met with.' At Crossness, one of the outlets of the London main drainage, at a depth of one thousand and eight feet, rocks have been found which, 'from their mineral character, are believed to be of Devonian age;' and further corroboration was met with in sinking a deep well between Hertford and Ware for the New River Company. Taking all the facts into consideration, Mr Godwin-Austen draws the inference, that 'the lower members of the true coal-measure formation may be expected to occur at about a quarter of a mile to the south of the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street, and the upper or productive coal-measures still farther to the south.' It would astonish Londoners not a little to see a coal-mine opened in Leicester Square or at Charing Cross. Nevertheless, these deep well-borings, as has been remarked by a F.G.S., are 'contributing towards the solution of two problems of great economic importance—the existence or otherwise in the south-east of England of productive coal-measures at a workable depth; and the position of the Lower Greensand or of other permeable beds sufficiently deep-seated and extensive to furnish the metropolis with a large and never-failing supply of pure water.'

Read in connection with Professor Armstrong's observations described in a recent *Month* (*ante*, p. 414), the account of Professor Pringsheim's experiments becomes the more interesting; the learned German philosopher and botanist, by concentrating solar light on vegetable tissue, under a microscope, having made a series of micro-photochemic observations on the chlorophyll and protoplasmic constituents of the vegetable cell. He finds that the absorption of oxygen increases with the intensity of the light, and especially with the intensity of the chemical rays. But the increasing intensity of the respiration finally involves danger, and the light, which is necessary for accumulating carbon, becomes hurtful as soon as oxidation exceeds assimilation. The chlorophyll, by its luminous absorption, helps to balance these two opposite functions. By its preference for the chemical rays, it diminishes the respiratory effort, and thus acts as a protecting screen; so that even in the brightest sunlight the assimilation of carbon exceeds the oxidation of the carbonaceous products. Hence, contrary to the prevalent opinion,

chlorophyll has no direct relation with the decomposition of carbonic acid, but it serves rather as a regulator of vegetable respiratory action.

If plants require temperature for their development, they also require light; and it appears as if, in some instances, light could be substituted for temperature. This is shewn in the effects of almost uninterrupted, summer sunshine upon vegetation in high latitudes. In Finland, barley ripens in eighty-nine days from the date of sowing; but in the south of Sweden under a higher temperature, one hundred days are required. A grain of wheat grown near the sea-level in Norway or in lower latitudes, when propagated at high elevations or in a high latitude, will mature earlier, even although at a lower temperature; and it is said that, within limits compatible with its cultivation, the grain increases in size and weight. Experience has shewn too, that plants raised from seeds ripened in a high northern locality, are hardier than those grown in the south, and are better able to resist excessive winter-cold.

Gardeners in the Azores have observed that the development of buds of roses and some other flowers is quickened by the admission of smoke into the conservatories. Would the effect be the same in other parts of the world?

In a communication to the Linnean Society, Mr F. Day brings forward an interesting array of facts to shew that those authors who have assumed that fishes are deficient in instinct and 'emotional sensations,' are mistaken. Allowing that the faculties of fishes are not so acutely developed as in the higher races, Mr Day still claims for the piscine tribes that some, at least, 'have attachments, whether in the form of conjugal feelings, paternal and maternal affections, or even of platonic friendship. Some,' he says, 'construct nests, which they defend, as well as the young when hatched out. The males may act the part of nurses to the eggs, either carrying them about in purses, or even in their mouths.' Lastly, he mentions 'the fact that members of two distinct families may combine for the purpose of attacking another inhabitant of the deep, and thus obtain a supply of food.'

In an octavo volume of nearly a thousand pages, the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries appointed by the government at Washington, presents his Report on the inquiries made into the condition of the fisheries of the sea-coast and lakes of the United States; and the history of the measures taken for the introduction of useful food-fishes into American waters. The amount of information conveyed in this Report is as valuable as it is surprising. There are descriptions of the fish chosen for propagation experiments, including the shad, Pacific salmon, the Atlantic salmon, the land-locked salmon, the white-fish (*Coregonus albus*), the carp; and of the endeavours made to introduce the sole, the tench, and the turbot from Europe. Copious particulars are given of the fishery of the menhaden (*Clupea tyrannus*), called also moss-bunker and fat-back, of which in one year more than one hundred and seventy millions were caught off the shores of Connecticut and Long Island. This is the fish which, when properly cured, is largely exported as American sardines; and details of the manufacture, and pictures of the vessels employed and manner of catching, are given. Moreover, 'as a source of oil, the menhaden is more important than any other marine animal.'

its annual yield exceeds that of the American whale fisheries by about two hundred thousand gallons.' The refuse of the oil factories is valuable as a fertiliser; and in 1875, the quantity of ammonia derived from this source was estimated as equivalent to sixty million pounds of Peruvian guano.

This Report contains further an account of the fishery questions between England and the United States; of the geographical distribution of the cod, and its relations to commerce; and, with abundant particulars, of the fisheries of Norway: something interesting for all readers.

The *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* contains an account of the ravages perpetrated by rats and mice in the Dakhan during the harvest of 1878-79. The winter-crops were first attacked, and the green Sorghum (millet) stalks were decimated by the hungry destroyers; but soon whole fields were gnawed down in two or three nights. When, in consequence, food became scarce, the rats gathered their forces, and invaded and quickly devastated fields at a distance. In some places, they did not cut down the stalks, but climbed and gnawed off the ears of grain. Some of the ears thus cut off were partially eaten where they fell, and some were hauled off by the rats, and stored away. A good deal of the grain thus stored was dug up by the inhabitants and used for food. Egg-plants, melons, carrots, and even lucerne were devoured; and as these ravages 'extended over several thousand square miles,' the consequent distress among the people may be imagined. They were driven to eat the seeds and leaves of wild plants, and to import grain from surrounding districts. They take no pains to destroy the pests, from a belief that the angry divinity which sends the rats will send more. Or, thinking that their countrymen who died during the famine have since been born as rats, they say: 'We did not feed them when they were starving, and now they have come back to eat us out.' But Nature interposes a check to some extent. Certain species inhabit the black soil. If the wet season begins with heavy rains, the ground swells, and smothers the rats in their burrows by tens of thousands. And the black-winged kite, formerly rare in the district, is now seen in flocks, keen devourers of the rats. But unless more comprehensive means are used, the rats of Dakhan will outrival the beetles of Southern Russia and Colorado.

At a meeting of the Society, an account was given of a monkey having been trained to do useful work—that is, punka-pulling. A Langur monkey two feet six inches in height, strong and savage, was tied to a post: his hands were made fast to a punka rope: a man seated on the opposite side began to pull; and after a while, the monkey learned to pull, and during some years swung the punka by himself, and, as we are told, 'enjoyed his work immensely.' He was set to train four other monkeys, and succeeded well with two males, but failed with the two females. If the experiments could be successfully multiplied, the present punka wallahs of India might find themselves superseded by monkeys.

We mentioned some time ago Dr Schwendler's suggestion to employ dynamo-electricity in punka-pulling. This has not yet been put into practice; but in the Dalhousie barracks at Calcutta, the punkas are pulled by compressed air.

Many years ago, oculists in St Petersburg proved that cataract could be cured by application of electricity. In their mode of treatment, a needle was inserted in the substance of the lens of the eye, and was connected with the negative pole of a galvanic battery, and the positive electrode was placed on the patient's tongue. 'Short applications of a mild current resulted, in all the cases, in the liquefaction and final absorption of the cataract.'

Cataract is a consequence of defective nutrition of an important part of the eye. Dr Evetzky of New York says: 'The three properties of electricity—stimulation of the intra-ocular lymph current, of the capillary circulation, and of the innervation of the eyeball—meet the nature of the greatest number of cataracts so directly, that we may say in advance that electricity will be of essential benefit not only in the treatment of incipient and advanced senile cataract, but also as a hygienic measure in improving the senile state of the eyes, and preventing the occurrence of the disease itself. . . It is important to free ourselves from the idea that cataract is an inert lifeless thing, with which we can deal only by the knife.'

Cold water, that is the water dripping from melting ice, has been found beneficial in some affections of the eye, especially in cases of photophobia or intolerance of light. Dr Oppenheimer of New York believes that the astringent and antiseptic effects of the cold exert an influence on the cure. Some readers will perhaps remember a very old remedy for diseased eyes, namely, to dip the face in cold water and keep the eyes open.

A remarkable case of double consciousness is recorded in the *Mémoires* of the Society of Physical and Natural Sciences of Bordeaux. A sempstress aged sixteen while at work would suddenly fall into a stupor, which continued a few minutes. Then her eyes opened, her countenance became animated, and she entered on a condition of existence entirely different from her normal condition, and so remained for a few hours; but the morbid condition increased, until after some years it greatly exceeded the normal. In the normal intervals, the young woman had no remembrance of anything she had said or done during the morbid periods; but when in these, she remembered the series of emotions and incidents from one to the other, and came in time to regard her morbid existence as superior to the other. And yet more remarkable, she could recall what had taken place in the interposed normal moments, or as she termed them, her 'crises.' Studied from a physiological point of view, this case has led to the conclusion that the alteration of memory was due to an alteration in the quantity or quality of the circulation through the brain.

That infirm teeth can be taken out and replanted in the jaw with good effect, has been stated in these columns. The subject still occupies the attention of dentists; for we find the President of the Odontological Society mentioning in his anniversary address, that the 'replantation of teeth promises at no distant period to pass out of the domain of experiment, and to take its place, within certain limits as to age, temperament, and alveolar integrity, among accepted and recognised surgical proceedings.'

At the suggestion of a German chemist, the

horses of a cavalry regiment in Germany have been fed on dried flesh-meal, greatly to the improvement of their condition and appetite. To insure assimilation of the whole of the albumen, a small quantity of chloride and phosphate of potassium and of phosphate of magnesium must be mixed with the flesh-meal.

A German Professor having satisfied himself by experiment that tubercular disease (consumption) can be produced by infection and inoculation, sought for a remedy; and, as is reported, found it in a chemical mixture of benzoic acid and soda. A group of rabbits affected by tuberculosis were all cured in a vapour of that preparation.

Dr Oswald, formerly Director of the city hospital at Vera Cruz, in an article *On the Relation of Diet to Yellow Fever*, endeavours to prove that that disease is produced by diet, and not by climate. 'The so-called hotbeds of disease along the coast of South America,' he writes, 'are remarkable for the frequency rather than for the destructiveness of their epidemics. In Vera Cruz, for instance, the outbreak of an undoubted indigenous yellow-fever endemic between the first of July and the middle of August, is an annual phenomenon; but the experience of a full century has proved that the plague confines itself to four generally not very numerous classes.' These are foreigners from North America and Europe, and their black or Indian servants who imitate their habits. 'The native citizens of Vera Cruz,' continues Dr Oswald, 'would ridicule the idea of the contagiousness of yellow fever. Not philanthropists only, but idle ladies and children visit the city hospital and the houses of fever-stricken foreigners. From the mouth of the Rio Grande to the delta of the La Plata, neither physicians nor laymen entertain the slightest doubt about the origin of all idiopathic fevers, but refer them to dietetic abuses as unhesitatingly as we would ascribe dyspepsia to the same cause.'

A contrast is then made of the flesh-diet and stimulating drinks of the foreigner, and the diet of fruit, vegetables, and water of the native; the immunity of the latter is pointed out, and the Doctor thus concludes: 'If we could ascertain the antecedents of those families or classes of our population who furnished the largest quota of typhus and yellow-fever patients, and of those who enjoyed the most conspicuous immunity, the comparison of their respective dietetic records would convince us that the contagious principle discriminates in the choice of its victims, and that there is no such thing as a *pandemic* disease.'

In a communication to the Société de Géographie at Paris, Mr Girard describes the changes which the territory of Holland has undergone within the historical period, chiefly through calamitous floods. For a while, water had the mastery; but the inhabitants, with untiring patience and resolution, drove back the ocean, and reconquered the land. The dimensions of some of their barrier-banks are surprising. One on the island of Walcheren is three thousand eight hundred metres long, and more than seven metres above the highest tides. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, more than eight hundred thousand acres have been reclaimed; and the work of reclamation is still carried on at the rate of about eight acres a day. Since 1850, the Lake of Haarlem has been converted into a region of farms and

villages; and the pumping-out of the Zuyder Zee will surpass in magnitude all the endeavours yet made to compel the ocean to restore the land so remorselessly ingulfed centuries ago. The device of the province of Zeeland (*Luctor et emergo*) will then acquire a new significance.

To this we add, that in digging the great canal which makes a deep-water communication between Amsterdam and the sea, more than twenty-five million cubic yards of earth and sand had been taken out, and used to heighten the land near the coast. The width of the canal at bottom is eighty-eight feet seven inches—nearly seventeen feet more than the Suez; and in damming out the waters of adjacent lakes, more than thirteen thousand acres of land were reclaimed; which 'effected a considerable change in the physical features of the country.'

If the accounts we hear of the doings of the Plating Company at Stockton-on-Tees be correct, housekeepers and maids-of-all-work should be saved much trouble in connection with grates, fire-irons, &c. By a process of nickel plating, fenders, fire-irons, bars, gas-brackets, mouldings, &c., can be rendered proof against rust; and may be cleared by rubbing with a leather, or—when dull or dirty—with soap and hot water. We understand that this nickel plating can be applied to any metal save zinc.

A LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

WEEP, Mother Nature, weep;
Summer is dead.

See! there she lies in her shroud of flowers,
Drooping her sun-crowned head;
While the Past Hours
Kneel, all weeping round her flowery bed.

Blow gently, Autumn Winds;
Sigh soft and low;
Summer only knew Zephyr's balmy breath;
But she that loved him so
Now lies in death.
Sing ye her dirge—but sing it soft and low!

Mourn, O ye Dryads! mourn!
Your woods are bare.
The gracious Summer with her sunny light
No more will linger there.
Her spirit bright
Has spread her wings, and vanished into air.

Soft fall, ye Autumn Rains!
Summer has fled;
Fall gently on her fair and fragrant face,
As tears from heaven shed.
'Lost is her grace;
Then weeping, fall on the beloved Dead.

E. M. B.

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CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 875.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

POOR MADAME DESAINTE.

IN a recent article—'Population!'—we touched, as leniently as possible, on the demoralisation and misery caused in France by the absurd legal restrictions imposed on the freedom of marriage. Circumstances of a cruel nature have brought the subject under discussion in this country, and we return to it, with a view to putting all and sundry on their guard. It is proper to make known that, by an ancient law, extended and strengthened by modern enactments and decisions, the marriage of young persons in France without the formal consent of parents or relations is wholly impracticable, and that any marriage ceremonial without such consent is void and worthless. Obviously, inattention on these points must lead to very serious consequences.

The precise nature of these legal restrictions has been defined by an intelligent correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Paris, August 11, 1880. 'By French law,' he says, 'a man cannot marry till he has attained the age of eighteen, nor can a woman till she is fifteen. In certain cases, dispensation respecting age may be obtained from the government. The consent of both father and mother is required by a son under twenty-five years of age, and by a daughter under twenty-one. If the parents disagree as to the consent, that of the father suffices. If the father or mother is dead, or cannot give consent, the consent of one is sufficient. If both are dead, then the grandfather and grandmother take the place of the parents. If the grandfather and grandmother of the same line disagree, the consent of the grandfather suffices; dissent between the two lines carries consent. When a man has attained his twenty-fifth year, and the woman her twenty-first, both are still bound to ask, by a formal notification, the consent of their parents; and until the man has attained his thirtieth year, and the woman her twenty-fifth, this formal act must be repeated twice, from one month to another; and one month after the third application, it is lawful for the parties to marry with or without consent. After

the age of thirty, it is lawful to marry, in default of consent, a month after one formal notice has been given, which notice must be served upon the father and mother or grandfather by two notaries or by one notary and two witnesses. In the event of the parents or ancestors to whom this notification should be made being absent, a copy of the judgment declaring the absence must be produced; or in default of it, an *acte de notoriété* drawn up, on the declaration of four witnesses, by the justice of the peace.

'So rigid are the marriage laws in France, that if the rules are neglected, if the registrar neglects to state in the marriage certificate that the consent of the parents has been obtained, he is liable to a fine of three hundred francs and six months' imprisonment; and when the prescribed notices are not carried out, to a fine of three hundred francs and one month's imprisonment.'

We shall now see how this extraordinary French law may operate in cases where Englishwomen in their own country are so unfortunate as to marry Frenchmen. The case to point to is that of Gertrude Belgrave, a young English lady, who was married to Jules Alfred Desainte, a French teacher, aged twenty-two. The marriage took place at the parish church of St Matthias, Earls-court, Middlesex, 'on the 7th of June 1876, after the banns had been duly published. His father only became acquainted with his son's marriage about January 16, 1879, and telegraphed on the 19th that he would come over from Paris. He did so; acknowledged his son, his wife, and their children, and remained at their house, expressing a wish that his son might be naturalised in England, and thus avoid having to be drawn for in the conscription. The son, Alfred Desainte, then went to Paris to see his mother and sisters, returned in a few days to London, bringing various presents for his wife from his mother and sisters. Up to this period, there appears to have been no intention of questioning the legality of the marriage.

'On February 16, 1879, Alfred Desainte left for Paris, telling his wife that his father was arrang-

ing for them all to live in Paris together in his house, and that he would return in a day or two. She received two telegrams from him, naming different days for his return. Anxious, when the days passed without his appearing—all the more as he had left her with only seven shillings and sixpence—fearing that he must be ill, she borrowed money and started for Paris with her two children, expecting to be warmly welcomed at her father-in-law's house. She was first told that her husband was in England, and then, less ceremoniously, that she was not his wife. Wearied and exhausted with her long and anxious journey, she asked the meaning of the strange words, whereupon her father-in-law immediately sent for a Commissaire de police to remove her and her children from his house. They were taken without further explanation to the Bureau de Police, where M. Desainte followed, and formally stated his intention of annulling the marriage.

Here was as heartless a case of repudiation as it is possible to imagine. It was first brought under notice in the London newspapers by Ada M. Leigh, Lady President of the Mission Homes in Paris, who states that the marriage had been annulled by the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, and that poor Madame Desainte had been left without redress, and thrown on the charity of strangers. The Lady President adds, that three similar cases had come to her knowledge; wherefore, it seems the practice of young Frenchmen marrying women in England, and deserting them on going to France, is by no means uncommon. We learn that for enormities of this kind there is in reality no redress. The French law is unyielding on the subject, and not likely to be changed by any representations made by British or any other foreign authorities. It is certainly a most discreditable state of affairs, and cannot fail to excite a lively indignation among all reflecting individuals. The subject having been alluded to in the House of Commons, we have no doubt the Secretary of State for the Home Department will do what is in his power to prevent the recurrence of these irregular marriages, by the issue of warnings to officials. Mr G. Meryon White, in a letter in *The Times*, would go further than this. He says: 'I feel confident that if the following suggestion was adopted it would be the means of preventing the recurrence of those sad cases where Englishwomen suddenly are compelled to realise the fact that they are married, and yet not legally married—namely, that until the law of France is amended in this respect, so as to declare such marriages to be valid and binding on both parties, it should be made compulsory upon English clergymen and registrars to require every foreigner who is not a naturalised English subject to produce previous to his marriage a stamped certificate signed by the legal authorities of his domicile to the effect that there is no legal impediment or circumstance by means of which his proposed marriage might hereafter be set aside and rendered invalid in

accordance with the law of the country of his domicile.'

Whatever be attempted, we feel it to be plainly our duty to make the foregoing facts known among the wide circle of readers whom we have the honour to address not only in the home countries but in every English-speaking community. Wherever these pages reach, let every young woman be on her guard against the addresses of young Frenchmen. Let them view every proposal of the kind with doubt—we should almost say with horror—until satisfactory evidence is given that there is no intention to repeat the wrongs inflicted on Poor Madame Desainte.

W. C.

THE CRUISE OF THE WASP.

CHAPTER I.—CHARLEY LUCAN AND I ARE APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND.

HER Britannic Majesty's corvette *Vesta* was lying at anchor in Sydney Cove, New South Wales. On the starboard quarter of the corvette, about three cables-lengths distant, lay another government ship, a schooner, or to speak more correctly, a brigantine, the vessel being square-rigged forward; but as this alteration in her fore-rigging had been recently made, she was always spoken of as 'the schooner.' This vessel was likewise at anchor; but from her tautened cable, and from her sails hanging loose in the brails, it was apparent that she was prepared to get under weigh at any moment. On the quarter-deck of the corvette stood a group of officers, gazing admiringly at the schooner, and praising her graceful proportions.

'A smarter little craft never sailed salt-water; and you may count yourself a lucky fellow, Charley, to get the command of her,' said the First Lieutenant of the corvette to a very youthful officer who stood by his side.

'I do think myself fortunate, sir,' the youngster modestly replied. 'I am sure, Mr Lonsdale,' he added, 'I did not expect to get the appointment.'

'Never mind, my dear boy; you have got it, at all events,' continued the Lieutenant. 'Mind and take good care both of the vessel and yourself. You have a long and difficult passage before you.'

'You may depend upon my doing my best, sir; I can do no more,' replied the youth.

'I suppose you'll be off directly, Charley?' said another officer. 'M—— goes with you, doesn't he?' nodding at the present writer, who formed one of the group of officers. 'I only wish it were my luck.'

'Yes, M—— goes with me as Second,' was the reply. 'I expect we shall be off as soon as we receive our sailing orders. Our traps were put on board the schooner last night.'

'Please, Mr Lucan, the Captain requests that you and Mr M—— will go to him in his cabin immediately,' said the Captain's steward, addressing the young officer of whom I have spoken.

Charles Lucan and I descended to the cabin, where the Captain was awaiting our appearance.

'Here, Mr Lucan, are your written instructions,' said he, handing a folded and sealed paper to the young officer. 'Follow them implicitly, so far as

you are able. Take care of the vessel; and I hope you will give me no cause to regret the trust and confidence I place in you. Carry sail moderately,' he went on. 'I now address myself to both of you young gentlemen; for I am aware that you youngsters are too apt to crowd on canvas when you have a smart vessel beneath your feet; and in such case, if a squall catches you, you run the risk of losing your masts or sails, if nothing worse happens. There is no necessity for haste. You will arrive at Singapore long before the corvette can reach that port; and unless you receive fresh instructions from the Admiral, you will remain there until the ship does arrive. Keep a sharp look-out for squalls, my lads; for you will be in a part of the ocean where they are very frequent; and be particularly careful after you round Cape York, and during your passage through Torres' Strait.—And don't forget, Mr Lucan, to leave a letter at the Post-office. I shall touch at the island expressly to receive a letter, and shall be much disappointed if I don't find one awaiting me. In such case, I shall fear that you have met with some serious mishap.'

'You shall find a letter at the island, sir, unless the *Wasp* should come to grief in the Strait, and that shall not be the case through any neglect on my part,' Lucan replied.

'I hope not—I believe not,' said the Captain. 'And now, young gentlemen, help yourselves to a glass of wine. We'll drink success to the little *Wasp*.'

The wine was poured out, and the toast was drunk.

'You'll want to bid good-bye to your messmates,' the Captain presently resumed. 'Remember, that you will be off in a quarter of an hour, therefore you have no time to lose. I will be upon deck to see you off.'

We took the hint, and returned to the deck, where our brother-officers crowded round us while we awaited the appearance of the Captain.

Meanwhile, I will explain how it came about that Charles Lucan and I were about to part from our shipmates, and proceed on a voyage to Singapore, in charge of Her Majesty's schooner *Wasp*. At the period to which this narrative relates, the Malay pirates, who still have their haunts amongst the islands of the oriental archipelago, whence they pounce down upon defenceless merchant-traders, had been unusually bold and troublesome. Several ships had been boarded and plundered by the miscreants, who in each instance massacred every living creature they found on board. It had become perilous for any unarmed vessel to sail amongst the islands; and at length the Admiral of the station decided to purchase, on behalf of the government, a smart vessel, with a light draught of water, that would carry a crew and armament sufficient for the service for which she was intended, and would at the same time be able to follow the piratical proas into the shallow creeks and inlets with which the islands abound, where they were secure from the pursuit of large vessels.

The *Maria*—a schooner which had been built for a pleasure-yacht for the late Governor-general of New South Wales—was put up for sale at this period, and was thought to be excellently well adapted to the purpose. The Admiral therefore

wrote to Captain D— of the *Vesta*, then lying in Sydney Cove, to request him to examine this vessel, and if she answered to the description he had heard of her, to purchase her into Her Majesty's service, and despatch her forthwith, with a sufficient crew and armament, to Singapore, whither the *Vesta* was to proceed as soon as she had undergone certain necessary repairs which would detain her for several weeks in the graving-dock at Port-Jackson.

The result was that the *Maria* was purchased, an alteration was made in her forward-rigging, and she was rechristened by the more appropriate appellation of the *Wasp*. She was a beautiful little vessel of one hundred and thirty tons burden; very roomy for her size, gracefully moulded, and possessed of an unusually broad beam. Excepting the change in the rig of her foremast, she needed very little alteration, having been originally fitted up expressly for the accommodation of the late Governor and his suite, and such of his friends as he honoured with an invitation to accompany him when he sailed on a pleasure trip along the east coast of Australia. Her entire 'tween-decks were now arranged for the accommodation of her new officers and crew, the officers' cabins extending from the gangway aft to the stern; and the whole of the forepart of the vessel being fitted up for the reception of the petty officers and seamen. Four eighteen-pound carronades were put on board, in addition to the two howitzers or boat-guns which she had formerly carried, and which could be used as bow or stern chasers as occasion might require. An abundant supply of small-arms of every description, including cutlasses, boarding-pikes, &c., was added to her armament; and she was considered to be perfectly well adapted for the novel service for which she was intended. Previous to her departure for Singapore, she made a trial trip in the magnificent and spacious Bay of Sydney, in which she acquitted herself to the complete satisfaction of the Captain and officers of the corvette. She was swift, staunch, easily handled, and as a poetically inclined Lieutenant of the *Vesta* said—quoting from Byron: 'She walked the waters like a thing of life,' as if proudly conscious of her queenly grace and beauty.

The projected passage to Singapore was looked upon by the crew of the *Vesta* as a delightful holiday trip, and there was hardly a man on board the corvette who had not wished that he might be chosen to form one of the schooner's crew; while each of the junior officers hoped that it would fall to his good fortune to be appointed to the command of the beautiful little vessel. Captain D—, however, selected for this duty the youngest of his Lieutenants, Charles Lucan, a stripling who had not yet completed his twentieth year, and who, having triumphantly passed his examination, a few months before, at the Cape of Good Hope, had received an acting appointment to do duty as Fourth Lieutenant on board the corvette, which acting appointment would certainly be confirmed on the return of the *Vesta* to England; for although he necessarily lacked the experience of an older officer, Charley was as capable in all other respects as any Lieutenant in the service of twice his years. With Captain D—, under whom he had served from the period when he entered the navy as a midshipman, he was an

especial favourite; and though it was but natural for his brother officers to envy his good fortune, there was not one who did not congratulate him and wish him success.

As has been already intimated, the present writer, then a passed-midshipman and master's mate, or as it is now termed, a sub-lieutenant, and just six months younger than Charley, was appointed as second in command on board the schooner.

In due course, the Captain appeared upon deck. He approached Lucan and me as we stood at the gangway of the corvette chatting with our brother-officers; and after giving us a few more words of friendly advice, and repeating his request that Lucan would deposit a letter at the Post-office (of which, more anon), he shook hands with both of us and wished us a pleasant voyage. We then descended the ladder into the boat that was alongside waiting to convey us to the schooner, and in five minutes more we stood on the quarter-deck of the *Wasp*. The rest of the officers and crew of the little vessel—comprising the gunner's and the boatswain's mates of the *Vesta*, two old experienced seamen, who had several times made the passage through the Strait; thirty picked sailors; three marines, one of whom was deputed to act as steward on board the schooner; and two boys—had already been drafted on board from the corvette. The anchor, already apeak, was hove on board; the sails, hanging loose, were hoisted up and sheeted home; and in a few minutes, the *Wasp* was standing out to sea, heeling gently and gracefully over to the breeze, amidst the hearty cheers of the officers and crew of the corvette, whose plaudits were as heartily responded to from the decks of the schooner; and in less than a quarter of an hour we had taken our last look for many weeks of the gallant *Vesta* and the friendly messmates and shipmates with whom we had sailed for two years, and had rounded the lofty headland which concealed the corvette and the bay from our sight.

CHAPTER II.—WE COMMENCE THE VOYAGE.

The *Wasp* had commenced her cruise. We had a long and tedious passage before us, Charles Lucan and I—a passage of nearly five thousand miles; but we would have rejoiced had we been sent forth to circumnavigate the globe. None save those who have experienced the sensation, can conceive the delight with which a young officer enters upon his first independent command. We were as proud of the *Wasp* and of our position on board the little vessel, as if she were a crack frigate, and we were rear-admirals, or flag-captains at the least.

Of course Acting-Lieutenant Lucan was my superior officer; but we took charge of the watch upon deck in turn; and no young Captain could have been prouder than I, as I paced the weather-side of the quarter-deck at night, and felt that for the time being the little vessel was under my sole command.

By Captain D—'s especial order, one of the two old petty officers to whom I have alluded was appointed to each watch; and both Lucan and I were perfectly well aware that these experienced old seamen had been placed on board the schooner expressly to guide us by their advice; but we knew nevertheless, that we were their superior officers,

and that unless it were in a case of emergency, or unless their advice should be required, they would not venture to interfere with our authority.

The weather was fine and the sea smooth, and we sailed merrily along the two thousand miles of coast between Port Jackson and Cape York—the most northerly point of Australia—without meeting with any event worth recording. On doubling Cape York, we entered Torres' Strait, which as every schoolboy knows is the channel which separates the vast island of Papua or New Guinea from Australia. Torres' Strait is from sixty to seventy miles in width from the Australian to the Papuan shores, and is four or five hundred miles in length from its eastern to its western extremity—that is, taking into account the numerous islands and sandbanks and other obstacles to navigation that a vessel must pass amidst, before she gets fairly clear of the Strait and reaches open water. The islands and sandbanks, however, are not the only perils which beset the navigator in passing through this channel. The natives on either shore, as well as those who inhabit the larger islands, are amongst the most savage, brutal, and degraded specimens of humanity; and woe betide the unfortunate mariner whose vessel gets on shore while making the passage of the Strait.

The passage through the Strait is probably less dangerous now than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, to which period this story relates, by reason of the more frequent navigation between Australia and the East Indies; the better knowledge of the Strait that has been acquired; the greater number of steamships employed in this navigation; and the severe lessons which the natives have received, to punish them for their ill-treatment of the Europeans who have fallen into their power. But so full of peril was the passage at the period of which I write, that masters of merchant-ships who proposed to navigate the Strait, and were unable to obtain the convoy of a ship of war, were accustomed to wait until two or more vessels could make the passage in company, so that if one vessel should chance to meet with mishap, the other might be at hand to protect her from the attacks of the savages. At that period likewise, it was the custom among shipmasters who made the short-cut by sailing through this channel on their passage to the East Indies, to leave a letter or notice at a small island situated some sixty miles beyond the western extremity of the Strait, to acquaint those who might follow after them that they had made the passage in safety.

Post Office Island, as it was called, was really little better than a sandbank, some four or five miles in length by two miles in breadth at its broadest part, and rising to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the sea in its centre. It was entirely destitute of vegetation, with the exception of a few scrubby bushes, such as take root in a salt sandy soil; and was situated too far from Papua or any other inhabited island, for the natives to visit it in their miserable canoes, constructed of the roughly hollowed trunks of trees, even if there had been any inducement to them to visit such a dreary desolate spot. In the centre, and on the highest portion of this island, amidst a clump of the scrubby bushes above alluded to, and beneath a rude shed, erected by some shipmaster for the especial purpose, stood a large seaman's chest, the lid of which was

covered with several layers of tarpaulings; and inside this chest, which of course was always left unlocked and free to any one to open, shipmasters were accustomed to deposit the letter or notice announcing their safe passage thus far on their voyage, for the next shipmaster who touched at the island to read. He in his turn left an announcement to be read by those who might come after him; and the information thus derived was carried to whatever port the latest shipmaster was bound, and was there published; or was conveyed thence to whomsoever might be interested in the welfare of the vessel whose safe passage through the Strait it announced. Whether or not this custom is still observed, I am unable to say. It may be, or it may have been discontinued for the reasons I have mentioned. It was, however, to this sandbank in the Indian Ocean that Captain D— alluded when he told Charles Lucan that he should expect to find a letter awaiting him at the Post-office during the passage of the corvette to Singapore, after the repairs she was undergoing at Port-Jackson were completed.

To return to my narrative. After the *Wasp* had doubled Cape York, the fresh easterly gale that had blown for several days died away to a gentle breeze; nevertheless, sail was shortened on board the schooner, and every precaution was taken to guard against the perils of the Strait. We kept under-weigh only during the hours of daylight, with just sufficient sail set to enable the little vessel to make good steerage-way, and allowed her to drift through the channel with the current, which usually sets westward, with more or less strength. Throughout the day, Lucan and I took our station in turn, and sometimes both together on the fore-topsail yard, whence we were able to 'con' the schooner by signs through the numerous tortuous channels, with as much ease as a steamboat is guided to and fro on the river Thames; and as soon as darkness began to set in, we brought up, with a kedge-anchor and stream-cable, again getting under-weigh with the earliest dawn of day. Thus the passage through the Strait occupied several days; yet though tedious and wearisome, it was in some respects delightful. Nothing could be more beautiful than the aspect of the Papuan shore, along which we often closely sailed. When the sun rose over the land on the first dawn of morning, gradually lighting up the dark forests and gilding the hill-tops, and chasing away the shadows from the level ground beneath; while the clear transparent waters of the Strait—through which we could distinctly discern the sandy bottom, with its winding channels, sometimes scarcely a fathom, sometimes many fathoms deep beneath the surface, and its beds of red and white and variegated coral imitating every form of vegetable growth, amidst which fishes of strange form and of gorgeous hues gambolled fearlessly, or chased each other swiftly to and fro, secure from the attacks of the prowling shark—glittered with a brilliancy that dazzled the eyes of the gazer. At that early hour, some of the islands looked like little earthly paradises; while others, with their hills and dales and copses, belted in the background with sombre woods, needed but the addition of a mansion embosomed amidst the trees to give them the appearance of the picturesque demesne of some English nobleman.

Until we had nearly completed the passage, we saw very few of the natives of the coast or islands. Occasionally, a rude canoe, roughly hewn, or burnt out of the trunk of a tree, and paddled by a couple of naked savages, would suddenly dart forth from some leafy covert along the shore; but though the occupants of the canoe would paddle round the schooner at a wide distance, and eagerly seize anything thrown to them that floated upon the water, no signs or persuasions could induce them to venture near—a sufficient proof of their crafty and treacherous nature; for savages who fear to place confidence in strangers who come amongst them, are never to be trusted. Of this fact, and likewise that the shore, apparently deserted by the inhabitants, was really densely peopled, we had abundant proof before we quitted the Strait.

Torres' Strait, like the adjacent seas, is liable to be visited by dangerous squalls, which though usually of brief duration, sometimes burst suddenly and without the slightest warning upon a vessel, and with such terrific fury as to dismast or capsize her, if she should not be prepared for them. Hitherto, however, the weather had been invariably fair, and we hoped to escape any such visitation; but at length our turn came.

One day, shortly before noon, when we were nearly through the Strait, and while I was on the fore-topsail yard conning the schooner through a shallow tortuous channel, old Harris, the gunner's mate, went aft to Lucan, who was pacing the quarter-deck of the little vessel, and pointing towards a white fleecy cloud that was rising over the land, said, as he touched his cap: 'Beg pardon, sir, but I thowt it my dooty to p'int out that 'ere cloud. 'Pears to me as there's wind in it, and I don't like the look on't. I shouldn't wonder if we have a squall down upon us in a jiffy.'

There was nothing very threatening in the aspect of the cloud, except that it was rising rapidly from to leeward—those squalls usually approaching in that manner, thus increasing the danger that attends them, by suddenly taking a vessel aback—and was spreading swiftly as it rose.

'We are pretty well prepared for anything, I think,' replied Lucan, glancing at the cloud, and then casting a look aloft at the scant sail that was spread.

The old sailor shook his head gravely. 'Tain't for me to offer advice as isn't arsked for, sir,' he continued; 'but them as has never experienced none o' these squalls, ain't got no idea of their natur'. If 'twere left to me, sir, I'd brail up the spanker and take in the foresail.'

'And put the schooner under bare poles,' retorted Lucan, laughing. 'However, do as you think fit, Harris,' he added.

The old man blew his shrill whistle, and shouted the necessary orders; and then, while the young Lieutenant superintended the brailing up of the spanker, went forward to help the men to furl the foresail. By the time these tasks were completed, the light breeze that had been blowing had nearly died away. Then suddenly a puff of wind from to leeward blew across the deck.

'Look out! mind your helm!' cried Lucan, to the man at the wheel, 'or we shall be taken aback.'

Scarcely had he uttered the cry, when, before the men who were aloft passing the gasket round the bunt of the foresail, could lay off the yard,

the squall caught the schooner from the opposite quarter from which the wind had hitherto been blowing, with a force of which I previously had no conception. I had witnessed a hurricane in the West Indies, and a typhoon in the Chinese seas, but in neither instance did the wind possess the terrific force with which it now first struck the schooner. We were sailing midway between the New Guinea shore and a large sandbank, and within a very short distance of either. The vessel, with scarcely a rag of canvas upon her, heeled over till her decks stood at an angle of forty-five degrees; and in that position she was not driven through, but as it seemed, lifted bodily out of the water, and carried with inconceivable rapidity towards the sandbank, upon which she struck with a force that shook every timber in her frame, and threatened to unstep her masts. Every individual upon deck was thrown off his feet, while the vessel lay where she struck, fairly upon her beam-ends. I clung with hands and legs with all my might to the fore-top-mast. Had I loosened my hold of hand or foot for an instant, I should have been carried away by the wind as if I had been a mere feather-weight. The men aloft were pinned to the yard, unable to move. It was impossible to face the wind and draw a breath. The rain, which came in torrents, was blown horizontally through the air; and the water between the sandbank and the shore was in an instant lashed into one seething mass of foam, while the shore and sky were alike hidden from our sight by a dense white mist. The masts of the vessel, without any press of sail upon them, bent like whip-sticks, and the spars and rigging cracked and snapped in every direction.

In five minutes, however, the squall had passed away to leeward, leaving the schooner fast and dry on the sandbank. The sky cleared as rapidly as it had become overclouded, and the weather again became perfectly calm, the water alone remaining still covered with foam. I, with the others who were aloft, now descended to the deck, about which we were compelled to creep and crawl upon all-fours, by reason of the position in which the vessel lay. Happily, the schooner, though she was partially imbedded in the sand, had received no serious damage; though, had the squall risen from the opposite quarter, and carried her over to the Papuan shore, the probability is that she would have struck upon one of the reefs that line the coast, and gone to pieces.

HODGE AND HIS MASTERS.

To his succession of deservedly popular works on what is called Rural England, and which we have from time to time noticed in these pages, Mr Richard Jefferies has added another, entitled *Hodge and his Masters* (2 vols., London: Smith, Elder, & Co.). The charm of his former publications consisted in their exquisite sketches of natural scenery, and the delightful pictures which were drawn of animal life. In the volumes before us, the author deals for the most part with subjects of a different kind. We are taken less into the woods and wilds, and more into the cultivated fields and open pastures; and in place of the lower animal life which was before so vigorously and accurately portrayed, we are brought into contact with certain phases of the social life of man

himself. The book is ostensibly an account of the homes and habits, the whole social condition indeed of the English labourer, distinguished under what may be called his generic appellation of 'Hodge.' And not only have we Hodge described, but his masters also—the squire, the parson, the farmer, the solicitor, the banker, the publican, and last of all, his masters at the work-house. Of all these personages, the one which receives the fullest treatment, not even excepting Hodge himself, is the farmer. We have the farmer as he is seen in the market and at the ordinary; the farmer who is leaving his farm, and the farmer going downhill; the borrowing farmer, and the gambling farmer; the farmer who is an agricultural genius of the old style, and the farmer who figures as a 'man of progress'; the farmer who goes to market in a Whitechapel dogcart, with a groom behind, and the farmer who rides in a gig. We will endeavour to present a few of these pictures in miniature.

First of all, we have the farmer in the market and at the ordinary—or, as the author heads it, the 'Farmers' Parliament.' It is market-day in Woolbury. The narrow streets are thronged with passengers—farmers and shepherds and labourers jumbling, and squeezing along; the procession every now and then interrupted by a wagon-load of wool or straw, which requires the whole street to itself. The air is full of strange sounds rising from the mixed multitude, intermingled with the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep from the busy market-place. The centre of attraction for the afternoon is the Jason Inn, where the farmers' club is to meet, and where a Professor is to read a paper on 'Science, the Remedy for Agricultural Depression.' For a full hour behind time, the room is empty; but by-and-by farmers come dropping shyly in by twos and by threes, and the lecturer at length proceeds with his discourse. He is very hard on the poor farmers. The reason of the depression is that they neglect science. By calling in science to their aid, they would have no defective turnips in a dry season, no rotting hay in a wet one. Whatever was wrong was their own fault. 'Science,' he said, 'could supply the remedy, and science alone; if they would not call in the aid of science, they must suffer, and their privations must be upon their own heads. Science said Drain; use artificial manure; plough deeply; keep the best breed of stock; put capital into the soil. Call science to their aid, and they might defy the seasons.' The foil to the Professor is in the form of an elderly farmer who rises from one of the back-seats. He said the lecturer had made out a very good case, and proved to demonstration that farmers were fools. After some rather successful 'roasting' of the Professor, in a dry way, the farmer begged to draw his remarks to a close, as a thunder-storm was coming rapidly up, and he supposed science would not prevent him from getting a wet jacket. In conclusion, he should like to ask the lecturer if he could give the name of one single scientific farmer who had prospered. 'Having said this much, the old gentleman put on his overcoat and bustled out of the room, and several others followed him, for the rain was already splashing against the window-panes. Others looked at their watches, and seeing it was late, rose one by one and slipped off.'

Sketches are presented of the ignorant class of farmers who do not clear their land of weeds, and so go to the bad, also of the enterprising but reckless agriculturists who likewise finish themselves financially. But we must leave these and many other tempting pictures of Hodge's masters, and come to Hodge himself. We have him set before us in almost every aspect of his character; and in this there is abundant food for serious thought. The agricultural labourer in England would appear to stand in need of much improvement, both in himself and his surroundings. According to Mr Jefferies, the kind of simple fidelity and affection manifested by the elderly labourers to the persons and to the places with which they have been long associated, is not surviving in the younger class of them, who, as long as they have a few sixpences to jingle in their pockets, will work to any one who pays them, and care for no one master or place more than another. When Farmer Smith leaves his farm, old Hodge views the scene from a distance, with his chin on his hand. He is thinking of the days when he first went to plough, years ago, under Smith's father; and if Smith had been going to another farm, old Hodge would have girded up his loins, packed his worldly goods in a wagon, and followed his master's fortunes thither. As for young Hodge, he was down at the sale, 'lounging round, hands in pocket, whistling—for there was some beer going about. The excitement of the day was a pleasurable sensation; and as for his master, he might go to Kansas or Hong-kong.' On the part of the masters also, 'the kindly old habits are dying out before the hard-and-fast money system, and the abiding effects of unionism, which even when not prominently displayed, causes a silent, sullen estrangement.'

In such chapters as 'Hodge's Fields' and 'A Winter's Morning,' Mr Jefferies finds excellent scope for his descriptive powers, and we have him at his best. But it is not so much with the fields that we have now to do as with the labourer who works in them. We have him rising from his heavy sleep on a winter's morning, huddling on his things by the pale beams of the waning moon, clattering down the narrow steep stairs in the semi-darkness, taking a piece of bread-and-cheese, and stepping forth into the sharp air. 'The shadows of the trees on the frosted ground are dull. As the footpath winds by the hedge, the noise of his footsteps startles the blackbird roosting in the bushes, and he bustles out and flies across the field. There is more rime on the posts and rails around the rickyard, and the thatch on the haystack is white with it in places. He draws out the broad hay-knife, and then searches for the rubber or whetstone, stuck somewhere in the side of the rick. At the first sound of the stone upon the steel the cattle in the adjoining yard and sheds utter a few low "moos," and there is a stir among them.' While the 'fogger' proceeds to give his horned charge their morning meal, the milker has gone forth with his pail, plashing in the dark ankle-deep through mud and water, and if it be a wet morning, sitting on his stool in the midst of a thick puddle, the rain beating into his neck as he bends his head and stays himself against the ribs of the animal. Another man who has to be up 'while the moon casts a shadow,' is the carter, who must begin to feed his team very early, in

order to get them to eat sufficient. To manage a large team of horses and keep them in proper condition, requires both skill and attention, and therefore the carter is of more importance on the farm than the fogger and milker. Besides these, there is the shepherd, who visits his flock early in the morning, and in the lambing season may be said to be about both day and night. Then there are the hedger and the ditcher, working far afield. Young labourers are engaged in various minor operations, or in assisting their seniors; while the women carry on the indoor work of the farm, and in certain seasons also go into the fields.

So much for the labourer himself: now what of his children? In the coldest weather, says our author, one or more of these are sure to be found in the farmyard somewhere—probably standing at the stable-door, watching the harnessing of the great cart-horses. 'When the horses are gone, he visits the outhouse, where the steam-engine is driving the chaff-cutter, or peers in at the large doors of the barn, where with wide wooden shovel the grain is being moved. . . . His hat is an old one of his father's, a mile too big, coming down over his ears to his shoulders, well greased from ancient use—a thing not without its advantage, since it makes it impervious to rain. He wears what was a white jacket, but is now the colour of the prevailing soil of the place; a belt; and a pair of stumping boots, the very picture in miniature of his father's, heeled and tipped with iron. His naked legs are red with the cold, but thick and strong; his cheeks are plump and firm, his round blue eyes bright, his hair almost white, like bleached straw.' The education of these children is a most important thing; and we are glad to learn on the authority of Mr Jefferies that the schools which they attend are, the greater number of them, well filled, both the employers and the children's own parents getting them as much to school as possible. The labourer has even an exaggerated idea of the value of education, and the parents in some cases actually seek to educate themselves by questioning the children as to what they have been told. 'But, on the other hand, the labourer objects to paying for the teaching, and thinks the few coppers he is charged a terrible extortion.' The lads as they grow older and leave school find work readily on the farms; but the girls are inclined to shirk farmhouse and dairy work, and to take service in the neighbouring towns. Cottage girls are charged with having of recent years taken to themselves more airs than before, and of being fond of dressing showily; but along with this, it is also admitted that their self-respect has largely increased, thereby greatly diminishing the records of immorality. There are also said to be fewer purely agricultural marriages than formerly. A girl, going into service in town, comes in contact with a class of men—grooms, footmen, artisans, and workmen generally—not only receiving higher wages than the labourers in her native parish, but possessing a certain amount of comparative refinement. It is not surprising that she prefers, if possible, to marry among these.'

The most powerful chapter of the work on the social condition of the labourer, is that which describes the labourer's haunts—the 'low public.' Here it is that Hodge comes to spend his hard-

earned and scanty wages, drinking a coarse dark beer—'a heady liquid, which if any one drinks, not being accustomed to it, will leave its effects upon him for hours afterwards.' 'The influence of the low public upon the agricultural labourer's life is incalculable—it is his club, almost his home. There he becomes brutalised; there he spends his all; and if he awakes to the wretched state of his own family at last, instead of remembering that it is his own act, he turns round, accuses the farmer of starvation wages, shouts for what is really Communism, and perhaps even in his sullen rage descends to crime.' A fearful picture follows of the rural dens in which these orgies are held.

A curious feature in the character of the English labourers, as compared with the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, is that the former have no myths, no heroes, no legends, no traditions. In short, they are devoid of sentiment, a result of want of education, want of culture; the neglect of them has been scandalous. But there is a prospect of mending. Through the recent Education Acts, schools are now being introduced, and the young will at least be taught to read. With this and some other agreeable anticipations, the condition of the English labourer is steadily improving. He is receiving higher wages, and has a better house to live in.

The last chapter of the work is a somewhat sad one. It is Hodge in the workhouse—where he has died, an old man verging on fourscore. The Board members have known him for many years, and they suspend their business a few minutes to talk about him. They argue that he must have been very old, as the elderly members at the table only recollect him as a man with a family while they were young. He had been born, and lived all his days till he came to the workhouse, in the thatched cottage beside the road, in the garden of which he loved to cultivate such vegetables and flowers as suited his humble tastes. At the back there were a ditch and mound with elm-trees, and green meadows beyond. As a child he had played in the ditch and hedge, or searched in the spring for violets to offer to the passers-by; or he had swung on the gate in the lane and held it open for the farmers in their gigs, in hope of a half-penny. In course of time his father died, and the cottage became his own; hither he brought his young wife; and here were their children born to them. These in turn grew up, and one by one went away, till at last he was left alone. He still continued to plough the same fields, and to dig and trim his garden as of old; crept up the same ladder at night, and slept in the bed where he had slept as an infant. But day by day he grew less able to help himself, till the neighbours, much against his will, had him conveyed away to the workhouse. Here he had better meals and a more comfortable bed; but he missed the old familiar sights and sounds of his cottage home—the sparrows chirping in the eaves, the green meadows beyond the hedge, and the bank where the violets and daisies grew. 'The end came very slowly; he ceased to exist by imperceptible degrees, like an oak-tree. He remained for days in a semi-unconscious state, neither moving nor speaking. It happened at last. In the gray of the winter dawn, as the stars paled, and the whitened grass was stiff with hoar-frost, and the rime coated every branch of the tall elms, as the milkmaid came

from the pen, and the ploughboy whistled down the road to his work, the spirit of the aged man departed.'

'What amount of production,' suggestively asks Mr Jefferies (and with this quotation our notice of these most pleasant volumes must conclude)—'what amount of production did that old man's life of labour represent? What value must be put upon the service of the son that fought in India; of the son that worked in Australia; of the daughter in New Zealand, whose children will help to build up a new nation? These things surely have their value. Hodge died; and the very gravedigger grumbled as he delved through the earth hard-bound in the iron frost, for it jarred his hand, and might break his spade. The low mound will soon be level, and the place of his burial will not be known.'

A VIKING'S TOMB.

UPON the south-western coast of a Norwegian fiord which penetrates inland as far as Christiania, there has lain for centuries past between mountains and sea, a certain tumulus known in the country round as *Kongshaug*, or the King's Hill. In the Dark Ages, when kings were plentiful in Scandinavia, and every chief fought, like Hal o' the Wynd, 'for his own hand,' tradition tells that some mighty monarch was buried beneath that huge turf-covered mound, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and it has long been held sacred to his memory. But the other day, for the first time as it seemed, some inquisitive peasants ventured to explore those hidden recesses which their forefathers had revered. Their search was richly rewarded; for after a few months of patient labour, under the direction of a learned antiquary, there was revealed to human eyes a large and well-preserved Viking war-ship which had been hidden from the light of day for more than a thousand years! This characteristic tomb—his familiar home in life—the unknown Sea-king had evidently chosen for his last resting-place; and in it he wished to lie, his horse and hounds near, his treasures around him, lulled by the lapping of the waves, which at that time must have daily washed the base of his strange sepulchre. But the restless chief even in death found no repose; the spoiler was spoiled in his turn, the tomb rifled of its ill-gotten wealth; and now in the funeral chamber upon deck, a few human bones, some shreds of brocade, and sundry equipments in silver, bronze, and lead, for both horse and man, are the sole remaining relics of the Viking and his buried treasures.

The ship, we are told, is the largest of its kind yet discovered. It measures seventy-four feet between stem and stern, and is sixteen feet broad amidships. The stiff clay, earth, and sand in which it was embedded have preserved it from destruction; and even the black and yellow colouring of the ship's bows and sides has survived the ravages of ten centuries. Two or three small boats of elegant shape were found in the stem of the vessel, and with them a quantity of oars,

carefully formed, and in a few cases ornamented with carvings. A hatchet dating from the earlier Iron Age, and a few cooking utensils in copper and iron, with some wooden drinking-cups, also remain in good preservation. The belt of shields which, according to Viking custom, once adorned the sides of the vessel, exists almost entire. It was formerly supposed that these shields served as a rampart to resist the shock of the waves; but the thinness of wooden surface in the specimens found has now convinced antiquaries that they were merely ornamental. This strange treasure-trove is an interesting and suggestive relic of a most interesting race, and links us oddly with the old days of daring and romance. While that ship rode upon the Northern seas more than a thousand years ago, Charlemagne with his paladins was probably struggling with the Saracens in Pyrenean passes, or fighting his way in Italy to his imperial crown. Our own wise Alfred may have been harping in the Danish camp, and absently watching the cakes of the cowherd's wife amid patriotic dreams for his country's welfare.

The history of the dead warrior once entombed in it is absolutely unknown. Did he swoop with chivalrous Rollo upon the sunny Neustrian coasts? or was he one of those who answered that call of Haestan's ivory horn, which Saxons named 'the Danish thunder?' The deserted sepulchre gives no answer to our questioning. The very name of its silent occupant has passed out of memory. But at least we may conclude that our unknown Viking was a gallant warrior, brought up in fleets and camps, amid storm, battle, and bloodshed, to a stern contempt of hardship and danger; one who perhaps, like many another Norse pirate of those days, 'had never slept under a house-roof, nor emptied a cup by the domestic hearth.' And when the Sea-king's last fight had been fought out, we can picture the mourning and lamentation among his followers on that gloomy day when the gallant ship was drawn up on to the level shore, a funeral chamber erected upon deck, the chief laid therein, with his slain horse and hounds beside him, and all slowly hidden from sight beneath the heaped-up earth and sand; on the shore, hard by the sea still, that when his call came, the sleeping warrior might start up and launch forth at once upon the well-loved waters, to seek his haven of endless happiness in the halls of Odin.

In very early times, the Norsemen, like other peoples descended from the old Teutonic or Gothic tribes, burned their dead, and hence that epoch was called *Burna Old*, or the Age of Burning. But the practice had been already given up before a Danish keel grated upon British coasts; and there followed a period distinguished as *Haug's Old*, or the Age of Hillocks. A tumulus, probably erected in the same century as the *Kongshaug* on the Christiania fiord, was once to be seen upon the strand of the Devonshire coast; and although the hillock itself has been swept away by the sea, the place which it occupied is still pointed out. Beneath it lay the fierce Berserker Hubba, who, after destroying and ravaging the beautiful Abbeys of Croyland and Peterborough—where it is said that he massacred eighty-four monks with his own hand—was slain in battle on English ground in 878.

The Norsemen, or Danes as the Saxons called them, made their first appearance in Britain upon the Wessex coast about the year 783 A.D., and again in Northumberland a little later, when the monastery of Holy Island fell a prey to their cruel violence. For four centuries these barbarians harried the coasts of Britain, France, Italy, Spain, and Ireland; and on every sea-board in those dreadful times a petition was added to the Litany and daily breathed by trembling lips: 'A furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine!' (From the fury of the Norsemen, Lord, deliver us.)

From out the dim obscurity of those blood-stained days a few figures flash into prominence. Rollo, the conqueror of Neustria, who fashioned out of his rude pagan followers one of the most chivalrous, polished, and refined peoples of Christendom; Haestan, the brave and unfortunate Dane so nobly treated by Alfred the Great; Ragnar Lodbrok, the gallant Viking who died chanting a wild song of defiance from his loathsome dungeon. 'We struck with our swords!' sang Ragnar; 'we chanted the mass of spears with the uprising sun. We struck with our swords! Oh! if the sons of Aslauga but knew of my danger, they would draw their bright blades and rush to my rescue! . . . How the anger of my sons will swell when they know how their father was conquered! . . . Odin has sent for me. The hours of my life are gliding away, and laughing I will die!' And indeed the death of this brave chief brought down upon England a terrible vengeance. Swearing, Viking-fashion, upon their golden bracelets never to rest nor to sheathe their swords until it was avenged, the furious Norsemen swarmed from every creek and bay to join Ingwar and Hubba, the sons of Ragnar, in their raid against his murderers. They besought of Odin victory in the battle; they prayed Thor to avert his thunderbolts from themselves and to hurl them against his enemies. Then the swift ships—adorned at the prow with lions, or dragons, or bulls, whose savage nature rightly typified the savage hearts which guided them—were turned with one accord towards England; and soon the devastated kingdom of Northumbria and the destruction of nearly the whole Saxon army bore witness that the death of Ragnar was avenged.

Harold Hardrada, the gigantic ally of Tostig, was the last of the terrible pirate-kings who reigned upon the Northern seas. He was slain in 1066, pierced to the heart by a Saxon arrow, at the fight of Stamford Bridge; and when that grand head with its floating fair hair was laid low in the dust, and the waves of battle surged over it, there disappeared from sight for ever the last of the brave Vikings.

But something of them yet remains in this luxurious, over-civilised world so far removed from that barbarous one of a thousand years ago through which they flashed like bright and terrible meteors. 'Saxon, and Dane, and Norman we,' sings our Laureate, proud to own his descent by a twofold cord from the Norse settlers in England and Neustria. And indeed what is that spirit of enterprise by which Englishmen explore unknown continents and climb virgin mountain-peaks—that love of conquest which leads them to subdue great peoples and wide tracts of country

—what are the fortitude and endurance which never fail them amid Torrid heat or Polar cold, but a noble heritage handed down from their forefathers the old Vikings.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

LAST year I was in America, along with a cousin of mine, on a prospecting tour, and had got as far west as Colorado. After seeing something of the kind of life out there, we left Denver City on the 18th July with the intention of crossing the Rocky Mountains to see some silver mines of which we had heard a good deal. We started at an early hour in the morning, with four mules and two attendants, and by noon had reached a height of nearly seven thousand feet, without anything remarkable having occurred. The scenery was characteristic of the elevated and arid district through which we travelled. Far above us the mountains rose into sharp peaks covered with snow, while down in the great cañons or gorges we could trace sometimes a little stream, cheered by a scanty vegetation; at other times only a dry bed, covered with stones, and immense masses of debris from the sides of the mountains. The place where we now found ourselves was a sufficiently startling one. On our right the mountains rose high above us, now in the form of a precipitous cliff that overhung us and seemed to threaten our destruction, and now in the shape of a rugged slope, scarcely less steep than the precipice itself, covered with great boulders and projecting rocks, with here and there a shrub or stunted tree anchored in clefts. The path along which we moved was but a few feet in width, and beneath us the precipices descended almost vertically into the shadowy gorge hundreds of feet below. I durst not look down—the very sight made my brain swim.

The mules, with the caution peculiar to these useful animals, picked their way along with the utmost care, and I was just beginning to regain a little of the confidence which I had lost on entering this terrible defile, when we heard above us among the rocks the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by a sudden shriek, and a noise as of thunder. We looked up, and saw that a little in front, but far enough away to be clear of us, a huge mass of rock had been dislodged from the precipice above, and was rushing downwards, crashing along amid a cloud of dust and an artillery of small stones that whistled about our ears like shot from a hill-battery. It was only a second, when we heard the mass strike our path some way in front of us, and then go careering down in one terrible plunge into the yawning depths of the gorge below. The rifle-shot and the shriek made us at first afraid that a human being had descended with that fearful avalanche of stone, and been dashed to pieces on the rocks. But as the dust cleared away we could see that the hunter had happily saved himself by clinging to a shrub, and was now making successful efforts to gain a kind of rocky plateau, which he no sooner reached than he disappeared, and we passed on our journey, a good deal startled by what had occurred.

But judge of our amazement and vexation when

on proceeding forward we found that the rolling mass of rock in its descent had struck the footpath on which we travelled, and carried a piece of it quite away, leaving a gap of about eight feet, above which the rock rose sheer like a wall, and beneath was one horrible precipice to which no mortal foot could cling. Here, indeed, was a fix. We could not possibly climb or scramble across, for the little strip of path that was left was so broken and shattered, that we durst not venture upon it. We had no planks or ropes, therefore our only way was to *jump*. Now, a jump of eight feet is not much to speak of in a gymnasium; but when you have to clear a chasm, where to miss your footing or lose your balance means almost certain death, it becomes a very different thing. Had time permitted, we would have turned back; but our mission was urgent, and we resolved to proceed, by first throwing our bags across the gulf, then leaping after them ourselves, sending one of the men back with our mules. My cousin first essayed the gap, and got over clear. Then came my turn, but I scarcely felt equal to it. Not that I was of a timid nature, or a bad jumper; but the events of the last few minutes had somewhat unnerved me, and the shriek of the terrified hunter, the thunder of the descending rock, and the far-away deadly boom of its landing in the chasm below, still hung about my ears with a confused and ominous buzz. I felt half-disposed to shew the white feather then and there, and decline the perilous venture. But my courage was partially restored, as I saw my cousin safely landed; and I leapt. My feet touched the opposite ledge, but I had lost my balance. My cousin made a clutch to save me, and, missing his hold, in another moment I had fallen back into the gulf below.

I did not at first know what happened. It was all so swift and terrible. I only remember giving myself up for lost, and anticipating my being dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Yet such was not my fate. About twenty feet down, I struck slightly upon a shelving rock, which diverted my course from the perpendicular, and miraculously threw me sideways in a sloping position into an open cleft or fissure of the rock, which caught and kept me wedge-like, leaving me hanging head outwards over the deadly gorge. It was an awful position to be in, but I did not at first realise it. I neither knew where nor how I was. At length, in answer to the repeated cries of my cousin above, I wakened up to a kind of consciousness, and clutched at some shrubs in order to help me into a position of less danger; for the sight of the open chasm below had a sickening effect on me, and I felt that unless I could strengthen my hold by means of the shrubs around me, I might at any moment slip out of the cleft and be hurled into the abyss.

My cousin saw there was not a moment to be lost. A little before we entered the defile, we had passed a large party of travelling merchants, and so he despatched one of the men back to overtake them, and borrow a rope. While this was taking place, I hung in a state of indescribable agony. I was afraid to look up, and still more afraid to look down. I could only clutch at the shrubs which every moment threatened to give way, and bury my face between my clenched hands as if to shut out the horrible sense of present danger.

It seemed to me hours before the man returned, though he could not have been away above fifteen minutes. He brought with him about twenty yards of rope, which was let down to me, and which I caught firm hold of, with the intention of tying myself in it. But unfortunately for me in this emergency, I fainted—the excitement and suspense proving too much for my overtaxed energies. This was a new difficulty to those who endeavoured to rescue me. My cousin had to jump back to the other side of the gap; and this, with the help of the rope, he successfully accomplished. When there, his first idea was to descend by means of the rope to my rescue; but one of the attendants would not allow him, on account of his weight, and himself volunteered to make the attempt. He was a light-made, agile man, and throwing a loop round his shoulders, he was able with the help of the others to swing himself down, and to fasten me securely to the rope. Consciousness began to return, and this was fortunate; otherwise, all the efforts of those above would hardly have sufficed without my assistance to relieve me from my perilous position, my foot having got jammed so tightly in the cleft of the rock, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could release it. At length, though not without much anxious labour, I was hoisted safely up to the pathway, and placed upon one of the mules; but in so exhausted and bruised a condition as to be unable to keep my seat on the animal's back without assistance. We retraced our steps; and when some days afterwards we renewed our journey, it was by a safe though more circuitous route, for I had no wish to repeat this, my first and only Rocky Mountain Adventure.

HINTS TO STAMMERERS.

THE following hints for stammerers, kindly forwarded to us by one who formerly suffered, appear to us so useful, that we gladly give them the publicity of our columns. Our correspondent writes as follows:

I claim to be, or to have been, a practical stammerer. None of my friends who knew me years ago would have ventured to dispute my just claim to this title; and my object in writing this paper is to shew, that a rigid observance for a few weeks of the simple directions contained herein, produced results perfectly astounding.

From childhood till about thirty years of age, my life was thoroughly embittered by this malady, when I met with an article on the subject by the late celebrated Dr Arnott—I think in one of your old magazines—in which he suggested, as an unfailing remedy, the prefixing of the sound of *e*, as in the French words *de, le, me, se, &c.* to all words commencing with a consonant, seeing that these are the stammerer's deadly enemies. As far as words standing at the beginning of a sentence were concerned, I found this answered pretty well; but something more was required for words with consonant initials occupying a place in the middle of a sentence, also for syllables with consonant initials occupying a place in the middle of a word; *w, y, and u*, as initials, presenting insuperable difficulties. This set me thinking.

I commenced operations by writing out a very large number of ordinary sentences, as they presented themselves. Having examined these sen-

tences one by one, and knowing well where I should fail in uttering them as they stood, I sought to devise some method by which these consonant initials might be got rid of, or, at all events, diminished. It struck me that if I could contrive, by any artificial division of the words composing each sentence, to bring the consonants at the end of a division, instead of at the commencement, a grand object would be thus achieved; for consonants at the end of a word present no special difficulty; the glottis having been already opened by the preceding vowel sound, the terminating consonant flows out almost as a matter of course. It is as when we pour liquid from a full bottle; at first it runs intermittently, with a 'gluk-gluk;' but when once enough of the liquid is out to admit the air freely, the obstruction ceases. In a similar way, the object of the stammerer is to prevent the glottis from closing when once it is opened.

To ascertain whether or not my idea was practicable, I wrote out in the ordinary way one sentence at a time. I then re-wrote this sentence, not divided into simple words, but making every initial consonant the final letter of the preceding word. Having so divided the words composing the sentence, I then read them over aloud many times, according to this artificial division, to try if they were pronounceable without any gross peculiarity. I practised this method incessantly, both in reading and colloquial speaking; and to my astonishment, I discovered within a few weeks that I was wielding an instrument which was almost invariably successful; and with this consciousness of increased power, my confidence daily increased, so that I could frequently speak on without regard to any method. All who had known me up to this time were perfectly astounded, and anxiously inquired by what means so remarkable a change had been effected; for mine, be it observed, was no mere occasional hesitation, but a most habitual, unmistakable, and inveterate stammering. Full examples of the method will be given in the sequel.

Shortly after this change, I had numerous transactions, which involved a large amount of talking, with a gentleman occupying a somewhat superior position; and, being anxious to know whether the working of my mental machinery was at all observable to outsiders, I asked him whether he had ever observed any peculiarity in my speaking. His reply was: 'No; only that you speak very distinctly.'

Without further desultory remarks, I will now endeavour to render as intelligible as I can the method which I adopted, and continue to observe, when necessary, to this day. Before so doing, there are a few points which it is most important should be distinctly understood.

1. That the chief difficulty with stammerers is to enunciate words or syllables that begin with a consonant; or, in other words, consonant initials.
2. That any violent effort to speak only increases the difficulty; therefore to facilitate this process, speak slowly, with an affected ease, in a style approaching to chanting as distinguished from staccato; in other words, let the words flow out rather than attempt to *jerk* them out.
3. When it is recommended to prefix the sound of *e*—as in the French words *le, de, me, se, &c.*—it is not intended that this sound should be conspicuous, but inwardly, and little more than

mentally, simply to open the glottis and make a free passage for the consonant initial succeeding. 4. The letters *w*, *y*, and *u*, as initials, present special difficulties, which may be obviated by close attention to what follows. 5. The statement sometimes made, that no stammerer ever experienced any difficulty in enunciating a vowel sound, is not true; all that can be said is that the chief difficulty is invariably found with the consonants.

Of course this constant observation of words about to be uttered is attended by some degree of mental strain; but the life of an inveterate stammerer is attended by incessant strain from January to December, and without hope of amelioration: in the one case the strain is productive of good, and increases confidence; in the other it is unproductive, and attended with an amount of mental misery inconceivable to all but the sufferer.

1. Commencing, then, with a word standing at the beginning of a sentence or phrase, and having a consonant initial; for instance, 'My friend who has just spoken,' &c. Here the *m* of *my* presents an insuperable difficulty; but prefix to *my* the sound of *e*, as in the French words *le, de, me, se, &c.*—inwardly and little more than mentally as already described—and the *my* will flow out, and with it, probably, the whole of the sentence that follows. Again: 'But there is a fatality which attends us,' &c. The above remarks apply equally to 'But' and the words following; and the same directions will apply equally to the following and all other sentences or phrases having consonant or compound consonant initials, such as *br, pr, dr, st, sh, &c.*: 'Down with tyranny,' &c.; 'From the beginning,' &c.; 'To infinity,' &c.; 'Now all that has to be changed,' &c.; 'There is one side of our political life,' &c.; 'That shewed the power,' &c.; 'During the existence,' &c.; 'Nor is that the only matter,' &c.; *John, Charles, Samuel, Thomas, Genesis, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Scotland, Spain, &c.* For this class of words, the directions for prefixing the sound of *e* as in the French *le, &c.*, will prove amply sufficient.

2. Where one or more words, having consonant initials, stand, not at the beginning but in the body of a sentence, let the following plan be adopted: Write the sentence out first in the ordinary way, for instance, 'May he rest in peace.' Then divide it artificially, so as to bring every initial consonant at the end of a division, thus: 'Im-ay heer-est in-p-eace.' Practise the reading of this latter form aloud many times, studying to make it sound as much as possible like the original sentence.

After practice, I found that the difference in the two readings was, to outsiders, rarely perceptible; and that the amount of difficulty removed by the latter process was almost incredible. In the same way: Time discloses all things—Timed-is-closes all-th-ings. Laws are silent in the midst of arms—Laws are-silent inth-um-istd of arms. Virtue alone is true nobility—Virtue alone istr-onobility. Every man has his own pleasures—Everyman has his ownpl-easures. I came, I saw, I conquered—Ic-ame, Is-aw, Ic-onquered. A rare bird in the earth, and very like a black swan—Ur-areb-ird inth-e earth andv-eryl-ike ubl-acksw-on.

Here it must be noted that every sentence, in speaking or reading, need not be so divided, but only where an obstacle presents itself; and this can mostly be anticipated by the stammerer with considerable certainty; and further it will be found, that where some formidable word is conquered in this way, a whole host of succeeding words will flow with comparative ease. The above examples will, I think, suffice to give a sufficiently intelligible idea of my mode of treating words with consonant initials in the body of a sentence.

3. Next among my deadliest enemies I recognise the letters *w*, *y*, and *u*, as initials. Whenever *w* stands as initial, substitute for it the sound of *oo*, as in moon. In this way write out and repeat aloud, so as to be able to apply it in colloquial speaking: What = oo-ot, when = ooen, why = ooy, where = ooare, whence = ooence, Watkins = oo-otkins, wheel = ooel, window = ooindow, wait = ooait, way = ooay, wine = ooine, will = ooil. If the speaker avoid hanging upon the *oo*, no peculiarity will be observed in his pronunciation, and he will astonish both himself and others by his enunciation of words of this class. It is a most difficult letter, and this substitution I found most effective.

Whenever *y* stands as initial, substitute for it the sound of *ee*, as in bee, see, &c. In this way write out and repeat aloud as before: Young = eeung, yea = eeay, yet = ee-et, youth = eeooth, yonder = eeonder, Yates = eeates, yeast = ee-east, yesterday = ee-esterday, Yankee = eeanke, year = ee-ear, yore = eeore, yacht = eeot.

Whenever *u*, having the long sound as in the alphabet, stands as initial, substitute for it the sound of *ee*, as in bee, followed by *oo*, as in moon. In this way write out and repeat aloud as before: Universe = eeooniverse, universal = eeooniversal, unity = eeoonity, unit = eeoonit, unanimous = eeoonanimous, unanimity = eeoonanimity, ubiquity = eeobiquity, uniform = eeooniform, uniformity = eeooniformity, unicorn = eeoonicorn, usage = eeosage, usual = eeosual, usurer = eeosurer, usury = eeosury, &c.

In each of the above cases, the substitution of the equivalent sounds for *w*, *y*, and *u* affords an amount of relief almost incredible; but care must be taken not to dwell on these substituted sounds, but to pronounce them nearly as one syllable. Practice is in every case indispensable. Any one so affected will not grudge the labour of adding to these examples, and practising the same; and my conviction is that he will find his labour well rewarded. By the adoption of these artifices, I was enabled to accomplish for myself what the most eminent professors of the day failed in effecting.

To a man who never in his life experienced any difficulty in saying what he wished to say, doubtless these directions may appear very superfluous; but to one whose daily bread is dependent on a tolerably distinct utterance, the matter will assume a perfectly different aspect.

I would not willingly overstate the efficacy of this method; but from the testimony of some to whom I communicated it at their request, I have reason to know that the benefit has not been absolutely confined to the writer. Among others, the late Canon Kingsley, in gratefully acknowledging my hints on the subject, shewed that his

view of the grievous character of the malady accorded pretty nearly with my own, as already stated. He said: 'For the torments I have suffered since I was six years old, God alone knows, or will know—still to me every stammerer is a friend at once, by unity of sorrow; after all, perhaps, the most sacred unity on earth.'

KLEPTOMANIA.

AMONG the various kinds of insanity which are pleaded in courts of justice as an excuse for the commission of crimes, is that irresistible propensity to pocket articles, or more correctly, to steal, which has been elegantly denominated Kleptomania. According to authentic testimony, this mental disease is far more prevalent than is generally supposed; and the recorded instances of various kinds and degrees of such are both numerous and peculiar. We propose to briefly mention a few noteworthy instances of various kinds of this derangement, and conclude by submitting a few observations as to the evidence upon which it can and cannot be established in judicial tribunals.

With regard to the intensity of the disposition to commit thefts, this is often so great as to become incurable. A case is related of a man who would not eat unless his food was stolen; in consequence of which his attendant humoured him by placing his food in a corner, where it appeared hidden, but could easily be—so to speak—purloined. A lady was also affected with this monomania so strongly that, upon her trial for theft, she stated that she had such a mad longing to possess herself of everything she saw, that if she were at church, she could not refrain from stealing from the altar. Dr Rush, the famous American physician, informs us that a woman who was exemplary in her obedience to the moral law except the eighth commandment, was so addicted to larceny that, when she could take nothing more valuable, she would often at the table of a friend secretly fill her pockets with bread. Lavater also states that a doctor of medicine could not leave his patients' rooms without taking something away unobserved; and his wife searched his pockets, and returned to their owners the knives, thimbles, scissors, &c. which her husband abstracted. The wife of another physician had so strong a propensity to steal, that on making purchases, she endeavoured to take something away that did not belong to her; and two German Countesses appear to have been guilty of the same vice. The almoner of a regiment of Prussian cuirassiers, a well-educated man, frequently on parade stole the handkerchiefs of the officers; and one unfortunate man was so far under the influence of kleptomania, that being nigh unto death, he actually secreted the snuff-box of his confessor!

As to modern instances of this species of insanity, we knew a parish clergyman who stole every article he could lay his hands on. If out at dinner, he pocketed scraps of bread, table-napkins, or anything. When lodging at hotels, he carried off pieces of soap and the ends of candles from his bedroom. His larcenies became so notorious that he was ultimately brought before the Church courts, and turned out of his living. The *Times*, a few years ago, in commenting upon the subject of a lady-kleptomaniac being prosecuted for stealing cambric handkerchiefs in

a draper's shop, stated, that 'every one who is acquainted with London society could at once furnish a dozen names of ladies who have been notorious for abstracting articles of trifling value from the shops where they habitually dealt. Their *modus operandi* was so well known, that on their return from their drives, their relatives took care to ascertain the nature of their paltry peculations; inquired from the coachman the houses at which he had been ordered to stop; and as a matter of course, reimbursed the tradesmen to the full value of the pilfered goods. In other cases, a hint was given to the various shopkeepers at whose establishments these monomaniacs made their purchases; and they were simply forewarned to notice what was taken away, and to furnish the bill; which was paid for as soon as furnished, and as a matter of course by the pilferer herself, without any feeling of shame or emotion of any kind.' It is also stated in the *Quarterly Review* in 1856, in an article upon the Metropolitan Police, that 'the extent of pilfering carried on even by ladies of rank and position is very great; there are persons possessing a mania of this kind so well known among the shop-keeping community, that their addresses and descriptions are passed from hand to hand for mutual security. The attendants allow them to secrete what they like without seeming to observe them; and afterwards send a bill with the prices of the goods purloined to their houses.'

With regard to the causes of this intellectual aberration, general insanity appears to be one. Thus it is a common observation, according to Pinel, that some maniacs who in their lucid intervals are properly considered models of probity, cannot avoid stealing and cheating during the paroxysm. Dr Gall mentions an instance of two citizens of Vienna who on becoming insane were well known in the hospital for an extraordinary propensity to steal, although they had before lived irreproachable lives. They wandered about from morning to night and picked up whatever they could lay their hands on, which they carefully hid in their rooms. It also appears that epileptics have an irresistible impulse to purloin whatever they can secretly lay their hands upon, valuable or not. Cases are also mentioned, on first-class medical authority, of women who when pregnant were violently impelled to steal, though they were quite adverse to theft at other times; and we are likewise told that a pregnant woman otherwise perfectly honest and respectable, suddenly had a violent longing for some apples from a particular orchard two or three miles away; and although she was entreated by her parents and husband not to risk her character and health in attempting to steal any, but that they would procure her the apples in the morning, she started off at nine o'clock in a cold September night; was detected by the owner in the act of stealing them; and after being tried and convicted of the theft, a medical commission was afterwards appointed to examine and report upon her case. The commissioners were of opinion that she was morally free; and therefore not legally responsible while under the influence of pregnancy.

Abnormal conformations of the head accompanied with an imbecile understanding are often the cause of kleptomania. Gall and Spurzheim saw in Bern prison a boy twelve years old, who is described as 'ill organised and rickety,' who

could never avoid stealing. An ex-commissary of police at Toulouse was condemned to eight years' imprisonment and hard labour and to the pillory for having stolen some plate while in office. He did not deny the crime, but persisted to the last in a singular kind of defence. He attributed the crime to a mental derangement caused by wounds he had received at Marseilles in 1815. Another case is related of a young man who after being severely wounded in the temple, for which he was trepanned, manifested an unconquerable propensity for theft, which was quite against his natural disposition. He was imprisoned for larceny, after having committed several robberies; and had not medical testimony been produced to shew that he was insane, and which attributed his kleptomania to a disorder of the brain, he would have been punished according to law.

We will now offer a few observations upon the rationale of judicial evidence concerning this monomania. In the first place, it appears that when a person commits a theft under the delusion that the article stolen is his property; or that he has been robbed of such, and in taking it he is merely exercising a lawful right of recaption; or that he has been directed by the Almighty to take possession of certain things, legal tribunals would not probably consider such a monomaniac responsible for the robbery; and would therefore exempt him from punishment; as they would probably do, if no ordinary circumstances could have restrained him from the commission of the larceny. Now, before concluding whether a person is a kleptomaniac, his pecuniary means, position, rank, and the circumstances under which he has stolen, and those under which he has committed previous thefts (if any), should be taken into consideration. If he has adopted precautions against being detected in the act of stealing; or has attempted to conceal the larceny; or fails to endeavour to restore the articles stolen; or has conspired or planned with another person to commit this theft; or was in a condition to be deterred from the commission of a robbery by the fear of punishment—then one or more of these circumstances are evidence against kleptomania.

Several ingenious but improper defences have been made by persons possessed of good pecuniary means, and holding a respectable social position, with the view of escaping imprisonment for thefts they have committed more from moral turpitude than a diseased mind. One of the most noteworthy of these is mentioned by Casper. Madame de X— had stolen articles in three goldsmiths' shops; and subsequently confessed to her husband that at a certain time she had an irresistible desire to possess herself of shining objects. She confessed to having taken objects from shops; and stated that on one occasion when she went to return the goods, she had been restrained from so doing from the belief that the articles were her own. Much evidence was given to prove that she suffered from mental disease; but on Casper's opinion being asked concerning her alleged kleptomania, he concluded that her propensity to steal was not irresistible; that she had not been compelled to commit the three thefts in spite of herself, and that she was responsible for them as criminal actions. His reasons for this opinion were, that, in the first place, although the accused had besought her husband

not to take her to those places where shining objects were to be seen, she went to goldsmiths' shops of her own accord, and without any necessity for doing so. Second, that she paid away silver. Third, that she broke up the objects she stole, in order that they might not be recognised, and in that way lead to her detection. Fourth, she had not gone to the same goldsmith's shop twice. Fifth, she had concealed her conduct from her husband. And last, when she was interrogated, had made many false and contradictory statements.

In conclusion, it may be fairly mentioned that although larceny is the commonest of crimes, still the great difficulty in proving kleptomania, and the danger which persons run of being imprisoned and ruined who are guilty of theft, not to mention the injury their relatives often suffer in consequence, act as a great check to this mental disease.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.

LIGHT, whether obtained direct from the sun by day or from artificial sources by night, is generally accompanied by more or less heat. But there is one kind of light about which much has been written, and with regard to the nature of which little is known, which shines without giving the slightest indication of warmth. This strange light, which will not affect the most delicate thermometer, is known as Phosphorescence. The name has been given to it not because the substances which exhibit the phenomenon are in any way allied with phosphorus, but because the light emitted by them is apparently of the same nature as that given by the slow oxidation of phosphorus. The subject of phosphoric light has lately received attention from the circumstance that a luminous paint has recently been introduced, and is coming into practical use for various purposes, which depends for its action upon the phosphorescence of the chemicals composing it.

In tracing the history of this remarkable property of certain substances, we must look back to the year 1602. At this time, when the feverish search for what was termed the philosopher's stone, and the dream of transmuting the baser metals into gold, were at their height, there lived in Bologna a certain cobbler, by name Vincenzo Casciorolo, who found time to lay aside his last and his awl for a little occasional dabbling in alchemy. One day, whilst walking in the vicinity of the city, he picked up a stone, and was immediately struck with its unusual weight. Could this be the philosopher's stone? was his first thought. The prize was taken home, and speedily placed with some charcoal in a crucible, while Vincenzo eagerly watched for the gold to flow forth. In this he was of course disappointed; but his labours resulted in a discovery which surprised and puzzled him. The stone had become luminous; that is to say, after exposure to sunlight, it retained and emitted in the dark the light it had received. The mineral picked up by this poor cobbler was barium sulphate, which by his

operation in the crucible was changed to barium sulphide, one of the most phosphorescent bodies known. It is often called Bologna Stone, from the circumstances just detailed, and up to recent times was sold in the streets of that town, as a curiosity of the district.

Some years later, a German chemist named Margraaf found a more ready method of preparing barium sulphide; and also found that many other substances exhibited the same curious properties. In 1663, the great English chemist Boyle detected phosphorescence in certain specimens of the diamond; and a few years later, phosphorus itself was produced by Brandt. It is worthy of note that this discovery was also due to the unglazing search after the philosopher's stone.

The subject slept for nearly one hundred years, when Canton, by calcining oyster-shells with sulphur, obtained sulphide of calcium, known to this day as Canton's Phosphorus. A glass tube containing some of this compound prepared by Canton himself, and engraved with the date 1764, is still extant. It is a remarkable circumstance that this specimen, more than one hundred years old, is still as actively phosphorescent as compounds newly made. In 1792, Wedgwood experimented with various substances, and published the results in the Philosophical Transactions. He there gives a long list of different bodies which become luminous after insolation, or after exposure to sunlight.

M. Niépce, who was associated with Daguerre in the early days of photography, also contributed the results of some extraordinary observations to the subject of what may be called invisible phosphorescence. He found that if a key were laid upon a sheet of white paper and exposed to sunlight, and then taken into a dark chamber and the key removed, a spectral and gradually fading image of the key was observable upon the paper for some seconds afterwards. He found, moreover, that a sheet of paper so treated and laid aside for months, would again shew the image of the key when warmed upon a hot plate. Such an experiment as this can be more easily verified than explained. Another strange discovery due to Niépce was this—that an engraving exposed to sunlight, and afterwards placed in the dark in contact with photographic paper, will imprint its image upon the sensitive surface, although that surface has never itself seen the light. This strange and unaccountable phenomenon seems akin to one that modern photographers have constantly to guard against. It is found in more than one of the rapid dry-plate processes, that the exposure in the camera has to be lessened, if the plates have to be kept long before the completing operations of development and fixation; or the resulting pictures are rendered too dense by the continuing action of light upon the plates, although they are shut up in light-tight receptacles. These curious results will no doubt be investigated by competent minds. They may possibly explain some of those tricks in connection with photographic portraiture which have been attributed by charlatans to so-called spiritualistic agency.

The entire subject of phosphorescence has within recent years been closely investigated by M. Becquerel, who has done more than any one man to tabulate and arrange the known facts concerning it. He has not only immensely enlarged the list

of substances which can be called phosphorescent, but he has invented an instrument called the Phosphoscope, by which many more may yet be added to the category. The phosphoscope consists of a blackened metallic box with two openings, one for the illumination of the substance under examination, and the other for observation. By the action of a quickly rotating screen, these two orifices are never open at the same time. The observer can note only the appearance of the substance he is examining immediately after it has been submitted to light. By this means it is found that innumerable things, hitherto unsuspected of retaining light, such as paper, teeth, Iceland spar, &c. are unquestionably phosphorescent for a short time after insolation; whilst quartz, sulphur, and notably phosphorus, remain perfectly dark. There is no doubt that the luminous paint which is now attracting public attention is due to the researches of Edmond Becquerel.

There are many authentic records of luminous drops of rain seen in certain storms. This, and the well-known fire of St Elmo—seen on ships' masts and spars—are no doubt due to atmospheric electricity. To the same cause can be traced the luminosity apparent occasionally in waterspouts. Certain flowers too, and particularly those of an orange colour, such as the tiger-lily, nasturtium, and others, have been noticed to emit flashes of fire under peculiar conditions of the atmosphere. In Brazil, a plant is known, the juice of which applied to paper, will become phosphorescent in darkness. Many fungi exhibit the same property, and more particularly a species found in certain mines in Sweden, and also in Germany, where they are known as vegetable glow-worms.

In the animal kingdom we have many examples of phosphorescence, confined almost exclusively to lower organisms. The beautiful luminous appearance of the sea is in a great measure due to a tiny organism termed *Noctiluca miliaris*. There are also decided examples to be met with among the annelids, mollusks, crustaceans, fish, &c., and many insects. The glow-worm itself has afforded a theme for poets ever since men knew how to transmit their thoughts to paper; but as far as its light-giving powers are concerned it still remains a mystery. It seems that it can emit light or not at will, and that this power is exercised at certain times. It is also proved that the light given is without heat.

Certain substances both animal and vegetable become luminous just before putrefaction; veal and lamb have been known to exhibit the property; and decaying potatoes will often become strongly luminous. To decaying vegetable matter may also be traced the well-known gas termed Will-o'-the-wisp.

About two years ago, some clocks were imported from France which possessed dials which, after exposure to sunlight, remained luminous in the dark, so that the time could be observed during the night without a lamp. This was the first introduction of the compound now known as Balmain's luminous paint. Mr Balmain, who has recently died, was a chemist, and a friend of Becquerel's. It occurred to him to mix the various phosphorescent compounds perfected by the latter with different media, such as oils and varnishes, so that they could be applied to diffe-

rent substances, like ordinary paint. The process has been patented; and the article itself is now a well-known marketable commodity. The exact composition of the paint is not known; but we may feel certain that it consists mainly of either the sulphides of calcium or barium, and that its great luminosity is due to some peculiarity in its preparation. Its original form is a powder, which can be mixed, according to the purpose for which it is intended, with water, varnish, or oil; or for solids, with papier-mâché, artificial ivory, and other compounds which are commonly used for fancy articles and decorative purposes.

Its proposed applications are of the most varied description; and we have seen many of these as specimens of what can be done, which promise valuable results. The names of streets painted in luminous characters would indeed be a boon to the belated traveller in one of our dimly lighted towns, who in vain tries to find his way to a friend's abode. Such notices as 'Lodgings to let,' 'Apartments,' &c. would also be the better for being visible after dusk. Inscriptions such as these are prepared and shewn by the patentees. Match-boxes with luminous sides will also be found desirable by those who by fractious infancy or by other causes are often led to exclaim: 'Where on earth are the matches?'

These are but trivial applications of the invention. Among its more important projected uses are the following. It has already been tried with success for the interior of railway carriages, to obviate the use of lamps during daylight, but which are at present indispensable on lines which run through tunnels. In gunpowder magazines, or in spirit vaults, where the use of ordinary lamps is risky, the luminous paint will be found most useful. It may be urged that as the new illuminant requires initial exposure to light, its use in such situations would be often rendered abortive. But this difficulty is obviated by movable screens covered with the phosphorescent material, which can be either exposed to the rays of the sun, or to the actinic light of burning magnesium wire. Such screens are aptly called Aladdin's lamps. Its use on shipboard in this manner has already been tested by the Admiralty authorities; with what success we do not know. A still more useful application of the invention is to buoys, and more especially to those life-buoys, or rings of cork, always carried by ships, on the sight of which on a dark night a man's life often depends. A buoy rendered luminous by the paint would afford quite a brilliant object on the dark water, and a swimmer would have no difficulty in finding his way to it. In the same way it would act as a guide to his friends in his ultimate rescue. On fixed buoys for the guidance of ships and boats at the entrance of a river or harbour, its use would also be invaluable. One more use for it in maritime concerns is as a covering for the ordinary diver's dress. In this particular work it has been tried in deep water, the diver asserting that by its aid he could easily see objects which without its aid would have been quite invisible. As a rule, the diver in deep water has to trust to feeling more than to his eyesight; and benumbed fingers in cold water must occasionally lead him astray in his conjectures as to the condition of things it is his duty to examine. The luminous paint will therefore prove of signal service to him. In the

case in question the diver descended into twenty-seven feet of dull water, and could distinguish the mussels and bolt-heads on a ship's bottom with great ease.

So far as experience at present goes, the new paint seems as durable as it is effective—a question of great importance where, in the case of diving operations and of buoys, it is likely to be exposed to all weathers and to constant exposure to water.

IN MEMORIAM.

A. W. E., AGED FIVE YEARS, WHO FELL WHEN AT PLAY,
A DISTANCE OF FIFTY-FIVE FEET, AND WAS INSTANTLY
KILLED.

In thy dear grave upon yon flower-decked hill
Thou'rt wrapped in sleep as silent as the tomb;
Yet one fond heart with love for thee doth thrill,
And snatcheth comfort from the deep'ning gloom.

My child, my darling child! arouse thee now;
Night casts her mantle o'er the slumb'ring land;
Awake! and let me kiss thy placid brow,
And smooth thy hair down with this trembling hand.

Come, let me clasp thee to this weary breast,
And for one rapturous moment rob the grave;
Ay! come and give my aching bosom rest;
And sing, as thou wert wont, the pretty stave—

Wherein 'tis told that Jesus loves His own,
And how to Him all little ones belong;
Yes, come, my darling, from thy heav'nly throne,
And cheer my heart again with thy sweet song.

Oh, cruel, cruel fate!—Yet, why so mourn?
Happier far art thou than we who weep;
Though fain would I have kept thee from that bourn
Whence mortals ne'er return—the land of Sleep.

But no more pain shall rack thy little frame,
Nor tears again o'erflow from those dear eyes;
No more can Death my own loved darling claim,
For thou hast fought the fight—and won a fadeless
prize.

Oh, Jesu, Jesu! list a father's cry!
Shew me the path that leadeth unto God.
Teach me, O Lord, to bear this agony,
And tread the way my little one hath trod.

I see thee now:—Oh, come, my darling boy,
And lay thy wounded head upon my breast.
Oh, bless thee, bless thee, for this heav'nly joy!—
There, nestle here, as erst thou used to rest.

Alh, see! a glittering concourse now appears,
And to my angel boy a crown is given;
And while my face is bathed in useless tears
They bear him gently to God's highest heaven.

J. A. ELLIOTT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 876.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

TRAMPISM.

TRAMPS are the pest of modern rural life. They are a kind of sequel to the gipsies of the olden time. They are a class of beings who, from depravity or natural imperfections, break away from a settled state of life, and depend on begging or vagrancy for a loose hap-hazard existence. Traveling about in ones or twos, they carry no baggage, nor, we suppose, do they care about lying in a bed. In their ragged, dirty apparel, they rest themselves as complacently by the wayside under a hedge, as if lolling on a sofa in a comfortable apartment. They stand considerably in awe of police-officers, whom they view as natural enemies, and they are generally on their good behaviour in the neighbourhood of gentlemen's mansions, for they know that pranks in that quarter might speedily have unpleasant consequences.

Trampism professedly rests on want of work, and good-natured folk imagine that it is a plain result of bad times. A more correct explanation of its origin is a distinct disinclination to work. Vast numbers of people, male and female, hate a regular course of living. They hate regular hours, regular work, regular meals. They hate to be ordered to do this or that by masters or mistresses. Punctuality is their detestation. A rollicking, easy sort of life, with liberty to do as they like, is their delight. Like the lower animals, they have little or no foresight. You might lecture them on idleness, and the probable misery it would entail. All your talk goes for nothing. Under irresistible impulses, they will take their chance. And so they lose their situations, and go to the bad, the men partly by drink, the women partly by love of dress and a hatred of regular work.

Tramps do not take the road all at once. In the outset of their vagabond career, they get a few days' work occasionally, but still keep moving about; and being thrown into bad company in lodging-houses and elsewhere, after a time they unconsciously assume unsettled habits, and probably end in becoming confirmed vagrants. The habitual tramp is well known by his ragged dirty

appearance; he is always on the outlook for work, while he does not in reality want it. If a farmer has the temerity to give a tramp decent quarters for the night, the chances are ten to one that the 'jolly beggar' has disappeared before next morning, carrying a stray overcoat or umbrella along with him. A few years ago, a young tramp in a woful plight presented himself at our house in the country. He said he was starving, and would gladly work in the garden for a shilling a day. We gave him the required work, and found him accommodation. He kept at work, and received his daily shilling for three days. He then disappeared, but not without cheating a tradesman in the neighbourhood, who had confidently given him credit for a pair of new shoes.

We have observed that tramps increase in number after any riot that has taken place in a populous city distant two days' journey on foot. They are in request by the police, and are airing themselves by a ramble in the country till the search blows over. They know the safe routes, where magistrates in small towns are soft, and instead of punishing with imprisonment, let misdeameanants off with a reprimand, which is of course laughed at. The worst class of tramps are always most forward, and generally most successful in getting alms. They have a plausible story ever ready, and with a tact almost like intuition, they suit it to the weak side of their auditors. All sorts of diseases possible and impossible are laid claim to by them; and the harder the name they give to their complaint, the better are their chances of getting something from simple people. We have heard of a certain tramp who, when asked what was his complaint, replied with an unpronounceable Welsh word meaning 'Sheer laziness,' and had made a small fortune by it before being found out. Children under such training grow up sly-eyed, dirty, and unkempt. They are very successful beggars, and are sent into houses for that purpose, while their 'parents' skulk a short distance off, but out of sight.

Many people, especially in country districts, while

they refuse to give money to tramps, give them food, which they think cannot, like money, be turned into drink. Such persons little know tramps, who when seen at night in low lodging-houses in our towns and villages, present a spectacle truly Bohemian in its character, and who often spend in drunkenness and debauchery the earnings of the day. The way in which a deaf and dumb man can pour out abuse, or a paralytic deliver a blow straight from the shoulder, in one of the skirmishes constantly occurring in lodging-houses, would considerably astonish those who have pitied and, as they thought, relieved misfortune in giving alms to such persons. The lodging-house keeper finds it to his interest to keep pigs; and those tramps who have brought in quantities of provisions, find in him a ready customer at about three-halfpence per pound. The gullibility of the public especially in respect of women and children is marvellous, considering that every week the newspapers contain instances, of the grossest imposture being practised. Two cases of imposture have lately come under our notice, for the authenticity of which we can vouch. Two women stayed for some time in a lodging-house in a town in Banffshire. They went out to beg by turns, each taking with her a child belonging to one of them. As this was found profitable, they dressed up a bundle of rags, and wrapping it in a shawl, carried it in their arms, pretending it was a sleeping child, in order to excite the more sympathy by seeming to have two children. This went on for a considerable time till exposed by the lodging-house keeper. In the other case, a 'sailor,' who said he had lost one arm in fighting his country's battles, exhibited a mutilated stump, receiving tangible proofs of the sympathy he excited. Losing his discretion, however, one day, by getting the worse of drink, 'Jack' was taken to the police-office, and it was then discovered that the rogue was wearing an artificial stump, and that his arm was safe below his waistcoat, though a little shrunken in size from tight bandaging and want of exercise.

Two things have greatly helped to intensify Trampism. The first is the profuse establishment of public charities, and the second is the harbourage given in the dingy lanes not only in large but in small towns. Wherever dwellings are concealed from general observation, there the tramp finds a refuge. He resembles the animals who like to live in dark recesses, whence they issue to find a prey. Tramps are ordinarily well acquainted with plans for operating on charitable institutions. In England, they know all about workhouses and relieving officers in the districts in which they make their rounds. Just as tourists look out for certain hotels, tramps have a preference for certain towns and workhouses to which to give their patronage. Lancashire, with its teeming population, may be called the choice field of tramps. But so is it noted for artistic methods of counteracting imposture, and forcing vagrants to perform a piece of

work rather trying to the muscles. At a prodigiously large workhouse near Manchester, inmates of the Tramp order meet with their match. They are received in the evening, and as is customary in casual wards, are given some food and a night's lodging. In the morning, before departure, or receiving anything in the form of breakfast, they must break a certain quantity of stones into road-metal. There is no shirking the task. They are confined in a cell along with a hammer and a lot of stones. There is their work. The natural feeling would be to break the stones in a perfunctory fashion; but this is effectually prevented. The stones when broken must be shovelled out of a kind of window consisting of a strong iron grating, which will allow only of stones broken to small dimensions to pass. Until the last bit of stone gets through the grating, there is no breakfast and no permission to go forth on the day's excursion. A good scheme for circumventing the idly disposed, and said to be salutary in its effect. Perhaps it is adopted elsewhere.

In England, where the amount expended in the actual relief of the poor averages between seven and eight millions sterling annually, there are some eight hundred thousand persons in receipt of either indoor or outdoor relief. This number does not include those relieved by the police, who in many counties and boroughs are appointed assistant relieving-officers for vagrants. This plan works well, and we do not see why some modification of it should not be adopted in Scotland in regard to tramps requiring casual relief. From their visits to lodging-houses, courts of justice, and other places where tramps are wont to make their appearance, the police become familiar with the persons of numbers of these people, and therefore have a much better chance of detecting imposture than inspectors of poor; and the vagrant realising this, would become chary of making a false statement. The worst feature in the question is, that the children of vagrants—unless, by committing some petty theft, they are brought before a court, and sent to a Reformatory or Industrial School, where they may learn better habits—soon become accustomed to a wandering vagabond life, and grow up to be a tax upon the resources of the community, like their parents.

We do not wish to be understood as discouraging one of the purest pleasures—that of succouring the unfortunate. The honest but destitute wayfarer, out of employment from no fault of his own, is always deserving of assistance; but we think that such, on leaving the place where he has resided and is known, ought to have no difficulty in procuring some kind of guarantee from respectable persons, shewing that he was what he represented, and thus assuring people that their charity was not being abused. We wish, however, that givers would see so far as in them lies that it is genuine need they are relieving, and not by indiscriminate alms-giving—well named 'uncharitable charity'—throw away that which would relieve real distress,

and which only does harm to those who receive it. As to Trampism in its general features, we can only hope that by means of education, increased energy on the part of the police and magistracy, and above all, the eradication of slums in the principal towns, the evil may in time be abated.

THE CRUISE OF THE *WASP*.

CHAPTER III.—A BRUSH WITH THE SAVAGES —POST-OFFICE ISLAND.

OUR first concern was to get the vessel afloat again. A council was called, consisting of Lieutenant Lucan, myself, and the two old petty officers, and it was decided that our only plan was to cut a canal in the sand, and then tow the schooner into deep water. Fortunately, the sand in which she lay partially imbedded was soft and yielding. It was no very difficult matter to loosen it all around her, and then dig a canal to the water's edge. All hands, officers and men included, set to work forthwith with shovels. The labour was tedious; but in four hours, by dint of incessant work, we had cut a clear passage to the edge of the water of sufficient depth to enable us to tow the vessel the short distance through it. A kedge-anchor was then thrown out a cable's-length distant; and while some of the crew hove in at the capstan the stream-cable attached to the kedge, others manned the boats, and assisted to tow her off by means of ropes made fast to her bows.

Just at the moment, however, when we were putting the kedge-anchor into the launch, one of the men called the attention of Lieutenant Lucan to the opposite shore of New Guinea. During the whole of the morning, from daybreak until the squall burst upon us, we had sailed along close to the shore, which was in many places covered with dense forest down to the beach, without seeing a single native, or even a solitary hut; and had come to the natural conclusion that this portion of the Papuan coast, fertile as it seemed to be, was wholly uninhabited. But now, on looking in the direction pointed out by the sailor, we saw the natives swarming down to the beach, until some hundreds must have assembled, while others were still coming forth from the woods. All were armed with spears and clubs, and were shouting vociferously and gesticulating violently, while they brandished their spears and clubs over their heads. It was evident that we had been watched from the concealment of the forest by some of the natives throughout the day, until the squall carried us on to the sandbank, when those who had watched our progress, believing the vessel now to be in their power, had carried the news to the villages, and raised the entire male population. This, however, was not all. Scarcely had we become aware of this hostile demonstration, ere a canoe larger than any we had hitherto seen, and full of armed men, made its appearance from behind a bluff about a quarter

of a mile astern, and was immediately followed by others, until a fleet of ten or twelve of these double-canoes, each containing at least a dozen men, in addition to those who used the paddles, were bearing rapidly down upon us. The savages betrayed no timidity or hesitation now. Believing the schooner to be a merchant-vessel—for her guns were drawn inboard—and imagining that we were completely in their power, they advanced boldly and swiftly; and if they had once got alongside, they would have overpowered us by their overwhelming numbers.

There was no time to be lost. The natives on the opposite shore were launching small canoes from the beach; and in five minutes several hundred savages, eager for plunder, would have surrounded the schooner and crowded upon her decks. Since we had entered the Strait, we had kept the two boat-guns loaded with grape-shot and canister, as also a stand of muskets ready for immediate service, in anticipation of such an emergency as had now occurred. One of the boat-guns was brought to bear upon the advancing double-canoes. Its muzzle was elevated, for we did not wish to spill blood unless it should be absolutely necessary, and Lucan ordered the old gunner's mate to fire.

'I'd give it 'em smash right into 'em, sir,' said Gorman, the boatswain's mate, who was standing by, and who had once narrowly escaped with his life from the savages of Melville Island, not far distant, amongst whom he had landed to trade with a party of seamen from a coasting-vessel. 'They're warmints, and not hooman creeturs, and don't deserve no consideration.'

Harris appeared to enter into the feelings of his brother petty officer, and looked at Lucan as if to ask permission to depress the muzzle of the piece.

'No, no,' said Lucan. 'Do as I tell you. If they don't take the hint and disperse, we'll give them the contents of the other gun. Fire!'

The gun was discharged, the shot scattering widely as it flew over the canoes and fell plashing like a shower of hail into the water beyond them. The other gun was ready at hand to repeat the fire if it were necessary; but it was not needed. The savage shouts of defiance that had previously come from those on board the canoes were instantly changed to yells of terror, and as it seemed, cries of pain; and when the smoke lifted, the canoes were seen scattering wide apart, while the savages were paddling towards the shore they had lately quitted with all possible speed. They thought to have secured a prize, and discovered that they had caught a Tartar! Whether any were wounded, I cannot say. We fancied that such was the case, from the cries we heard; and possibly some of the shot fell short and dropped amidst the canoes, but it is not likely that any one was very seriously hurt.

Meanwhile, at Lucan's request, I had directed a sharp fire of musketry towards the opposite shore. It was impossible for the men to fire over the heads of the savages, who not only lined the beach, but were crowded in groups over the rising ground in the rear. I therefore ordered the men to keep up a continuous fire into the water at the

edge of the beach; and this perfectly well answered our purpose. Nearly all savages have a great dread of firearms; and scared by the first volley, the people on shore turned tail, and fled with all possible speed back to their coverts in the forest, knocking down and tumbling over one another in their haste and terror. In a few minutes, not a solitary individual of the hundreds who had lined the beach and swarmed over the adjacent ground, was to be seen.

Thus fortunately delivered from the peril that had threatened us, we resumed our efforts to get the schooner afloat again. It was a task of no little difficulty; but through the untiring exertions of the men in the boats, who tugged with all their might at the tow-ropes, aided by those at the capstan—the kedge being thrown out again and again, as soon as the cable attached thereto was wound inboard, we were enabled to get our vessel afloat shortly after nightfall; and were glad to find no more water than usual, on sounding the pumps.

It was too late to admit of our continuing our passage through the Strait that night; the night-watch was therefore set forthwith, and a sharper watch than usual was kept throughout the hours of darkness, few, if any, of the sailors quitting the deck to take their watch below; for though we did not think it probable, after the warning they had met with, it was at least possible that the baffled but wily savages would attempt to board the schooner under cover of the night. Nothing, however, occurred to cause alarm; and when day dawned, the shore was as deserted as it had appeared to be on the previous morning. We got under weigh immediately; and at two P.M. sailed past the north-west extremity of the island of New Guinea, and were once more in comparatively open water, though we still had a difficult and dangerous passage to make ere we should arrive at Singapore—the Indian Ocean from New Guinea to Sumatra abounding with small islands, reefs, and sandbanks, many of which are scarcely perceptible above the surface of the sea.

‘Now for Post Office Island,’ said Lucan, as he and I stood together on the quarter-deck watching the receding shores of Papua.

‘You have not written your letter?’ said I.

‘No,’ replied Lucan. ‘I hardly know what to write. I don’t think I’ll say anything about that confounded squall that lodged us upon the sandbank. The Captain of course will be sure to hear of it, and I shall tell him all about it when we meet. He can’t blame us, M—. No foresight or precaution on our part could have prevented the mishap. But I can’t explain everything in writing; and if I were to attempt to do so, most likely he’ll fancy that it was more serious than was really the case; so I shall content myself by stating that we passed safely through the Strait, and shall leave the rest to be told when we meet at Singapore.’

‘How does the island bear from here?’ I inquired.

‘West-nor-west, half-west—sixty miles distant,’ he replied. ‘We need to be particular to half a point; for according to Hamilton-Moore, it lies so low that a vessel may easily run past it in broad daylight. Let us go below and overhaul the chart.’

We descended to the cabin together, and examined the chart. Lucan had already taken the bearings of the island correctly, and we soon returned to the deck. The schooner was making four knots an hour by the log; so that if the light breeze continued, we should be abreast of the island about four A.M. the next morning. If we kept on through the night, we might probably overrun the distance. When, therefore, the first watch was set at eight P.M., the schooner was hove-to for the night. At the first dawn of day, we resumed our passage. The breeze slightly freshened at eight A.M., and Lucan and I both went aloft with our spy-glasses. The men upon deck were ordered to keep a sharp look-out ahead and to leeward. At ten A.M. I fancied that I saw something that looked like low land, broad on the starboard bow; and almost at the same moment, one of the boys who had been sent aloft for some purpose, cried: ‘Land ahead! land on the starboard bow!’

Lucan and I pointed our glasses towards the spot, and were soon satisfied that the island was really in sight, though it presented the appearance of a mere yellow streak upon the water. We were running directly down upon it; and in a quarter of an hour it was discernible from the deck—a long low sandbank, scarcely rising above the surface of the ocean, with some dark object, which we knew to be the post-office, discernible by the aid of our spy-glasses, in its centre. It was very near when first sighted, and in half an hour we were close inshore. A boat was lowered, into which Lucan and I entered, and were pulled to the shore by four seamen. On landing from the boat, we sank to our knees in the yielding sand; and it was not until we had toiled onward a distance of twenty-five or thirty yards, that the soil became sufficiently firm to support our weight. On arriving at the centre of the island, we entered the low shed, and raising the heavy lid of the sea-chest, beheld its contents.

There were but a few letters of very recent dates, and the contents of these were very similar. Each letter simply stated that at such a date, such a ship, whose name was mentioned, together with the name of her master, that of the port whence she had sailed, and of the port to which she was bound, had passed safely through the Strait; and a request was appended that any shipmaster who might at an early period visit the island, would report at the first port at which such shipmaster might subsequently touch—for the benefit of those concerned—the safe passage of the vessel thus far on her voyage.

Lucan and I noted these facts in our pocket-books, and then proceeded to examine several letters and notices of earlier dates. They contained, however, little to gratify our curiosity. With a few exceptions, when a passenger had landed, and left a letter for some relative or friend whom he expected would shortly follow him, there were similar dry records of facts and nothing more. The earliest legible date was eleven years back; but despite the precautions that had been taken to protect the contents of the chest from the effects of the weather, the damp salt atmosphere had penetrated through the well tarpaulined lid, and all letters and documents save those of very recent dates, were more or less mildewed, and rendered almost undecipherable. Many of the

oldst records had fallen to pieces; and of those which remained entire, the greater number required very careful handling. We carefully replaced in the chest the letters we had removed; and Lucan then deposited his letter for Captain D—, which of course he had written before he left the schooner; and we were about to return to the boat, when I saw lying on the ground beneath our feet, a letter, evidently very recently deposited, which one or other of us must have let slip through our fingers in removing the letters we had read from the chest. Lucan stooped to pick it up. It was much longer than any of the other letters, and he read it carefully, his countenance betraying his surprise.

'Hillo!' he exclaimed when he had completed its perusal, 'here is something worth attending to. I wouldn't have overlooked this for a trifle.'

'What is it?' I inquired.

He replied by handing me the letter, which I also read carefully. It was dated but four days back, and its contents were as follows:

'Barque *Roxburgh*, of and from Sydney, N.S.W., bound to Batavia—GEORGE MARTIN, Master.

'To the Commander of any ship of war, and to the Masters of such merchant-vessels as may touch at this island.

'I hereby certify that the barque *Roxburgh*, under my command, completed the passage through Torres' Strait at five p.m. on the 6th inst. Weather soon afterwards fell calm, and remained so through the night. At daybreak on the 7th inst., weather still calm, with clouds rising, and other signs of a breeze from the westward. Shores of New Guinea still in sight, distant about three leagues. At eight a.m. sighted a vessel close under the land, likewise two vessels visible from aloft, rising from the westward, as if bringing a breeze with them. By aid of spy-glass, discovered vessel under the land to be a large three-masted Malay proa, bearing down towards us by means of her sweeps. Immediately made preparations to defend ourselves, though with scant hope of success—crew numbering but fifteen hands all told, and the only firearms on board being a few old muskets. Men determined to stand by me to the last. Resolved to sink the ship rather than let her fall into the hands of the Malays, who, we knew, would in such case murder every soul on board.

'Ten a.m. Proa less than a league distant; could see, through spy-glass, that her deck was crowded with men. Cat's-paws now and then ruffling the water. Ships now visible from the deck, steering east-by-north, evidently coming up before a spanking breeze. Soon felt the breeze ourselves. Hoisted signal of distress (ensign union down), and steered a nor'-nor'-west course, in the hope of intercepting ships before proa could come up with us.

'Ten-thirty a.m. Proa scarcely a mile distant; shipped her sweeps, and gave chase, under sail. In the course of half an hour—probably sighting the ships, not previously visible from her low deck—proa gave up the chase, wore round, and made for the land, before the breeze.

'Ships rapidly neared us; and perceiving our signal of distress, changed their course, and bore down to us, and by eleven-thirty were within

hail. Proved to be the *Bombay Castle*, an English East Indiaman, and the *Netherlander*, an armed Dutch trader, bound to Batavia, our own destined port. Went on board the English ship, and reported what had occurred. Dutch captain followed in his own boat; and on being informed of the vicinity of the proa, promised to keep company with the *Roxburgh* to Batavia. English ship parted company, and pursued her voyage to Canton. Post Office Island in sight, a league to leeward. Run down to it; and having written this letter, the Dutch captain and I shall land, and deposit the letter in the chest.

'The proa is a long vessel, sitting low on the water, painted black, with three tall, raking masts, and large brown lateen sails. She is very fast under canvas, and carries six long sweeps on each side, for use in calm weather. I judge that she has at least a hundred men on board; and there can be no doubt that she has ventured so far beyond her customary cruising-ground for the purpose of waylaying vessels coming through the Strait, or bound northward to ports in the East Indies. But for the opportune appearance of the two Indiamen, my crew and I would assuredly have fallen victims to the bloodthirsty miscreants on board of her. I advise all shipmasters to give the proa a wide berth, if possible.

(Signed) GEORGE MARTIN.'

'What do you intend to do?' I inquired of Lucan, as I handed him back the letter, after having perused it.

'Can you ask such a question?' he replied. 'For what purpose was the *Wasp* purchased into the service, armed and fitted out, but to hunt down and destroy these vile miscreants of Malays, as the honest skipper truly calls them? We can't begin our work too soon; and it will be a feather in our caps, my dear fellow, if we should succeed in trapping this vessel, which has ventured so far out of her usual cruising-ground to pursue her villainous trade.'

'If the letter should be a hoax?' said I.

'It bears the impress of truth,' Lucan replied. 'And surely no shipmaster would be such a scoundrel as to raise a false alarm, for the sake of a jest.'

'One would think not,' I continued. 'And now, I recollect that there was a vessel called the *Roxburgh* lying on the west side of Sydney Cove, a barque of three hundred tons, which sailed about ten days before the *Wasp* left the port.'

'I remember her, now that you speak of her,' said Lucan. 'It is the same vessel, I have no doubt.'

'The only difficulty is that if we cruise about this spot, we shall delay our passage to Singapore,' said I.

'What matters?' said Lucan. 'We are in no hurry. We shall arrive at Singapore long before the *Vesta*, anyway; and I must say that I should like to carry the proa into port, the prize of Her Britannic Majesty's schooner *Wasp*. I should not be doing my duty if I were to pay no regard to this letter.'

We deposited the shipmaster's letter in the chest, and returned on board the schooner. There we held a brief conference with the gunner's and boatswain's mates; the result of which was that Lieutenant Lucan resolved to cruise about off the

coast of New Guinea for eight or ten days at least, in the hope of capturing the pirates; or if we failed in that object, for the purpose of warning the masters of any merchant-vessels we might chance to fall in with, to keep a sharp look-out for the proa.

PUSS.

THE following feline gossip we have gathered from various sources, and now lay before our readers for their amusement.

While cats have been known, like the famished mothers in Jerusalem, to devour their own offspring, they have also been known, when deprived of their kittens, to adopt young hares, hedgehogs, rats, and even chickens. The unusual sight of a rat and five young ones in the same nest with a cat and three kittens, has been seen in Edinburgh. Tortoise-shell cats especially are clever at opening doors; others, deplorable poachers on week-days, become the very pink of propriety as soon as Sabbath-day comes round. Besides being capital hunters and mole-catchers, others can fish, ring door-bells, steal cream, and break eggs in a most systematic manner. But let the following anecdotes speak for themselves.

The cat that gravely laid a portion of its dinner in front of a mouse-hole and then retired to await the result, had surely something in common with the human speculator and quack, who does pretty nearly the same thing through a newspaper advertisement. While black cats are supposed by the superstitious to have some connection with the Evil One, others make capital ghosts. A farmhouse in the north country was haunted by an invisible ghost, which for a considerable time had been in the habit of ringing a certain bell; and the most lamentable results were about to follow, when the farmer with the family Bible, and a student with a bottle of whisky, sat up all night and effectually laid the ghost. It was discovered, very much to their satisfaction, that the bell had been rung by Puss in her efforts to seize the handle, which consisted of a hare's-foot. Many people have heard of the ploughman's wise and affectionate cat *Mysie*. A ploughman at the foot of the Ochils had been long ill—his home was in poverty—when the doctor said the poor man would die if his strength was not kept up by stimulants and animal food. Let the sequel be told in the words of the ploughman's wife. 'I put awa' my marriage gown and ring to get him wine; but we had naething in the house but milk and meal. Surely, sir, it was the Lord himself that put it into that cat's head; for that same night she brought in a fine young rabbit, and laid it on the verra bed; and the next night the same, and every night the same, for a month, whiles a rabbit and whiles a bird, till George was up and going to his work as usual. But she never brought anything hame after that.'

The ingenuity shewn by cats in opening doors is sometimes remarkable. A large cat in the country was in the habit of opening the door for himself in the following manner. The handle of the door was one of the old-fashioned hooped kind, which required to be grasped and the latch pressed with the thumb. 'He leapt on to the window-sill which was near the door, sprung from there and caught the hoop with his forepaw, and

hung on until he pressed down the latch with the other—this operation requiring considerable force—when the door swinging open, Puss dropped to the floor, and quietly walked in.' In a like ingenious manner a cat has been known to open a kitchen-dresser door by working the bar which acted as a fastener round from a horizontal to a perpendicular position, and thus gaining ingress.

A correspondent sends us the following: 'A friend of mine has a cat which gives a double knock at the street-door when it wants to get in. The house has a side-door, which has the upper panels glass, and the knocker is placed below this; so that by standing on its hind-legs it can reach the knocker, which it takes hold of with both paws, and gives a regular double knock. Visitors who do not know Tom's knock do not notice anything in it different from that given by a human being, and find it very difficult to believe it is the cat, until waiting till the knock is repeated, the door is opened, and Master Tom walks in. They are obliged to look pretty sharp to see that he is in before the house is shut up, as he has several times returned home in the middle of a cold night, and knocked again and again until some one has been compelled to get up and let him in. Occasionally when the door is opened in answer to his summons, he will stand purring for a short time and then walk away, as if he enjoyed the fun of giving them the trouble for nothing.'

Another contributor writes: 'We had a horse which was kept in a stable not far from the house, and into the stable my man introduced a kitten, and a very close intimacy soon grew up between the kitten and the horse. I have often seen her on his back, which her equine friend quite seemed to understand, and she made her bed just under his manger, and we have frequently seen them having bits of fun together. The horse would advance his head towards her, when Puss would put up both her paws and pretend to scratch his nose, which he seemed rather to enjoy; and then he would seize grimalkin by the skin of her neck in his teeth, and lift her up and quietly drop her, only to repeat the game, which both seemed to enjoy.'

'After a while we sold the horse, whereupon the cat seemed quite disconsolate. Previously the stable had been her home, where she always stayed except for an occasional run in the garden. But now she could not be induced to stay there, and for weeks she lamented the loss of her friend by fretting and mewing about the house.'

'I am tempted,' says a third correspondent, 'to inquire whether instances are common of cats shewing affection for strangers at first sight. Twice this has happened to me; once on return from India after eight years' absence, and the second time on Matheran Hill near Bombay.'

'On the former occasion, having reached home in the forenoon, I was taking a solitary walk in the garden after lunch, when a strange cat trotted up to me, rubbed itself against me, rolled on the path and frisked about in front of me, never ceasing its demonstrations until I re-entered the house and room, into which it accompanied me. I was on the point of expressing my surprise and gratification at the warm welcome their pet had given me,

when my father exclaimed: "What! a cat! you never saw a cat in this house;" and poor Puss, frightened at the tone of voice, flew out of the room, and was never seen again. Precisely the same extravagant tokens of regard were shewn me at Matheran on entering a house that had been closely shut up during the rains. In this instance the cat belonged to the Mallee who lived on the premises, but it was a recent acquisition, and had never seen me before. The attachment was also short-lived like the former one, and ended that morning by Puss being caught with its head in the butter-dish when breakfast was announced. Both animals were full grown.'

'An anecdote which has just reached me from America,' writes a fourth contributor, 'seems to outdo all former records. About a year ago, a cat, unheralded and unknown, came to the house of Mrs Leonard, a lively Irishwoman, living at 93 Fifteenth Street, South Brooklyn, United States; and the day after Pussy's arrival she was found on a nest of eggs which a hen had deserted. Madame Puss was driven off the eggs repeatedly, for fear she would break them, but persisted in returning and lying on them. At last, to the astonishment of the household, she appeared with four chicks, which she had succeeded in hatching! Since then, she has hatched four broods; and on November 8th, when my correspondent wrote to me, she was hatching a fifth! The writer says: "When I called to see this chicken-hatching cat, I found in one corner of the kitchen a large bird-cage, around which a dozen good-sized chickens were strutting and picking up a meal. Inside the cage, on some straw, was the cat, covering four eggs. In order to do this, she stretched herself full length over them, and so hid them from view." Mrs Leonard says: "She leaves them at intervals, but only for a short time; and the chickens she has brought into the world shew as much filial affection for her as is generally shewn by chicks for their natural mother." The cat has always evinced great kindness towards her offspring. When her first brood appeared, she carried one chicken up a stair, taking it cat-fashion by the back of the neck. The chicken's skin being tender, blood flowed from the young bled; but the cat applied her tongue to the wound daily until it healed, and now the chicken is a full-grown hen.'

'The following,' says a fifth correspondent, 'is a comical instance of a lost article turning up in a most unexpected place. Our handsome dark-gray cat had quite lately four kittens, which were all so pretty that we could not think of drowning them. They are now about a month or five weeks old, and are daily increasing in vivacity and beauty. Two are almost exactly alike, and are named *Castor* and *Pollux*. Another is black, and rejoices in the name of *Pluto*; the fourth being naturally denominated *Proserpine*. The mother-cat and her kittens were reposing the other day on a corner of the sofa, when a lady chanced to call. She sat some time; and after remarking on the beauty of the kittens which came creeping round her as she sat on the sofa, she rose to take her leave. Entering her carriage, she drove away to call at another friend's house not far off. Scarcely had she gone when it was discovered that *Pluto* was amissing. Search was made everywhere by the distracted

young lady to whom the kittens belonged. Poor little Kit could not be found, and as its powers of locomotion were but feeble, it was conjectured that it might have fallen from the sofa and crawled away into some distant corner. Anxious investigation was made, till the idea occurred to some one that possibly *Pluto* might have hooked his claws into the dress of the lady who had just gone, and been perhaps—dreadful thought!—crushed to death accidentally. Quickly and decidedly Pussy's mistress ran round to the house where the lady was making another call, and on the door being opened she heard poor *Pluto* mewing piteously in the lobby; the lady, we suppose, having dropped the little creature as she descended from her carriage! We have had no explanation of the comical circumstance, but fancy that from the beginning the lady must have been perfectly unaware of the presence of the kitten in her dress; and we can only wonder how it escaped uninjured from its perilous situation, as it seemed to have hooked its claws into the train of her gown. We may mention that *Pluto* arrived perfectly unhurt from his first "outing," and is rather more vivacious than usual this morning, his ideas having probably become considerably enlarged.'

In the course of an animated discussion in the columns of the *Scotsman* newspaper on the subject of animal intelligence, several good cat stories were related. We quote one or two of them here.

Some twenty-five years ago a young lady residing in the Crown and Anchor Lane, Carlisle, while alone reading a book at the fireside, fell asleep. She was suddenly awakened by the cat—which had mounted her back, and was violently tearing her hair—to discover that her clothes had caught fire to such an extent that she narrowly escaped being burned to death.

The affection of a certain cat for a pug-dog was great, and the following are two instances shewing its affection and intelligence: 'The cat was constantly observed to bring live mice to the pug, and we all were amused at the cat pushing the mouse before the pug, who was much more alarmed than pleased. Our pug became very fat, and we gave strict orders to our servants not to feed him; still, as pug continued fat, we watched him, and we found that he ate the scraps that were left for the pigs. This place was accordingly boarded over, so that pug could not get over the barricade. Nevertheless, to our astonishment, pug continued as fat as ever; when we discovered that the cat used to climb over the boards and bring over with her bones of chicken and fish for pug, who was waiting expectantly on the other side.'

The story which follows is a striking example of affection in one of the lower animals. 'Kevin was not three years old when I came to Scotland on the visit which closed his career. He had from kittenhood shewn an extraordinary affection for me. When I went out, Kevin accompanied me to the hall-door, and as soon as it was closed, took up his station on the dining-room window-sill, to watch me out of sight. There too, I often found him awaiting my return, and the moment I appeared, he would leave his perch and rush to meet me at the door. Kevin did not approve of late morning hours, but generally came to awake me regularly at seven o'clock. Of the other mem-

bers of the family he was very fond, and as long as I was at home was always willing to take food or caresses from any one of them. On my departure, however, all was changed. No persuasion could induce him to touch his best-loved dainties. At first he took a little milk, but soon refused that as well; and he also gave up all care of his personal appearance, so that his usually spotless fur became unkempt and dirty. Every day *Kevin* went to my room, and seating himself on my bed, uttered a succession of most piteous howls, which wrung the hearts of the entire household; but they were unable to comfort him. This went on till poor *Kevin* was reduced to the skeleton of his former self, and was nearly dead for want of the food which his grief would not allow him to take. One day when his end was evidently near, he came feebly in from the garden and walked up to my room, as if with a lingering hope that I might have returned. He glanced round it, uttered a despairing howl, and fled from the house, which he never entered again. This was the last time my faithful cat was seen in life, and it is supposed he had dragged himself away to die in solitude.

The tenacity of life in the cat is well illustrated in the following story from *Land and Water*, given in the words of the narrator: 'Greatly to the sorrow of the children, our cat, a half-Persian, suddenly disappeared, and her accustomed place by the hearth "knew her no more." Search was made high and low, but no trace of Puss could be found. As time went on we conjectured either that our favourite had been stolen by a sailor and taken for a voyage, or killed, and so resigned ourselves to our loss. Great, then, was our surprise last Friday on seeing Puss quietly walk in, scarcely able to stand, a veritable skeleton covered with fur, and take her seat before the fire. I need not say she was fed and caressed *ad libitum*. The next day we learned her adventures. It seems on the 24th of February, Puss had strayed in to pay a neighbour a visit, and then finding a plank of the flooring up—a man was altering the gas-pipes—had retired into this hole to seek mice. In due course the plank was nailed down, and the cat made a prisoner. Here then, without food, drink, or air, Puss remained until the 20th of March, when her incessant scratching made the occupier of the house fancy a rat must have a nest there, and take up the flooring to lay poison. The poor creature was taken out considerably more dead than alive; but kindly nursed and fed with little drops of beef-tea, and the next day found strength to crawl home. After her twenty-six days fast, I think poor Puss fully entitled to a most absolute indulgence during the remainder of Lent.'

Another correspondent to the *Scotsman* gives a brief biographical account of several of his feline friends. 'No. 1 was a she-cat of the gray brindled kind, which I believe is the Scottish breed. She, like Nimrod, was a mighty hunter. Hares, rabbits, and partridges all fell victims to her sporting propensities. What is remarkable is, that whatever she killed she invariably brought home and laid at my mother's feet. If they were worth keeping, as they often were, they were appropriated, while Pussy sang her song of pleasure; if they were not worth keeping, they were given back to her, and she devoured them with relish. She ate none till they were lifted and then thrown

down to her again. She was fond of fish, but unlike other cats, she was willing to wet her feet for them. Often has she been watched sitting on the burn-bank until a trout came within reach, when down went her paw and out came the trout, almost without fail.

'No. 2 was a Tom-cat, red and white. Like No. 1, he was a mighty hunter. At first he brought the fruits of the chase home; but afterwards became more selfish, and devoured what he could on the spot. What was left, he kept hidden until it was required. Perhaps your readers may consider what follows about him as incredible, but it is a fact nevertheless. He seemed to become weary of the lying-in-wait process of catching game, and actually endeavoured to run down hares by speed of foot! Ever after that we considered him as having "a want." He was shot because, when a certain gardener was shooting partridges, *Gib* pounced upon a covey, and deprived the sportsman-gardener of his game. Out of revenge, he lodged the shot in poor *Gib*.'

A lady in Norfolk writes as follows: 'We had a cat that always came to family worship. She knew the bell, and would *race* from the garden or yard to reach the door ere it was closed, then take her place demurely on the hearthrug, and sit erect with tail curled gracefully round her paws. When her kitten was old enough to enjoy the privilege, the mother made her come too and sit by her side in precisely the same position, gravely reproving any inclination to play.'

We close our selection with the following extraordinary instance of a cat drowning itself, the facts being vouched for by a correspondent in Perthshire who writes as follows:

'I have never been able to find a proper solution for the pithy saying, "Care killed a cat;" but recently a circumstance occurred which may throw some light upon the matter, and prove an interesting addition to your anecdotes of animals.

'Some of us a few days ago were looking from a club window which commands a fine view of the North Inch of Perth, and were struck by the erratic movements of a large black cat. The creature was wandering about upon the Inch in a listless and it seemed an aimless fashion, sitting down now and then, and after a brief pause resuming its loiterings. Presently it moved down the river-side towards the bridge which spans the Tay, and we lost sight of the animal and also of our speculations. Next day, as I was crossing the bridge, an acquaintance laid hold of me, and told me that he had something curious to communicate in the way of natural history. During his constitutional, his attention was arrested by the figure of a black cat sitting upon a heap of stones, and wearing an aspect of the most strange dejection. Passing on, he turned round after a little, and perceived the cat following slowly in his track. Then it came close up to him, gazed piteously in his face, and gave utterance to a low wail of peculiar anguish. Holding out his hand to the distressed creature, he said: "Poor Pussy! what's the matter with you?" It looked at him steadily for a moment; and then descending to the river in silence, leapt in, and keeping its whole body resolutely under, was drowned in two minutes without one attempt to escape from its fate. Is it known to any one of your readers that animals

are addicted, like men and women, to the sin of suicide? We have all read of the scorpion putting an end to its agony by the keen poniard of its own sting; but we are in the habit of identifying suicide with those of the human species who cannot bear to face their own actions. Could it be that poor grimalkin was under mental aberration? Or had care really killed the cat? Were the cares of life too much for this unfortunate of the feline tribe? When we think of the proverbial dislike of cats even to wet their glossy paws, the act recorded evinces a deep determination of purpose and a fixed loathing of life.'

CO-OPERATIVE DAIRY-FARMING IN THE JURA MOUNTAINS.

THE Swiss district termed the Jura is, as our readers know, mountainous, the climate rigorous, and the soil very far from being as productive as it is in other and more favoured localities. In spite, however, of the difficulties they have had to contend with, the inhabitants have prospered, in so far as from time immemorial they have adopted the system of co-operative farming, which we are about to describe, and for the particulars of which we are indebted to a paper by M. Radianu, a pupil of the National Agricultural Institute of France, which appeared in the pages of the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* on the 11th December last. M. Radianu being desirous of studying agriculture in some mountainous district, made selection of the department of the Jura, where he spent some considerable time in prosecuting his inquiries.

What we have designated Co-operative Dairy-farming, is known both in the Jura and in the neighbouring country of Switzerland, where it also prevails, as *la Fruitière*, or more commonly, *l'Association Fromagère*. It owes its origin to private enterprise, and is the subject of no legislative enactments. This system is simplicity itself. The husbandmen in a commune unite together, and form among themselves a Society, with a view to sending their milk to one common establishment, where it is made into butter and cheese, under the direction of a paid manager, the proceeds being afterwards divided amongst the members in proportion to the quantity of milk each has contributed. The building or *châlet* is erected and fitted at the expense of the Society, or most frequently at that of the commune. Such is *la Fruitière* of the Jura, being neither more nor less than a happy application of the principle of co-operation to the remunerative cultivation of the soil, which has been attended with the most beneficial results. Indeed, having regard to the rigour of the climate and other circumstances, it has proved, if not the only, at all events the best, way of obtaining profit from the soil. Where beforetime existed poverty and improvidence, there will now be found order and comfort. Day by day the industry improves, the methods of manufacture are perfected, and the husbandmen diligently strive to increase the number of their cows. This is what the institution known as *la Fruitière* has done for the good people of the Jura.

Though the founder of these Associations is not known, M. Radianu has no doubt as to the anti-

quity of their origin. Man, he argues, began by being pastoral, and domesticated certain animals in order that he might derive a profit from their produce. Elsewhere and later on, he took to cultivating plants; but in the mountains he remained pastoral. Quite recently, particulars of the *Fruitières* of the Jura have been discovered at Besançon dating as far back as the eleventh and twelfth centuries; while a glance at the works of different Roman authors will serve to shew that the cheese manufactured in the country of the Sequani—of which the department of the Jura was a part—and Helvetii (Switzerland) was known and highly esteemed in Rome. Hence, M. Radianu thinks it is reasonable to suppose that when the Romans conquered these countries they found this industry already in existence. Be this as it may, he considers it is beyond all doubt that these co-operative Associations have flourished in the Jura from time immemorial, necessity and the common-weal having obliged the inhabitants to adopt them.

As has been already pointed out, the societies are not subject to any kind of legal control. M. Radianu regards this as a mistake; and were it otherwise, discontent and even injustice would often be avoided. They are, however, governed by a code of regulations, which receives the assent of all the members. A Committee of the most influential of these constitutes the executive, from whose decisions there is no appeal. Thus, in a case of not infrequent occurrence, where the Committee excludes a member for, it may be, some trivial cause, he loses all the benefits of the Association; indeed, for the time being he is a ruined man. Yet the ordinary tribunals have no power to deal with this class of case. Now in these Associations, as elsewhere, there are men of probity and honour; but there are likewise those who are subject to caprice and passion. Hence, argues the writer, as these Associations confer such benefits on this part of France, they should be made the subject of special legislative inquiry, and the government should have the power to guarantee their safety and well-being. As it is now, the majority of them depend for their security on the principles of mutual confidence and reciprocal obligation. Among the other functions of the Committee are those of appointing and dismissing the manager, fixing his salary, selling the cheese, and distributing the proceeds among the members.

The system of accounts next claims attention. There are two in force, of which one—the old tally or score system—is very simple, and within the comprehension of everybody. Two pieces of wood are taken, on each of which are marked the member's number and the quantity of milk contributed by him. The other method of reckoning is a kind of system of book-keeping framed to meet the special requirements of the case. It is more exact than the other, is in force at the Cheese Dairy School of Champvau and in different dairies throughout the department, and is also very generally adopted in Switzerland. The manager keeps the books, or sometimes a special accountant is employed.

Some particulars are furnished as to the manner in which cheese is made. From four and a half to five litres—that is, from eight to nine pints—of Danish rennet are put into a caldron con-

taining about one thousand pints of milk. The milk must be warmed to a temperature of fully eighty degrees Fahrenheit in order to make it curd. While on the fire, it must be stirred, on an average, five-and-twenty minutes. When the milk has attained a temperature of one hundred and thirty-one degrees, the caldron must be taken off the fire, the contents being stirred for a further period of forty minutes. The curd is then turned out, pressed, and having been first weighed, is consigned to the cellar. The churn used in making butter is that known as Chapellier's, and is described as being an excellent apparatus, from the fact that it can be so easily cleaned.

Having thus far described the character of these Associations, their constitution, and the methods of manufacture, M. Radianu turns his attention to figures, in order to illustrate more clearly the advantages they confer on the inhabitants of the department. His statistics, of which we give only the principal, have been obtained from official sources, and are on that account trustworthy. He takes in the first instance a cow belonging to a Dr Mousson, a member of the Champvaux Association, and the indefatigable Director of the Cheese Dairy School at that place. In 1878 the cow, which was entirely stall-fed, gave four thousand two hundred pints of milk; the proceeds of which in cheese, butter &c., together with a calf and the manure, are set down as representing in money value five hundred and seventy-seven francs, or twenty-three pounds sterling, in round figures. The cost of food, management &c., amounted to four hundred and ten francs; so there remained a profit to the owner of one hundred and sixty-seven francs, or about seven pounds sterling. But four thousand two hundred pints being an exceptional yield of milk, M. Radianu takes the quantity given at the Champvaux Association in the month of July 1878—namely, 48,942 pints by one hundred and forty cows. From this he obtains an average quantity per cow of nearly 350 pints; and comparing this with the results obtained at other establishments in the arrondissement of Poligny—one of the four into which the department of the Jura is divided—he comes to the conclusion that the average quantity per cow per annum is three thousand five hundred pints.

Next is considered the far more difficult problem—namely, the quantity of butter and cheese obtainable from a given quantity of milk. For this purpose he again takes the milk delivered at the Champvaux establishment in July 1878—namely, 48,942 pints. Of this, 20,072 pints were skimmed, yielding 1352 pints of cream, from which were churned 288 kilogrammes, or about 635 pounds of butter. Deducting the 1352 pints of cream from the total milk, there remained 47,590 pints of the latter for making cheese; and from this, about 5860 pounds were obtained. It follows from these facts that it takes on an average 14 pints of milk to yield one pint of cream, 2.13 pints of cream to make one pound of butter, and 9.45 pints of milk to make one pound of cheese. However, in order to insure accuracy as far as possible, M. Radianu takes as a further test the quantities of milk delivered during the six months from June to November 1878, both months inclusive; and the results thence obtained—as well as from the months of May, June, and July, 1879—are compared with those ascertained at four of

the best conducted establishments situated on the second ridge or plateau of the Jura; the whole giving the following general averages for the first and second plateaux—namely, 14 pints of milk give one pint of cream; 2.22 pints of cream, one pound of butter; 9.14 pints of milk, one pound of cheese. One strange circumstance appears to have attracted the notice of M. Radianu in the course of his researches—namely, that while the second and third of the above averages varied but slightly at different places and in different months, the first average did so considerably, the limits of the range of variation being ten pints and sixteen pints of milk per pint of cream. This he considers should be made the subject of future investigation by the Champvaux School, which has already furnished such valuable data for the dairy industry of this district.

Then comes the question of cost, and on this head M. Radianu informs us that at the Champvaux School the cost of making cheese and butter gives an average of six centimes per kilogramme, or two shillings and sixpence per English hundredweight. This cost, however, is amply covered by the butter-milk and whey, which are consumed the one by the members' families, and the other, mixed with water, by the pigs and cows.

The paper concludes with a few statistics, shewing the progress this industry made in the arrondissement of Poligny between 1852 and 1878. In the former, there were in this part of the department one hundred and thirteen Associations and 20,715 cows. The cheese made amounted to 5,149,600 pounds, valued at L.87,300. In the latter year, there were one hundred and ninety-three Associations and 22,462 cows; 6,358,000 pounds of cheese, valued at L.186,000, being the result. As in 1878 there were 6450 proprietors of cows in this arrondissement, the price of the cheese realised gives each an average income for the year of about L.29. 'Hence it is,' concludes M. Radianu, 'that we see everywhere the inhabitants of these mountains full of life, well to do, well clothed, and well nourished. In France when bad seasons are apprehended for cereal crops, the husbandmen of the Jura are alone tranquil, having no other care than that of looking well after their cattle.'

HIGH SPIRITS.

'I HAVE been merry,' quoth Master Silence, 'twice and once, in my time.' And who has not? What individual so sombre-minded, so sluggish in thought, so unemotional, as not at times to have felt himself in what is called 'high spirits'—in that unaccountably delightful frame of mind when to laugh becomes as natural as to breathe, and as involuntary? This state of happiness does not always assume to itself boisterous forms of manifestation; it is as distinct from the wild mirth of revelry as it is from the simpering make-believe of enforced gaiety. It is a phase of feeling in which the pleasurable sensations are for the time-being predominant; when we require to put no force or pressure upon ourselves in order to appear happy; when our feelings of delight, like a mountain-spring, well as easily to the surface, and ripple as brightly there. But it is not every one who, when this full, pleasurable tide of feeling predominates, can, as it were, catch hold

of and crystallise its fleeting fancies, its evanescent airiness—can consolidate, so to speak, the dewdrop even while it sparkles. It is as difficult to do this with any adequacy, as to preserve to the rose its full aroma long after it is dead. And he who has the magic skill to give form and body to the thoughts of these brighter moments, is a kind of benefactor to his duller and less gifted fellow-creatures, his happiness thus acquiring the contagious property of Falstaff's wit, and becoming the cause of happiness in others.

In this connection we gladly welcome, from the pen of Mr James Payn, a book called *High Spirits: being Certain Stories written in them* (3 vols.; London: Chatto and Windus). Mr Payn, besides being a popular and successful novelist, is one of the best writers in our day of those short papers or sketches which may be said to form one of the principal charms of our periodical literature. In the collection of papers before us, Mr Payn has been exceptionally happy. There is not one we would wish out; in all of them he is bright, sparkling, witty. He seldom nods, and he never sleeps. There is a sustained dash and brilliancy, a happy-go-lucky manner of giving reins to the invention, a daringness of metaphor and persistence of jocularity, which, were they not, as in Mr Payn's case, controlled and chastened by good sense and good taste, would fairly run any writer off his feet. As it is, the volumes are eminently enjoyable, being such as one can scarcely lift without pleasure, or lay down without regret. We cannot present the reader with a full draught of the pleasing mental intoxicant here served out; but we hope to give him such tastes of its quality, as we go along, as shall not fail to convince him both of the rarity and the richness of its flavour.

There are certain sides of our poor human nature which lend themselves more temptingly than others to the shafts of a humorous yet well-directed sarcasm. It is not an uncommon thing for a man's 'pleasant vices' to be made the instrument of his own scourging; but it is a still more common thing for a man to suffer on the side of his foibles, vanities, and weaknesses, because these are frequently more patent to his neighbours than to himself. It is in the detection, and it must be added dissection, of these characteristics that Mr Payn operates, and much entertainment he succeeds in extracting from them. And upon the whole, the study is a wholesome one for the reader. He can scarcely glance at the features reflected for a moment in the mirror of these pages, without at the same time getting pretty considerable glimpses of himself. Men and women are in the main very much alike in the essential elements of character, and we can hardly see a long list of our neighbour's weaknesses and foibles set forth without being conscious that not a few of them find some parallel in ourselves. We need not make the confession aloud—loud confessions are in general suspicious; and in this case the effect will in all probability be equally salutary if we acknowledge the fact to ourselves, and say nothing about it. It will be better still if it leads to amendment.

Mr Payn's characters are passed before us, not in companies of a dozen abreast, but one by one, so that there is every opportunity given to have a good look at them. There is Mrs Patterini of Evelyn Lodge, whose husband is as powerful in

his way as Cæsar, and has probably as much money. She owns a splendid equipage; her powdered footmen are superb; whilst Mrs Marmaduke Eyre next door drives out in an unpretentious little brougham, and her footman wears not even a shoulder-knot. 'Yet Mrs Patterini would give her ears—or at least her diamond earrings—to get an inclination of the head from the other lady, who, unhappily, has no inclination for her.' How Mrs Patterini proceeded in order to get the *entrée* of Society with a large S, and with what success, must be learned from Mr Payn. Then there is Lord de Bracy of Donjon Towers, who has no taste for anything that is not mediæval. His floors are of polished oak; his walls are tapestried; his beds are several stories high, with canopies of black velvet; and his lackeys are draped in russet, with linen girdles. He eats peacock, served with verjuice—Chaucer, he informs you, has recommended it; affects tansy pudding as generally 'soverayne' against 'ill humours in the head'; chews mastic before going to bed, and always sleeps on his left side, because the 'wisdom of his ancestors' had recommended these. At his table are pea-soup and frumenty in great silver tureens, lampreys with onions, a baron of beef, and a cygnet served with liver sauce. As his old physician remarks: 'It is like a page out of *Ivanhoe* to dine with him.' He is always getting ill, of course; he could not in the nature of things be otherwise; and for the funny thing that happened on one occasion when his physician's assistant visited him instead of the physician himself, we must again refer the reader to Mr Payn.

Coming to oddities of another kind, we have the adventures of the Frenchman who came to London during a fog, which so confounded his chronology, that he went away under the impression that the inhabitants of London kept their beds all day, and got up, and ate and drank and walked about while the rest of the world were asleep. There is that wonderfully clever fellow Dick Bedford, whom we first meet as a commercial traveller, but who afterwards plays 'many parts,' and one of whose schemes is to lay out a cemetery and 'perform' funerals. 'Here,' he informs his friend—'here's the prospectus. "Feelings of relatives consulted, and a gravelly soil," and "arrangements so combined" (this is important) "that mourners shall not accompany the remains of the wrong parties to their final resting-places, unhappily so common a mistake in crowded cemeteries." But perhaps the most racy of all the papers is that descriptive of a Christmas at Mellington Hall a hundred years hence, and which under the humour of looking at our present-day habits and customs as antiquities, as well as affecting to gauge the enormous refinements of science which may be supposed to exist in 1779, affords fine scope for the indulgence of the author's playful sarcasm. Money has ceased to be the current denomination of wealth, its place being taken by 'ideas.' Coal, for instance, which is superseded by a disc of splendour in the fireplace, reflecting sunshine during the day, and moonshine after dusk, has become so great a rarity, that every bit of it is worth its weight in ideas. But on this Christmas morning the lady of the house has gone to the extraordinary expense of having a coal-fire, so fond is she of imitating the Christmas customs

in the old England of the nineteenth century. Then every room has its own particular atmosphere, and the lord of the manor is very crusty this morning because the St Gothard air had been turned on into his bedroom in place of that of the Simphon. Isle of Wight air is in the breakfast parlour, and Brighton in the dining-room. Then it is not necessary, if the weather is bad, to go out to church or Christmas service—tubes with silver ear-pieces are laid on from all the leading ecclesiastical edifices in the kingdom. When, at the hour of service, the lady of the house puts on her gloves, that means they are in church, and when an hour afterwards she draws them off, it is a sign they are out of church. This they call going to and coming from 'public worship.' The lord and lady take their doctrine on wet days from St Paul's or Westminster, the lady being very partial to the organ. An old gentleman on a visit to them, gets a Sandemanian tube down from the attic, and after an hour's patient listening, expresses himself as highly gratified with his particular preacher—there was 'not a word he could have wished unsaid from beginning to end.' Unfortunately for the compliment, it was discovered that the old gentleman had omitted to take the stopper out of his tube, and must have listened a whole hour to nothing. These are but a tithe of the amusing pleasantries and sarcasms with which this paper abounds, some parts of it indeed being in no degree inferior to the whimsical satire of *Gulliver's Travels*.

It is not a very satisfactory thing to clip away passages from their context in such a book as this, where the interlocutor is often an imaginary personage, and serve them up without explanation. But we shall make a few quotations, to indicate the general style of the book. Speaking of 'White Elephants,' he says: 'It often happens that a present is a misfortune to one. For example, I am myself a poor man, and a rich friend sends me a haunch of venison. My larder is not big enough for it to hang in, my kitchen-range is not large enough to cook it; and it has to lodge and even to board out (for it requires flour and all sorts of applications daily); thus it costs as much as a leg of mutton to begin with. Then I am obliged to ask ten people to eat it, the expense of which entertainment reduces me to my last shilling. My rich friend has no wish to impoverish me; but the effect of his munificence is similar to that of the present of the white elephant which the king of Siam gives to those whom he intends to ruin; its meat, drink, and clothing (for they have to supply its trunk, of course) eat them out of house and home.' Again: 'There are some excellent persons who insist upon providing us with some specimens of their own particular productions; what they have themselves invented, concocted, or made captive to their own bow and spear; and which in nine cases out of ten, and independently of the obligation incurred, one would infinitely rather be without. Your friend the amateur author, for example, sends you a presentation copy of his first novel in three volumes. Now, what are you to do with that? Of course, if you are prepared to read it, I have nothing further to say; but suppose you shrink from proceeding to that dread extremity; you have in that case to sit down and write quickly that you have received his most thoughtful present, which will indeed be highly

prized, and that you are "looking forward with the greatest eagerness" to its perusal. But if you think that will satisfy him, except for the moment, you are very much mistaken. He will be sure to inquire your opinion, sooner or later, about that immortal work—and then be on your guard; for fatal to your friendship with him will be the moment when he elicits the truth. Above all things, cut the book—I mean, with the paper-knife—on the instant of its arrival; no eulogy, however vague or skilful, will avail you if he discovers that this precaution has not been taken.'

Here is a sly piece of badinage: 'If you live in Downshire, and do not know the fiendells of fiendell Court, you are unknown indeed; the circumstance of their name being spelt with two little *fs*, and pronounced Fendall, stamps it with a peculiar aristocracy. Radicals, indeed—persons who interest themselves in roots—assert that at one time there was no such thing as a capital in our alphabet, and that it was indicated by the duplication of the small letters. As intelligence increased, capitals were invented, and the last persons to use them were of course the most illiterate; so that the retention of the two small *fs* is not—intellectually speaking—a feather in the fiendell cap. On the other hand, as a token of antiquity, it is invaluable. The possession of a name that nobody can pronounce without instruction, is also obviously a great inheritance; and in this case it was the more valuable, since there is no recording a fiendell of Downshire being distinguished in any other way. The family had "flourished" for centuries, in the sense that an old tree is said to flourish, and like it, most of it was underground.'

The different systems of education existing in this country, and the tenacity with which their respective supporters adhere to them, afford Mr Payn more than one opportunity for indulging his peculiar vein. The system in vogue in the higher schools receives in the course of these pages more than one satiric touch. The owner of Mellington Hall, to which we have already alluded, had, among other things, in the supposititious 1979 in which he lived, a museum, through which he is conducting his visitors. 'Here,' said he, 'is a public schoolboy of the period, with a brass instrument beside him, whose use is uncertain; some say it is a Jewish harp, played with the teeth; but others are of opinion that from it was extracted that mysterious attribute called "the tone," of which so much was heard and so little seen, and for which three or four great public schools had the patent. The possession of it, for each boy, was valued at two hundred pounds a year, and is supposed (perhaps because Etonians always wore tall hats) to be analogous to castoreum in the beaver. Let us remove the skull of this very gentlemanly youth, and see what was taught him for that money. The brain, you will remark, is in parallel lines, resulting from its almost exclusive application to Latin verse, which was performed mechanically by an instrument called a *gradus*. No allowance was made at any of those great seminaries for individual character; a boy of genius was made to grind at his Latin verses just as if he had been a fool; thus the great principle of that epoch, the repression of ideas, was maintained in its integrity.'

Making allowance for the little touches of exaggeration that necessarily accompany such humorous methods of criticism, a great substratum of solid truth will be found to lie at the bottom of Mr Payn's teaching. Much shrewdness of observation and knowledge of the world is displayed in the course of the work; and while it cannot be said he always does his scolding in a laughing way, yet his seriousness never hardens into pure cynicism or causticity. The book is an admirable blending of entertainment and instruction, and his 'wise saws' and 'modern instances' go very squarely abreast.

DOWN THE THAMES.

A BANK HOLIDAY SKETCH.

THE second day of August in the year 1880 dawned over the city of London as many a day in the same year had dawned before it—dark, wet, and miserable. The heavy black clouds, which, during the night had hovered like evil spirits over the silent streets, now hurried away seaward before the rising wind, stealing over the never-slumbering river, with its vast treasure of ships, barges, and boats. Let us try to depict the scene.

With the first gleam of daylight, the ever-flowing river, gliding past lawns and terraces, and rushing past warehouses, comes upon a fleet of unmoored barges, which waiting its powerful aid to reach some distant wharf, are borne along in right good earnest. Flowing on, it meets others, trying their puny strength against its powerful stream; and these, in mighty scorn, the river plays with, twisting them round, dashing them helplessly against smaller craft and bridges; till at length the wind comes to their assistance; and so on past the hulls of many steamboats, which, strange to say, shew at this early hour signs of life and activity; tossing the rowing-boats that ply hither and thither between ships and the shore, and flowing away past the Old Swan Pier, where again it finds the world already astir.

Rushing swiftly through London Bridge, the down-going flood comes upon wharfs and ships decked out in bunting, and in its hurry and excitement is caught by the paddle-wheels of moving steamboats, is lashed and whirled about, being sent on its way broken up into eddies and waves of white froth, from which condition it hardly recovers, ere it meets the good old Ocean, to whom it tells all these extraordinary things, and whom it prevails upon to come part of the way back, to see what is going on.

Now, one would naturally think that for its own honour, if not for the national honour, the river would endeavour to look its best upon such a day, and for that purpose obtain the favour and assistance of the weather; but evidently on this particular 2d August 1880, the river and the weather had been at loggerheads, and were neither of them at all inclined to make it up; so the sky continued to look black and gray by turns, and the river to flow as strongly and muddily as it possibly could, each doubtless thinking it would have it all its own way.

But never were the elements so utterly mistaken; for no sooner did the holiday-maker intent upon a river excursion discover what sort of day it was, than he made up his mind that it would

eventually clear up; that if it did, he should be sorry he had not gone; and accordingly went, and speedily discovered that a few other people had made up their minds to do the same thing. And so from north and south, east and west, by train, by 'bus, or by foot, they stormed the Old Swan Pier in thousands.

Down they came for the first boat, old and young—butchers and bakers, and candlestick-makers, costers, navvies, and ne'er-do-wells; wives of the above innumerable; babies of the above ditto; pretty girls with sweethearts, pretty girls without; stout old parties armed with baskets of provisions and huge umbrellas, prepared to do and suffer all that the young people did, and more too; and every one in his or her Sunday best. Billycock hats, with floral decorations, check trousers in the latest East End cut, black coats with velvet collars, and the famous yellow handkerchief, were largely represented; whilst the dirty black frock-coat, covering a dirty yellow waistcoat, which covered in its turn a very dirty shirt and collar, the latter article of attire being entirely hidden by the freaks of the necktie, which would get over the top.

As to female costume, the variety was immense, if not charming, ranging downwards from the close-fitting Jersey, or the coloured hood, white hat, and red flowers, worn by Miss from the Post Office, to the East End lady's loose stuff gown of green, red, or blue, and hat crowned by a majestic feather of the same colour as the dress.

And so they came down to the Pier, like the celebrated waters at Lodore, laughing and chaffing, pushing and crushing, tumbling and stumbling; mingling cool and collected with the dense mass surrounding the ticket-office, to be suddenly shot out again, hot and exhausted, by the eager crowd behind; thence rushing wildly on to the first boat they see, no matter where it is going, utterly disregarding the shoutings of officials; and then being deeply offended when they find out their mistake. At last they get off—some up the stream, some down, as fast as ever the boats can take them. At ten A.M. appears a saloon-boat, which, in spite of the numbers that have gone before, is soon crowded from end to end, and departs down the river, to the melodious strains produced by the combined efforts of a harp, a fiddle, a flute, and a violoncello, leaving a black surging mass still struggling on the Pier.

Finding that the holiday-folk utterly scorn black looks, the weather determines they shall have another test, and those who choose to be defiant shall be made uncomfortable. Consequently, as the saloon-boat passes the Tower, the rain begins to fall in the form of a drizzle, which elicits a few remarks not complimentary to the weather, but of which no further notice is taken. The people talk and laugh, cheer the competitors in a sculling-match, comment on the strange appearance of three Dutch barges, with their broad bows, large lee-boards, and generally quaint appearance; note the name and build of every vessel they pass; until, looking blacker than ever, the clouds pour down rain in right good earnest, compelling the luckless ones who have neither waterproofs nor umbrellas to crowd in the after-part of the boat, under an awning, where they sit and stand, an immovable good-tempered mass; or to retreat down below, where again, in spite of

oily smells, heat, and vibration, they succeed in keeping up their spirits by a plentiful supply of beer and an equal amount of noise. Those who, better prepared, or more hardily constituted, prefer to stay on deck, have one satisfaction in having it all to themselves; or, in looking at the view of flat shores, made more dreary through the rain; of far-off hills looming like spectres in the mist; besides seeing life and activity on board craft of all descriptions. Now, a ship at anchor, with the crew aloft upon the yards, stowing the sails, which have been loosed to dry; presently, a brig or schooner, the captain of which, anxious to clear the Thames ere nightfall, is making all the sail upon her that he can; and flitting here and there upon the deck are seen the crew, in oilskins and big boots, hoisting a yard, or out upon the bowsprit loosing jibs; anon it is a barge, whose mainsail seems a bit the worse for wear, a hole some three feet square betokening an accident or gale. And thus with every bend the river takes comes fresh variety, until as the steamer nears Gravesend, the weather, finding all its efforts to be miserable met by greater determination to be jolly, relents somewhat; the dark black clouds disperse, and leave but white ones, the rain ceases, and the sun makes a desperate effort to shine through the clouds.

Once more the decks are crowded by an eager throng, gazing in admiration at the tall ships and graceful yachts which lie anchored in mid-stream, and surmising which of the distant piers the steamer will stop at, till their curiosity is satisfied; and they troop ashore in hundreds, and amidst cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, she again moves off in the direction of Sheerness.

The day is far advanced before she reaches Gravesend on her homeward trip; but it is still too early for most of the good folk who thronged her decks in the morning, and so the homeward-bound party is neither too large nor too noisy. The weather is by no means set-fair, to judge from the manner in which it has rained at times; but for a while it ceases, and the scene upon the river transcends any that has gone before it. Large ships with the rays of the setting sun tinging their clean white canvas with a golden glow, tack backwards and forwards across the stream; even the lumbering collier, with black hull, patched and dirty sails, takes on a glow as she glides along under the afternoon sun; and so too the numberless barges, some laden far up the mast with hay and straw, others so deep in the water that it comes right over their lee bulwarks, and all with their dark-brown sails set to catch the breeze, each one forms a picture in itself.

Far over the fields and marshes hang masses of black angry-looking clouds which threaten rain, and which do rain; but only over the land, adding thereby to the glory of the scene; for the sun sinking red and fiery behind a mass of dense black clouds, casts its last beams upon the falling rain, making it appear like a rich and dreamy purple veil thrown over the distant hills, and bordered by the silver-winding river which reflects only the bright sky above it. Sol departed, the world is left once more to the gathering darkness. The steamboat glides swiftly on its way, and lights begin to twinkle on the water; some of them the riding lights of ships or

barges anchored in the stream, whilst every now and then the coloured lights of some moving vessel glide across the water. Passing quickly wharfs and warehouses, all dark and silent now, the far-off lights on London Bridge appear, and presently passing under the arches, through which can still be seen the dying twilight, the steamer stops; and to the strains of *God Save the Queen*, played upon a concertina, and sung by the united lungs of the passengers, the Bank Holiday Trip to Gravesend and back comes to a conclusion.

ODD TESTS.

TASTE and try before you buy, is a very wise rule, if it could only be followed; but in this world most things must be taken upon trust: infallible tests are as rare as infallible remedies.

It was the custom among the Nestorian Christians, immediately upon the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, to carry the newly-made wife to the house of her husband's parents, and place an infant in her arms, and three sets of baby clothes before her. If she succeeded in dressing and undressing baby three times to the satisfaction of the critical matrons there assembled, well and good; but if she failed, she was sent to her old home again, to stay there, a wife and no wife, until able to face and pass a second trial.

Sakti Kumara, the hero of a curious Hindustani story, preferred testing a damsel's capability before tying the knot. Master of a prosperous and profitable business, he came to the conclusion that a wife was wanted to complete his happiness, and determined to go in search of one. Adopting the guise of a fortune-teller, and carrying some rice bound up in his cloth, he started on his travels. Whenever he encountered a girl that pleased his eye, he asked her to cook his rice for him. Some laughed at him, some reviled him, none seemed inclined to comply with his modest demand, and it seemed as if he would have to take his rice home uncooked. At last he reached Swira, where he beheld a beautiful girl, who, instead of ridiculing or abusing the strange traveller, relieved him of the rice, and bade him be rested.

Then the kindly maiden set about preparing the rice. First, she steeped it in water, then dried it in the sun, and that accomplished, rubbed the grains gently on the ground, removing the awn without breaking the rice. Calling her nurse, she despatched that worthy to sell the bran, and with the proceeds purchase an earthen boiler, two platters, and some fuel. By the time this commission was executed, the rice had been brayed in a mortar, winnowed and washed, and was ready to be put in the boiler with five times its bulk of water. As soon as it had swollen sufficiently, the boiler was taken from the fire, the water cleared of the scum, and the boiler put back, and the rice constantly stirred by the pretty cook until she was satisfied it was properly done.

By turning the boiler mouth downwards she extinguished the fire, and collecting the unconsumed fuel, despatched the old woman to convert it into butter, curds, oil, and tamarinds. This achieved, she told the enraptured Sakti Kumara

to go and bathe, and not to omit rubbing himself with oil.

Having obeyed orders, the wife-seeker was directed to seat himself upon a plank on the well-swept floor, on which were already laid a large plantain leaf and two platters. His charming hostess then brought him water in a perfumed jug, and administered two spoonfuls of well-seasoned rice and ghee, preparatory to serving up the remainder of the rice mixed with spices, curds, butter, and milk; of which Sakti Kumara ate his fill, and then indulged in a siesta with a mind at ease, knowing his quest was ended.

As soon as he woke he asked the girl to become his wife, and she being willing, the necessary ceremony was gone through without delay; and the supposed fortune-teller took his bride home, to astonish her as the Lord of Burleigh astonished his rustic love; but the Hindu lass was luckier than Tenyson's heroine, for we are assured that she lived long to worship her husband as a god, to pay the most assiduous attention to his household affairs, to superintend the regulation of the family coming in due course, and made her house such an abode of bliss, that Sakti Kumara was well repaid for the trouble he had taken to get a good wife, and tasted in his well-ordered home the joys of Paradise.

Some people are never satisfied, however fortunate they may be. A nursemaid in the service of an English family in Russia, left her place to get married, but had not been long wedded ere she complained to the Natchalaish of the district in which she was domiciled, that her husband did not love her as he should do; and on the official inquiring how she knew it, replied: 'Because he never whips me.' Doubtless the disappointed one meant what she said, but she might have changed her note had her desire been gratified; like the young wife suddenly bereaved of a rich old husband, who refused to believe her dear partner could be so cruel as to leave her, crying out: 'He's alive, doctor; I'm sure he's alive; tell me, don't you think so?' This piteous appeal the physician met by suggesting the application of a galvanic shock, and offering to apply the apparatus. 'Oh, no, no!' exclaimed the grief-stricken widow; 'hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiments against the law of Nature; let him rest in peace!'

When it is desirable to put any one to the test, there is nothing like doing so without warning. An actor fond of playing practical jokes at the expense of 'utility' men, heard that one of them—his particular aversion—had boasted that if any trick was played upon him he would turn the tables in a way that would astonish the actor. The latter, of course, resolved to test the boaster's readiness on the first opportunity. He did not have to wait long for the chance. One night, when the house was crowded, the carpenters failed to get a set scene ready in time, and a 'dead stick' ensued. Knowing his man, the stage-manager entreated the joke-loving actor to go on and 'gag' for a few minutes. 'Certainly,' replied he; and seeing the utility man at the wing, he seized him by the wrist and, spite of resistance, dragged him to the centre of the stage, and said: 'Your sister, then, has been betrayed. Tell me the story!' The frightened fellow had no story to tell, to the crafty joker's delight. Whether the audience in

front and the manager behind were equally pleased, the record saith not.

In olden days the burgesses of Grimsby were wont to decide which among them should be mayor, by a very odd process. Having chosen three of their number as eligible for the position, they blindfolded them, tied bunches of hay at their backs, and conducted them to the common pound where a calf awaited their coming. He whose bunch of hay was first eaten by the calf was pronounced most worthy of the mayoralty, and installed into office accordingly.

William Thompson, the once famous Maori chief, adopted a shrewd method of deciding which of his two sons should succeed him. As they stood before him as he lay sick unto death, he suddenly addressed himself to the elder, saying: 'Shortland, take down that gun and shoot the white man standing outside the hut.' The youth was about to obey the order, readily enough, when his brother intervened with: 'Why should you kill the man? what harm has he done to us?' Then said the old chief: 'Yes, that is right. You have what is wanted—sense and discretion. You will take my place when I am gone.' And so the succession was settled.

When the American Colonel Elsworth wanted a chaplain for his Zouaves, he sent word to the applicants for the office to meet him at the Astor House at a certain hour. The room was full of aspirants to the chaplainship long before the appointed time. At last the clock struck the hour, and while it was striking, in walked another candidate. The colonel rose from his seat, held out his hand to the last comer, and said: 'You are my man; I can depend upon you, for you come at the appointed time.'

The colonel's reasoning was as inconsequential as that of the stage-carpenter whom Edmund Kean heard thus settle the pretensions of impersonators of Hamlet: 'You may talk of Henderson and Kemble and this new man,' said the carpenter; 'but give me Bannister's Hamlet. He was always done twenty minutes sooner than any one of 'em!' Self-interest is a sad warper of the judgment, and devises very strange tests. Going over the graveyard of the 'Old Meeting' at Birmingham, with the clerk, Joshua Vernal asked him who was the greatest man lying buried there. 'This is he,' answered Mackay, pointing to a grave; 'I get five shillings a year to keep it in order.' 'But what was he? what did he do?' inquired the incredulous Joshua. 'Why,' said the clerk, 'he invented the holeing of thimbles!' Vernal thereupon pointed to the grave of a distinguished scholar as being that of the greatest man there; but the clerk pooh-poohed the preposterous suggestion, saying: 'No such thing; I only get a paltry shilling for that grave.' His test of greatness was a purely professional one, like that of the Norwich barber who confidentially told the Mayor he did not think much of 'this British Association; nine out of ten of them don't shave at all, and the others shave themselves.'

'Humboldt,' said a Middlesex militia-captain—'Humboldt is an overrated man; there is very little in him, and he knows no more of geography than my terrier there. I met him once at the Russian Ambassador's at Paris, and put him to the proof. As long as he was talking of the Andes, and the Cordilleras, and places which

none but himself had ever heard of, he carried it all his own way; but the moment I put a straightforward question to him, which any school-boy might have answered, he was floored. "Now, Baron," said I, "can you tell me where Turnham Green is?" Upon my honour, he knew no more about it than I know about Jericho. The conclusion was as inevitable as that drawn by the English carpenter working at the Vienna Exhibition, who complained to a newspaper correspondent: 'Only fancy, sir, here's Friday—two days after the race—and we don't know what was second and third for the Derby yet; and they call this here country civilised!'

Mr Sala says that a blind man might tell the different denominations of Russian notes by using his nose to determine their value; the rule being, the lower the value the 'louder' the smell. A hundred-rouble note will be redolent of patchouli, jockey-club, or some equally fashionable perfume; while the single rouble-note usually reeks of tallow or coarse tobacco.

An Englishman travelling in the East, not being quite satisfied with the appearance of the mare he rode, asked his Arab servant if he was sure she got her allowance. 'O yes,' he replied; 'my countrymen often steal from one another, and rob their friends' horses; but I can always find out if your mare has been cheated. I put seven or eight pebbles in with the barley, counting the number exactly. The mare never eats the pebbles; and if any one steals from the barley, he is sure to take two or three pebbles with it. If I find the pebbles short in the morning, I have hard words, and they cannot tell how I know, and so they give up cheating her.'

A speaker at an American 'convention,' on being addressed by a gentleman as 'Colonel,' repudiated the military title, declaring he was not even a captain. 'Don't you live in Missouri?' queried his new acquaintance. He owned he did live in Missouri, and in a house with chimneys. 'How many?' was the next question. 'Two.' 'Then I was right at first,' exclaimed the interlocutor. 'You see, I've lived in Missouri, and know how it is. Over there, if a man has three chimneys on his house, he's a general; if two, he's a colonel; if only one, he's a major; and if he lives in a dug-out and has no chimney, he's a captain anyhow; so I was right after all.'

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

IN a time of great educational activity like the present, it is not surprising to find agencies of various kinds springing into existence, and aiming, with more or less precision and success, at meeting specific needs. One of the most interesting of these is the system of instruction known as 'Teaching by Correspondence,' a subject which is not altogether new to our pages, and a system which we may remind our readers is intended to benefit those *who live in remote parts of the country*. Amongst other organisations of this kind is that under the management of the St George's Hall Committee, Edinburgh. Correspondence classes were started in connection with this establishment in 1877, and we are told that the number of students has rapidly grown since, and now embraces several hundreds. By far the most satisfactory criterion of success, how-

ever, is found in the fact that for the last two years corresponding students of St George's Hall have taken the first places in Honours at the University examinations, besides otherwise distinguishing themselves. These results are due mainly, no doubt, to the enthusiasm of the students themselves; but they must partly be attributed to the efficiency of the method of instruction. The main points in an examination are accurate knowledge and skilful arrangement; and students who take part in written examinations weekly or fortnightly, and have their mistakes carefully corrected by competent tutors, are the more likely to stand a favourable chance at the University examinations.

The number of subjects taught at St George's Hall is yearly increasing, and now includes English Literature, French, German, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Logic, Harmony, Drawing and Painting. The last-mentioned subject was commenced last session, and the class promises to be a popular and eminently successful one.

From a prospectus which has just been issued by the Secretary, it appears that the Committee are at present considerably extending their scheme, and are to undertake the preparation of students for the L.A. of St Andrews, and similar examinations. The tutors for the new classes have been selected from the most distinguished Honoursmen at the University.

There can be no doubt that there is ample room for work of this kind. There are thousands of men and women in all parts of the country, who, although they were never inside the walls of a University, are as anxious to advance the culture of their own minds as the most earnest students. To these, a system like the St George's Hall Correspondence Classes, might do incalculable good. Application may be made for further information to Miss Sarah Mair, 5 Chester Street, Edinburgh.

SOCIETY SATIRES.

THE LOCAL MAGNATE.

He climbs the ladder towards the highest place
With swift activity, if not with grace;
Then poised upon the topmost step, he finds
It ticklish work to fight with all the winds
Of opposition, that blow free and strong,
And would lay bare his failings to the throng.
But fling the gold out to the needy crowd,
Nor do it secretly, but shout aloud,
For gold shall gild the hollowness within,
And hide away each loved and secret sin.
Thus does the local magnate win his way;
And all ungrudging for his honours pay.
He entertains (not unawares) the great,
And is most loyal to the Queen's Estate.
He lays, on a 'foundation stone,' the chance
To ask a Prince to greet him with a glance;
Or finds an 'opening' of some civic hall
A splendid opening for a royal call;
Then he receives a knighthood with surprise,
Or sneers at honours which his *lips* despise!

H. W. K.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 877.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

MONEY-MAKERS.

MANKIND may be divided roughly into two classes—those who understand money, and those who do not. The first of these possess all the real power in the world; the second are subordinates, servants, slaves. The ability to make money, to keep money, and employ it to the owner's advantage, is a very remarkable gift, and is displayed more by the Teutonic-Celtic races than by the other families of the earth. It is an ability too which is largely increasing. It is the secret of the masterful influence of Europe upon the other continents, and the basis of an ever-widening civilisation. The English have long been the money-makers *par excellence*. Yet so far, a comparatively few have made wealth and kept it. The majority have passed through existence without winning more than a small share, and the lot of others has been hopeless poverty. The common state now is that in which people just manage to discharge their financial obligations to society. Expenditure devours income as night follows day. These good folks neither live beyond their means, nor under their means, but fully up to them. They are too honest or too proud to be in debt; but they lack the money-keeping faculty.

There is another class whose characteristics are alien to the dominant type. They are financial imbeciles. Whatever be their circumstances, they will live beyond them. The bitterest lessons leave them uncorrected. While they have money, they must spend; while they can get credit, they will avail themselves of it. Nay, many of them are only happy when in debt, and continue to be embarrassed under all precautions. Were all mankind like them, harvests would be unknown, for they would devour the seed-corn. Left to themselves, a life of vagabond savagery must be their inevitable fate. These are the people who bring ancient families to degradation and extinction, who scatter the hoards of millionaires, who im-bitter the lives of relatives and friends, and who are shipped to the colonies by droves. Those of

them who are born among the poorer classes sink to the lowest depths. When they work, it is at the rudest employments, and by fits and starts. Even under the inexorable constraints of our triumphant industrialism, the financial imbeciles contrive to lounge through life, and often enjoy it more than the toilers and savers. But their numbers are perceptibly dwindling; public opinion has banned them. The multiplication of machines for doing the rough work of mankind is continually taking away their means of subsistence; the recruiting-sergeant is beginning to disdain them; the policeman gives them no rest; the relieving-officer is their mortal enemy; and the School Board makes captives of their children. The money-makers have made up their minds to get something out of the financial imbeciles, or to abolish them altogether.

During the past fifty years, the money-makers have been so marvellously busy, and so successful, that they may almost be pardoned for the indignation they feel towards those who see the golden river running through the land, and yet will not take the trouble to catch a pailful. The money-makers have built the railways; for without their capital and their cupidity, the locomotive must have remained an inventor's dream. They have brought the telegraph out of the savant's study to make Time a laggard and Space a negation. Their steam-fleets circumnavigate the world. The roar of their factories and foundries and the myriad new industries they have organised in all parts of the earth, booms like a hymn of conquest day and night. They have metamorphosed old Britain, and they are busy in re-shaping the whole earth and the destinies of mankind. Already the tide of wealth has swept away many of the old social landmarks; and as it rises into higher waves, it portends such changes that the shrewdest thinkers cannot grasp their full significance. It is said that the annual income of Great Britain amounts to two thousand millions sterling, and that two hundred millions are yearly added to the already stupendous mass of British capital. Such figures declare what is

being done by the 'nation of shopkeepers.' There is no people like us in money-making and money-keeping. We hear much of French thrift, of German frugality, of Swiss economising. But notwithstanding much wastefulness and ignorance, our race surpasses all others in money-matters.

The national aptitude becomes more marked from year to year. Good times and bad times make it equally more pronounced. When a period of depressed trade occurs, there is a general outcry against unthriftiness and foolish spending. The tendency for money-getting becomes feverishly acute; and the knowledge that less is being made, and consequently less stored, rouses the preservative social forces into high activity. The sin of spending unduly is denounced on every side; the duty of taking care of what we have is sternly insisted upon; and clamorous multitudes of unemployed work-people are told that they deserve the privations they are enduring, because they did not lay by for the rainy day which has come upon them. And the working-class from pondering these words are beginning to see *their* interests in a new and strange light. With each period of hard times, the national proclivity increases; and some think that if Old England continue to maintain her integrity for a few generations longer, spendthrifts and impecunious blunderers may be almost eliminated from her society.

Although the money-making and money-keeping class is as yet the least numerous amongst us, it is rapidly increasing. This is proved by the seventy-six millions deposited in the savings-banks, a sum which is fifty per cent. greater than it was ten years ago. But this by no means represents the invested savings of the humble classes. It is impossible to say how many millions sterling are sunk in the Building Societies of the country, but the aggregate must be immense. Almost every large village has one of these societies, and in great towns they exist in dozens. Besides these, there is a constant increase of Co-operative institutions, in which large sums of capital are employed to the mental and material advantage of the owners. Lately, there has been a notable growth of industrial undertakings, whose shareholders are composed of operatives and small-shopkeepers. By some of the great manufacturing firms, the work-people are invited to place their savings in the concern; and for these they receive a *pro-rata* profit.

One of the most remarkable symptoms of a general advance in prudence and thrift is the enormous number of Insurance associations which have arisen in the past twenty-five years. A man of the middle-class is now looked upon as in a degree selfish if he does not provide for the wants of his family even beyond the grave. All heads of families are expected to insure their lives, and for substantial amounts. The superior artisans are alive to their duty in this matter; and the lower ranks of labour have created some of the strongest and most skilfully planned Assurance

corporations that are to be found. So profound is this tendency to prepare for the inevitable catastrophes of life, that it has penetrated to the very depths of our social system. By means of Burial Societies, the poorest assure themselves and the members of their household for the few pounds which will place them decently in the grave. The Sick Clubs, and other prudential and saving associations, are in their way further evidences that the people are becoming money-savers, and that time is only needed to make them money-makers. Assurance against calamity in any form is merely sparing from the abundance of to-day, that it may be enjoyed to-morrow, should it be needed.

The total thrift of the humbler classes and lower middle-class, could it be known, would do much to reassure those who take a despondent view of the British future. From what is going on before our eyes, it is evident that the preservative instincts of our race are developing, and they imply a growth of intelligence and self-mastery. So long as this continues, we need not fear foreign competition in trade, nor the hostile combinations of warlike states. The energy, the foresight, the financial understanding of the masses seem to be greater than at any previous period. Their stake in the country is always increasing. Though this is pre-eminently the age of millionaires, and though for some time to come the drift of business will aggregate great wealth round a limited number of individuals, yet the number of modest fortune-holders is ever greater. There is now an immense public of independent people with incomes ranging from one hundred to a thousand pounds a year. They have risen from the ranks of labour, from the professions, and from the adventurers who find fortune beyond the seas.

Turning from these cheering facts to what may be termed the dark side of things, many will doubtless exclaim: 'But what about British pauperism! Can a country which is burdened with a million of destitute people, be really prospering? Do not the lucky ones thrive at the expense of the others?' In reply to these questions, it must be admitted that pauperism is truly gigantic. The existence of a million of beggars is both a disgrace and a danger, which must be combated as the first of national duties. And pauperism is being combated as it never was before. In the past ten years it has declined nineteen per cent. Thus, at the end of 1869, the number of paupers was 1,281,000; while at the end of 1879, the number had fallen to 1,037,000, and this during a period of industrial retardation. Pauperism is one of the heirlooms of the old Feudal period. Then society comprised two classes, the Patrons and the Patronised. There was then no disgrace in being dependent. Under our industrial *régime*, patrons have disappeared; but the habit of dependence still exists in certain sections of society; hence the hereditary pauper. With the ceaseless removal of the peasantry into the towns; with emigration to other lands; with the constant increase of mechanical apparatus for cultivating the soil, the dependent class diminishes; and its extinction is as sure as that of the old type of feudal barons or the monastery almoners. But one of the effects of rustic immigration into the great centres of industry has been to swell the volume of pauperism whenever trade was depressed.

Directly the ex-peasant was out of work, he threw himself and family on the parish with as little shame as he threw off his coat. Then the demoralising influences of courts and alleys tended to degrade him and his children; he could not always resist the public-house; and the gutter was the only playground. With the changes now going on, it is to be hoped that pauperism will be reduced much both in quantity and in degree. As yet, however, the abject condition, the drunkenness, the vice and squalor to be seen in the large, and also in some small towns, are most disheartening. Fortunately, the nation is alive to the supreme importance of sanitary law. It recognises the necessity of providing the working-class with resorts for obtaining wholesome refreshments and amusement. It has decreed that education shall be universal. These are all direct aids to thrift, and therefore must diminish pauperism.

But the working-class has come to recognise that it can be dependent no longer. The reproaches it has listened to during hard times, have sunk deep into the minds of its leaders. They now clearly perceive that the age of Patronage is gone utterly; and that for the future, workmen must rely wholly upon themselves. From this have sprung the Trades-unions. Labour, in recognising its true position in the world, has found that it has rights to defend. Independence is forced upon its acceptance, and it must adjust itself to it. The first fruits of this are the accumulations in the Savings-banks; the second, the Building Societies; the third, the Industrial corporations, whose shareholders are likewise the operatives. These exhibit the progress of the working-class in financial intelligence. The Savings-banks give a small return upon capital; but the principal is absolutely safe, a matter of supreme importance to the poor. The Building Societies pay interest from five to six and a half per cent.; and where the management is sound, their capital is beyond peril. Industrial corporations pay dividends of from ten to even twenty per cent., and employ the shareholders.

But that which accrues from these enterprises is not altogether a money advantage; there is besides, among the working-classes, a broadening of the knowledge of the science of trade. By the fluctuations that affect their own investments, they are coming to understand that masters and capitalists are not arbitrary despots who make things cheap or dear as they please. Prices fall and rise in building investments and in industrial corporation shares. Profits increase and diminish, and no skill or sacrifice can avert the latter when a great wave of depression sweeps over the world of trade. The knowledge of economical law will elevate the workmen into a calmer region of thought, and make trades-unions less despotic. For the conduct of many has been as arbitrary as ever capitalists themselves were supposed to be. Useless strikes will cease; and the result will be a further gain to masters' men and the commonwealth, in prosperity and social ease.

The fevered competition of our time is a conspicuous symptom that the middle-class are alive to the importance of money-matters. Strife for wealth is not a new mode of civil war, as pessimists allege. Nor is it caused by a brutish indifference to everything external to our selfish interests. It springs from modern conceptions of the philosophy

of life. Parents toil to make a comfortable provision for old age. And it is well to call attention to this, as being one of the new ideas of the time. Formerly, parents found an asylum in the home of certain of their children, often with the eldest son or daughter. Filial piety accepted the duty with a kindly reverence. But now the spirit of independence is so paramount amongst us, that parents cannot endure the thought of living upon their children. At the same time they are not less considerate for their children's future. They not only seek fortune for themselves; they seek to place their sons on the road to opulence, and to dower their daughters. Money-grubbing, as it is called, is not always indulged in from a desire of accumulation, to minister to sensual pleasures, to make a dash in the world of fashion. In the majority of cases, wealth is sought by the middle-class to secure its possessor against the agonies and despair of a mean estate. The dread of poverty and patronage makes fathers plod, makes mothers economise, makes sons exercise self-restraint, and daughters become useful in the kitchen and sewing-room. The wish for easy circumstances does more to foster the return of old English home-life, with its attendant virtues, simplicities, and tranquillities, than all the other 'aids to improvement' that are operating upon the middle-classes. The ideals now are monetary independence, frugality, and industry. Those who witness the arrival of the twentieth century will find what these ideals have accomplished.

Its clear understanding of money-matters has made Britain the mightiest nation the world has known. From this have sprung our empire and our diffusive civilisation. We have the wit to find wealth in all places and in all things. We have found it in these stormy islands, above ground and under ground and beyond the seas that tumble round us. Intellect directing our toil, has turned all we have touched into gold. Intellect has taught us how to make our possessions secure by law at home and by valour abroad. Our liberties, our kindnesses, our sympathetic humanity are largely due to skill in money-finding and money-keeping. And this skill is Nature's gift to our race, by which we penetrate her secrets and turn them to beneficent ends.

THE CRUISE OF THE WASP.

CHAPTER IV.—DISCOVERY OF THE WRECK— SEARCH FOR THE PROA.

THE schooner's guns were drawn inboard, her ports closed, her hammock-nettings removed; and by means of various devices, we endeavoured to make her resemble as much as possible one of the ordinary coasting-vessels which trade amongst the islands; while in order to check her speed, if we should be fortunate enough to fall in with the proa, and lure her to give us chase, an old sail was sewn up like a bag, so that it would hold water, and placed ready to be thrown over the quarter at any moment, and towed astern. These preparations completed, we put the vessel about, and steered towards the land we had lately left behind us. For three days we sailed along the

shore of the island of Papua, from the western entrance of Torres' Strait to its most northerly point, narrowly examining every bay and creek as we passed them by, without perceiving any signs of the object of our search, or even seeing a single vessel of any description. Then we stretched out to sea to a distance of fifty or sixty miles, spoke three or four merchantmen, none of whom had seen anything of the proa; and having acquainted them with the information we had derived from Post Office Island, left them to pursue their course. Thus ten days passed away; and feeling satisfied that no such vessel was on the west coast of the island of Papua, we rounded its north-western cape, and sailed along the entire length of the north coast to Dampier's Strait—a distance of nine hundred miles; still to no purpose. By this time we had made up our minds that the proa had either returned to her haunt amidst the islands of the archipelago, or that we had been the victims of a silly, heartless hoax. Nearly three weeks had been thus wasted; and vexed and disappointed, Lucan determined to give up the apparently useless search, and proceed on his voyage to Singapore. Scarcely, however, had he come to this determination, when the man on the look-out aloft hailed the quarter-deck, and reported a vessel close inshore, under the high land.

'What does she look like?' asked the young Lieutenant.

'So far as I can make out, she is a full-rigged ship, sir,' replied the sailor; 'and if I ain't mistaken, she's aground on the beach.'

The schooner was steered closer inshore; and Lucan and I hastened aloft with our spy-glasses, and soon perceived that the report was correct. This was a disappointment; for we made sure that we had caught the proa at last. It was now seven bells—half-past seven o'clock A.M.—and the crew had just been piped to breakfast; but when the order was given to run down towards the disabled ship, the breakfast was forgotten, and all hands were astir in an instant. As the schooner drew near the shore, we saw that the vessel was a small barque of about three hundred tons burden. She lay on her beam-ends on the beach, with her masts inclining shoreward, and with her keel actually out of the water. That she had been deserted by her crew, or that they had been massacred, or carried off by the barbarous natives of the coast, was evident; and after taking every precaution against surprise, by bringing the schooner's guns to bear upon the beach, Lucan ordered two boats to be lowered, and each manned by six armed seamen. The boats then pulled for the shore, the Lieutenant taking command of one, and I of the other. Not a living creature was to be seen when we landed on the beach; and no response being made to our hail, we clambered on board the ship, and discovered at a glance the nature of the mishap that had befallen her. She was a French vessel, the *Marguerite*, of Marseilles, which had been attacked and plundered by pirates, and whose crew had been ruthlessly murdered. The sight that met our eyes when we gazed around was indescribably horrible; and though no corpses were to be seen—the pirates, as is customary with them, having thrown their hapless victims overboard—the decks were smeared with blood. That the attack had been very recently made was manifest from the fact that in

those places where the struggle had been most fierce, the blood-stains were not yet dry upon the deck.

On our descending into the cabin—a difficult task, as indeed it was to move about the decks, by reason of the inclined position of the ship—one of the sailors who preceded Lucan and me, uttered a cry of horror as he stumbled and fell over a body—that of the Captain of the vessel, or of a passenger, to judge from his dress, or rather from that portion of his attire which had not been removed, for he was in his shirt-sleeves; and his neckcloth had evidently been violently torn off, thus rendering it more easy for his murderer to inflict the frightful wound that had deprived him of life. The body was still warm; and being that of a tall, stout, heavy man, the pirates probably had not cared to take the trouble to carry him upon deck and throw him over the ship's side. In his right hand he still grasped the hilt of a sword, the blade of which was broken off; thus shewing that he had fought desperately to the last. But never shall I forget the fearful sight that we were now compelled to look upon! Here, below, as upon deck, there had been a dreadful struggle for life; but in the cabin, the confined space rendered the sight more terrible. The floor, the walls, the furniture, and even the ceiling bore marks of the dreadful fray; the chairs, the tables, the mirrors, and the lamps which had swung from the ceiling, had been thrown down and broken; and almost every article that was portable had been carried off. A writing-desk, and a cash-box with the lid wrenched off, lay in one corner—the contents of both having been abstracted, though one of the sailors picked up a Spanish doubloon, two French louis, and a Mexican dollar, which had rolled away and escaped the notice of the plunderers. But the most pitiable sight of all to our eyes were the numerous articles of female attire, which together with some long dark-brown hair, evidently torn from a woman's head, lay torn and strewn about the floor. Some of these articles and remnants were those of a grown woman; whilst others had belonged to a child, a pair of whose purple-morocco slippers—apparently those of a little girl of ten or twelve years of age—were found in one of the state-rooms.

'Who and what were these hapless females, and where are they now?' we asked ourselves. 'Were they the wife and child of the unfortunate Captain of the ship, or of one of the male passengers?' of whom, as we judged from various articles of male attire that were scattered about the beds in the state-rooms, as well as from other tokens, there had been three or four on board the vessel. It was impossible for us to say; but it was terrible to surmise what had been—or what might be—the fate of these helpless females.

The chronometers, sextants, barometers, everything of value that could be easily removed, had been carried off, and evidently so recently, that it was impossible that the perpetrators of this ruthless act of piracy could be far away. We no longer doubted whether the dreadful deed had been the work of the savages of the coast or of pirates. It was manifest that the plunderers had known the value of the articles they had carried off. Moreover, they had destroyed or thrown overboard the log-book, as well as every paper or

record from which we might have been able to ascertain the name of the port to which the vessel was bound, as well as the names of her Captain, passengers, and crew. The name of the ship and that of the port to which she belonged, were painted across her stern; and this was all that we were able to ascertain concerning her, except that she was ballast-laden; and, as we surmised in consequence of finding scattered over the ballast a few articles of cheap jewellery, cutlery, glass beads, and other such-like nick-nacks, which had evidently fallen from some broken package, she had carried above her ballast a few packages of French fancy goods, wherewith to trade with the natives of the islands. The wholesale slaughter might have been equally the work of pirates, or of the savage Papuan islanders; supposing the ship to have gone on shore through accident or stress of weather; but the systematic plunder of articles of the value and use of which ignorant savages would be quite unacquainted, and the wholesale destruction of all books and paper, were beyond doubt the work of pirates, and as we believed, of the crew of the proa of which we had been in search.

There is nothing on earth that a true sailor hates with such deadly hatred as a pirate, or a shark. To catch the latter, a sailor will any day cheerfully forego his hammock, or give up his ration of fat salt pork, wherewith to bait the hook. To wreak vengeance upon a pirate, a man-of-war's-man will willingly go upon short allowance of food and water for a month, and risk his life into the bargain. The sailors who accompanied Lucan and me on board the barque, were horror-struck at the sight they beheld; but when, on his return to the schooner, Lucan displayed upon the capstan-head, to the assembled crew, the torn and blood-stained articles and remnants of articles of female raiment, which, together with the handful of long dark silky hair, evidently that of a female, he had brought on board, the fierce yell of execration that burst forth simultaneously from all hands was fearful to hear! With one voice they instantly besought their youthful commander to renew his search after the perpetrators of the brutal atrocities of which these relics were the shocking memorials.

Whoever these might be; whether or not they were—as we believed—the crew of the proa, of whose presence off the coast of New Guinea we had received information at Post Office Island, it was certain that they could not be far away. But a few hours could have elapsed since the cruel act of piracy was committed; and though we had no doubt that all the men on board the hapless vessel had been murdered, we thought it probable that the females had been carried off by the pirates, and might still be living. We could render no service by remaining longer by the French vessel, which we had overhauled from stem to stern without finding any record of the name of her Captain, or of any one else who had been on board, or that of the port to which she was bound. Not only had the contents of the desks, drawers, and other receptacles in the cabin been abstracted or destroyed, but the chests of the petty officers and seamen in the orlop-deck and fore-castle had likewise been rifled of everything of the slightest value they had contained. The work of plunder and destruction had been terrible

and complete. The name of the vessel and of the French port to which she belonged, were all that we had been able to discover, except that, on a closer examination of the articles of female apparel—an examination which long afterwards led to strange disclosures—we perceived the letters 'M. F. L.' marked in scarlet silk on the skirts of two of them.

Five minutes after our return to the schooner, we were again sailing along the shore, searching narrowly into every nook and creek, but still in vain; and four more days passed away without our having made any fresh discovery. We had carefully concealed the schooner's ports by means of a rough coat of paint. Our guns, already loaded, were covered over with tarpaulings; the crew were never allowed to be all upon deck at the same time; the yards and sails were less carefully trimmed than is usual on board a vessel of war, and every conceivable device was employed to disguise our real character—but all, apparently, to no purpose. At length, early in the morning of the fifth day, we again doubled the north-west Cape of New Guinea—Lucan feeling undecided whether to continue the search, or to proceed without further delay to Singapore, and report what had occurred to the Admiral of the station. While he was still consulting with me, the look-out aloft hailed the quarter-deck and reported a vessel close inshore, under the land.

'What like is she?' asked the Lieutenant.

'I can't make her out under the shadow of the land, sir,' the sailor replied, 'but she looks suspicious-like.'

Lucan hastened aloft with his spy-glass. In a few minutes he hailed the deck. 'Brace sharp up, M—, and stand in along-shore,' he cried to me.

I gave the necessary orders; and in another minute the schooner was standing southward along shore, close-hauled to the wind.

Lucan remained aloft five minutes longer, and then descended to the deck. 'Tis she—the proa! We've trapped her at last,' he exclaimed excitedly as he came aft.

'Are you sure?' I eagerly inquired.

'Certain,' he replied. 'She lies in there'—pointing out the direction—'deep in the shadow, under yon high land; just such a craft as the skipper's letter described. We ought to make her out from the deck.'

We both looked through our spy-glasses; but the shore was indented at this spot, and the shadow cast upon the water was so dark that for some moments we could see nothing. At length I fancied I discerned the outlines of a vessel's low hull, and at this moment the man aloft cried: 'She's moving out, sir!' And in a minute or two, as she crept forth from the shadow, we saw her distinctly bearing down towards us, with her sweeps out.

'Heave the log!' shouted Lucan.

A light breeze—just enough wind to set the sails to sleep, as sailors say—was blowing dead off the land, which was about two miles distant, and the sea was smooth as glass; yet when the log was hove, we found that our smart little craft was making good two knots an hour.

'Ah!' exclaimed Lucan, 'when the little *Wasp* has her wings spread, I believe she'd make headway in a dead calm. We must check her speed somehow. Heave the sail overboard.'

The sail, sewed up in the form of a bag, to which I have already alluded, was thrown over the quarter, and left towing astern. The log was again hove, and we found that the vessel's speed was reduced to a single knot an hour.

'That's better,' said the young Lieutenant.—'What are they doing on board the proa now?' he shouted to the man aloft.

'They 'pear to be resting on their sweeps, sir,' the sailor replied.

'The cowardly scoundrels!' muttered Lucan. 'We must leave them to come out after us.—Brace her up a bit closer if you can, Harris.'

A fresh pull was given to the sheets, and the vessel's prow was brought a point further round towards the shore. Then—as if we had but that moment espied the proa—the foreyards were squared, men were sent aloft to loose the foretop-gallant-sail and royal, which had hitherto been furled; and under a press of canvas, we bore away before the wind. The ruse was successful. Believing that we were striving to escape from them by running out to sea, the Malays again tugged at their sweeps, and bore down towards us.

'Deck ahoy!' shouted the man on the look-out aloft.

'What is it, my man?' asked Lucan.

'There's *two* on 'em, sir,' was the reply.

'Two what? Two proas?'

'Ay, sir; t' other one's just come out from the shadder.'

'All right. The more the merrier,' cried Lucan. 'Though—addressing himself to me—'two at a time is more than we bargained for.'

'We can manage them both,' said I.

'Yes,' replied Lucan. 'But the fellows fight desperately when brought to bay. One of them may escape. I'd rather have fallen in with them singly.'

The schooner's crew were in such a state of excitement, that it was only with great difficulty they could be prevented from shewing themselves upon deck all together; and we knew that the least thing calculated to awaken suspicion, would cause the pirates to relinquish their chase.

As we got farther out from the land, the breeze freshened, and the water began to grow rough. The sweeps were hauled in on board the foremost proa, and she continued her chase under sail; the second proa, likewise under sail, being now visible from the schooner's decks. There could be no mistake about them. There were the long, low, black hulls, the tall raking masts, and the huge lateen sails, just as described by the master of the *Roxburgh*. One was nearly a mile astern of the other; but though they gained upon us rapidly, so swift was the little *Wasp* that, had we not taken measures to check her speed, she could easily have distanced the proverbially swift-sailing proas, now that we had got into rough water. In another hour, the foremost proa was, we believed, within range of our guns. But anxious to capture both vessels if it were possible, we allowed her to approach still nearer, until her consort was likewise within range of our shot. The decks of both vessels were crowded with men. I estimated that there were at least two hundred men on board the two proas.

At length we judged that the right moment had arrived. The signal was given for all hands to appear upon deck, and was eagerly answered.

The ports were thrown open, the guns were run out, the schooner's upper sails were furled, her foretop-sail was hauled up, and she rounded to, upon her pursuers. These manœuvres were so quickly effected that the pirates were evidently taken by surprise. The hindermost proa was instantly hove-to; but the foremost still approached until Lucan gave the order to fire the port bow gun. The shot was fired over the proa, as a sign for her to surrender; and falling into the sea far astern of her, it ricocheted over the water for a considerable distance before it finally disappeared. The rascals, however, refused to take the hint; but having discovered their mistake, and knowing that they could hope for no mercy if captured, they endeavoured to run alongside the schooner, with the intention of boarding her and overpowering us by numbers. We, however, had no notion of allowing a hundred or more murderous desperadoes to approach too near us. A second and a third shot were fired point-blank at the proa, and both took effect. The yells of her crew were audible above the reports of the guns; and when the smoke lifted, we saw that one shot had struck the vessel amidships, just below the water-line; and the other had carried away her foremast, which had fallen across her deck, burying several of her crew beneath the heavy lateen sail.

The Malay proas never carried heavy guns. In fact, the concussion caused by the fire of a large gun would have torn open their bamboo decks. The pirates trusted mainly to the chance of boarding the vessel which they hoped to make their prize, and using their keen-edged, sharp-pointed creeses with deadly effect upon the crew. However, while the men who had been borne down by the weight of the foresail struggled to free themselves, several muskets were fired at us from the afterpart of the vessel, but without effect, the shot all falling short into the water. Meanwhile, the proa—evidently settling down—was drifting nearer and nearer to us; but a third well-directed shot from the little *Wasp* struck her on the bow, raking her fore and aft, and starting both her after-masts, which fell over her side. She now lay completely at our mercy; for her cowardly consort, seeing how matters were going, had borne away northward under all sail, escaping us completely at this time.

Several of the crew of the sinking proa had jumped or had fallen overboard, and were swimming towards us; and we on board the *Wasp* were in the act of lowering our boats, that we might be prepared for any emergency, when suddenly the whole of the forepart of the proa burst into flames. She had either been purposely set on fire by some of her desperate crew, or probably some lamp or cooking-stove had been broken or capsized, and in falling had set fire to the dry, inflammable materials of which she was constructed. In a few moments she was enveloped fore and aft in one wide sheet of flame, and ere long, nothing remained save the charred and blackened portions of her bamboo deck, to which some of her crew were clinging, while others were seen swimming around in every direction.

Having seen to the safety of our own vessel, the boats were now pulled towards the struggling Malays and Chinamen—for the crew of the proa was composed of villains of both races—with the

object of saving as many lives as possible for the present, in order that the wretches might meet their well-merited doom elsewhere. The two old petty officers, however, raised their voices against any such attempt.

'They won't thank us for savin' on 'em,' said the boatswain's mate. 'And why should they? They knows as how they'll be hanged, if so be they're took ashore.'

'And that's just how I'd like to see 'em sarved out, Mr Gorman,' said one of the sailors. 'Drownin's too easy for the likes o' them.'

'Look out that they don't drive their creeses into yer, my lads,' put in the gunner's mate. 'I've heard of their doin' that afore now. Maybe that's the thanks ye'll get for draggin' 'em out of the water.'

But Lucan was not to be turned from what he regarded as his duty, by the warnings of either Harris or Gorman, and the men were ordered to save as many as they could of the struggling wretches. The pirates, however, refused to accept our assistance. They struggled and fought with the sailors who attempted to save them, or dived under the boats and swam away. Many of them had already sunk beneath the water, and others were sinking all around—probably those who had been wounded by the shot fired from the schooner, or by the splinters which the shot sent flying in every direction. One miserable wretch whose cheek had been laid open by a splinter, proved that the gunner's mate had not given his warning without reason. The poor wretch, who was making a last desperate struggle to keep himself afloat, was dragged on board the pinnacle by a young sailor, who placed him in the stern-sheets of the boat, apparently in a state of unconsciousness, and was then turning away. 'Look out, Joe! look out, lad!' cried one of the men on board another of the boats. The young sailor heard the warning, and started aside; but he was too late. The dying Malay raised himself up with a last effort of his strength, and drawing his creese from his belt, stabbed the sailor in the side, and then flung himself over the boat's stern, and sank to rise no more. The young fellow was immediately taken on board the schooner, where the wound was bound up. Fortunately, the Malay had not sufficient strength left to inflict a very deep wound, or the poor youth would surely have lost his life. As it was, several weeks elapsed ere he was able to return to his duty. Several others received slight wounds and scratches while endeavouring to lift the drowning Malays into the boats, and at length we were compelled to leave the desperate wretches to their fate. The boats were recalled to the schooner; but before they could be hoisted on board, every one of the proa's crew had disappeared beneath the waves. Nothing save a few charred spars and pieces of bamboo remained floating on the water.

One of the boys belonging to the *Wasp*, who was aloft when the second proa bore away and left her consort to her fate, declared that he saw the flutter of a woman's dress on board the vessel. The lad was positive in his assertion; but it received little credence from any one on board the schooner; though, from what came to light many months afterwards, it is probable that he spoke the truth.

We now made the best of our way to Singapore

without further delay, and arrived at that port at the end of seventeen days, without having met with any fresh incident worth recording. As we entered the roads, we saw a large ship lying at anchor off the fort, with the Admiral's flag flying at the fore; and while Lucan and I were seeing to the clewing up of the schooner's sails, and making other preparations for bringing her to an anchor, one of the men shouted from aloft: 'Boat coming off from the Admiral's ship, sir!'

Lucan looked through his glass at the advancing boat, which was pulled by six oarsmen, and steered by a coxswain. 'As I live! the old chap himself,' he irreverently exclaimed. 'What can bring him aboard in such haste? I hope the old fellow hasn't heard at what date we sailed from Sydney?'

THOMAS CARLYLE.

It is one of the disadvantages of those who are the contemporaries of any great man, that they are not so favourably situated as are subsequent generations for knowing him, and forming a true estimate of his character and his work. For example, we actually know less of Tennyson and Froude and Sala, than we do of Swift and Addison and Pope. Of Thomas Carlyle, we are equally ill-informed; and Mr Froude, we daresay, has no fear of his prophetic reputation when he says regarding the 'Sage of Chelsea,' that 'a hundred years hence perhaps people at large will begin to understand how great a man has been amongst them.'

Not much is known of Carlyle's parents, but what is known of them is highly favourable. He himself calls his father the 'remarkablest man he ever knew.' He rented a small farm, and afterwards a larger, at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire. He had great energy and decision of character, and was more than ordinarily intelligent; possessing, it is said, an extensive vocabulary of words, which, as we see in the case of his distinguished son, has not been lost in the family. He was an elder in the Kirk, on good terms with the minister, and hoped at one time to have seen his son Thomas in the high places of the Kirk too. His end was somewhat unexpected, he having died suddenly while Thomas was in London negotiating for the issue of *Sartor Resartus*. His mother, like the mothers of many great men, was a woman of more than ordinary sagacity and penetration; and to this it is said is to be attributed much of that shrewd instinct, and caustic insight into character, which marks the writings of her son.

Carlyle, who was born on the 4th December 1795, received his education partly at the parish school of Ecclefechan and partly at Annan, entering Edinburgh University before he had completed his fifteenth year. Here he studied hard in classics and mathematics, and read extensively and assiduously in all kinds of literature. Through too close attention to study he injured his naturally robust health; and speaking to the Edinburgh students in 1866, he sounded a very serious warning to them on this point. Designed by his parents for the Church, a change of views when he was twenty-one made this impracticable. We next find him teaching mathematics in the burgh school of Annan; and thereafter classics and mathematics at Kirkcaldy. Towards

the end of 1818 he again appeared in Edinburgh, with no definite prospects before him, but with decided leanings towards literature. He executed translations, wrote for the reviews and magazines, and fairly began his literary career. In 1826 he married Jane, daughter of Dr John Welsh, Haddington, and a lineal descendant of John Knox. She was a remarkable woman; taught herself Latin while but a girl; and was in the habit when a child of secreting herself under her father's table, so that she might listen to the philosophic and learned conversation that passed between him and his friends. Settling in 1828 at Craigenputtoch, Dumfriesshire—a property belonging to his wife—Carlyle devoted his whole time to literature; *Sartor Resartus* and the remarkable essay on Robert Burns, being part of the fruit of this solitude.

A letter written to Goethe in 1828, from Craigenputtoch, revealed the simple life which he led in that region, with its lonely surroundings. The neat substantial dwelling stood far away from any populous neighbourhood, being fifteen miles north-west from Dumfries; but two ponies which they possessed carried the author and his wife whither they would. Here he had come to simplify his mode of life and remain true to himself. 'This bit of earth is our own,' he remarks; 'here we can live, write, and think as best pleases ourselves.' On his library table was piled a cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals. Writing to De Quincey in December of the same year, he remarks: 'Such a quantity of German periodicals and mystic speculation embosomed in plain Scottish peat-moor being nowhere else that I know of to be met with. . . . We have no society, but who has, in the strict sense of that word? I have never had any worth speaking much about since I came into this world. . . . My wife and I are busy learning Spanish; far advanced in *Don Quixote* already. I purpose writing mystical reviews for somewhat more than a twelvemonth to come; have Greek to read, and the whole universe to study (for I understand less and less of it).'

During the visit which Carlyle made to Scotland to discharge the duty in connection with his appointment as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1866, the sad intelligence reached him of the sudden death of his wife in London; and few things of the kind are finer than the epitaph, which he caused to be placed on her tombstone in the family burying-ground at Haddington: 'Here likewise now rests JANE WELSH CARLYLE, spouse of THOMAS CARLYLE, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July 1801, only child of the above JOHN WELSH and of GRACE WELSH, Caplegill, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft amiability, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving help-mate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.'

Ralph Waldo Emerson found him at Craigenputtoch in 1833, and described him as 'tall and gaunt, with cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and

holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humour, which floated everything he looked upon.' They discoursed pleasantly of books and philosophy, and Emerson accidentally discovered that his aspirations were directed towards London, whither he removed to Cheyne Row, Chelsea, in the following year.

Between the years 1837-40, Carlyle delivered four sets of lectures, only one of which—*Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History*—has been published. These lectures created a great sensation in literary circles, and were delivered to crowded and select audiences. Charles Sumner, who heard him, declared that 'he seemed like an inspired boy; truth and thoughts that made one move on the benches came from his apparently unconscious mind, couched in the most grotesque style, and yet condensed to a degree of intensity.' Harriet Martineau, who had something to do with the arrangements for these lectures, did not consider them very successfully delivered, owing to his unconcealed nervousness, and the fact that he did not seem to enjoy his own efforts. These public appearances he termed in a sportive vein 'my day of execution.' As utterances, however, they are probably among the most notable of these times; but except in 1866, when he addressed the Edinburgh students, he has not again appeared in this capacity.

It was some time before Carlyle became certain of having caught the ear of the public to any adequate extent. Even so late as 1837, he was not without his doubts; perhaps not at all times free from despondency. In his *Life of Sterling*, he mentions a visit which he made to the latter in the autumn of that year, when 'from a shelf, I remember,' he says, 'the good soul took down a book modestly enough bound in three volumes, lettered on the back *Carlyle's French Revolution*, which had been published lately; this he with friendly banter bade me look at as a first symptom; small but insignificant, that the book was not to die all at once. "One copy of it at least might hope to last the date of sheep-leather," I admitted; and in my then mood the little fact was welcome.' In July of that same year, John Stuart Mill had reviewed *The French Revolution*. 'This is not so much a history,' he began, 'as an epic poem; and notwithstanding, or even in consequence of this, the truest of histories.' Mill, in his *Autobiography*, expresses his belief that the early success of this work of Carlyle's was much accelerated by what he said of it in the *Westminster Review*. 'Immediately on its publication,' he explains, 'and before the commonplace critics, all whose rules and moods of judgment it set at defiance, had time to preoccupy the public with their disapproval of it, I wrote and published a review of the book, hailing it as one of those productions of genius which are above all rules, and are a law to themselves.' In 1839, yet another tribute of high praise, mingled with clear and candid criticism, appeared in the same magazine, this time from the pen of John Sterling. 'What its effect on the public was,' says Carlyle, 'I knew not, and know not; but remember well, and may here be permitted to acknowledge, the deep silent joy, not of a weak or ignoble nature, which it gave to myself in my then mood and

situation; as it well might.' Upon his publication of *The Letters of Cromwell* later on, he discovered that he had at last found due recognition, and was surprised at the swiftness with which the first edition was bought up. And these historical works deserved to succeed; for, apart from all other literary excellences, they were the honest productions of a diligent hand. No one who examines and compares them with other histories bearing on the same period and events, but must acknowledge the careful sifting of facts, the minute attention to accuracy of detail, which everywhere distinguish these writings of Carlyle.

In passing his *French Revolution* through the press, his patience was sorely tried, a misfortune having befallen him similar to that which befell Isaac Newton. Carlyle had lent the manuscript of the first volume to John Stuart Mill, who carried it to Mrs Taylor, the lady whom he afterwards married. By some strange accident, it was left exposed, and a stupid servant lighted the fires with it. When the author heard of this misfortune, he was like a man beside himself, as there was scarcely a page of the manuscript left. Sitting down at the table, he strove to collect his thoughts, and began to rewrite, but only to run his pen through each page as it was finished. Doggedly persevering, however, Carlyle finished the volume at last, after five months' labour. To Thomas Aird, who met him in Dumfriesshire afterwards, he said that in his opinion the second effort was better than the first.

In 1844, we printed in this *Journal* an admirable letter addressed to a young man by Carlyle, on a proper choice of reading. Wise letters of his are continually coming to light, weighted with thought, experience, and kindly sympathy. As a rule, he has not been afraid to tell the truth, and make a plain statement of facts to his correspondents. In many respects, in quality if not in quantity, he stands alone as one of the most notable correspondents of this generation. In answer to Dr Carlyle of Toronto, who had been seeking advice as to improving himself in his profession of school-teacher, he wrote a letter, in which he enforced diligence and patient energy in the acquirement of any subject; knowledge gained by personal exertion being far more productive than if a teacher had helped. He quoted the instance of Cobbett learning French while his fellow-soldiers were drinking and idling; and of his own brother John who learned Latin with little outside help. The books read in the hours of relaxation must not be fools' books. 'A very small lot of books will serve to nourish a man's mind, if he handle them well; and I have known innumerable people whose minds had gone all to ruin by reading carelessly too many books. . . . The wisest men I have known in this world were by no means great readers—good readers, I should rather say, of a few books that were wise, having an abhorrence of all books they found to be foolish. A man gathers wisdom only from his own sincere exertions and reflections, and in this it is really not very much that other men can do for him.' Carlyle's reading, apart from the immediate subject of his investigations or studies, is said to be confined to a few good books, the newspaper holding a very subordinate place. His library is one of the smallest that ever belonged to a great man of letters, which is explained by the fact of his

magnificent memory; a book once read is to him as a sucked orange, to be thrown aside.

Carlyle has not only made his mark on his own times as an essayist and historian, but also as a conversationalist of the first rank. His talk, like his books, throws a lurid if somewhat one-sided light on a subject. His tongue has still the 'sough' of Annandale about it—'a keen, sharp, singing voice, in the genuine Border key, and tranquil and sedate withal, neighbourly and frank, and always in unison with what is uttered.' Harriet Martineau thought his sympathetic mood the finest, and that excess of sympathy had been the master-pain of his life. Margaret Fuller declared that he 'sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroic, critical poem, with regular cadences.' In conversation, he allows his mind to follow its own impulses as the hawk follows its prey; and he generally bears down all opposition.

There is some humour in the story related by Miss Martineau, that Carlyle, dissatisfied with his house at Cheyne Row, went forth one morning on a black horse, with three maps of Great Britain and two of the world in his pocket, to explore the area within twenty miles of London, for a more suitable residence, yet stuck to his old house after all. The same authority indicates that his health has improved under growing public recognition, although whether this has anything to do with the improvement, may be questioned. In the correction of proofs he is exceedingly fastidious, revise following revise. Owing to this weakness, Miss Martineau offered to see the first reprint of his *Miscellanies* through the press, and thus save unnecessary expense. He declined, however; and coming in one day from his printer's in Charing Cross, he was laughing prodigiously, having enjoyed the following joke all the way from the printing-office. In urging on the printer, that worthy had replied: 'Why, sir, you really are so very hard upon us with your corrections! They take so much time, you see!' The author urged the plea that he must be accustomed to that sort of thing, and that he had got such work done in Scotland. 'Yes, indeed, sir,' interrupted the printer. 'We are aware of that. We have a man here from Edinburgh; and when he took up a bit of your copy, he dropped it as if it had burnt his fingers, and cried out: "Mercy on us! have you got that man to print for? Lord knows when we shall get done—with all his corrections!"'

Carlyle doubtless owes his healthy longevity to the strict habits of temperance and exercise maintained throughout his career. Besides walking, he was at one time fond of omnibus riding. While his *Life of Friedrich II.* was in progress, he declared that he rode in this way twice round the world. A walk before breakfast is part of his daily programme. Work commences after breakfast; his working hours are short, generally from half-past ten or eleven till two. The afternoon is devoted to exercise, either that of a walk with an old friend or an omnibus ride. The interesting commemoration of his eightieth birthday in the shape of a gold medal and an address presented to him by a wide circle of admirers, and by a gathering of friends in Germany, will be fresh in the memory of most readers. A remarkable old man, both in his physical

vitality and his intellectual vigour, still looking abroad upon the world out of those cavern-like eyes, regretting our follies, pitying our misfortunes, and deeply sympathetic with all forms of sorrow. May he in those latter days enjoy the rest which his life of laborious industry has so amply earned for him!

SOME CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

PLAYING with language, experimenting on the meanings of words, punning on duplicate or triplicate significations, giving a sarcastic rub to those who are no longer in a position to return the favour, displaying ignorance in attempts to manifest wit—are more abundant in the preparation of *Epitaphs* than the world generally supposes. All is not solemnity and sorrow in the thoughts of the concocters of these effusions.

Sometimes a pun or play on the name is introduced: such as in the epitaph on John White:

Here lies JOHN, a shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all were White.

The following was rather epigrammatic than epitaphic, in regard to the Rev. John Chest:

Beneath this spot lies buried
One Chest within another;
The outer chest was all that's good:
Who says so of the other?

William Wilton, buried in Lambeth, certainly did not write the epitaph which bears relation to him:

Here lyeth W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

Nor, we may safely assert, did Owen Moore himself pen the following:

OWEN MOORE is gone away,
Owin' more than he could pay.

More likely to be genuine are those epitaphs which involve a bit of bad logic, syntax, or grammar in their composition. In a graveyard at Montrose is said to be the following:

Here lyes the bodies of GEORGE
YOUNG and all their posterity
For fifty years backwards.

And in Wrexham churchyard as follows:

Here lies five babies and children dear,
Three at Oswestry, and two here.

Akin to this in logical blundering is:

Here lies the remains of
THOMAS MILSOLM, who died in
Philadelphia, March 1753;
Had he lived he would have
Been buried here.

And another at Nettlebed in Oxfordshire:

Here lies Father and Mother and Sister and I;
We all died within the space of one short year;
We be all buried at Wimble, except I;
And I be buried here.

Others, again, are delightfully circumstantial, such as that on John Adams:

Here lies JOHN ADAMS, who received a thump,
Right on the forehead, from the parish pump.

Or a touch of jollity in them, as this from Newbury churchyard:

Here lays JOHN, with MARY his bride—
They lived and they laughed while they was able,
And at last was obliged to knock under the table.

Or suggestively laconic, as in the following from Saint Michael's, Crooked Lane:

Here lies, wrapped in clay,
The body of WILLIAM WRAY;
I have no more to say.

Sarcastic epitaphs, not necessarily involving a pun on the name are, we suspect, seldom to be found really engraved on tombstones; and only in some cases written by relations of the deceased. If Dryden really wrote the epitaph on his wife, attributed to him, and which he intended for her tombstone, had he outlived her, he must indeed have felt and owed her but little affection:

Here lies my wife; here let her lie;
She's now at rest, and so am I.

One Mrs Shute gave occasion, we are told, for the following:

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of DEACON AMOS SHUTE;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty.

James Wyatt of course took no part in the concoction of this effusion:

At rest beneath this churchyard stone
Lies stingy JEMMY WYATT;
He died one morning just at ten,
And saved a dinner by it.

The occupation of a dyer has suggested many epitaphs of an obvious character, such as:

He dyed to live, and lived to dye.

Also:

He died himself, and dyed no more.

So many jokes were fired off at the late Sir William Curtis—an alderman distinguished for defective education and bad grammar—that we need not feel surprised at an epitaph couched thus:

Here lies WILLIAM CURTIS,
Our late Lord Mayor,
Who has left this here world,
And gone to that there.

A useful hint is wrapped up in the following:

Died of thin shoes, January 1839.

Many epitaphs seem to be intended to enlighten the public on some point which the friends

of the deceased deem of importance. An epitaph on Ann Jennings of Wolstanton, tells us that

Some have children, some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

A double epitaph records the mournful tale thus:

Here lies two brothers by misfortune surrounded;
One died of his wounds, the other was drowned.

A fatal disaster could hardly be recorded in briefer form than the following:

Here lies JOHN ROSS,
Kicked by a hooss.

Nor could a religious sentiment have been more curtly and sarcastically expressed than as under:

Here lies the body of GABRIEL JOHN,
Who died in seventeen hundred and one;
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John—
If you don't like it, you can let it alone;
'Tis all the same to Gabriel John,
Who died in seventeen hundred and one.

Many mechanical trades give rise to the use of technical terms which, by a little manipulation, may be made applicable to human life, states of health, disease and decline, death and its surroundings. When such is the case, epitaph-makers are strongly tempted to make use of the verbal materials thus placed at their disposal. Any one can see, for example, how the trade of a brewer gives rise to the words—ale (hale), stout, beer (bier), bitter, porter, cooper, and in what manner they can be worked up for gravestone purposes. A playing-card-maker suggests cut, shuffled, game, dealt, honours, counting, tricks, &c. The brick-maker supplies the epitaph-compiler with clay, fire, half-burned, remoulded. A mechanical engineer employs technical terms which may be easily transferred to some of the conditions and events of human life: set up, valves, engine, stopped, boiler, hot-water, coked, flame, guiding-wheels, whistle, clock, steam. To the blacksmith we are indebted for hot, cool, cold, ashes, forging, vice, blowing, hiss, anvil, hammer, sparks, bellows, temper, and the phrase 'strike while the iron's hot.' From the weaver can be borrowed thread, web, warp, woof, weft, pattern, check, crossed, fustian, garments. The cobbler tells of his all (awl), sole (soul), stall, last, welt, elastic; while the tailor is equally ready with suit, skein, thread, twist, shears, sur-tout, staytape, pressed, remnant.

The trade of a printer is very prolific in terms which can in this way be utilised for epitaphic purposes. Such for example as volume, book, page, print, delivered, press, author, founder, leaf, title, augmented, corrected, contents, cover, lettering, binding, gilding, form, imposing, bed, matter, copy, type, distributed, imprint, impression, pye, worn-out character, recast, mould. Nor is that of a watchmaker much less so: as witness the technical terms and phrases vertical, horizontal, wound up, regulated, set going, hours, moments, time, maker, key, period, go wrong, mainspring, outer case, works, pivot, pinions, jewelled, stopped.

If we are to accept as genuine all the epitaphs copied into the printed collections, many examples exist of these applications of trade technicalities

to gravestone purposes. One is attributed to Benjamin Franklin, relating to himself, but with a blank left for the date of death: 'The body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, printer—like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding—lies here, food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost; for it will appear once more in a new Edition, corrected and amended by its Author.' Another, said to have been suggested for but not by this famous printer-philosopher-statesman, depends for such merit as it possesses on an ingenious use of some of the types or characters employed by printers: 'BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the * of his profession; the type of honesty; the ! of all; and although the & of Death has put a . to his existence, each § of his life has been without ||.'

The epitaph on the driver of one of the Aylesbury coaches was so managed as to bring in the coaching terms journey, whip-hand, way-bill, account, drive, stage, and 'shew you the way.' Lord Byron is credited with an epitaph on an old neighbour of his near Newstead:

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier, who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more, so was carried at last.
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off, so he's now carri-on.

When the celebrated General Wolfe died, a premium was offered for the best written epitaph on that brave officer. A number of poets of all descriptions entered the competition, and among the rest was one who addressed his communication to the editor of the *Public Ledger*, as follows:

He marched without dread or fears,
At the head of his bold grenadiers;
And what was more remarkable—nay, very particular,
He climbed up rocks that were quite perpendicular.

Perhaps the most unexpected of all epitaphs are those in which the mourning relatives of the deceased endeavour to make a little money out of their grief, or to convert their sorrow into a little bit of trading or shopkeeping. We must acquit the dead man of any participation in the manœuvre; the epitaph is written when he is no longer in a condition to criticise it; and his poor bones are made ancillary to a trade advertisement.

Take the following as an example: 'Here lies the body of JAMES HAMBRICK, who was accidentally shot in the Pacus River by a young man; with one of Colt's large revolvers, with no stopper for the hammer to rest on. It was one of the old-fashioned sort, brass mounted; and of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' Or the following: In one of the cemeteries near Paris, a small lamp some years ago was kept burning under an urn over a grave; and an inscription on the gravestone ran thus when translated into English: 'Here lies PIERRE VICTOR FOURNIER, inventor of the Everlasting Lamp, which consumes only one centime's worth of oil in one hour. He was a good father, son, and husband. His inconsolable widow continues his business in the Rue aux Trois. Goods sent to all parts of the city. Do not mistake the opposite shop for this.'

A tapster at Upton-on-Severn certainly had an

eye to the main chance, if he really inscribed the following epitaph on his father's gravestone :

Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion ;
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned unto the Heavenly will.

And not less so an American stonemason, who made the same tombstone serve the double purpose of a mortuary memorial and a trade advertisement : ' Here lies JANE SMITH, wife of THOMAS SMITH, marble-cutter. This Monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory, and as a specimen of his work. Monuments in this style, two hundred and fifty dollars.'

The lady to whom is attributed one graveyard effusion, had her thoughts unquestionably directed, if not to trade and shopkeeping, at least to matrimonial possibilities : ' Sacred to the Memory of JAMES H. R——, who died August 6th, 1800. His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged twenty-four, and possessing every quality for a good wife, lives at ——.'

We have in an earlier paragraph ventured on a surmise that some epitaphs have never gone beyond the limits of pen and ink, and cannot be trusted as veritable examples of graveyard literature. Mr Shirley Hibberd, an industrious collector of epitaphs, corroborates this view. He says : ' Are there not hundreds of epitaphs in print which have no existence except as printers' paragraphs ? I have collected epitaphs for years past ; and it is surprising how many (and those some of the best in a literary sense) defy every attempt to trace them to sepulchral sources.'

The French are more prone than ourselves to indulge in these imaginary gravestone compositions ; owing perhaps to the great epigrammatic power of their language. One of their epitaphs gives a rub at the Academie Française, evidently out of favour with the concocter : ' Here lies PIRON, who was nothing, not even an Academician.' Fontaine, in one part of an epitaph attributed to him, described himself as having disposed of his time very easily ; seeing that he divided it into two portions, one for sleeping, and one for doing nothing. An epitaph on a prodigal declares that he delighted in *not* paying his creditors ; the only debt he ever paid was the debt of Nature. One reason assigned for a husband honouring his deceased wife with a tombstone was because ' the last day of her life was the first of his happiness.' An epitaph on Cardinal Richelieu declared that ' Here lies a famous Cardinal, who did more harm than good ; the good he did he did badly ; the bad he did he did well.' An epitaph on Rousseau pronounced that his life had been too long by just one half : ' for thirty years an object of admiration, for the other thirty an object of commiseration.' Of a humpback or *bossu* we are told that ' as he had carried a burden on his back all his life, he deserved now to have a rest.'

Notwithstanding these literary witsters, there can be no question of the genuineness of numberless epitaphs. They for the most part belong to the weak side of human nature. The display of small vanities ; the unconscious manifestation of ignorance ; the thirst for strokes of humour, regardless of the contingencies of time and place ; the tendency to punning and displays of wit ; the yearning to ' push' for trade and

profit even at the side of the grave ; the flattering conceit of seeing one's own literary productions permanently graven on stone—all enter into the account.

ICE-BOATING IN CANADA.

FROM A CANADIAN CONTRIBUTOR.

THE comparative mildness and shortness of the winter in Great Britain precludes us from enjoying many sports which might otherwise be indulged in on our lakes and rivers. We have to a limited extent, skating and curling, but have never been able to achieve the delightful sensation of sailing on the ice. In America and Canada, where the winters are long and severe, things are different. There, sleighing is an exceedingly common mode of transit by land ; while ice-boating is an exhilarating recreation on the frozen lakes and rivers. Furnished with a sail of formidable dimensions, and running on skates several feet in length, the American ice-boat as it is now constructed, is capable of attaining a velocity of more than a mile a minute ! And further, it can by an arrangement of the sail and the skilful handling of the rudder, be made to glide in any direction that is not directly or almost directly in the teeth of the wind.

From a Canadian contributor, who claims to have been one of the first to make ice-boating a special study, we have the following interesting notes. He says :

Ice-boating is one of the most exciting and exhilarating amusements that Canada can boast of ; and I trust I may be excused from the charge of egotism if I say that I was the first person who about forty-eight years since made it a special study. Since that time, the Americans have given equal if not greater attention to this sport, and have attained perhaps fully the same speed. My object was to reduce to a minimum the resistance on the ice, consistent with insuring a proper grip for the steel skates on which the boats run. The result was that having secured a minimum of leeway, I finally attained a speed of sixty-five miles an hour when sailing with the wind on the quarter.

In Canada we have abundance of ice and cold weather. Snow, however, while it remains on the ice destroys the power of attaining great speed, and we are obliged to wait the intervals of thaws before we can again use the boats to the best advantage. I do not mean to assert that the boats always travel at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour ; but thirty or forty miles is not at all above the average. After a thaw has removed the snow, or before snow falls, numerous ice-boats are to be seen dashing over the surface of the frozen water with wonderful velocity ; ' on a wind' close hauled within four points ; or with the ' wind abeam ;' or before it ' round and round in circles,' ' backwards and forwards,' they are running in all directions. I have myself sailed continuously round and round in a large circle,

each time in turn coming in stays, and off on the other tack, jibing as the boat got before the wind. There are but few serious accidents to record, and the wonder is there are not many more. No one is afraid, and if sufficient watchfulness is exercised, no mishap need occur, the boats are so perfectly manageable, and are under the complete control of the helmsman. When two boats on different tacks meet, moving at the rate of even thirty miles an hour, they seem to approach each other with wonderful speed. The least turn of the rudder, and in an instant the course of one or both is altered, and they fly past one another like birds.

Ice-boats are constructed in the form of a triangle, formed by placing one plank lengthwise and a second across one end; the two angles thus formed being filled up with light lattice-work to accommodate passengers. At each end of the cross plank large blocks of oak are firmly bolted. The skates, which are nearly three feet long by perhaps eight inches deep, are inserted in a groove about two and a half inches deep, cut lengthwise in the oak block, and parallel with the centre of the longitudinal plank. These ice-boats always sail the broad end foremost. Near the end of the longitudinally placed plank, a hole about two and a half inches in diameter is bored. This hole is strengthened above and below by other transverse pieces, also perforated in a similar manner. These holes receive the rudder-post. To the upper end of the post is attached an ordinary boat's tiller; and to the lower end an oak block similar to the others, is firmly morticed. Lengthwise in this block is cut a groove, like that in the skate blocks, into which a third skate, between two and three feet in length, is fastened. And now comes the last great improvement, by means of which I found myself placed at an advantage against all competitors, other points being equal. The three skates are all supported sideways by the grooved block of oak, and are kept in their places by one bolt; the use of this single bolt being to allow the skate to oscillate on this one centre, so as to accommodate itself to any inequalities in the ice. It will be seen, therefore, that when one skate may be surmounting a small excrescence on the ice, the moment the sloping bow of the skate touches it, a slight rise takes place in the front part, which thus readily glides over the obstacle; whereas, if the skate were rigid and could not rise, it would be compelled to cut itself through the first opposing edge of the obstruction.

To cause the skates to hold in the ice without slipping to leeward, each skate is bevelled towards the inside; whereas the rudder skate is similarly slightly bevelled from both sides towards the centre, thus affording sufficient hold to steer the boat, by cutting a very small groove in the ice. Each skate and also the rudder are a little rounded on the lower edge, perhaps a quarter or three-eighths of an inch in three feet. The plates are a quarter inch thick, and burnished and polished at the edge as smoothly as possible.

The sail that I invariably found to be the best

was large and triangular, similar to that used by the flying proas of the Indian seas. It is well known these sails lie nearer the wind than any other. I added a boom to the long plant yard, and attached the two firmly together at the bows. As the sail was lashed to both boom and yard, and the yard hauled up and the boom hauled down, the sail was as flat as a board. There is never more than one sail on each boat; but sometimes the boom is as much as thirty feet long, and the yard a few feet longer. These large boats, however, would never do on thin English ice, as the pressure would be too great; though a much smaller boat could sail wherever a man could skate, and would form an amusing novelty for English yachtsmen.

I recollect one day, many years since, myself and two friends had invited the then Governor-general, his wife, and some of her friends, as well as His Excellency's staff, to enjoy an ice-boat sail on Toronto Bay. At that time, but few citizens thoroughly understood the management of these boats; but fortunately I was perfectly conversant with it, having, as before said, made ice-boating a study. I had lent a friend—a Mr Munro—one of my boats, giving him strict injunctions how to manage her. He was a good yachtsman; but the speed of these boats so far exceeds that of ordinary sailing-vessels, that the greatest care is requisite, especially when two boats are approaching on different tacks; and having ladies and the representative of royalty on board, we were extra careful to guard against accident. On the day alluded to the ice was in splendid order. There had been steady hard frost without snow, and the ice was about six inches thick, and perfectly 'glare' and free from cracks. The whole bay—about two by four miles—was completely frozen over. All the care required was to avoid collision with other boats and occasional skaters. We had taken our passengers on board; I taking the Governor, his wife, and one of her female friends; and the rest of the party being distributed between other two boats. At first we went slowly, confining our speed to about thirty or forty miles an hour. I led the fleet, and had previously desired that the others should attend to the course I sailed, so as to avoid confusion, and also to enable us to sail side by side and tack or wear simultaneously. We continued to perform all sorts of evolutions for about an hour. The sun was shining brightly, and the wind rose to half a gale. It was intensely cold; but the excitement, besides an abundance of furs and buffalo robes, kept us all warm. As our passengers became less nervous, and saw how completely manageable the boats were, even when sailing at a high rate of speed, they begged me to go as fast as possible. I shook out a reef, and away we went, more like birds flying than boats sailing. We came in stays again and again, went round and round, and jibed our sail with perfect safety, all moving together as if by one impetus. To amuse ourselves, we threw walking-sticks and other small articles to windward; and after tacking, we picked them up as we passed them when going at our utmost rate of speed. This sport continued until it was time to go home; so returning to the city, we landed our party, who after courteously thanking us for one of the most delightful days

sailing they had ever enjoyed, wished us good-morning, entered their carriages, and returned to Government House.

On another occasion, the ice happening to be in remarkably fine order, I determined to test the speed of my ice-boat against time. The day was bright and not very cold; so I took my wife and little one on board with me, as well as the clergyman of the parish, who expressed a wish to be present during the trial, proffering his assistance in timing our speed by his watch during each run backward and forward. I should have mentioned that we were sailing with the wind nearly abeam, our course being north and south alternately, and the wind being about west two points north. At first we went slowly, as I wished to test the quality of the track on which to sail. The first two miles were sailed in three and a quarter minutes; and the ice being found perfect, I shook out another reef, and we sailed our very best. We crossed the bay many times, the distance being about two miles. Our time varied somewhat, though not so much as one would suppose. When sailing with the wind on the quarter, we made the distance in a little less than two minutes; shewing a speed of about sixty-five miles an hour. When sailing with the wind a little forward of our beam, the time made averaged two and a half minutes; or forty-five miles and upward an hour. I think we sailed at times as fast when *on* a wind as we did when sailing with the wind more on our quarter, especially during heavy gusts. We put our boat away before the wind, to shew how nearly we sailed as fast as the wind travelled; and although it blew equally hard, when before the wind as formerly, our sail was sometimes quite flaccid, and between gusts the sheet was hardly taut at all; shewing that the momentum of the boat after a gust was at least equal to the speed of the wind.

It is astonishing how use reconciles persons, otherwise quite nervous, to this great speed. I have had ladies on board my boat who were at first frightened at the ordinary rate of sailing, and begged me to go more slowly. After a while, however, they were the first to entreat for more speed, 'Faster, faster still!' until we nearly flew. The only danger in going so fast is running the leeward skate into a longitudinal crack. We can *cross* any number of cracks without a chance of injury; but if the lee-runner should get into a crack running in the same direction as the boat, it is ten to one something is carried away; or the sudden stopping of the boat causes all the passengers to slide away forward and on to the ice. But unless some one comes in contact with the mast, there is little danger of severe injury under ordinary circumstances. There are no seats, and as every one is reclining at length on the bottom of the boat—which is only about ten inches above the ice—they have not far to fall. I have sometimes sailed in heavy winds when, owing to the heeling of the boat, the ice was too weak to bear the great pressure of the lee skate; a cut through and sudden stoppage was the consequence, whereupon we all slid away forward over the bows. In such a case it becomes a matter of some difficulty to extricate the lee runner without breaking-in a large portion of the thin ice; and great skill and caution are required to prevent boat, crew, and all going through into the water.

I recollect once I had been giving a sail to the governor of the Lunatic Asylum, a learned and gentlemanly M.D., but one of the old school. We had been arguing in a heated manner about the probable influence of phrenological development of an exaggerated kind on some of his lunatic patients. The Doctor stoutly denied all such influence as being quite unworthy of consideration. I opposed him, on the grounds only that where such development did exist of an exaggerated type, there were reasons to believe it should be taken into consideration. My opponent became very demonstrative and somewhat angry, and leaping from the boat as she rounded to near the shore, he fairly danced with excitement. We thought the ice would bear a team of elephants, it being nearly two feet in thickness; but unfortunately the spot the Doctor had chosen as the scene of his evolutions was near to a water-hole that had been cut the day before, and was covered over with a thin coating of ice. One step too far, and down he went to the bottom. Fortunately the water only took him up to the armpits; and a most ridiculous sight he was, continuing to rave and gesticulate, getting deeper and deeper every moment. At last he begged me to help him out; but this I declined to do unless he acknowledged the soundness of my phrenological statement. This he refused to do; and the argument waxed hotter than before, the Doctor affirming that 'in the water or out of it, wet or dry,' he could and would confound me and all such new-fangled ideas. However, the chilliness of the position proved too great for the heat of the Doctor's argument, and he finally gave in, shewing clearly that plenty of cold water thrown on a discussion did more to settle it than any quantity of heat and wordy warfare. I helped the good old Doctor out, and forced him to go to our house, where he drank a considerable modicum of excellent whisky, to keep out the cold and correct the dampness of his garments. A cab having been sent for in the meantime, I put him into it, and sent him home, a wetter and, I trust, a wiser man.

Poor old gentleman! he was highly educated, and a most agreeable companion. He is long since dead; but occasionally during that winter when I met him, I offered to get out the ice-boat and renew the controversy; but he always declined any such semi-aquatic disputes, and rarely ventured again on the ice.

GENTLENESS VERSUS FORCE.

THE seeming paradox, that gentleness is the greatest force in the moral world—a half truth to be accepted under limitations—has received numerous illustrations; chiefly, however, in the direction of unmerited suffering, calmly meekly patiently endured, ultimately achieving its own victory. The following incidents are of a somewhat different character, and may have their interest, as rather unique illustrations of the subject.

A gentleman in the west of England who kept a first-class boarding-school, became so imbued with the obligations of primitive Christianity, which he conceived to consist, not in any accommodation of their principles, but in following out to the letter the precepts delivered in the New Testament, that he had been known, amongst other things, to take off his coat on the highway

to clothe the naked; and never under any circumstances whatever did he turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the needy, if it lay in his power to satisfy their want. In the opinion of his neighbours and friends, all this led him into various extraordinary aberrations of personal behaviour; but nevertheless he was a gentleman and a scholar, beloved and respected by all, and against whom, save for his 'peculiarities,' not a word could be said. It is, however, in regard to the conduct of his school that we find the illustration of gentleness *versus* force. Following out the strict sequence of his ideas, he came to the conclusion that not only 'bearing one another's burdens,' but suffering for others—the innocent for the guilty—was the great Christian law. This took a peculiar form in the discipline of his school. The usual delinquencies arose, and the usual punishments seemed demanded. To pass these by was not his idea at all, but to mark them with all the demerit they deserved, and to meet out the due punishment to each offence. But, in pursuance of his belief, these punishments were not allowed to fall upon the offenders. He himself undertook every task imposed, and endured every punishment ordered throughout all the varied grades of discipline needed in the school! The most peculiar and forcible manner in which this took effect was in regard to corporal punishment, which became occasionally necessary, to mark the greater heinousness of some offence. This also he underwent, by insisting that the offender, or the boys generally, instead of being punished by him, should inflict the punishment on him! Strange results might have been expected from such strange modes of procedure; but the singular effect was, that it became the one anxious concern of the boys neither by any act of commission nor of omission to place themselves in such a position that a punishment merited by themselves should have to fall on their beloved preceptor, for this he had become to them in the highest sense. So far from such a course producing a vitiated set of pupils, the school acquired well-deserved renown for the moral style of the boys and for their excellent attainments; so much so, that it was rather sought after by the distinguished and wealthy; and many a man, not unknown to fame, would own that he owed much to the good foundation laid for him in heart and mind at the school thus referred to.

Our second illustration is also from school-life—this time in the east of England, offering a melancholy contrast to the preceding. The head master of the school had been specially trained for the work at a collegiate institution. After varied experiences as to different modes of discipline, he had come to the belief that the shortest, most decisive, and effectual form of correction, under *all* circumstances, was the cane, as a speedy method of solving the difficulty, and a punishment capable of being graduated by the occasion. Accordingly, as he entered the school each morning, the cane as the emblem of authority and punishment was ostentatiously brought forth and placed in a conspicuous position; and it would not be long before it was brought into requisition, either for lessons not learned or for personal ill-conduct. Thus the whole school-hours were generally varied with more or less infliction of corporal punishment—often, too often, not

only with needless, but brutal severity. This gentleman had an usher, whose principles and notions of discipline were the direct contrary of summary or undue severity; and if not amounting to those of our preceding illustration of vicarious punishment, were so permeated with the belief that love, mercy, and forbearance could do more than severity, that the daily scene in the school became a source of almost torture to him, so that he could scarcely resist the temptation at times of rushing upon the principal and wresting the cane from him, if not, in the heat of the moment, of paying him out with his own weapon.

Now what was the effect upon the boys of the system of prompt severity thus adopted? Nothing but entire demoralisation, and that to a degree scarcely credible. Though the sons of well-to-do parents, mostly of gentleman-farmers and the like, in the neighbourhood, with a sprinkling of boys from towns, they had become so lost to truth and honour, that to lie under all circumstances had become the habit of the school. Had anything gone wrong, the first boy interrogated would start some unblushing lie, and the whole school would adhere to it with the utmost pertinacity and ingenuity. Nor was there any particular in which they did not exhibit a callous indifference to all that was honourable and right. No appeal to any high motive seemed possible. It was the express desire of the principal that no minor or secondary punishments should be resorted to; whatever was wrong was to be reported to him, to be dealt with in the usual way, namely, the cane. With what soreness of heart, disgust, and reluctance this rule was observed by the assistant master can well be imagined. The situation at length became intolerable. Being bound to remain for the term, he resolved to break through the system at all hazards. Calling the boys about him, he told them with what grief and disapprobation he had witnessed the constant canings, &c., and informed them that henceforth he should entirely disregard the order to deliver them up to the tender mercies of the head master for any and every offence, and should look to them for such proper behaviour as would obviate all need of punishment. He pointed out to them the degrading condition to which they were brought, the superior honour of truth to falsehood, of noble, right acting under all circumstances, and impressed upon them that he sought to be their friend and helper, instead of a petty exactor and fault-finder. Whenever the too ready lie or feigned excuse for misconduct was apparent, he would appeal to them to be outspoken and true; that instead of anything being thus lost to them, they would rather be the gainers in additional self-respect and satisfaction.

And here comes in the further illustration of gentleness *versus* force. This willing relinquishment of the latter, instead of striking from under him all power of authority and discipline, and leading to anarchy, produced an absolutely opposite result, the effect of which was soon apparent in a nobler tone, almost a new life, throughout the school. To the complete astonishment of the head master, the discipline of the school became so vastly improved, lessons so well prepared, and all kinds of misconduct so decreased, that, apparently to his disgust, the occasion for the cane

almost ceased. The contrast of the condition of the school when under his own regime and that of the usher was a constant puzzle to him. At length an explanation became necessary at the close of the term, and here again gentleness as opposed to force received a further illustration. When the time came for the usher's departure, the head master—naturally an irascible man—exhibited meekness and patience, and begged his recalcitrant *sub* to remain with him upon any terms he liked to name; and yet, as he declined to promise a relinquishment of his own system, a parting was reluctantly agreed to. To add to the force of our illustration, it was remarkable that the most stout-hearted boys who had shewn most disposition to take advantage of the contrasted regime under which they had been placed, were the most affected on learning the result.

The instances we have given must perhaps be regarded as crucial experiments, not to be ventured on save under very special conditions, but nevertheless as illustrating our theme in a forcible, if singular manner.

THE WAY IN WHICH LIGHTNING DESCENDS.

SOME months ago, the well-known French Professor, M. Colladon, suggested a new theory as to the manner in which lightning descends. Instead of a perpendicular flash, as has been generally supposed, the Professor contended that it came down in a shower, driving along in multitudinous currents like a torrent of rain. Hence it is that trees are so liable to be injured, and persons who thoughtlessly shelter beneath them. The lightning, falling in detached streams, runs along the branches of the tree until it is all gathered in the trunk, which it bursts or tears open in its efforts to reach the ground.

Various correspondents have recently sent to the public journals instances illustrative of this theory. The *Times* Geneva correspondent describes a remarkable electric phenomenon which occurred at Clarens in June last. On that occasion heavy masses of rain-cloud hid from view the mountains which separate Fribourg from Montreux; but their summits were from time to time lit up by vivid flashes of lightning, and a heavy thunder-storm seemed to be raging in the valleys of the Avants and the Alliaz. No rain was falling near the lake, and the storm still appeared far off, when a tremendous peal of thunder shook the houses of Clarens and Tavel to their foundations. At the same instant, a magnificent cherry-tree near the cemetery, measuring about forty inches in circumference, was struck by lightning. The lightning was seen to play about a little girl who was gathering cherries within thirty paces of the tree, and literally fold her in a sheet of fire. Those beholding it, fled in terror from the spot. In the cemetery six persons, separated into three groups, none of them within two hundred and fifty paces of the tree, were enveloped in a luminous cloud. They felt as if they were being struck in the face with

hailstones or fine gravel; and when they touched each other, sparks of electricity passed from their finger-ends; at the same time the lightning could be distinctly heard as it ran from point to point of the iron railing of a neighbouring vault. Strangely enough, neither the little girl nor any one of the other persons concerned was hurt; the only inconvenience complained of being an unpleasant sensation in the joints, as if they had been violently twisted. The trunk of the cherry-tree was, however, as completely shivered as if it had been exploded by a charge of dynamite.

A gentleman in Rugby, writing to *Nature* shortly after the above, mentions the case of a tree struck by lightning in Stoneleigh Park. It was a fine oak, about forty feet high; and the lightning seemed to have struck, not at the top, but about two-thirds of the way up the main trunk, just where several of the larger branches came off from the stem. From this point to the ground the bark had been rent off along a strip about three inches wide; and through the whole length, the wood beneath the bark had been gouged out as if by a carpenter's tool, the groove made being about an inch wide and deep. The curious fact of the tree being struck apparently among the branches, at once suggested the theory of M. Colladon, that the electric fluid must have travelled, without visible effect, through the upper branches, and only produced disruption of the wood when the current was strengthened by the combination of a great number of separate streams. If this theory of the descent of lightning should eventually be proved beyond reasonable doubt, it would be of importance that, in affixing lightning-rods to buildings, their tops should be branched, each branch being smooth and pointed at its extremity, the better to conduct the subtle current into the main stem of the rod, and thus avert danger. It has lately been pointed out that it is not uncommon for the tops of lightning-rods to be ornamented with metal balls, and even to be tipped with a cap of glass. This, as Professor Tait recently explained, is as absurd as it is futile, and goes far wholly to neutralise the advantages sought by the adoption of lightning-rods. These, as above stated, should be smooth and pointed at top, and present as many separate points as possible to the descending fluid.

SONNET.

O NOBLE maid! When daylight sinks to sleep,
And weary waiting bids me close my eyes,
I fear lest gloomy visions may arise,
And drag me down to that unhappy deep
Where Love despairs, and Hopes and Longings weep;
But, ere they come, I reach a land of sighs,
Where sights and sounds are clad in quaintest guise,
And where I hear soft strains of music sweep
Among the shadows to my open ears,
When, out of loving lips I cannot see,
Float tender harmonies to dry my tears
With wondrous melody which comforts me,
Destroying all the ruins of my fears,
And lulling me to happy dreams of thee.

W. L. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 878.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

NINE DAYS ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SHASTA.

THE vast plains of Northern California are penetrated by a transverse range of the Rocky Mountains, connecting the Sierra Nevada with the mountains on the coast of the Pacific. Towards the most northerly point of this transverse range stands the magnificent peak of Shasta. It rises to fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea—being within fourteen hundred feet of the altitude of Mont Blanc. It differs, however, very largely from the latter mountain in its superficial appearance and formation. The monarch of the Alps is remarkable for its vast glaciers, ever creeping down towards the valley, yet ever being renewed in the lofty region of snow and ice from which they descend. Glacial action is there in perpetual and active operation, rending the sides of the mountain into great chasms of ice, which in their turn are filled up by the descending avalanches of snow, to be transmuted in time into the substance of the glacier itself. And so on the process goes from year to year and age to age. Moreover, the traveller who dares ascend these Alpine cliffs has a thousand dangers to contend with—now of slipping into one of those dark-blue crevices which yawn below and around him, now of being caught in the rush of the coming avalanche and buried deep in its deadly embrace.

But Mount Shasta, while covered in great part by snow and ice, does not present such manifestations of glacial action; and it is only within these few years that it has been ascertained that there are glaciers on the mountain at all. And such glaciers as do exist towards its summit seem, in the opinion of scientific observers, as much the relics of a past condition of things as the formation of the present. Yet the ascent of its shining slopes of frozen snow is not unaccompanied with such elements of danger as give to it the zest of adventure. The face of the mountain is thickly strewn with immense boulders of rock, detached

from the summit and its fringe of precipices, and which the slightest touch brings crashing down across the track of the traveller. This constant movement downward of fresh boulders may be due to the singular and interesting fact, that on the top of this mighty cone, nearly three miles above the level of the sea, its sides encased in a coating of perpetual snow and ice, are a great number of hot springs, continually welling up, and puffing jets of steam and heated spray into the thin chill atmosphere which there prevails; thus exercising a solvent influence upon the surrounding accumulations of frozen materials, and covering the shining slopes below with the dislodged masses of rock and ice.

Of this little-known and interesting mountain, a very graphic and intelligent account is given in the March issue of *The Californian*—a new and promising magazine whose name has not yet perhaps penetrated far into the Old World. The account is from the pen of Mr B. A. Colonna, who in the summer of 1878 made a journey to the summit of Shasta, and remained there for nine days for the purpose of scientific observation. In that year, Mr Carlisle P. Patterson, Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, authorised Professor Davidson to place a theodolite and heliograph on Mount Shasta, in connection with the work of survey then going on under the Professor's direction. The heliograph, also known as the heliotrope, is an instrument for signalling messages from one point to another by flashing the sun's rays from a mirror. The apparatus consists simply of a square or round mirror fixed on an ordinary tripod stand, and is of various sizes according to distance and atmosphere. It can only be used in a clear sky and in bright sunshine, and while in Great Britain it has been of especial service in the Ordnance Survey, and is now in general use for military purposes, the apparatus is especially useful in India and eastern countries generally. A very small instrument is capable of sending a flash a long distance. A ten-inch mirror will reflect the sun's rays in the

form of a bright spot, or flare, to a distance of fifty miles, the signal at this interval being recognisable without a telescope. In signalling, a kind of Morse alphabet, consisting as it were of long and short 'dashes,' is used, the dash being formed by holding an obscuring screen in front of the mirror for the length of time previously arranged. The heliograph is thus of great value as a means of communication between two distant divisions of an army, as no one can see the flash but those at the point to which the signal is directed; and the line of communication neither requires to be kept open, nor can it be interfered with by an enemy. Another use of the heliograph is in the measurement of long intervals of space, required in making extensive surveys, such as the measurement of an arc of the meridian.

It was for the purposes of survey rather than of signalling, that the United States Survey Department were desirous to erect a heliograph on Mount Shasta, so as if possible to connect that mountain directly with the summit of Mount Helena, standing one hundred and ninety-two miles distant.

The duty of erecting the heliograph on Mount Shasta was assigned by Professor Davidson to Mr Colonna, who on the 24th July began the ascent. Another member of the same Survey had been the first, three years before, to ascend Shasta and remain over-night; he on a second ascent remaining on the summit for three days. Mr Colonna was desirous, if necessary, to remain there for a still longer period, and made his arrangements accordingly. The day on which he began his journey was a delightful one, and the party were in fine spirits. Instead of the three or four guides, with alpenstocks and axes, which the Alpine climber employs, Mr Colonna's outfit, of seven hundred and fifty pounds-weight, had to be packed from the snow-line to the summit on the backs of twenty stout Indians—curious people, one would think, to associate with a progress amid eternal snow and ice. And not only so, but these Indians were accompanied with their usual complement of wives or squaws, papooses (babies), and lean dogs; the 'Indian bucks,' as he calls the men, being gaily dressed in linen 'dusters' reaching to within six inches of the ground, and jaunty straw-hats adorned with broad bands of red or blue ribbon. 'Nearly every one in the party was mounted; and it was a somewhat noisy company, in which the voices of the bucks and squaws were mingled with the crying of papooses and the barking of dogs, so that no one sound was clearly distinguishable.' The route was over a beautiful smooth mountain-trail, of a gentle ascent, the distance to the top from the starting-point being about twelve miles, or a vertical elevation of ten thousand four hundred and forty feet. At first the path wound about in splendid forests of sugar-pine; but after a two hours' ride, the sugar-pine became much smaller, and was interspersed with red fir; and at the end of three hours the

sugar-pine had disappeared entirely, and there was red fir only. 'One hour later,' he says, 'and we passed through the most beautiful forest of these trees that I have ever seen. It was entirely free from underbrush. The trees were young and vigorous; and their symmetrical and beautifully tapering trunks and branches, towering many feet above our heads, were decorated with very delicate and pretty yellow mosses. There were tracks of deer in and across the trail everywhere, and occasionally a bear's track could be seen; but our noise frightened them, and they hid away.'

At three p.m. they had reached the upper edge of the timber, where they were to spend the night, and above them towered the beautiful snow-clad peak of Shasta. While the squaws picketed the ponies where they could obtain a scanty meal from the grass, which was just beginning to spring up among the rocks, the guide sent some of the bucks forward to walk over the snow while it was still soft from the noonday sun, in order that they might save cutting places in it for their feet when they began the ascent in the morning. After their evening meal, skin-blankets were spread on the ground, and they went to sleep, but not till the Indians, under their medicine-man, had performed such ceremonies as are customary with them before undertaking any important affair, accompanied with a monotonous chant, under the influence of which Mr Colonna fell asleep, and did not awake till the first streak of light was visible in the east. Comparatively few Indians, he says, have ever been to the summit of Mount Shasta, as with them it seems a sacred place, its snowy mantle being regarded with reverence as the emblem of purity, nor will they defile it even with tobacco-juice.

When the party began the ascent on the second day, the morning was clear, and the atmosphere sharp and bracing, the thermometer standing at thirty-two degrees. The trail which the Indians had previously tramped in the snow was followed step by step, thus saving much time that would otherwise have been expended in chopping a way in the frozen snow. Red snow was reached at an elevation of about ten thousand feet, the microscopic fungi which constitute the colouring-matter being very abundant. The surface of the snow was white as usual, the fungi lying at the depth of two inches, which when the foot penetrated so far, left a stain as of blood round the print of it. The fungi has a decidedly fruity taste, one comparing it to the flavour of ripe pears, another to that of the water-melon. A handful of it melted on a newspaper, left, after the water was evaporated, a red, powdery substance, feeling on the hands much like fine Indian meal. This stratum of red matter in the snow was three inches thick.

Their path now became very steep, and so hard, that were one to lose his footing, he might slide down over three or four thousand feet of snow without being able to stop. There was little danger beyond skin abrasions to be feared from such an accident—the worst part of it being the necessity of climbing back again.

At about thirteen thousand feet above sea-level,

the travellers passed over a snow-drift under a steep wall of pumice called the Red Bluff, seen from the valley below. The drift had been formed against a perpendicular wall; but it had melted away on the side next the rock, and left a deep, narrow chasm, the bottom of which was imperceptible. On the outside, the ice-like concretion fell off in a great precipice of three or four hundred feet. It was a dangerous place; and as it is about this elevation that tourists generally begin to feel the effects of the light atmosphere, the party was necessarily less able to cope with the difficulty. The medicine-man gave out here, and the strongest of them advanced but slowly, having to stop every fifty or sixty yards to get breath. They were scarcely all over the drift when a dense cold fog surrounded and enveloped them, and frost formed rapidly on their beards and clothing. Although only about thirteen hundred feet remained to climb, it proved by far the most fatiguing part of the journey; the rarefied atmosphere making frequent halts necessary. By noon, the party had got the last pound of outfit deposited near the Shasta Hot Springs, two hundred and fifteen feet below the summit, where they proposed to camp. 'As each Indian threw down his pack, he vowed in good plain English that he would never come up again, and anathematised white men in general for doing such work.' Of all the twenty packers who reached this elevation, not one—strange to say—had the courage or desire to scale the remaining two hundred feet, but began their descent almost immediately, leaving Mr Colonna, with two attendants, to prepare their camp for the night. Their first care was to melt snow in a large tin vessel at the Hot Springs, so as to provide water; but during this operation, one of the attendants turned ill, and had to descend next morning. After dark, the thermometer was standing at thirty degrees, the sky was clear, and the stars shone with extraordinary brilliancy.

The summit of Mount Shasta consists of two conical peaks about two hundred yards apart, the north-east one about fifty feet higher than the other. It is in the valley between these peaks that the Hot Springs are situated. They are dotted about over an area of nearly twenty yards square, and constantly send up steam strongly impregnated with light sulphuretted hydrogen and other gases, the odour of which is offensive and very oppressive, so much so, that in making examinations of them, it is impossible to hold one's head in the fumes near the ground, and breathe. The temperature of these springs was found to be one hundred and eighty-four degrees, which at that elevation would be about equal to the normal boiling-point. The place is crusted over with a concretion of loose earth and small stones cemented together with sulphur, alum, and other minerals. When this crust was on one occasion broken through, it disclosed the mouth of quite a cavern, from which the steam rolled out in great volumes. Another opening sent out the steam in a small jet that caused a hissing noise much like that made by the steam escaping from a locomotive. They were all more active on some days than others, though Mr Colonna was unable to discover any change of temperature on these occasions. He was very much disappointed with the view from Mount Shasta; for though thousands of square miles of beautiful country were spread out before him, he

was so high above what was near, and so far from the rest, that the whole landscape was flattened.

Here Mr Colonna remained continuously for nine days and nights—a wonderful proof of his physical adaptability to such work as he had undertaken. His remaining attendant had to descend after continuing with him four days; and though he had various visitors while on the top, none, with one exception, was able to remain more than two nights. 'One lives fast,' he says, 'at a great elevation. I weighed two hundred pounds when I went up, and lost fifteen pounds in the nine days that I remained. My pulse in repose ranged from one hundred to one hundred and five per minute, and very little exertion would send it up to one hundred and twenty. My head was clear, and I had no difficulty in breathing. My appetite was fair; but as my food was all cold, except coffee and a little toasted cheese, I soon tired of it, and craved hot bread and soup.' The pulse of his attendant who stayed over the first four days, was lower than his, and his appetite first-rate. The summit of the hill is composed of a dark-brown igneous rock, broken into immense boulders. He mentions one glacier only, which has its origin about one thousand feet below the summit. Many of the stones lower down have beautiful lichens on them, but on Shasta Peak there is none. One day he found some snow-birds and sparrows dead in the snow, which he conjectured had been caught on the mountain in a cold fog and perished. There were also a few of the ordinary blue-flies, that crawled about sluggishly inside the tent during the warmer hours of the day; but they were quite torpid by three o'clock. There are many ice-caverns and crevasses, some of them hundreds of feet deep, and very beautiful. When the thermometer stood in the valley at one hundred degrees in the shade, the highest temperature ever he had on the summit was sixty-seven degrees. By four o'clock in the afternoon, ice would form in the sun, and generally by sundown the thermometer was at twenty-five degrees. The coldest that he had it was eighteen degrees. Curiously enough, it was warmest when the wind blew hardest; which he accounts for by suggesting that the warm air from the valleys was blown up the sides of the mountain. It was, however, most comfortable when there was no wind and the thermometer stood lowest.

It was not till Friday, 1st August, that the weather proved favourable for the chief purpose of his ascent—namely, the placing of the heliograph. At sunrise that day the country was clear all round; and turning his telescope in the direction of Mount Lola, one hundred and sixty-nine miles distant, where a portion of his coadjutors were situated, he could see their heliograph, shining like a star of the first magnitude. He gave a few flashes with his own, which were at once answered by flashes from Lola. Then turning his telescope to Mount Helena, still further away, there, too, was the heliograph of the party at that place. This was one hundred and ninety-two miles off; 'the longest line,' he says, 'ever observed over, in the world.' The longest line of the French geodesists is one hundred and sixty-nine miles, which is exceeded by that between Mounts Shasta and Helena by twenty-three miles.

What is specially notable in Mr Colonna's expedition is, that almost single-handed he accomplished the 'observing' of a distance much exceeding that ever before achieved.

His work on Mount Shasta being successfully accomplished, he descended on the 3d of August, pleased with his trip, yet glad that it was over.

THE CRUISE OF THE *WASP*.

CHAPTER V.—OUR INTERVIEW WITH THE ADMIRAL.

A MORE fussy, irritable, kind-hearted, benevolent old gentleman, or a braver or better officer than Rear-Admiral Sir George F—— never trod a vessel's deck. To his young officers, he was especially kind, though he sometimes scolded them terribly; but they loved and respected the old man much more than they feared him. If any thing, as he fancied, had gone amiss, he never asked for an explanation until he had given the supposed offender a good 'wiggling.' 'But then,' as the younger officers used to say of him, 'after he has knocked a fellow down, he is the first to pick him up again and set him on his feet.'

The gangway ladder was quickly thrown over the side of the schooner; a pair of new white man-ropes were rove; and Lucan and I, having put on our uniform jackets, hastened to the gangway—where one of our three marines was already posted—to receive the chief.

As soon as he got within hail, the Admiral bawled out at the top of his voice: 'What schooner's that?'

'Her Majesty's schooner *Wasp*, from Port-Jackson, sir.'

'Ay, ay; I thought so,' replied the old officer. 'And pray, where has Her Majesty's schooner *Wasp* been all this time? You sailed from Port-Jackson seven weeks ago, sir.—Pull alongside!' he bawled to the men in the boat—who had lain on their oars while he was questioning us—without waiting for Lucan's reply.

The boat came alongside; the man-ropes were handed to him; and he ascended the ladder, and presently stood upon the schooner's deck. He scowled around him as Lucan and I stood cap in hand before him; and then turning towards us: said: 'Pray, which of you two youngsters has command of this vessel?'

'I have, Sir George,' replied Lucan.

'And a pretty sort of commander you are!' the old gentleman continued. 'What have you been doing these seven weeks past, sir? The Sydney mail-packet that sailed from Port-Jackson a week after the *Wasp* left the port, arrived three weeks ago, sir! We thought you were lost! Will you answer me, sir? What the mischief have you been about all this while? Why don't you speak?'

'I will explain, if you will give me time, Sir George,' replied Lucan. And then he briefly told how, having been informed by Captain D—— that there was no need to hurry, he had thought it his duty to search after a piratical Malay proa that had been seen off the coast of New Guinea, in the vicinity of Torres' Strait'—

'A piratical Will-o'-the-wisp, I presume, sir,' interrupted the Admiral. 'Where is the proa?'

Did you see anything of her? What have you done with her?'

'We hunted her down and sunk her, Sir George,' continued Lucan; 'but not before her crew had plundered a French vessel and murdered all hands on board. The proa had a consort with her, which instead of coming to her assistance when we attacked her, stood away northward before the wind, and got clear off.'

'Eh! what?' exclaimed the Admiral. 'You sunk the wretched villains? That was well, my lad. And it's a great pity the others got away. But we'll go below, as soon as you come to an anchor—can't anchor in a better spot than where you are now—and then you must tell me all about this matter.—A pretty craft this! A nice little vessel,' he went on, his good temper quite restored. 'A swift sailer too, I should judge. Does credit to Captain D——. I shall tell him so when I see him. Just the kind of vessel I wanted.'

In a few minutes the anchor was let go, the sails were furled; and then the Admiral, Lieutenant Lucan, and I descended to the cabin. Lucan spread a chart upon the table, and, related to the old officer the details with which the reader is already acquainted, traced upon the chart the course we had steered while in search of the proa, and pointed out the part of the coast upon which the French barque had gone on shore, and the spot whereat we fell in with and sunk the pirate vessel.

The Admiral listened attentively, frequently praising our conduct; and when Lucan concluded, he asked to see the remnants of female wearing apparel, and the lock of hair—the only relics of the fearful atrocity that we had brought away from the stranded vessel. These he examined closely, taking a note of the letters M. F. L. marked on two of the articles of apparel. He then walked round the schooner upon deck, and between decks, expressing his satisfaction with everything he beheld; and having invited Lucan and me to dine with him on board the frigate, he re-entered his boat and returned to his ship.

Three weeks later, the *Vesta* arrived at Singapore; and Captain D—— was informed of the adventures of the *Wasp* during her passage from Port-Jackson. Meanwhile, an inquiry was set on foot relative to the unfortunate French barque; and after the lapse of three months, we learned that a French vessel—the *Marguerite*, of Marseilles—commanded by M. Laroque, had sailed from France on a trading voyage to the East Indies. This vessel had touched at Manilla, and had there received on board a passenger of the name of Legrand, with his wife and daughter, the latter a child of ten years of age—together with three other male passengers, whose names I have forgotten. It is probable that I should have likewise forgotten the name of Legrand, but that it was subsequently forcibly recalled to my memory in a singular manner, as will afterwards be related. The *Marguerite* had sailed from Manilla for St Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon, but had never arrived at that port.

Shortly after the arrival of the *Vesta* at Singapore, the *Wasp* was despatched on a cruise amongst the islands of the archipelago—Lucan being permitted to retain his command until the *Vesta* should sail for England; but as the corvette was sent to cruise meanwhile off the coasts of China

and Japan; I, much to my disappointment, was ordered to return to my duty on board of her.

CHAPTER VI.—WHAMPOA—LUCAN'S DISCOVERY IN
CHANG-LIN'S BAZAAR.

Everybody who visited Singapore twenty-five years ago, or during many years previous and subsequent to that period, knew Whampoa, the rich, polite, intelligent Chinese merchant; the purveyor; the purchaser of old or damaged stores; the seller of fresh stores and provisions; the general dealer in everything that was to be bought or sold. Not a ship—man-of-war or merchantman—ever entered the port without receiving a visit from Whampoa, who came on board almost before the anchor was down, with his budget of news, and the latest journals from England, to offer his services in any way to the captain, officers, or passengers. In Whampoa's bazaar—which was a favourite lounge with the officers of the garrison, and the naval officers whose ships lay in the roads—every description of Indian or Chinese nick-nacks, or curiosities, was to be found, together with more substantial merchandise of every variety; and without ever intruding, or urging his visitors to purchase what they did not require, the urbane proprietor appeared to take delight in shewing them round, and pointing out to their notice anything that he fancied it would please them to look upon and examine—offering refreshments free of cost, and striving in every way to make them comfortable. Whampoa, who spoke English with remarkable fluency and correctness for a Chinaman, and who often acted as an interpreter to his visitors, had, moreover, a happy knack—even when suddenly questioned—of turning a rude or contemptuous remark into a flattering expression. The worthy merchant's subordinates, though outwardly civil and attentive, were more prejudiced against foreigners than he; and sometimes, when conversing together, they would make use of contemptuous expressions in relation to the visitors, such as Celestials generally consider themselves entitled to use when speaking of the 'inferior races' of Europe. One day a party of ladies and gentlemen, lately arrived from England, visited the bazaar. Whampoa as usual was polite and attentive; but his subordinates, looking at the ladies, frequently made use of the word *fanqui*—a term meaning 'wandering demons,' which the Chinese are accustomed to employ when alluding to the English. One of the ladies, who had remarked the frequency of this expression, suddenly addressing the merchant, said: 'Oh, Mr Whampoa, pray, what is the meaning of the word *fanqui*, which these people so often use when looking at us?'

'*Fanqui*, dear madam,' replied the merchant—for the moment taken aback, but quickly recovering himself—'*fanqui* is an expressive term, meaning lovely, elegant, fascinating, frequently employed by the Chinese when speaking of the grace and beauty of English ladies.'

As may well be imagined, Whampoa had from time to time to contend against competitors of his own race, who, envious of his good fortune, sought to establish themselves in business in Singapore in opposition to himself. He generally made short-work of these persons, who had neither his wealth nor his tact, nor his knowledge

of the English language, nor of the character of the English people, acquired during his long residence on the island. One of these merchants, however, named Chang-lin, who was possessed of greater wealth than those who had preceded him, established a bazaar in opposition to Whampoa, and seemed for a while in a fair way to establish himself firmly in the town. There were rumours afloat that Chang-lin, as was the case with many of his class, had secret dealings with the crews of the Malay and Chinese proas which were making such havoc amongst the traders to the islands at this period; and it was said furthermore, that Chang-lin had been compelled to quit Pulo-Penang, on which island he had previously endeavoured to establish himself, by reason of the suspicions that were rife of his complicity with the pirates; but some persons believed that these rumours were set afloat by Whampoa and his friends, in order to create an ill-feeling against his competitor. At all events, Chang-lin established a bazaar in opposition to Whampoa, and for a while seemed likely to prosper. Whampoa was a tall slender man, of grave and dignified aspect, and about thirty-five years of age—though it is always difficult and almost impossible to guess the age of a Chinaman. But it was known that he had come a young man to Singapore, and had lived there for at least twenty years. Chang-lin was a little, fat, oily Chinaman, always grinning and grimacing, whose prototype may be seen in the windows of many tea-shops, and whose age might have been anything between forty and seventy years.

Thus matters stood when the *Vesta*, after cruising for sixteen months off the coasts of China and Japan, returned to Singapore, previously to sailing for England. The little *Wasp* had also just returned from her cruise amongst the islands, after having hunted down and destroyed several proas, and having completely broken up and laid waste a haunt of the pirates on one of the islands. Lucan had resigned his command, and returned on board the corvette, he being anxious to get to England, and have his acting rank as Lieutenant confirmed. One day, while strolling about the town with other officers belonging to the corvette, he turned in to Chang-lin's bazaar, and amused himself, with his companions, in examining the variety of nick-nacks exposed for sale, and in making some trifling purchases. At length he entered a compartment of the bazaar in which China-crape and Cashmere shawls and other articles of costly feminine attire were exhibited for sale. A pair of child's morocco slippers presently caught his eye, precisely resembling those which he had brought from the cabin of the plundered and stranded French barque, and which he had carefully preserved. He took them up, and examined them narrowly. They were similar in every respect, and might have been made for the same child. Still, he thought, two pair of slippers might be alike anywhere; yet for some reason, perhaps hardly known to himself, he was induced to examine more closely the other articles in the compartment; and while thus engaged, he came across a China-crape shawl with the letters M. F. L. marked in red silk in one corner of the shawl—the same letters, worked with the same material, as those on the remnants of female apparel found on the cabin floor of the French

barque. He started with surprise as he thought to himself: 'Can it be that this shawl once belonged to the unfortunate lady who was a passenger on board the plundered vessel?'

At this moment, Chang-lin entered the compartment, and seeing a young English officer thus occupied, began to press him to purchase the article he was examining; and shewed others, among which was a Cashmere shawl or tippet, similarly marked; and seeing that Lucan still hesitated—for he was so taken by surprise that he scarcely knew how to act—Chang-lin still urged him to purchase some of the articles. 'Officer wantee make 'ansome present to young lady?' he said. (Chang-lin was far from being so proficient in the English language as was his brother Celestial whom he sought to rival.) 'Waitee one piecye minute. I shew Sa'ib officer somet'ing—oh, very mosch fine.' He drew forth a key from some secret receptacle in his voluminous garments, and unlocked a drawer containing several articles of jewellery; and producing a lady's bracelet, set with magnificent pearls and turquoise, handed it to the young Lieutenant, who, however, intimated that he had no notion of making any such expensive purchase. Nevertheless, struck by the beauty of the costly trinket, he examined it closely, and to his astonishment, perceived engraved, in very minute Roman characters, on the inside of the bracelet, the name 'Marie Felicie Legrand!'

'Marie Felicie Legrand!' he thought to himself. 'The name of one of the female passengers who was on board the *Marguerite*, and the name that answers to the initials M. F. L., marked alike on the torn raiment found in the cabin of the French barque, and on the shawls I have just looked at! It was a very remarkable coincidence, as he had found a clue that might lead to the discovery of the pirates who had escaped when their comrades were fired upon by the *Wasp*. 'Some people would say,' he thought, 'that I have been directed by Providence—and perhaps it may be so—to the receiver of at least a portion of the spoil plundered from the French vessel.'

Perceiving the young officer's astonishment, and taking it for indecision, Chang-lin continued to press him to become a purchaser. There was a variety of apparently costly articles of jewellery in the drawer—earrings, bracelets, locket, necklaces, &c.; and to these, one after another, Chang-lin called the attention of the young officer; but though Lucan, under the pretext of admiring these articles, examined them narrowly, he could discover no particular mark upon any one of them.

'Me sell mosch sheap, Sa'ib officer,' said the merchant. 'Me poor man. Wantee get money. Whampoa reech man, plentee too mosch money got. Makee officer pay too mosch. No care for makee sell sheap like me. Whampoa no got such fine piecye goods in him bazaar.'

Lucan declined to purchase such costly wares; but he was determined, if it were possible, to find out how and when Chang-lin had become the possessor of the marked articles. Even if the merchant were innocent of complicity with the pirates, he thought he must know from whom he had purchased such costly goods.

'Wait,' said he; 'I will speak to my friends, and bring them to look at these trinkets;' and rejoining his brother-officers, he acquainted them with the startling discovery he had made.

'Come with me, and look at the name and the initials, so that you may be able to swear—should it be necessary—that you have seen them,' he said; 'but be secret. Don't let the old fellow suspect that there is anything amiss, or he may conceal or get rid of the goods.'

'Purchase them, Charley, and make sure of them,' said one of the young men.

'Find me the money, and I will,' replied Lucan. 'But my finances are not in a flourishing condition just now, at the fag-end of a three years' cruise; and then, the discovery may come to nothing after all.'

The party, however, followed Lucan into the compartment, where Chang-lin awaited them; and in the hope of making a profitable trade, the merchant eagerly displayed the various articles, while Lucan secretly directed his friends' attention to the name and initials. Then, after making a few trifling purchases—Lucan possessing himself of the duplicate pair of child's slippers—the officers promised to look in again, and quitted the bazaar.

Captain D— happened to be on shore; and Lucan found him out, and acquainting him with the discovery he had made, asked his advice. 'We had better see Whampoa,' said the Captain. 'I believe him to be an honest man; and though he would no doubt be glad to compel Chang-lin to quit Singapore, I don't think he would willingly do him any wrong. At all events, he is conversant with the habits of his countrymen, and is acquainted with every merchant, Chinese or European, in the different islands. He corresponds with them frequently; and through his knowledge, and his influence over the affairs of many amongst them, we may perhaps be enabled to sift this matter to the bottom.'

Whampoa, like everybody else in Singapore, had heard the history of the plundered barque *Marguerite*, now almost forgotten. He listened attentively to Lucan's story; but shook his head gravely when it was ended. 'It looks bad, gentlemen,' he said. 'Chang-lin, I have no doubt has dealings with the Malays, but chiefly in the purchase of contraband goods. This is a more serious affair; and great caution and much inquiry are necessary before you can charge him with having obtained the goods of which you speak knowing them to be a portion of the plunder taken from the French ship, now many months ago. It is possible indeed that the goods may have come into his possession through other hands. He may be perfectly innocent in the matter. But if you please, gentlemen, to leave this business to me, I will do my best to fathom the mystery. But be silent meanwhile. Whisper not a word, even amongst yourselves. Trust me when I say that I will do Chang-lin no wrong, though he has spoken evil of me; and in a few days, if you are secret, I will learn all that can be learned of the affair.'

Captain D— consented to follow the merchant's advice. We on board the corvette were told to be silent in relation to the matter; and a week passed away, during which we hardly spoke a word about it to one another. We went on shore as usual, and occasionally visited Chang-lin's bazaar, though Whampoa's was our favourite lounging-place; but though one or another of us met Whampoa daily, he never opened his lips

relative to the inquiries he had promised to set on foot, with so much confidence of success; and Captain D—— began to suspect—as did we all—that he had failed in his endeavour, and was unwilling, after the confidence he had manifested, to confess to his failure.

‘I’ll give him another week,’ said the Captain, when a fortnight had expired; ‘and then, if he can give us no information, we’ll do the best we can for ourselves; for I am determined not to let the matter drop until I am convinced that nothing more respecting the atrocious affair can be discovered.’

CHAPTER VII.—WHAMPOA FERRETS OUT THE PIRATES.

Singapore derives its importance solely from its peculiar position, which has rendered it the emporium of the commerce of the adjacent islands and countries. It is therefore constantly visited by a great number of native craft, from all parts of India and China, as well as from Borneo, Celebes, Manila, and numberless large and small islands, which bring cargoes of rice, silk, sapan-wood, spices, and oriental products of every conceivable variety; these cargoes being afterwards re-shipped to all parts of Europe, but chiefly to England. Among these vessels are many junks and proas which come laden with legitimate cargoes, and are honest traders enough—so long as they have no opportunity to be otherwise than honest, though it is unwise to place too much trust and confidence in them.

We on board the corvette had often admired, on account of the beautiful mould of her long low black hull and her tall raking masts, one large three-masted proa, which evidently came from some island near by, inasmuch as she was seldom absent from Singapore for more than three weeks. She always came to an anchor about a quarter of a mile astern of the *Vesta*; and one morning immediately after gun-fire, when she had been absent about her usual time, we saw her entering the harbour, and watched her until she brought up in her customary position. Her crew were still employed in lowering and furling her sails, when a boat—or rather I should say a canoe—in which two men were seated, besides the two who used the paddles, put off from her to the shore. An hour later, Whampoa’s well-known boat was seen approaching the corvette, with the merchant himself seated in her stern-sheets. It was early to receive a visit from him, though he was accustomed to send a boat alongside every morning with a supply of fruit and vegetables for the day. In a few minutes he stood on the deck of the corvette, and asked to see Captain D——. He was requested by the Captain’s servant to descend to the cabin.

‘The old chap has brought some news, I’ll bet,’ said Lucan. ‘Did you see his face? A Chinaman seldom betrays any excitement or agitation; but I’m sure, from his look and his coming on board so early, that there is something astir.’

‘Please to go to the Captain in his cabin, gentlemen,’ said the Captain’s steward, saluting us as he approached.

‘I told you so,’ said Lucan to me; and he and I went together into the Captain’s cabin, where we found Whampoa quietly seated on the sofa-locker, while the Captain paced to and fro.

‘These gentlemen had charge of the *Wasp* at the time of the occurrence,’ said the Captain to the merchant as we entered the cabin. Then addressing Lucan, he went on: ‘You still have possession of the articles you brought away from the *Marguerite*, Mr Lucan?’

‘Yes, sir,’ replied Lucan.

‘Then get ready to go on shore with me immediately, both of you,’ continued the Captain. ‘You will take the articles with you, Mr Lucan,’ he added. ‘Whampoa brings strange news,’ he went on, as we were leaving the cabin. ‘He tells me that the female passengers on board the *Marguerite* were carried off by the pirates, and that the child still lives, and may be rescued from the villains.’

In a few minutes, Captain D——, Lucan, and I were on our way to the shore in the Captain’s gig, Whampoa following in his own boat.

On landing at the wharf, we proceeded—Whampoa still accompanying us—to Chang-lin’s bazaar, where we found a small party of *peons* (native policemen) apparently having charge of Chang-lin and two truculent, ill-looking Malays; and shortly afterwards, one of the magistrates of the town made his appearance. A brief conversation in the Malay language—unintelligible to us—ensued between the magistrate, the two Malays, and Whampoa and Chang-lin—the latter gesticulating violently, and nodding his head like a mandarin image in a tea-shop. After a while, Chang-lin was requested by the magistrate, in English, to produce the articles which had attracted the notice of Lucan three weeks before. This he did with apparent readiness, producing not only the bracelet and the two shawls, but likewise throwing open for our inspection all the drawers and cabinets in the compartment, and waving his hands as if to invite us to examine everything they contained. The marks on the shawls were compared with those on the articles of female raiment that Lucan had brought with him, and found to be similar in every respect; the bracelet was examined, and the two pairs of child’s slippers were compared and measured and found to be precisely alike; but as on the previous occasion, when Lucan examined the various articles, no other marks, names, or initials could be discovered.

While this was going on, Captain D——, Lucan, and I were still almost in the dark as to what had really occurred to give cause for this search. We supposed the two villainous-looking Malays to have formed a portion of the crew of the proa that had made off when her consort was fired into by the guns of the *Wasp*; but we were not sure of this; for though the men were closely watched by the *peons*, they moved about freely, and neither they nor Chang-lin appeared to be actually in custody of the police.

Whampoa, however, proceeded to explain matters to us; but even now he was extremely reticent. It appeared from his story, that he had long suspected the proa to which the Malays belonged, and which ostensibly traded regularly between Singapore and the adjacent shores of Malacca, to be occasionally employed in a less honest manner; in a word, he suspected her to be a pirate vessel in disguise; and he believed that her crew found a ready purchaser of such valuable plunder as they could not easily dispose of without bringing suspicion upon themselves, in Chang-lin. Moreover, for reasons that he did not explain, he had for

some time past suspected that the two females—the mother and daughter—who were known to have been on board the *Marguerite* when that vessel sailed from Manilla, were held in durance by the Malays on one of the islands of the archipelago. He had long wished to ascertain whether his suspicions were correct; and when he heard from Captain D—— that various articles which the Captain believed had once been the property of the female passengers on board the *Marguerite*, were stored in Chang-lin's bazaar, he resolved forthwith to institute inquiries, which led to a corroboration of his suspicions. His widely extended business connections with the merchants, native as well as European, in the different islands, enabled him to obtain information that could be obtained by few others; and to produce witnesses—in the two Malays—who, on condition of being exempted from punishment themselves, were prepared to swear that their chief and others—with whom it appeared they had quarrelled—had assisted in the plunder of the French ship and in the massacre of her crew, and had carried off the female passengers on board—one of whom had since died, while the other, the child, was still living. Whampoa furthermore stated, that having satisfied himself as to the truth of the evidence of the two Malays, he had sought an interview with the magistrate then present, who had taken measures to arrest the captain and the chief owner of the proa, on their return to Singapore, when as usual they would come on shore with the two men who had betrayed them. (It was these four men whom we on board the *Vesta* had seen put off from the proa an hour or so previous to Whampoa's visit to the corvette.) On landing at the wharf, the traitors pointed out the captain and the owner of the proa to the *peons* who were in attendance, who arrested them, and conveyed them to jail, while their betrayers were taken to Chang-lin's bazaar, and placed—together with Chang-lin himself—under the surveillance of the police, until our arrival at the bazaar.

This was the story told by Whampoa, who, however, declined to mention the names of the merchants and others who had aided him to accomplish his object. Lieutenant Lucan and I, and the sailors who boarded the French barque with us, were subpoenaed to appear as witnesses at the trial of the captain and the owner of the proa; and until the trial should come off, Chang-lin and the two traitor Malays were separately confined in prison, as likewise were the rest of the proa's crew, the vessel itself being meanwhile placed in charge of the police.

ABOUT MONEY ORDERS.

It is probably not generally known that the Money Order Office dates as far back as 1792. In that year three enterprising Post-office officials drew up a scheme which was approved of by the authorities, and permission granted to them to carry it on. It was at first a purely private undertaking, the business being conducted under the title of 'Stow & Co.,' and was, even with the high rate of eightpence per pound, successful from the first. It was carried on in this way till 1838, by which time the experiment was sufficient to prove the usefulness of the system. In that year, therefore, the government approved of the recommendation of the Postmaster-general,

Lord Lichfield, that the system should henceforth be incorporated as a branch of the Post-office. On the 6th December of the same year, the Crown formally took over the business of the firm 'Stow & Co.,' commencing it in two rooms in the north end of the old General Post-office, St Martin's-le-Grand, London.

With the transfer, some very material benefits at once accrued to the public. The rates of commission were reduced from eightpence to sixpence for orders of two pounds and under; and to one shilling and sixpence on sums from two to five pounds; while the orders themselves were printed on sheets of paper, upon which the letter might be written, so as to avoid the charge of double postage. These concessions naturally increased the business; and the first year after the government took over the money order service, 188,921 orders amounting to L.313,124 were issued, upon which commission amounting to L.6652 was charged; and 188,635 orders amounting to L.311,727 were paid.

The introduction of penny postage in 1840, and the great reduction of the postage rates generally, had so considerable an effect on the money order business that it was more than trebled. In that year too, further reductions in the rates were made, the commission being threepence instead of sixpence, and sixpence where it had previously been one shilling and sixpence; a concession made, we are told, with a view to remove all inducement to send *coin* by post; the result of which was that, during the first complete year after these changes, the business again trebled itself. Under government management, and with the liberal reductions made in the charges, and the great facilities offered to the public for the transmission of small sums of money by this means, it was but natural that the money order system should take rapid strides in its success, and should quickly develop into an institution of immense proportions.

We will now briefly trace the progress of the system up to the present year of grace.

The removal, in 1854, of certain precautionary measures that had hitherto been deemed requisite, but which experience proved to be unnecessary, was the means of greatly increasing the money order business; while further relaxations in 1857 met with a like result. In the previous year (1856), money order business was begun with the colonies, and in 1860 with foreign countries. On the 1st January 1862, the maximum limit for which money orders could be drawn was raised to ten pounds; which had the effect of increasing the amount of money that passed through the Post-office in this respect to the extent of more than a million sterling, and this notwithstanding the distress prevailing at the time in the cotton districts, as well as a reduction in the fee for registering letters.

On the 1st May 1871, important alterations took place in the scale of money order commission. In fact, a new scale was introduced, which appears to have been based upon the postage rates. Under it, orders for sums under ten shillings were issued for a penny; and for sums of ten shillings and under one pound at twopence; one penny being charged for every pound up to the maximum limit of ten pounds. As may be imagined, such greatly reduced rates were followed by a marked

increase of business, being estimated in the first year at eighteen per cent., which has rapidly progressed in each succeeding year up to the present time. But notwithstanding this circumstance, the new scale proved a mistake; for although the number of money orders issued continues to be enormous, yet surprising as it may appear, there is not a corresponding financial success. The fact of the matter is that the annual increases have arisen mainly in orders for the lesser amounts—namely, those of two pounds and under; and as we are told that the cost, to government, of each money order transaction is as nearly as possible threepence, the inevitable consequence has been a loss upon the greater part of the business, which, before the increase of rates, was estimated at the rate of ten thousand pounds per annum. In short, the profits derived from the larger amounts have not been found sufficient to cover the loss; and consequently, had it not been for the foreign and colonial money order business, an actual deficit must have ensued in this most important state department.

The government have by no means been blind to these untoward circumstances; on the contrary, they have been the subject of serious attention for some years past; and it was with the view of obviating the consequences of a deficit that the initial money order rate was raised from a penny to twopence on the 1st of January 1878. But as will be obvious, this was only partially meeting the case; for all orders issued at twopence are still creative of a loss; while those issued at threepence, if they involve no loss, are at the same time not productive of any gain. Bearing this in view, the government had in mind a scheme of Post-office Notes which was calculated to meet the difficulty, and they would no doubt have developed it concurrently with the raising of the money order rates, had it not been necessary to obtain first of all parliamentary sanction; and this was only obtained during the recent session, under Mr Fawcett's Post-office (Money Orders) Bill. We shall now proceed to explain the chief objects of the measure.

It is designed to issue ten classes of Notes for fixed amounts—namely, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., and 20s., at a halfpenny for each of the first three; a penny for each of the next three; and twopence for each of the remaining amounts. The note when issued is to be signed and stamped by the issuing postmaster, and will thus be payable to bearer at any savings-bank or Money Order Office in the country; but if cautiously disposed, the remitter can (1) insert the name of the person to whose signature only it is to be paid; or (2) he can also insert the name of the particular post-office at which it is to be cashed; or (3) he can cross it so as to make it in all respects like a cheque similarly dealt with. Mr Chetwynd, Receiver and Accountant General to the Post-office, whose name is so favourably known in connection with postal work generally, and more particularly as the originator and joint organiser of the present admirable system of government savings-banks, is the author of this ingenious scheme. So carefully has he elaborated the proposition in all its details, that not only did it gain the unanimous approbation and recommendation of a Treasury Committee—presided over by the late Mr George Moore—

appointed to inquire into its merits, but it has also met with the approval of that eminent body of financial and commercial representatives the Associated Chambers of Commerce, who resolved by a large majority at one of their meetings to support the movement. There can be no doubt that it will prove a great boon to the poorer classes, which was the original intention of the money order system, as we have shewn; while to commercial men it will also be most useful, especially as it is proposed by Mr Chetwynd that the new notes should be sold in books for use as required, as well as singly.

To return, however, to money orders proper; the whole of the advantages and benefits derived from the money order system may be attributed to the agency of the little document called the 'advice,' which is really the counterfoil of the money order itself. It may be regarded as the mainspring of the whole service; its usefulness to the system being incalculable; its most important function to prevent fraud. No order is paid until compared with its duplicate or 'advice,' with the exception only of such orders as are paid through bankers; and as it bears particulars regarding the payee which are not shewn on the order itself, it would not always be easy for an individual who had fraudulently obtained the latter to get it cashed; while the slightest attempt to alter in any way the amount on the order can at once be detected by means of the aforesaid 'advice.' Mr Chetwynd, in evidence before the Treasury Committee already referred to, described the further uses of the 'advice' as follows: 'It localises the payment, and thus enables the Post-office to provide money to meet the payment at the right place. The postmaster who receives "advices" knows that the corresponding orders will be presented in a day or two. If he did not know that these money orders were to be presented, he would remit the money to London, and the presenters of the orders might have to wait two or three days before obtaining payment. Another advantage is, that the postmaster is very distinctly informed how much was paid in by the remitter at the office of issue; and thus he is enabled to protect himself and the department against fraudulent alteration of the amounts.'

At the chief money order office in London, where the amount of business daily transacted is very great, many instances come under notice of the usefulness of the 'advice;' and it may be worth while to quote one here. Two or three years ago, a woman presented an order payable to the well-known minister Mr Spurgeon, the initials of whose Christian name are C. H., the order being signed 'Charles Haddon' on one line and 'Spurgeon' on the next; but as the signature did not correspond with the name given in the 'advice,' payment was refused, and the applicant was asked from whom it had been received, to which she replied: 'A customer—Mr Spurgeon.' Not feeling satisfied, however, the clerk retained the order, took the woman's name and address, and desired her to tell Mr Spurgeon to come himself and sign it. The result was the discovery that the money order had been fraudulently obtained; and although the woman had given a false name and address, she was afterwards apprehended, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. This is only one

case out of many, we believe; but it is sufficient to demonstrate the security given by the 'advice' to the money order system; and were it to be abolished, as has been absurdly suggested by some, for the purpose of reducing the costs of the service, the system would at once be robbed of a feature on which rests its chief claim to popularity.

According to the last Report of the Postmaster-general, there are now six thousand and sixty offices open throughout the United Kingdom at which money order business may be transacted; and the total number of inland transactions reached nearly seventeen millions; while the total value amounted to nearly twenty-five million pounds; shewing that on the average for every hundred persons of the population, over forty-nine orders were issued. This, however, we are told, is a decrease of three per cent. on the number issued in the previous year; which is partly accounted for by the raising of the initial rate from one penny to twopence, and the reduction of the registered letter fee from fourpence to twopence; partly by the depression in trade; and to a great extent by the discontinuance of the use of money orders for the payment of the salaries of national school teachers in Ireland. Fortunately, however, the foreign and colonial money order business continues to increase.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of persons employed in the money order service as a whole; but it may suffice that the staff engaged in the chief office, London, on this business alone numbers one hundred and twenty-nine, of whom one is Controller, and fifty-nine persons otherwise employed as paper-keepers, &c. The work performed by this staff is of a varied character, consisting mainly in the examination and checking of accounts, &c.; together with a considerable amount of correspondence and other miscellaneous duties necessarily incident to a business which issues and pays nearly seventeen million money orders, and deals with an annual sum of nearly twenty-five million pounds, as already shewn.

To enter into details as regards all the work done at the chief money order office, and to the duties attaching to what is termed the 'paid issue check,' would only weary the general reader. Suffice it to say that this check is designed as a complete test of the accuracy of the amounts charged to postmasters for orders issued, and of the amount credited for orders paid. The various postmasters account to the chief office in London for the orders they issue, and the castings of their accounts are checked and posted daily to the relative ledgers. When the orders are paid, they are claimed by the paying postmasters; the amounts claimed are checked by the orders; the castings are checked; and the totals claimed and allowed are also posted into the ledgers.

The value of the 'paid issue' check is exhibited in a remarkable way by the result of the comparison of the yearly balances, made up respectively of issues and 'paid issues,' and issues and payments; by which it appears that the balance of deficiency on eleven years amounted to the marvellously small sum of five hundred and sixty-seven pounds! Considering that this is on a turnover of three hundred and sixty-two million pounds, the result must be regarded as extremely satisfactory.

In conclusion, we have only to remark, that the facts and figures laid before the reader demonstrate the wonderful results which frequently arise from the smallest beginnings.

In another paper we shall attempt to shew what the public may now do by depositing its 'saved pennies' in Post-office Banks.

MY MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'Look here, my dear boy; I am going to give you a piece of advice. When you cashed that cheque in the Bank just now, you scarcely looked at the notes before thrusting them in a bundle into your breast-pocket. Now, I daresay you think it looks very fine to shove away a lot of bank-notes into your pocket as if you were accustomed to carry about large sums. But listen to me. I am an old man, and I daresay I have had as much to do with the handling of money as you are likely ever to have; and I strongly recommend you never to put away any note, cheque, draft, or in fact any paper equivalent for cash, without entering the number in your pocket-book, with the date of its reception, and the name of the person from whom you took it. Ever since I began business, I made it a fixed rule always to do so; and I could now, by referring to a ledger, tell you what notes passed through my hands, and the exact dates they did so. It gives very little trouble; and you never can tell when the record may be of use to yourself or to others.'

Mr Renshaw was an old and esteemed friend of my father's. He had come into Bosanquet's Bank as I was cashing a small cheque; and as we walked down Lombard Street, he administered this little reproof; not, however, with the least sharpness or sarcasm, but with a kind fatherly manner which could not offend the most touchy, especially as proceeding from an old to a young man. I had known him as long as I could remember, he having been connected with my father in many business transactions, and thus entertaining for each other a feeling of mutual esteem. He was a man of good standing in the 'City,' and had been always remarkable for his great punctuality and correctness in business matters. For fifty years he had worked in the firm, from which he had lately retired, having been chief partner for more than half that period. His motto in business had always been Method; and he certainly carried out his principle in every action; not, however, like some methodical people, who think that every one else should go out of the way that their regulated routine may not be interrupted. On the contrary, in his ordinary life—although every hour of the day had its appointed purpose—he readily lent himself to aid in the pleasures or business of his friends; nor did he look harshly on those whose habits were not just so exact as his own. His mind was large enough to see that it would be impossible, indeed not desirable, that all men should think like him; and that a sound intellect and good moral worth are to be found amongst the apparently light and careless, as well as amongst the methodical and steady. At the same time, in his own immediate business concerns, he insisted on a methodical system being strictly adhered to. 'Gentlemen,'

he was wont to say to his clerks, 'out of the office you may be sky-rockets if you please; in the office, chronometers.'

'I daresay, John,' he continued to me, 'you think that I am a sort of old moral parallel-ruler, and that I never can get beyond making one line run straight alongside of another; but believe me, as your father's old friend, and yours too, my boy, that there is nothing like method. From the smallest to the greatest transaction, do everything as if you were casting up accounts—for you know how soon a little error multiplies—and beware of trusting to your memory anything that should be put down in black and white. There now; I have given you a lecture, and I hope you are not vexed?'

'Not a bit, sir,' I replied. 'I daresay—I'm sure you are right; and indeed I never looked on you in the light of a parallel-ruler; though I should not object bearing a little resemblance myself to that respectable instrument. And yet, I fear I should never be able to bring myself to keep account of the numbers of every note I received.'

'And yet,' my companion replied, 'they think it worth while to do so at the Bank you get them from. How about if you lost them?'

'That's true,' said I; 'but it's not very likely. I always keep my wits about me.'

'Just like you—just like you young men: you're all so sharp. Never mind, my dear boy. Come up this evening—I dine at six—and I'll tell you a story in which the honour and credit of a young man—all that he was worth to society and himself, depended on the number of a bank-note.'

Six o'clock with Mr Renshaw meant six o'clock; and I am sure, by his hearty welcome, he felt a little flattered at my remembrance of his hobby, as I entered the drawing-room just five minutes before the hour. The dinner-party was quite a family one, comprising besides ourselves, Mrs Renshaw and their two daughters. I could not help observing during dinner how quietly regular everything was conducted, yet without the slightest stiffness. Everything that was needed was at hand; and the courses were noiselessly removed or replaced without any ringing of bells or other interruption to the cheerful conversation which was being carried on.

'Now, John,' said my host, when the ladies had left the room, and we had drawn up our chairs near the fire and had placed the decanters within reach, 'fill your glass; and don't mind me—old method, you see—whilst I tell you my story. But I must first fetch the documents from my study.'

Following my friend's advice, I filled my glass and cracked a few filberts; and in a few minutes Mr Renshaw returned, bringing with him three newspapers, which he laid beside him on the table. He then drew from his coat a pocket-book of the usual shape that 'City'-men carry about with them, but differing from those in ordinary use in being of a bright blue colour. 'Another of my whims, John. I had my memorandum-book made of an unusual colour, that it might be more easily traced if lost; and now,' he continued, placing the book beside the papers, 'my memoranda are all in order, and I only ask your attention.'

'I daresay you have heard your father speak

of a Mr Brierly—though perhaps not, as I now remember he must have died when you were quite a child. However, your father knew him well, and I also knew him, but not very intimately, although I have at different times transacted business for him. He knew little about such matters himself, and always left everything connected with his property in the hands of an agent—not that I ever acted as such, my connection with him being casual. He was possessed of a little landed property; but the bulk of his money was invested in stock of different kinds. He dabbled, however, very little in the share-market; for though his man of business was willing enough to speculate, yet old Mr Brierly said that he had enough and to spare; and whenever he knew his money was safely invested, then he let it stay; so that his agent had little to do, and his pickings were proportionably small.

'Little or nothing was known of Mr Brierly before he came to settle near Hanwell, where he bought himself a pretty place, and lived in strict retirement with his only daughter and sole companion, a child about ten or eleven years old. Different stories were of course in circulation as to who he was and where he came from. Some hinted at a deserted wife; others, that he was a widower. The latter I have reason to believe was correct. But as far as he was concerned, he never satisfied the curiosity of his neighbours, but lived quietly on, having apparently no thought or pleasure beyond his child. As I told you, he was nothing of a business man; and like many such, he placed entire trust in his agent, or more correctly agents; for the management of his estate was confided to the hands of Dibden, Knollys, & Dibden, solicitors and conveyancers of Bell-yard, Doctors' Commons. The firm used to be Dibden & Knollys, until Dibden's only son Stephen joined it, when his name was added; shortly after which event, Knollys died; but the name was retained by the firm; so that at the time I speak of, the whole business belonged to the two Dibdens, father and son. Why Mr Brierly should have ever selected such agents, or how he met them, I never found out; but he placed in them the most implicit confidence, and used constantly to send for the elder Dibden to his house, especially during the last two years before his death, when his health was failing, and he disliked the trouble and fatigue of going up to town.

'Whether it was Dibden's cleverness as a man of business that he was taken with, or whether he was managed by cunning, I know not, but he certainly let him obtain a great deal of influence over him; and at his death, which took place when his child was only fifteen years of age, his will directed that she should be under the guardianship of Dibden; who, during her minority, or as long as she remained with him, was to receive five hundred pounds a year for his charge. It, moreover, directed that she was not to marry before she was legally of age, and then only with Dibden's consent, until after her twenty-fifth birthday, when she was free to do as she liked. The most curious part of the will—and it evidently shews that whatever influence Dibden exerted over the old man was not sufficient to induce him to attach a permanent penalty on his child if she disobeyed his wishes—was that, in the event of her not comply-

ing with the terms of the will, she should have only an allowance of five hundred pounds a year during her life; but that the property should be settled on her children, to be enjoyed by them after her death. Hard as this arrangement was, for a loved and only child to be excluded from being mistress of her property for four years after she became of age, unless she married with her guardian's consent in the meantime, I am certain myself that it would have been harder if Dibden could have managed it; but he was evidently not able to convince the father that after twenty-five years of age a woman's fortune might not be safely left to her own discretion. Everybody was of course surprised at the will; but as there were no relatives to interfere, no question was raised; and as soon as the funeral was over, Dibden took the child home with him.

'I must now pass over a space of five years. The child of fifteen had grown into a beautiful girl of twenty, and a sweeter and kinder never breathed. Now John, if you won't laugh at an old man getting enthusiastic about a girl young enough to be his grandchild, I will describe her to you. She had a clear frank open face—a face that to look at once, was sufficient to read truth and trust written on it. Her fair golden hair sometimes seemed like a glory round it, as the rays of the sun danced on its luxuriant folds; and the pleasant smile that she greeted one with, made one feel that if the term angel could be applied to mortal, it might be to her. Her nose was straight and small; and her eyes—John, I never saw such coloured eyes on a fair person—they were dark violet, with long lashes.—There! you're laughing at me; I shall tell you no more about her, except to say she was as good as she was beautiful. To do Dibden justice, he dealt very fairly with her as far as education went. No expense was spared; she had the best masters for everything. But she was never permitted to go into society. To be sure, he used to have some female relatives of his own or of Mrs Dibden's from time to time to stay at his little villa in Brixton; but as neither he nor his wife was very well connected, it is doubtful whether their society was any advantage to his ward. One of the few young men she ever saw was Dibden's son, now about thirty years of age, and as ill-favoured a fellow as one might meet between Charing Cross and the Bank, and as rude and coarse in manner as he was unpleasant in countenance. Nor had he even the cleverness of his father to make up for his moral and personal deficiencies. When I say he was about the only acquaintance of the male sex that she had, I mean he was the only one openly acknowledged; for she had—wonderful how Nature asserts her prerogative—another that no one knew of but herself and him, to whom she had surrendered all the affection of a pure and loving heart—and no blame to her, poor girl. As she grew from childhood to womanhood, she began to feel the irksomeness of her position, and she naturally enough attached herself to the first friend she met who had tastes and feelings in common with her.

'Year after year, she felt a growing dislike to her guardian and his family, who continually reminded her of the legal authority he possessed. However, she remained very passive until the twenty-first anniversary of her birthday, when

she surprised her guardian by demanding to hear the contents of her father's will. At first he refused; but she insisted. "I am of age to-day, Mr Dibden," she said, "and my own mistress. You are now only guardian of my money. I require to hear the contents of my father's will; I know you have a copy."

'On hearing it, she only said: "Four years more," and walked out of the room.

'About this time, young Dibden commenced annoying her with his attentions, proving to her, what she had already suspected, that to secure her hand and fortune for Stephen, had been the plot of the worthy pair. She did not, however, feel any uneasiness; but from time to time she was subjected to much that was trying and vexatious; until at last matters were brought to a crisis by Stephen Dibden offering marriage—telling her at the same time he hoped to be able to get his father's consent. She stared at him some seconds before she replied, and then said: "Marry you! Get your father's consent! Are you mad, Mr Dibden? You forget your place;" and she walked calmly out of the room.

'At this time, she had not actually engaged herself, but doubtless the circumstance precipitated matters; for, the first time after this that she met George Hamilton, she told him of her annoyance, and then burst into tears.—Now, John, if a nice girl to whom you had paid a little regular attention, but of whose mind you were not quite certain, suddenly bursts into tears as she tells you of her troubles, and, so to speak, throws herself on your protection, what do you think you would do? Why, ten to one, I'll be bound you would do exactly what George Hamilton did—offer her your hand and heart on the spot; and the same odds that, like him, you would be accepted. So George Hamilton went back to his lodgings that evening as happy as a king, the affianced husband of Clara Brierly.

'But I have not told you who George Hamilton was. Well, he was Dibden's head-clerk; and a first-rate one he was. He had been bound as an articulated pupil in another house; but just as his apprenticeship was up, his father died; and he had not the means to prosecute his profession, and was indeed thrown on his own resources. London is not, as you know, a place for an honest man to live without the means of paying his way; and so Hamilton found; and accordingly he took the first clerkship that offered, which was in the office of Dibden, Knollys, and Dibden, at the munificent salary of ninety pounds a year. However, they soon found that they had a man above the common; and in order that they might not lose him, they gave him a progressive salary, which at this time had reached one hundred and twenty pounds a year. George Hamilton was a gentleman in every sense of the word—the son of a retired officer, who had nothing to leave him but gentle blood, an honourable name, and his blessing. At the time of his engagement, he was about twenty-five years of age, and a fine handsome young fellow. It was by the merest chance that he had ever met Clara Brierly, as the Dibdens naturally took good care that such a formidable rival to Stephen should be kept out of the way. However, his introduction to the girl happened in this wise. One day old Dibden was unwell, and Stephen had gone out of town, when a letter was brought to

the office requiring immediate attention—the contents of which Hamilton did not feel justified in dealing with without seeing his principal; and for this purpose, he repaired to Dibden's private residence. He was about to ring the bell, when the door was opened by Miss Brierly, who was just going out. Hamilton drew back, to let her pass, at first supposing she was a visitor leaving the house, wondering at the same time that the Dibdens should have an acquaintance of so elegant and aristocratic an appearance. He was not, therefore, a little surprised when he was asked by a soft sweet voice, if he was being attended to; which was in nowise abated when she asked him in, and said she would send a servant to attend to him.

"Charming girl!" he said to himself as she went away. And then a sudden thought struck him. The ward!

'Now, if George had been a commonplace young man, she would have passed through the hall and gone out without minding him; such, however, was by no means the case; and as the girl gave range to her thoughts, she was fain to admit that she had never seen any one who impressed her so much at first sight. Yes; Clara Brierly was in love—had fallen in love at a glance. Not that she acknowledged such a state of things to herself; she only kept thinking and thinking about him day after day—he was such a contrast to Stephen Dibden.

'As for George Hamilton, he did not wait to analyse his feelings; that first slight rencontre did it; and before he got back to the office, he had built himself a castle, wherein he had worked himself into Dibden's favour, and become a partner, and won the hand of his lovely charge.

'Now, John, I am not going to enter into the details of a romantic love-affair—you know what love can do—they met and met again, and learned each other's history; and at last, as I told you before, exchanged vows of eternal love.'

ON THE POWER OF EXPRESSION.

MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE says of her father, Dr Lyman Beecher, that he had in a very high degree the power of expression; by which she means, the power of letting those who had done him a favour know that he was grateful to them for it. Perhaps to this is partly due the fact, that most of the children of that remarkable man have also this power.

Many, however, are lamentably deficient in this respect, and are like poor Barkis in *David Copperfield*, who when he wished to tell his intended that he wanted to marry her, concentrated all his power of expression in the words, 'Barkis is willin'.' The well-known French *littérateur*, M. Taine, writing in the English papers a few years ago, on English manners and customs, tells of a coachman, whose horses becoming unmanageable, bolted up one street and down another, till at last they went galloping down a mews, when a stableman came out, caught hold of the horses, completely quieted them, turned their heads round, and saw them and the carriage safely out into the street again, only uttering a grunt or two during the whole time; and the coachman who had received this great kindness at the hands of his countryman, simply nodded his head in recognition of it, and drove away without a word.

We English are certainly a remarkable people; a stranger, for instance, may go in and out of a place of worship for many months, and not have a word spoken to him by any single individual. It is the same in our public conveyances. What a luxury it is to find any one in a railway carriage who will genially respond to any remark one may venture to make. As a rule, you are looked upon almost as an intruder, in 'bus, train, or tram, especially if the conveyance happen to be nearly full. Even at a Christmas party, during the early part of the evening every one seems frozen, until some pleasant individual, who has cultivated the power of expression, thaws the ice, and sets the waters of conversation flowing.

In all this, we are very like our German neighbours, but strikingly unlike our nearer neighbours across the Channel, who have the charming faculty of being able to set people at their ease, without an effort, and of acknowledging a favour so politely, that one longs for an opportunity of shewing them another. At a religious Convention, held at Brighton a few years ago, many German and French clergymen were present. At one of the meetings, a gentleman connected with the press sat during the singing of one of the hymns, with a copy of the hymns and tunes before him. One of the German pastors sat beside him, and asked if he might use the book. It was handed to him. He used it throughout the service, without once offering it to the owner, and when all was over, laid it down without a word or sign of thanks. At the next meeting, a French pastor sat in the same place, when the very same thing occurred, with this difference, that the Frenchman politely insisted on the owner of the book sharing it with him, thanked him with a warm shake of the hand when the meeting was over, and always politely bowed when they afterwards met in the grounds.

There are people in the world with very kind hearts, who yet hurt others, just as that German pastor did, simply from not using that power of expression, which surely all have, in more or less degree. Others are troubled with a painful reserve, which prevents them from giving expression to their feelings, although they may be very warm and very deep, and they are often woefully misunderstood by those about them. Tennyson tells of a certain shy Ellen Adair, who, though dying for her lover, caused herself to be so misunderstood by him, that he left her, uttering such stinging words, that they broke the poor girl's heart; and when upon his return he found how grievously they had misconceived each other, he wrote upon her tombstone:

Here lies the body of Ellen Adair,
And here the heart of Edward Gray.

It is terrible to think what mischief has been wrought among children and young people by this want of the power of expression on the part of parents and teachers. How many a sensitive child has been almost ruined, by parents who never saw that he was trying his very utmost to please; or if they saw it, never did as Lyman Beecher did with his children, let them know that he saw and appreciated the act, however slight it might appear to be. A little fellow has been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after

racking his brains to think how he too can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers, and take his boots away and put them in the proper place. Without saying a word to anybody, when evening comes he does it; but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed, his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered; and the boy goes up to bed with a choking feeling in his throat, and says his prayer by the bedside, with a sadness very real in his heart. Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be; the fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored.

A little girl has battled bravely with herself, and got up early on a Sunday morning, done many little things for her mother, hurried over her breakfast, and got to her school in time. There has been her teacher, stiff and cold, with just a nod of recognition for the child and nothing more. Without knowing exactly why, the little scholar has felt very sad. How delighted she would have been, if the teacher had, with ungloved hand, kindly drawn her to her side, and said with a beaming face, how pleased she was to see her at school so early.

If parents and teachers would but cultivate this grace of expression, how good it would be! Many alas! exercise the grace in a way which makes one wish they were bereft of the power altogether, for they are for ever finding fault. They are troubled with a conscientious conviction that they must look for defects in those about them. Of course they find them, and then they are pointed out in a way that cruelly wounds a highly conscientious and sensitive nature, and incalculable harm is done. The governess of a large school, forgetting that her assistants are possibly harassed with little cares as well as she is, and are also as desirous of doing their duty, comes into the class-room of one who has done all she can think of for the benefit of her charge; and instead of uttering a few words of appreciation, and then kindly hinting that some little thing she sees might be better managed, passes over the good altogether, and fastens on some little remissness which scarcely deserved mention. What wonder if such a one fails to evoke that enthusiasm in work which it is so charming to see. Blessed are they who look for 'good points' in people—they will be sure to find them; and a pleasant acknowledgment is exceedingly refreshing and helpful, especially to those who are honestly striving to do what they feel to be right. Dr Arnold was one of these, and the result is seen in such scholars as Dean Stanley, Thomas Hughes, and many others.

Hearts are always drawn out in love and admiration towards those who possess the gift of saying wise strong words at the right time. It is said of Mohammed, that once, when he was all unknown to fame, he addressed a little knot of his acquaintances, asking who would join him, and so spoke, that a boy of sixteen rushed into his arms, and in fierce passionate language declared he would. All know what happened when the First Napoleon, having escaped from Elba, came with a handful of men to the first garrison-town on the continent. The soldiers of the town had

sworn allegiance to the new government. At the sight of Napoleon, they wavered, but yet seemed preparing to fire upon him. He bared his breast, crying, 'Fire, my children!' They dropped their arms, fell at his feet, and cried, 'Vive l'Empereur!'

It is quite remarkable what results have followed from even one simple expression of loving approval. When John Gibson was a little boy, he is said to have sat at the cottage window sketching some geese that were passing. He shewed the sketch to his mother. 'Well done!' she said; 'that's very nice; I should try again if I were you.' He tried again, and became the world-renowned sculptor. Benjamin West when about five years old, was left one summer day in the garden with a baby cousin. He made a rude sketch of the child. 'Why,' said the delighted mother, 'he has sketched little Sally!' He made other sketches after that, and became the favourite painter of George III. and President of the Royal Academy. Years ago, a fond aunt said to a boy who had written out a piece of poetry in shorthand: 'Why, you'll be a shorthand writer in the House of Commons some day!' and the prediction has been fulfilled.

Pleasant, helpful, and never forgotten are all such words of approval. In a large family, there have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter by her skill in teaching has earned a little extra money, and without a word to any one, she lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house. What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and with emotion that cannot be concealed, says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: 'I don't know what we should do without you, darling.'

Music is sweet, and will often heal a wounded heart; but the winsome words of approval uttered by one we love, are sweeter still, for they are as balm when they are spoken; and in after-days—days of darkness and of sorrow, they return upon the soul with healing on their wings.

HOW TO IDENTIFY LIGHTHOUSE LIGHTS.

THE readers of this *Journal* are more or less familiar with the main features of our grand and important lighthouse system—how that the lighthouses themselves are built upon lonely cliffs, dangerous shores, and half-submerged rocks out at sea; how that some of the finest engineering has been called for in their planning and construction, to enable them to bear age after age the fury of raging storms and cyclones; how that, for illuminating them at night, open cressets or fire-pots gave way to large candles, these again to oil lamps, until now oil is competing with gas and the electric light for approval; how that focalising lenses and reflecting mirrors are employed to intensify the light in some particular directions; and how that coloured glass, revolving lanterns, and screens or shutters are in many instances used to modify the flashing and general appearance of the light.

This latter point is constantly receiving close attention; and a recent Official Correspondence shews that more and more improvements are suggested as being fitted for adoption. To distin-

guish one lighthouse from another during daylight is easy to the practised mariner or pilot; but not so at night if the lights are white and similar. Hence the use of distinguishing characteristics. Some of the lights are white, some red, some green; some are fixed and uniform; some revolve once in a minute or less, and are obscured or hidden part of the time by self-acting screens or shutters, presenting alternations of illumination and darkness to a ship out at sea.

But many scientific men are now of opinion that something is still wanted to enable mariners to distinguish one lighthouse from another in all kinds of weather at night. They suggest the adoption of other characteristics as means of identification. The most active among these advisers is Sir William Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Glasgow, and one of the most able and accomplished scientific men in Europe.

Sir William first publicly broached the subject about six years ago, at the Brighton meeting of the British Association. He has never since lost sight of it. He has been in correspondence with the Committee of Lloyd's, the Trinity House (the owners and managers of nearly all the lighthouses on the English and Welsh coasts), the Commissioners of Northern Lights (who bear a similar relation to the Scottish system), the Conservators of Irish Lights, and the Board of Trade—all in their several ways interested in this important subject. The Committee of Lloyd's, towards the close of 1879, invited the special attention of the Trinity House; and this has led to much additional correspondence in 1880.

Sir William advocates the application to lighthouse illumination of the code or alphabet invented by Professor Morse, and employed with so much success in practical telegraphy. It is called the *dot-and-dash* system; one dot or short dash on a ribbon of paper being easily distinguishable from a longer dash. In regard to lighthouses, the idea is to make long and short flashes of light succeed one another in a certain routine or alternation. One routine only is to be used in any one lighthouse, to distinguish it from all neighbouring lights. He dwelt earnestly on the known facts of the case: 'When the Bishop or the Eddystone (the names of two of our celebrated lighthouses) is first descried in hazy weather, how can either be known to be what it is, and not to be a steamer's mast-head light? Every one who has the slightest experience of the sea knows that the doubt in such cases very frequently lasts for many precious minutes. Considering the danger all round of steam and sailing navigation on our coasts in foggy weather, uncertainties of even a few minutes' duration are a fertile source of disaster, either by collision or by running on rocks.'

In working out the details, one system is the dot-dash or short-long, with an eclipse of a quarter of a minute or so before the recurrence of another pair; the double-dash or long-long is another system, with a similar eclipse of measurable brevity between the pairs; the dot-dash-dot-dash or short-long-short-long is another, marked by its own characteristics. All these and other routines are recommended for adoption in different lighthouses, each establishing and maintaining its own identity.

The Irish Lighthouse Board has adopted this ingenious Morse code in some of the lighthouses on the coast of Ireland; and the results are accepted by Sir William Thomson as furnishing testimony in support of his views: 'The perfect success of the dot-dash system in the Holywood Bank Light, the first to which it was applied, and the equally satisfactory results in the cases of the Gamel Point, Greenock (dot-dot) and Craigmore (dot-dash-dot-dash) Lights, shew that there is no good foundation for the contention of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House that long and short occultations could only be accurately understood in circumstances of easy navigation, and on the comfortable deck of a well-found and highly disciplined ship.' The Harbour Master of Belfast, when applied to for any evidence bearing on the point, stated that 'The masters of vessels frequenting this port consider that the light (dot-dash system) is a very useful one for vessels making the harbour, not at all likely to be mistaken for any other light, and is easily and clearly distinguished even in somewhat thick weather.' This report certainly tends in favour of Sir William Thomson's views.

He recommends that the occulting lights—that is, intervals of darkness between flashes of light—should not be coloured with red or green or any other tinted glass; except in special circumstances they should be perfectly white. Nothing, he believes, would better discriminate a cliff or rock light from a ship's light than an occulting appearance presented by the former. He also entertains an opinion that in our present revolving lights the period of alternation between darkness and illumination is too long; it should range somewhere between five seconds and twenty seconds, instead of between half a minute and a minute or more.

It is not surprising that the Trinity Board—or, to use the majestic designation, Elder Brethren of the Trinity House—should hesitate about the suggested new system, to which they—as well as certain mariners whose opinions have been taken—have raised some objections. Large sums have been expended in bringing the present arrangements into regular working order, and it would be rather costly to introduce anything new. Nevertheless the public, especially the mercantile marine, have a right to expect that the best should be done that can be done; for the annual revenues derived from tolls and dues are large and ample.

THE PROPOSED ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A PETITION has lately been presented by the Prince of Wales to the Queen, praying her to grant a Charter of Incorporation to the Royal College of Music. It sets forth that in 1875 a school for music called the National Training School for Music was established at Kensington Gore (South Kensington) under a Committee of management, of which the Queen's dutiful and loving son Alfred Duke of Edinburgh is President. The School has for its object the education of persons evincing special aptitude for music, but unable to bear the whole expense of their education. The School has, by the liberality of various donors, been endowed with considerable annual grants—the Queen, some of her sons and daughters, the Society of Arts, and many of

the city Companies being among the donors. The Training School has had a fair measure of success, considering the shortness of time during which it has been in operation. 'In the judgment of your Petitioner,' the Prince proceeds to say, 'it is expedient that a Royal College of Music should be formed on a more permanent and extended basis than any existing institution, with the inclusion as part thereof of the National Training School at South Kensington. Such a College would have a capacity to exercise a powerful influence on the cultivation, practice, and regulation of the art and science of music, and further might officially aid in the promotion and supervision of musical instruction in elementary schools and elsewhere.' Therefore a charter of incorporation is prayed for at the hands of Her Majesty, for a Royal College of Music, 'or such other title as to Your Majesty may seem fit.'

The Duke of Edinburgh is known to be an accomplished musician; but a more exalted rank has led to the placing of the Prince of Wales in the position of President, whether or not he is skilled in music. The Petition is in the name of the Prince, but most likely other hands prepared the proposed draft of a charter appended to it.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Westminster, and Sir Richard Wallace are the only three persons named as recipients of the charter and representatives of the College; but others may be appointed at the royal will and pleasure, with the usual common seal of a corporate body. The first President is the Prince of Wales; on his demise or resignation the sovereign will nominate his successor. The Vice-presidents, nominated by the President, must not be less in number than four nor more than fifteen. The Principal and Vice-principal must be professional musicians; the President appoints the former, who then appoints the latter, subject to the approval of the Council. This Council is to consist of thirty members—three official, namely, the President, Principal, and Vice-principal; and the rest ordinary, to be nominated in the first instance by the Prince President; afterwards, the members will be elected for three years each by the whole corporate body of the College.

So much for the governing body, and next for the musical staff. The teachers will consist of Masters and Assistant-masters, appointed by the Principal, subject to the approval of the Council. A Board of studies, comprising six musical experts, will superintend the actual studies on a systematic basis. The pupils will comprise (1) scholars whose education and maintenance are wholly or in part defrayed gratuitously; (2) government pupils, whose education is conducted on terms agreed upon between the College and the government; and (3) pupils who pay for the whole of their education. Those learners who pass successfully through the prescribed examinations are entitled to a certificate, and may call themselves Graduates. The most competent of these Graduates may become Fellows; and donors are invited to found Fellowships, to be awarded by competition.

The range of powers possessed by the Council, in regard to the spread of musical education, is considerable—making engagements with the government in regard to governmental and elementary

schools, in inspection, examinations, aiding to supply musical teachers, and bestowal of scholarships; negotiating with musical societies and other bodies in various ways to further their aims; and providing houses for the entire or partial maintenance of scholars and government pupils.

Stripped of tedious technicalities of detail, this brief sketch will give a general idea of the proposed Royal College of Music—a scheme which has our hearty good wishes.

The Scottish Musical Society, of which the Duke of Buccleuch is president, and the Earl of Rosebery chairman of Council, has, we are pleased to observe, been formed in Scotland with a similar object to that of the Royal College of Music.

A LUMP OF CARBON.

TELL me, lump of Carbon, burning
Lurid in the glowing grate,
While thy flames rise twisting, turning,
Quench in me this curious yearning,
Ages past elucidate.

Tell me of the time when, waving
High above the primal world,
Thou, a giant palm-tree, lifting
Thy proud head above the shifting
Of the storm-cloud's lightning hurled,
While the tropic sea, hot laving,
Round thy roots its billows curled.

Tell me, did the Mammoth, straying
Near that mighty trunk of yours,
On the verdure stop and graze,
Which thy ample base displays,
Or his weary limbs down laying,
Sleep away the tardy hours?

Perchance some monstrous Saurian, sliding,
Waddled up the neighbouring strand,
Or leapt into its native sea
With something of agility,
Though all ungainly on the land;
While near your roots, in blood-stained fray,
Maybe two Ichthye beasts colliding,
Bit and fought their lives away.

Tell me, Ancient Palm-corpse, was there
In that world of yours primeval
Aught of man in perfect shape?
Was there good? and was there evil?
Was it man? or was it ape?

Tell me, lump of Carbon, burning
Lurid in the glowing grate,
Lies there in each human face
Something of the monkey's trace?
Tell me, have we lost a link?
Stir thy coaly brain and think,
While thy red flames rise and sink,
Ages past elucidate.

W. B. T.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 879.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

THE STORY OF PIERSON OF THE 95TH.

VERY close upon one hundred years ago, Francis Pierson, a Major of the old Ninety-fifth Regiment—now the Rifle Brigade—saved with his life-blood the island of Jersey from falling into the hands of its former masters the French. Though the story of this heroic deed lives in history, yet, strange to say, few of us beyond those who reside in or study the records of that little land, know much about it; we venture, therefore, to re-tell the tale, as we have gathered its particulars from the pages of well-known local writers.

In the year 1780, England was at war with France—no unusual state of things between the two countries long before and long after that period. How often, during this chronic hostile condition, our Gallic adversaries had tried to have and to hold the Channel Islands, as coigns of vantage from which to threaten our shores, it is unnecessary to dwell upon; but it may as well be mentioned, as a sort of prelude to our narrative, that in May 1779 the Prince of Nassau, with an army of five or six thousand men, had again attempted a descent on Jersey, and been driven off. Disappointed with the failure of this expedition, France soon organised another against the much-coveted islet, this time under the Baron de Rullecourt, and with a smaller and more easily handled force. On the morning after Christmas Day 1780, two thousand French troops embarked at Granville in Brittany, intending leisurely to cross the few miles of sea between that port and Jersey, land under cover of the night, and take the place by a *coup de main*. The Baron, according to the quaint writers, hoped to find the inhabitants under the lethargic influence of the good fare in meats and drinks common to the season—heavy, in fact, with *rosbif* and *portare biere*, and so less capable of resisting his attack.

The transports duly weighed anchor and started for their destination; but in those ante-steam days, starting from a port was one thing, but arriving at the journey's end was another. A

couple of hours or so after leaving Granville, a heavy storm arose; many of the small ships were driven hither and thither; and those that did manage to keep together, were forced to seek shelter, such as it was, under the lee of the rocky Chaussey Isles, but eight or nine miles away from where they had just sailed. There they remained, in no safe anchorage, until the 5th January 1781, the commander of the expedition fretting and fuming, and venting his spleen in acts of the most ferocious barbarity.

On the day just mentioned, Rullecourt again made for Jersey, his force, however, diminished by no less than eight-hundred men, who were aboard the dispersed vessels, none of which had turned up. He had with him a pilot, a native of Jersey, who for some criminal act had fled the country and taken refuge in France; and who, for a consideration, had agreed to guide the fleet to a secure landing-place on the east of the—to him—well-known island. Without the aid of a skilful pilot, no near approach to the shore could possibly be effected; for as some of us may be aware, a far extending chain of reefs and rocks encircles the coast; and between these, the tides and currents race with maelstrom-like velocity. True to his traitorous bond, the pilot brought the ships in sight of the bay he had selected for the debarkation; but a 'set' of the strong currents just mentioned drove them away to a flat reef of rocks on the south-east corner of the island, called Le Banc de Violet, where, unsuitable as it was for a landing, the impatient Rullecourt ordered such to be carried out. Some of the boats got to shore; others were grounded or wrecked; while others were drifted out to sea; so that at about midnight there stood on the strand only seven hundred of the twelve hundred soldiers that had left Chaussey that same day.

With this crippled force, the French commander crept slowly and cautiously towards St Helier, distant but four miles, and before daybreak entered its streets and marched upon the market-place—nowadays the Royal Square. No hinderance had opposed him *en route*; one old man named Pierre

Arrivé, who was found standing in his doorway, was slain; a few others, out betimes that winter's morning, were sorely wounded, to prevent them giving the alarm; an 'obstructionist' in the shape of a sentry was put out of the way with a bayonet; a weak guard was quietly surprised and overpowered; and so it came to pass that without the discharge of a single firearm, without noise or hubbub, the Baron found himself occupying and master of a tenable position in the centre of the town. Then, to use military phraseology, he 'stood at ease,' awaiting the dawn, which, when it came, shewed to the inhabitants of the good city that their usual chaffering and gossip-loving locality was filled with French soldiery, instead of its ordinary buyers and sellers and talkers.

Giving but small heed to their consternation, Rullecourt proceeded to get the Lieutenant-governor of the island into his power, and to make him his tool. This officer, we are told, was one Major Moses Corbet; clearly a weak sort of man, wanting in British pluck, and easily cajoled. He was in bed and asleep when the French surrounded his house and made him their prisoner; and having apparently no other alternative, he yielded himself into their hands.

The English Commandant, together with the Attorney-general and Mayor, having also been captured, and safely placed under lock and key in the town-hall, the French general began to develop his mode of procedure. All is fair, says the adage, in love and war; and Rullecourt must have considered unblushing mendacity to have been comprised in the category. He told Corbet that any show of resistance would be worse than useless; that he had made a descent on St Roque and other places; that he had four thousand picked troops in the island; that the English regiments in garrison had already given in (fancy the Ross-shire Buffs, the Eighty-third, and the old fighting Ninety-fifth, the corps alluded to, laying down their arms without a shot!); and that close under the Governor's nose were two strong battalions, ready to carry everything before them. Then he drew from his pocket articles of capitulation for Major Corbet to sign, saying that, in default of compliance, he had instructions to burn the town and shipping; to put the inhabitants one and all to the sword; and moreover, that the space of thirty short minutes was all the time he should allow ere these conditions would be carried into effect. Completely hoodwinked, and, as he assigned as his excuse, to prevent the destruction of the town and the flow of human blood, Corbet and his Brigade-major affixed their names to the paper, and instructed the troops under their command to bow down, so to speak, to their conquerors.

And now, M'sieu le Baron chuckled to think how so much easier than he had dreamed of, Jersey was the property of Louis XVI., and he its General and Governor. He issued a proclamation to that

effect, desiring that all the shops should be opened and everything gone on with as usual. We may picture him standing at an open window of the Court-house and addressing the scared populace thus: 'Gentlemen—my friends,' says he, 'by my skill and the fortune of war, I am your chief, but under a new *régime*, *ma foi!* Carry on your affairs as if nothing had occurred out of the common; entertain me and mine hospitably; wine and tobacco my soldiers must be amply supplied with. Obey my commands implicitly, and I will not make your burden too hard to bear. But one act of mutiny, one word of discussion or denial, and there are my children with their firelocks and swords, ready and willing to enforce obedience.' And then, as is really told of him, he invited Corbet and the heads of departments to dine with him that evening!

Meantime, the insular militia—to whom, as well as to the troops of the line, information of the state of things had been sent, and who, far from obeying Major Corbet's order to surrender, were burning to drive the enemy out of their land—were mustering in all directions. Some joined the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, encamped on a height to the westward of the town, and others reinforced the little garrison stationed in Elizabeth Castle. This fortress, as perhaps may be known, is built on a rocky promontory close to St Helier, and at low-water may be reached on foot over a reef called 'The Bridge.' To get possession of this stronghold, and if necessary to turn its guns upon the town, was now Rullecourt's strategy; and so at the head of his troops, and holding Major Corbet, whom he made to accompany him, by the arm, he set forth to traverse the said 'Bridge' to the castle's gate. But bang! whiz, whiz! a couple of cannon-shots from the batteries, one of which wounded an officer and several men, stayed his progress, and shewed him as plainly as gunpowder and iron could, that here at least he should not unresistingly get possession. He sounded a halt, and sent an officer with a copy of the capitulation, and with a written order besides from his prisoner, to the Commandant of the castle, Captain Mulcaster, to give it up; but a distinct refusal, couched in the following words, was the reply: 'Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn; if you dispute it, come on and try.' But Rullecourt, much too wise to run, his head against stone walls bristling with ordnance, turned tail, and re-entered the town, vowing vengeance against it.

It was at this turn of the tide in the Baron's proceedings that Major Francis Pierson, a young officer of the Ninety-fifth Regiment, the next senior in rank to Corbet, and the hero of our story, arrived on the scene. He had taken command of the regulars and militia, and was moving them towards the town; he had refused to lend himself to the terms of the capitulation; he had questioned the military authority of the Governor while a prisoner to issue orders; and he had scorned conditions sent him by Rullecourt to march with his battalions

to the Court-house, there to lay down their arms, and save the city from inevitable plunder, and slaughter and fire. 'Tell your General,' said he to the bearer of the message, 'that we will carry our arms to the Court-house, as he wants us; but—it will be with bayonets fixed on our muskets, and in the hands of men sworn to use them.' Moreover, he had infused so much confidence and determination into his troops, that he is said to have experienced some difficulty in restraining their impetuosity until certain strategic disposals of his were complete. Then he advanced in two columns on the enemy, ignorant of their strength, which, as we have seen, was greatly exaggerated, and unaware also but that they held Elizabeth Castle, which piece of false information Rullecourt had conveyed to him. He was pinning his faith on the pluck and prowess of the British soldier, and on the loyalty and spirit of his comrades the local militia. Into the market-place the troops pressed, one column on the right, the other, led by Pierson, on the left, and a furious action began, the right column engaging first. The small square was crammed with combatants: it echoed to volleys of musketry; it resounded with the cries of the wounded; it was strewn with the dead. In the midst of this dreadful scene, Corbet, accompanied by a French officer, suddenly appeared, anxious, it is supposed, to stop hostilities, and to induce our men to accede to the capitulation; but a shower of bullets greeted his coming, and he was forced to make a precipitous retreat.

But scarcely had the gallant Pierson brought his small division into action, entering the market-place from a narrow street just opposite to where the Royal Court now stands, when the French levelled and discharged their muskets in that direction, and the brave young commander fell dead in the arms of his men. Discouraged at his death, his troops for an instant wavered and gave way. Rullecourt again thought that his star was in the ascendant, and fought desperately; but it was of no avail; the British officers soon rallied their soldiers; they charged with redoubled vigour, and drove the enemy on all sides before them. Just at this crisis, the French General seeing that all was lost, once again brought the unfortunate Major Corbet upon the arena of the fight—some writers assert, with the view of procuring his destruction, others, to stop the wholesale slaughter. Be this as it may, no sooner were the two officials discovered arm-in-arm, than firelocks were aimed against them both, for the indignation of the people against their pusillanimous Governor was unbounded. Corbet a second time escaped unhurt; but Rullecourt fell mortally wounded—tradition says, by Pierson's own servant—and died that night. The Governor now resumed office, secured his prisoners, and restored order in the disturbed city; but shortly after the news reached England, he was superseded, tried by court-martial, and placed on half-pay.

In the National Gallery of London may be seen a picture by Sir David Copley, R.A., representing the battle of Jersey, as the engagement is called, with Pierson's death; and in the hall of the Royal Court of the island there is an excellent copy of this painting, by a native artist. The parish church of St Helier has a plain slab and an unostentatious monument to the memory of this

young hero; and just as you pass into the Royal Square there is inscribed on a wall in large letters: 'Here PIERSON fell, January 1781.' Rullecourt's remains were buried with military honours in the cemetery of St Helier, and a record of his attempt and its failure graven on the stone that covered him. The stone has long since disappeared.

THE CRUISE OF THE *WASP*.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TRIAL OF THE PIRATES —CONCLUSION.

THE *Wasp* was immediately despatched to Pahang—the small port in Malacca whereat it was said the child was detained—to demand her instant liberation. The little girl was found, and promptly delivered up to Lieutenant Lucan who, for this occasion, again took command of the schooner. She seemed to have been kindly treated by her captors; and so readily does childhood adapt itself to circumstances, that though she wept when questioned about her mother—who, it appeared, had died on board the proa before it arrived at Pahang—she was afraid of the sailors who came to take her away, and was unwilling to leave her new friends; while the woman to whose especial care she was confided, and the little Malay girls who for nearly eighteen months had been her playmates and companions, parted from her with grief and regret.

The trial, which took place immediately after the return of the *Wasp* to Singapore, created so much interest, that the court was thronged with spectators, and several ladies and gentlemen were accommodated with seats upon the bench. Until the opening of the court, I had never set eyes upon either of the accused Malays, who now stood in the dock, in charge of two armed *peons*; while a strong force of native police guarded the proa's crew, who were confined in a room in the rear of the court, together with Chang-lin, who was seated a short distance apart from them. As the two prisoners now stood confronting me, I thought it hardly possible that any two men could present a more marked contrast. The captain of the proa was a tall, elegantly formed young man, with handsome regular features, and a clear olive complexion. He was unusually light-coloured for a Malay, and there was nothing brutal or savage in the expression of his countenance, which was, in fact, remarkably prepossessing. He wore no beard; but a small, carefully trimmed, jet-black moustache graced his short curved upper lip. He was attired in a smart short blue jacket, and wide petticoat trousers, tightly belted round his slender waist, though the weapons usually carried stuck into the belt, had been removed. A large shawl, one end of which was thrown over the left shoulder so as to leave his right arm free, and a small gaily coloured turban, completed his attire. As he stood in the dock, proudly erect, with arms folded across his broad chest, boldly facing his accusers, it was difficult to imagine that he could be guilty of baseness or cruelty. The owner of the proa, who stood by his side, was a short corpulent man, far advanced in years, of very dark complexion, with a lowering brow, and a brutal, truculent visage. He was clothed in the same fashion as his companion, but his garments were soiled and carelessly worn. As he stood

with bent body and downcast eyes, as if he were afraid to meet the gaze of anybody in court, he looked the very personification of avarice, cruelty, and treachery.

An interpreter was sworn; and one of the pair of traitorous scoundrels who had betrayed their accomplices in crime, having been removed from the court, the other was told to look the prisoners in the face and make his statement. The rascal shuffled uneasily. It was impossible for him to meet the stern gaze of his young captain, and the judge was obliged to let him give his evidence without undergoing that ordeal. Then he told his story glibly enough. His evidence, as translated by the interpreter, was to the following effect. The proa now in port, to which he belonged, had at different times been employed as a piratical cruiser. Some eighteen months ago—he could not remember the exact date—she, in company with another proa, had boarded a ship off the north shore of New Guinea, at the hour of midnight. Though taken by surprise, the crew of the ship fought desperately, but were overpowered, stabbed to death, and thrown overboard. The captain and passengers of the ship, roused from their sleep, rushed upon deck; but were hurled back down the companion-ladder, and followed into the cabin by the captain of one of the proas—the younger prisoner in the dock. Another fierce struggle took place. The captain of the ship shot two of the Malays, and then kept the others at bay with his sword until its blade was broken, and he fell, badly wounded, across the table; when he was despatched by the younger of the two prisoners. A shudder pervaded the court when this statement was made, and all eyes were directed towards the Malay captain, who never quailed for an instant, but still kept his gaze fixed upon his accuser, who went on to state, that after the captain and passengers were overpowered and put to death, the cabin was plundered of everything of value that could be carried off. The desks and lockfasts in the state-rooms were rifled of their contents; the money and valuables they contained were secured, and the papers destroyed. In the cabin there were two female passengers—mother and daughter—whose lives were spared, and who were put on board the smaller of the two proas, to which he, the witness, belonged, together with the money and jewellery and the more valuable property.

On being asked why the females and the most valuable portion of the plunder were placed on board the smaller proa, the witness stated that the owner of the two proas, the older of the two prisoners, sailed on board the smaller vessel, which was the swifter of the two, and always took charge of the money and other valuable plunder; and it was thought that the females might be eventually ransomed; but the woman soon afterwards died, and the child was taken to Malacca.

He then went on to say that after the plunder was secured, the Malays returned to the proas, which were pulled away with their sweeps, it being almost calm. The ship was then close to the land, towards which she was drifting rapidly with the current. Some three or four days afterwards, while lying close under the high land, the Malays sighted a schooner sailing slowly alongshore to the southward. Believing the vessel to be a coasting trader, they pulled off towards her, and

then hoisted sail and gave chase; but when the foremost proa drew near to her, she opened fire, and speedily disabled her. Seeing this, and knowing that if they remained within range of the schooner's guns, their own vessel would meet the fate of her consort, they made off under full sail, and steered a course towards Malacca, where they arrived a fortnight afterwards.

The second witness told the same story, with very trivial variations; and as the two men had been kept apart since they had been arrested, it was apparent that they had told the truth, or had very carefully concocted this story beforehand.

The little girl, Louise Legrand, whose appearance in court awakened the pity and sympathy of all who beheld her, was seated between two of the ladies on the bench; and kindly questioned by the judge, who spoke French fluently. The poor child wept and trembled violently at first; but after some encouragement, she timidly replied to the questions put to her. She recollected the pirates coming on board the ship at night while she was asleep in the cabin. There was a dreadful fight; and her poor papa and the captain and the other gentlemen in the cabin were killed. She and her dear mamma were then carried away by the Malays, and put on board one of the proas, where her mamma died soon afterwards; she could not say how long afterwards, but not many days, she thought.

On being asked if she remembered the fight in which one of the proas was sunk, she replied that she did. It was after that when her poor mamma died. She knew this because her mamma tried to make a signal of distress to the people on board the war-ship, by waving her shawl; but she was thrust into the cabin by the cruel men. (This evidence on the part of the child seemed to corroborate the statement made by the boy belonging to the schooner, who declared that he saw the fluttering of a woman's dress on board the proa that escaped.) The little girl furthermore stated that she was put on shore when the proa came to the land; and that the people on shore were kind to her; but though she was afraid at first of the sailors who came to take her away, she was very glad now that she had been rescued from the Malays.

Lucan and I were then called upon to give our evidence, with the substance of which the reader is already acquainted; and when we stood down, Chang-lin was placed in the witness-box. Nothing had been discovered that positively criminated the wily Chinese merchant, who was therefore permitted to appear as a witness. He freely acknowledged that he had had frequent dealings with the prisoners in the dock, and had purchased from the elder prisoner, many months ago, the articles produced in court—which articles, by the way, namely, the bracelet, the shawls, the slippers, and the torn garments brought from the cabin of the *Marguerite*, were identified by Louise Legrand as having belonged to her mamma and herself. Chang-lin, however, positively declared that when he purchased the articles produced, he had no suspicion of the way by which they had come into the prisoner's possession. He had purchased them, as he had purchased other goods of various kinds, in the way of business from the prisoner, and from many other Malays and Chinamen.

The evidence of the child; and that of Lucan

and myself, was translated to the prisoners by the interpreter; but they kept a sullen silence, neither attempting to defend himself, nor replying to any questions that were put. Their guilt, however, was held to have been fully proved; and they were sentenced to be hanged in chains upon a rocky islet at the entrance to the adjacent Strait of Singapore. The remainder of the crew of the proa, who declared that they did not belong to the vessel at the period when the *Marguerite* was boarded and plundered, were discharged on condition of their leaving Singapore within twenty-four hours, and promising never again to make their appearance in the port; and the proa and her cargo were confiscated.

What became of the two Malay witnesses, I cannot say. They disappeared mysteriously immediately after the trial, dreading, probably, the vengeance of their countrymen if they remained in Singapore. It was believed, however, that Whampoa—by previous arrangement, when he persuaded them to appear as witnesses—provided them with the means to make their escape.

The prisoners were executed on the fourth day after the trial, both of them maintaining a stubborn silence to the last.

Though nothing had been proved to criminate Chang-lin, he—much to the satisfaction of Whampoa—found it advisable to break up his establishment in Singapore and betake himself elsewhere.

I wish I could end my narrative with a romantic description of the delight with which the rescued child was received by her relations and friends in the Isle of Bourbon; but nothing of the kind occurred. All that the child, a pretty delicate little girl, could tell respecting her relations was, that her papa and mamma, when they sailed from Manilla, were going to visit two of her aunts, neither of whom she (the child) had ever seen—at St Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon. The child was made much of by the English families in Singapore; and there was more than one lady who would gladly have adopted the pretty little dark-eyed, dark-haired pet; but the authorities of the island deemed it their duty, in the first place, to acquaint the aunts with the rescue of their little niece from the Malay pirates, and to await their reply to this communication. It was long in coming. The first return mail from St Denis brought no response to the magistrates' letter; but the succeeding mail brought a dry, unsympathetic letter from one of the aunts, in which that lady stated that she and her sister-in-law were both widows with large families. They were, however, rejoiced to hear of the rescue of their niece, whom they had never seen, the child having been born in Manilla. She was therefore a stranger to them. Nevertheless, they conceived it to be their duty, under the circumstances, to receive her, and give her a home with their own children. If, therefore, the magistrates would provide their little niece with a passage to St Denis on board the next vessel that should sail from Singapore for that port, they would give her a kind welcome on her arrival, and would be happy to defray whatever expenses might be incurred.

This letter did not certainly promise a very kindly reception to the little orphan from her aunts. The authorities, however, could not do

otherwise than prepare to part with their interesting protégée; and the poor child, loaded with presents of every description from her friends in Singapore, was placed on board the next vessel that sailed from that port to the Isle of Bourbon, where it is to be hoped she found a kinder welcome than her aunt's letter gave her reason to anticipate.

A few weeks after the child's departure, the *Vesta*, whose three years' cruise on the station had expired some three months before, sailed for England, where she arrived after a passage of ninety days. Soon after her arrival at Deptford, Charles Lucan, whose conduct during the period he held command of the *Wasp* had gained him great credit, received his commission as a Lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy.

Since the period to which this narrative relates, many changes have occurred in Singapore, not the least important of which was the death in 1880 of the good Whampoa. A check has been put to the exploits of the Malay and Chinese pirates who formerly haunted the islands of the oriental archipelago; though even at the present day, great caution is required in order to sail amongst these islands in safety, and attacks upon unarmed vessels are by no means infrequent. Post Office Island is doubtless still in existence; but whether it is resorted to, as in former days, by vessels passing through Torres' Strait, I am unable to say.

POSTAGE-STAMP SAVINGS.

IN view of various representations that have from time to time been made with the object of obtaining a modification of the shilling limit of deposits in the Post-office Savings-banks, Mr Fawcett, the new Postmaster-general, has directed an experiment to be made in ten counties in England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, for the purpose of testing the merits of a scheme by which it is proposed to meet indirectly and as far as possible, this demand. The idea, which it may be stated was originated by Mr Chetwynd of the Post-office, is a novel and ingenious one; and as the ultimate extension of the measure is dependent on the success of the present experiment, which was commenced on the 13th September, it appears desirable that the scheme should receive as much publicity as possible, in order that those whom it is intended to benefit may become acquainted with its objects. Before proceeding, however, briefly to describe the interesting plan of 'Postage-stamp Savings,' it will be profitable to glance for a moment at the causes which have led to its proposal.

Considerable agitation has existed during the last few years—which is no doubt owing to the great success of the present system of Post-office Savings-banks—for an extension of the benefits derived from that system, and this chiefly in regard to both the lower and the higher limits of deposits as laid down in the Act of Parliament on the subject. The latter limit, as is generally known, is fixed at thirty pounds as the highest deposit to be made in any year; and at one hundred and fifty pounds, or including interest two hundred pounds, as the largest amount which can stand to

the credit of any one depositor; and this, it is contended, is not sufficiently high to fully meet the wants which the popular appreciation of the present system clearly shews to exist. There is certainly reason in the argument; and few will deny, we think, that it is desirable to see the higher limit raised, so as to admit of a more extended use of a system whose popularity alone has given rise to such a demand; and it is therefore satisfactory to know that a bill will in all probability be introduced into parliament next session for the purpose of amending the law in this respect.

As regards the desirability of reducing the lower limit, fixing a shilling as the lowest deposit, which, as we have stated, has been urged of late, it would no doubt be a great convenience to the poorer classes to be able to deposit in the postal banks the pennies which they desire to save; but unfortunately such a step would probably involve the Post-office in loss, and for this reason alone therefore, is considered impracticable. Mr Fawcett himself states in his recently issued Report that such a course 'would be attended with great additional cost, for which there would be no adequate return.' The demand, however, appeared to increase; and desirous of meeting it in some manner, Mr Chetwynd taxed his inventive mind for this purpose, with the successful result of evolving the scheme now under notice.

Starting with the principle that, as regards the pence, at least, every person wishing to save might be taught to become to a certain extent his own banker, Mr Chetwynd bethought himself of the part which postage-stamps might be brought to serve for so useful an end. The collection and saving of old postage-stamps, which so largely obtains, and has ever been a mania with school-boys since stamps were invented, probably led to the idea of the greater utility to be derived from the saving of *unused* postage-stamps. At all events, the conclusion arrived at was, that the poor man in whose pocket the penny burned a hole might exchange it for a postage-stamp of that value, and affix it to a form to be provided for the purpose by the Post-office; and when twelve postage-stamps had thus been collected, they might be received for deposit, as the equivalent of a shilling, at any Post-office Savings-bank. The form which Mr Chetwynd has devised for this purpose resembles in shape and size a bank cheque, and on one side is ruled into twelve blank spaces; while on the reverse side is a printed notice which in little more than a dozen lines embodies the whole scheme. It may be useful to reproduce this notice, which is as follows:

'Any person desirous of saving One Shilling, by means of penny contributions, for deposit in the Post-office Savings-bank, may do so by purchasing with every penny so saved a penny postage-stamp and affixing it to this form. When twelve such stamps have been so affixed, the form may then be taken to any Post-office Savings-bank, where it will be received by the Postmaster, and one shilling be allowed for the stamps; which shilling will be accepted either as the first deposit in a new account then to be opened, or as an ordinary deposit, if the owner of it has already opened an account. If the stamps affixed to this form are

defaced or in any way damaged, they will not be received by a Postmaster.'

Nothing could be simpler and clearer than the manner in which the plan is thus rendered intelligible to the most uneducated mind; and it is this simplicity that may be regarded as the most pleasing feature of the scheme, a simplicity that applies as much to the Post-office in working it as to the public in using it, for the measure will be encumbered with no account-work or detailed records.

One objection has certainly been raised to the scheme, on the ground that it will afford an opening for the disposal of postage-stamps which have not been honestly come by. Much weight, however, cannot be attached to this objection; for as a matter of fact, there is not much difficulty in getting rid of postage-stamps at the present time by payment of a certain percentage which the buying Postmaster has a right to claim; while on the other hand, merchants and others who are in the habit of keeping quantities of postage-stamps for use, are themselves to blame if they fail to guard them as safely as they do the 'petty-cash'; for it is more within the province of the Post-office to provide a means of saving for the poorer classes, than to become the guardian of the goods of the wealthier.

In introducing this plan of saving by means of postage-stamps, there is not the slightest idea on the part of the Post-office authorities of running counter to existing Penny Banks, the utility of which is by them thoroughly recognised and encouraged. The Postmaster-general indeed points out in his Report that 'for encouraging small savings, these institutions possess the powerful element of personal influence, which is altogether wanting in a public department; and their rapid extension promises, therefore, to meet a want, which would be much less effectively met by reducing the present shilling minimum for deposits in the Post-office Savings-bank.' The Post-office offers, too, substantial encouragement for the formation of penny banks by supplying deposit-books of a simple kind gratuitously to the managers on application; and it also furnishes account-books suitable for penny banks at a cheap rate. The appreciation of this assistance is demonstrated by the fact, that last year ninety thousand books for the use of depositors, and six hundred and fifty-one sets of penny bank account-books, were applied for and supplied. The latter books undoubtedly prove of great service to the managers and founders of penny banks, as they secure a proper system of accounts, and are furnished at little more than cost price. The number of penny banks which were authorised last year to invest their moneys in the postal banks was four hundred and seventy-three, being a larger number than in any previous year, owing probably to the great impetus given to the penny bank movement by the recent public conferences on 'Thrift,' as well as to the facilities for their formation afforded by the government.

In noticing these facilities, it is at once clear that there is not the shadow of any rivalry between the Post-office and the penny banks. The former, as already remarked, is fully alive to the benefits which the latter confer by the encouragement of thrift and providence amongst the poorer classes; and it readily recognises the important part played by the penny banks as *feeders* to the postal Savings-bank system. The fact of the matter, however,

appears to be, that the penny banks are not numerous enough, there being few, if indeed any other, which possess so complete and extensive a system as that of the 'Yorkshire Penny Bank,' described by us in No. 790 of this *Journal*; and the conclusion somewhat hastily jumped at has been, that the Post-office with its six thousand banks throughout the country, might extend its system so as to meet the want. The impracticability of such a step has already been alluded to; but the demand will, we believe, be as effectually, if indirectly met by the scheme proposed by Mr Chetwynd, which is now being tried experimentally in the counties of Cardigan, Cumberland, Kent, Leicester, Norfolk, and Somerset in England and Wales; in Aberdeen and Ayr in Scotland; and in Down and Waterford in Ireland. That that portion of the community whom it is intended to accommodate will recognise in it a genuine benefit, there can be no doubt; and we hope that the trial may speedily be attended with successful results, so that the scheme may soon be extended throughout the country, whereby those persons who can only save penny by penny may, where no local penny bank exists, be enabled to do so by means of postage-stamps.

MY MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

'I MUST take another jump over time. Miss Brierly is now in her twenty-fifth year, and George Hamilton just twenty-nine. They had kept their secret; and it wanted but a few months when all the world would know it. Their course of true love had run smooth enough as far as they were concerned themselves; for though they saw but little of each other, the thought of her future happiness comforted Clara under every vexation and annoyance. "A few more months," she would say—"a few more months, and I am free of my tyrant."

'Alas! how true it is that no one can tell what a day may bring forth. Before those few months had elapsed, Dibden had got hold of their secret. Of course he stormed and raved—the more, as he felt his power was ebbing fast. He tried persuasion, reproaches, threats—but to no purpose; George's determination was fixed, and the anger of his employer knew no bounds.

'At this juncture a circumstance occurred which completely changed the aspect of affairs. One day, immediately after an interview with Dibden, and while George was still a good deal excited by what had passed between them, a stranger came up to the counter, and asked to be favoured with change for a ten-pound note. He was a respectable-looking gentleman, well advanced in years; and as George was the only one of the clerks who happened to be in the counting-house at the time, he attended to him. In the office cash-box there were two five-pound notes and two or three half-sovereigns; and as the stranger was anxious to have the half of his money in gold, and there was not enough in the box, George opened his desk, and took therefrom five sovereigns which he had

that morning placed there, with which to pay his landlady. Putting one of the five-pound notes into his desk in the place of the sovereigns, he handed the latter, along with the other five-pound note, to the stranger, who thereupon thanked him courteously, and withdrew. The ten-pound note which he had received in return, George placed in the cash-box without bestowing upon it any particular examination, but went on with his work, still meditating over the rather sharp words he had had with Mr Dibden.

'Nothing happened of any consequence till later on in the day, when a message was received from the bank, that a ten-pound note which Mr Dibden had sent to be lodged there along with some other moneys, was a forged one. The note in question was that which George Hamilton had received from the elderly gentleman in the course of the morning, and which Mr Dibden had himself taken from the cash-box and forwarded to the bank. The message was brought by a private detective in the employment of the bank; and no sooner was Mr Dibden made aware of what had occurred, than he charged George Hamilton with having placed the note there. George admitted that he had taken two five-pound notes from the cash-box, and put in their place the ten-pound note in question; but he maintained he had given them in change for the ten-pound note to a gentleman who came in. This was his explanation, when taken before the magistrates. On the other hand, Dibden swore that he found one of the five-pound notes in George's desk. This George accounted for by saying that the person who had left the forged note asked him to let him have five pounds in gold; and that that sum not being in the cash-box, he changed one of the five-pound notes for five sovereigns of his own. As against this, however, one of the junior clerks stated that, on the morning of the occurrence, he had asked George for a loan of a sovereign, who replied: "I'd lend it with pleasure, my dear fellow, but I have not a sixpence to swear by."

'In answer to this, George said that he absolutely had at that moment five sovereigns put away in his desk to pay his landlady; and that he felt justified in saying he had not sixpence, as he considered that the money so appropriated to pay a just debt was not at his disposal.

'The magistrates asked him if he fancied the person who got the change had given the forged note innocently or fraudulently. That was of course impossible to say; but George thought innocently. Having heard all the evidence; after a careful consultation, they came to the conclusion that they must commit him for trial; but they would accept bail. Strange to say, the Dibdens went bail to the full amount—I believe myself, with the hope that he would break it, by quitting the country.

'I must tell you, however, that before any proceedings were commenced, young Dibden coarsely offered to Clara not to prosecute if she accepted

his proposal of marriage. To this she indignantly replied that she knew Mr Hamilton was innocent, and they knew it too; and that if he were not, she would not save him.

'At the time of these occurrences, I was away on the continent. My wife had been delicate; and the doctors said she must have change of air, and had fixed on Italy; which accounts for my not having seen the advertisement which appeared in the *Times*, and which I shall now read to you:

'If the Elderly Gentleman with the Blue Pocket-book, who received change for a Ten-pound Note at the Offices of Messrs Dibden, Knollys, & Dibden, Bellyard, Doctors' Commons, on the 2d of September 18—, will communicate with Messrs Smith & Oliver, Solicitors, Brick Court, Middle Temple, he will confer a great obligation.

'I suppose I need scarcely tell you that I was the elderly gentleman with the blue pocket-book. Well, as I say, travelling about from one place to another, I did not see a paper regularly, and therefore missed this advertisement. In the meantime, the assizes drew on; and George Hamilton stood in the dock charged with felony. I have the trial in this paper before me. I shall read to you the leading evidence, which was all unfortunately against the prisoner. The charge was, that George Hamilton did feloniously attempt to pass a forged ten-pound note, knowing the same to be a forgery.

'The elder Dibden was the first witness called up. He deposed that the prisoner was his head-clerk, in whom he had always placed the greatest confidence; that a cash-box was left under his care, containing generally a limited amount of money, principally for the purpose of giving change; that larger sums were also frequently deposited there, if none of the principals of the house were in the way to lock it up in the money-safe; that on the morning in question, he himself had placed in the cash-box two five-pound notes and three pounds in gold; that in the afternoon he wanted to pay some money into the bank; and the safe being deficient of the sum he needed by five pounds, he opened the cash-box to take that amount therefrom; that instead of the five-pound notes which he had placed there, he found a ten-pound note, which when presented at the bank, was declared to be a forgery; that when he asked the prisoner to account for the note, he said he had received it from a stranger in exchange for the two five-pound notes; that on examining the prisoner's desk, he found one of the five-pound notes which he had placed in the cash-box that morning.

'Cross-examined.—No one had access to the cash-box but the prisoner, himself, and his son. Each had a key. The lock was a Chubb's patent, of the best description. He knew the five-pound notes by their being indorsed with the name "William Day."

'The next witness was William Simmonds, junior clerk to Messrs Dibden, Knollys, & Dibden. He swore that on the morning of the discovery of the forged note he had asked the

prisoner to lend him a sovereign; that the reply he received was: "I'd lend it with pleasure; but I have not a sixpence to swear by." Had been two years in the office with the prisoner; never had any quarrel with him.

'Eleanor Parker deposed—that she knew the prisoner well; he had lodged with her the last eighteen months. Paid his rent quarterly—always paid honourably, but used to be a little behind-hand. He was due her fully five pounds at the time of his apprehension. Had always paid her with good money—at least none of it was ever returned to her. Prisoner was out mostly all day; usually spent his nights reading.

'This was the principal evidence for the prosecution. For the defence, a few witnesses were brought up to testify to the excellent character the prisoner always bore. But his counsel took his stand not against any of the facts, which he allowed—but on the ground that they proved the act of the prisoner was done innocently and in ignorance.

"Just for a moment consider, gentlemen of the jury," he said. "Here is a gentleman who has for several years managed the business of a firm of attorneys, large sums daily passing through his hands. The utmost confidence has been placed in him. Do you think—gentlemen, I put it to you in the name of the common-sense which beams this moment on your faces—do you think that he would risk his position, honour, and name for a paltry ten-pound note? He foolishly—yes, I say very foolishly, and without carefully examining it, took a note from a complete stranger; and the only excuse he can give for this is, that he thought that Doctors' Commons was the last place in the world a swindler would go cadging about in—and that the stranger bore a most respectable appearance. For this act he deserves the reproof of his employer; and that is all. As to the evidence of the junior clerk, I must say that stronger could not be brought in favour of a man's character than, when asked by a friend for a trifling loan, at the risk of being thought mean or of confessing his poverty, he refuses, although he has money by him, because he has put it away to pay a just debt. Gentlemen, I leave my case in your hands, and I do so with confidence, as I know you will exercise that intelligence and discrimination which have at all times distinguished British jurymen, and prove to me and my client that you are not only able but determined to separate truth from error."

'I need not read to you the summing-up of the judge; he merely directed the jury to go by the evidence, and explained to them a few points of law. But I am sorry to tell you that Serjeant Oilem's flattery failed with the jury; for in half an hour they returned with a verdict of "Guilty;" and George Hamilton was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and was sent to Millbank prison to commence his punishment for a crime he never committed.

'The very day after his sentence was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Clara Brierly's birthday; and on the following morning this advertisement appeared in the *Times*:

'FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Whereas on the 2d day of September 18—, an Elderly Man

of respectable appearance, who carried about with him a Blue Pocket-book, presented a Forged Note, and got in exchange good money at the Offices of Messrs Dibden, Knollys, & Dibden, Bellyard, Doctors' Commons. The above REWARD will be paid to any one proving that such a transaction took place.

(Signed) SMITH & OLIVER, Solicitors.
BRICK COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE.

'Clara was now free. She had waited anxiously for the result of the trial; but never for one moment doubted the entire moral innocence of her lover. On the morning of her twenty-fifth birthday, she had the newspapers sent up to her room, where she remained. She read the whole trial over without missing a word. When she came to the verdict "Guilty," her agitation overmastered her directness of purpose. At length, however, she calmly rose from her seat, with the words, "Innocent as I am. I am now more certain than ever."

'Without a tear on her pale face, she dressed herself to go out; then packed up the things that she wished to take with her, and left the house without a word to any one, except the servant, to whom she gave the remaining property of her own that was in her room, desiring her to tell her master that she had gone away, and should not return. Then calling a cab, she drove to Smith and Oliver's, the solicitors, who had been recommended to her by George. It is wonderful how they appear to know everything in those musty rooms in the Temple. She had not got through more than half-a-dozen sentences in explanation of her business, before they told her they knew the entire circumstances, and accepted her proposal to place her affairs in their hands; offering to supply her at once with any money she needed. The first thing she did was to direct a large reward to be advertised—as I have just read to you; and receiving what funds she required, intimated her intention to take lodgings in the City till the mystery should be cleared up. To this proposal, however, Mr Oliver demurred, suggesting that, instead of going into lodgings, she might take up her residence for the time in his house. He had no family, and his wife would be delighted to have her for a companion. To this suggestion Miss Brierly cordially assented. In order to commence those inquiries to which she was prepared to devote her life, if necessary, she, acting through her solicitors, obtained from her unfortunate lover a written description, as closely as he could remember, of the stranger. This she had printed and distributed, with the offer of a large reward, not only through London, but to every police station in England.

'A month passed, and not the slightest clue had yet been found; and another month, and another. All this time, she herself never lost sight of her object. She scrutinised every elderly gentleman that she met, and more than once she even followed through the streets people whom she thought suspicious, with the hope of their exhibiting a blue pocket-book, her chief mark.

'All this time, I had never heard of the advertisement with the large reward, nor suspected the mischief I had so unwittingly caused. We had been wandering about the continent; my wife's health had recovered wonderfully, and my

daughters wanted to go to Egypt. Of course I had to consent. Here we stayed several weeks, "doing" the Pyramids and everything else that it behoves travellers to do. However, with advancing spring, we began to wish for the cool breezes of Old England, so we turned our steps homeward, taking Paris *en route*. We arrived in Paris early in May, where, in spite of all persuasions, I determined to remain only a few days. We had therefore to make the best of our time.

'Repairing one morning to the reading-room, to see the English papers, being naturally anxious to learn what was going on at home, I found a file of the *Times* for the past month or two stitched together; and while casually perusing the Agony columns, my eye fell upon the advertisement I have read to you, as also to an appended description of myself. The transaction flashed upon me. I at once looked up the entries in my pocket-book, and found that the date when I got change at Dibden's corresponded with that given in the advertisement. You see, here are the entries: "August 29—Bank of England note 37299, L.10, from Roberts & Co." And—"September 2—Bank of England note 65982, L.5, from Dibden, Knollys, and Dibden."

'I need scarcely tell you that I lost no time in leaving Paris for London; and when I arrived there I at once found my way to the office of Messrs Smith & Oliver. At the very moment I was about to enter their chambers, a young lady was in the act of leaving them. Her eyes no sooner met mine, than she seemed fixed to the spot. Thinking she might possibly have recognised in me an old acquaintance, I raised my hat, and was about to speak, when she eagerly inquired: "Did you see the advertisement?"

'I replied that I had seen an advertisement in the *Times* which I believed referred to myself, and that I was there that morning in consequence.

'The strained and anxious expression on her face seemed to become intensified, as she asked: "And was it you who gave him the note?"

'You see, I was up till now quite ignorant of what had taken place with regard to that ten-pound note, or even why any information was wished from me regarding it; I did not therefore quite understand the question, and looked I dare say somewhat taken aback. Ere I could reply, however, she spoke.

"Oh," she said, "I beg your pardon; but something dreadful has happened in connection with that note, and I spoke as if you must have known all about it. Will you kindly come in and see Mr Oliver?"

'I went in, and a very few minutes' conversation with the solicitor was sufficient to acquaint me of the very distressing occurrence to which the young lady had referred. I observed that she was still much agitated, and seemed to await my reply with something like impatience; and, as I drew forth the blue pocket-book, her eyes were riveted upon it with an eagerness painful to behold. I then exhibited the entries which I have already shewn you, and placed the book in the hands of Mr Oliver. Both he and the young lady examined and compared them without speaking a word. He took from a bunch of papers on the table a folded sheet, which, when he had opened out, I saw was

a criminal indictment. Glancing it over for a minute, he read out slowly and distinctly the number "3-7-2-9-9," comparing it figure by figure with the first entry in the pocket-book.

"Thank God," said the young lady; "that is it." During this time her face had changed from being pallid to a hue like that of death; and now, as the tears started from her eyes, she sank, half-fainting, into a chair. I was not surprised at the nature of her excitement when I came to know all, and that when I met her she was leaving the chambers in a state of despondency almost bordering on despair—day after day having passed, and no reply being received to her repeated advertisements and appeals.

'Mr Oliver spoke kindly and encouragingly to her, and in a little she had so far recovered as to allow him to prosecute the inquiries which naturally arose out of the information I had given him.

"I have already mentioned to you," he said, "that the note which the young gentleman admitted having received from you and placed in the cash-box, was a forged note; I trust the fact that you had that note in your possession can be satisfactorily explained, as we should be very sorry indeed if the information that promises to give such relief to us should in any way reflect upon you."

'I said that I hoped not. I had received the note, as entered in the memorandum, from a firm called Roberts & Co.; but I knew nothing further of them, the firm having been a strange one to me, and the transaction—the first and last I had had with them—a cash one.

'He asked if I remembered the address of the firm. I told him as nearly as I could; whereupon, again referring to his papers, he shewed me a cutting from a newspaper containing the detection and conviction of a gang of bank-note forgers, who had transacted business under various cognomens, one of these being "Roberts & Co.;" and he stated, what was afterwards verified, that the persons from whom I had received the note which had caused all this trouble to innocent people, were in all probability connected with the forgers referred to.

'It was thus that I first made the acquaintance of my heroine, Miss Briery; and may say that I never felt prouder of my old blue pocket-book, with its mass of apparently trifling entries, than when the Secretary of State, after hearing the statement we made to him, accepted my pocket-book memoranda as evidence, and in due course issued an order for George Hamilton's liberation. The very day the order was received, I went to Millbank to take him back; and in two hours he was sitting at dinner in the place you now occupy, with his handsome bride-elect at his side. The only atonement that I could make him for the suffering I had innocently caused him, was to take the place of a father, and give her away on her wedding-day.

'You will now, I hope, perceive the value I place upon such memoranda as my old pocket-book contains. To make such entries is only the work of a minute; and when made, there is no knowing what useful purpose they may serve. There can be no reasonable doubt that, if I had not had the transactions above referred to, trifling as at first sight they may have appeared, duly

entered in my memoranda, my statements to the Secretary of State would have been of no avail, as they would have looked like the trumped-up fictions of a later hour, concocted for the purpose of defeating justice. As it was, the entries stood in my book under their proper date, and were sufficient of themselves, apart from my parole evidence, to prove that the person to whom I gave the forged ten-pound note on the second of September was not the utterer of that forged note, whoever may have been the guilty party; consequently, I was thus able to free an innocent person, not only from prison, and from a long and degrading course of penal servitude, but from the life-long stigma which the imputation of such a crime would have left on his character.—And now, my dear boy, I am going to give you a present of a nice new memorandum-book, and I hope you'll make good use of it.'

THE FIRST ENGLISH PAY-HOSPITAL.

THERE can be no doubt that Hospitals have been the means of relieving countless thousands of sufferers. These institutions are, as every reader knows, upheld for the most part by voluntary contributions, and are open to all whose ailments entitle them to admission. At first sight, the system is a beneficent one—and where it operates for the benefit of the poor and needy, doubtless so; but upon looking beyond the surface, we find that the gratis professional aid so freely accorded is enormously taken advantage of by those who can well afford to pay. Thus, the objects for which these charitable institutions were originally started being in a great measure frustrated, it is with satisfaction that we hear of the establishment of a Pay-hospital within whose walls a patient may have first-class professional advice and nursing, at an outlay commensurate with his or her means. This institution, which was opened to the public by the Bishop of Winchester on the 28th of June 1880, is situated in Fitzroy Square, within a stone's-throw of that important 'lung' of London, Regent's Park. Fitzroy House, as the Hospital is called, has the advantage of the open space in front, and of the view from the windows of the fine old trees in the inclosure. The Association has purchased the freehold tenement, and has succeeded in an admirable manner in altering and adapting the interior arrangements to suit the purposes of an Hospital, while retaining the brightness of aspect and decorative effect of a private house. On first entering, the eye is caught by the contrast, in point of lighting, presented by the vestibule, as compared with that of the ordinary London house. Throughout the entire building, including the basement, the architect has been equally successful in rendering almost every corner light and airy, though with none of the oppressive glare so often observed in public buildings, and so especially trying to invalids.

Especial care has evidently been spent upon the selection of the wall-papers, all of which are artistic in design, pleasant and unaggressive in

colouring, and totally free from any such decision of pattern as might prove distressingly monotonous to a patient. Those to whom the floral or other design upon a wall-paper, occurring at regular intervals, has become a daily torture in times of illness, will be able to estimate the advantage of the inoffensive patterns chosen. These papers, taken in conjunction with the subdued but harmonious tinting of the carpets and other furniture, the prevalent air of luxury imparted by flowers, carved oak, and stained glass, completely banish from the mind any association of ideas with the bare walls and general nakedness of effect of the ordinary hospital. At the same time, it has not been forgotten that bare boards and washable walls are a necessity in an establishment of the kind. The papers have all been varnished, so that every inch throughout the house can be washed; while the boards, stained to a pleasant tint of dark oak, can be noiselessly washed and wiped by the nurse in attendance. The only floor-coverings are Persian rugs, thick and soft in texture, agreeable in design and colouring, and sufficiently numerous through the rooms to answer all the purposes of carpets, while obviating their inconveniences.

Turning to the important subject of ventilation, we find that it is most amply and even ingeniously provided for. Every room is supplied with a contrivance for emitting foul air and admitting fresh, so managed that the two operations can be carried on without creating any draught. The windows of the rooms on the lofty first-floor have been fitted with a noiselessly worked appliance which opens the upper part of the windows after the manner of a ventilator.

The drainage is perhaps even more important a consideration than that of ventilation; and here we come upon one of the most admirable points of the Hospital, one that would recommend it as a residence to the healthy, in a city where the drainage arrangements are so perilously neglected as is unfortunately the case in London. All communication with the sewer is completely cut off; and in addition to this most necessary but scarcely usual precaution, an ingenious, inexpensive, and most effectual contrivance provides for the daily flushing of every drain in the house; and not only for the process itself, but for the proof that it has been effectually performed. By raising the trap of a hole in the front-yard, any one can satisfy himself as to the completion of the process, by seeing whether the water rushing through it is perfectly clear and pure.

The bedrooms are comfortably furnished, and thoroughly home-like in aspect. In fact, it seems to have been the great aim of the Management to render the Hospital in every respect like a private house with its comforts and privacy, *plus* the experienced nursing and constant professional care that it is difficult, if not impossible to secure at home. Each bed is fitted with a chain-spring mattress; each floor has a bath-room, cupboards, presses, hot and cold water laid on, and speaking-tubes communicating with the kitchen and the Lady Superintendent's room. A carrying-chair, simple in construction, light in weight, but remarkably strong, forms another feature of the very

complete arrangements. The poles which form the handles can be raised or lowered at any angle, so that the convenience of the person carried can be consulted with the minimum of trouble and fatigue to the bearers.

Some of the rooms are arranged for one patient only. These are of course the most expensive. In other rooms, there are two beds; and in what was formerly the drawing-room—a very large room—there are four, each curtained off from the other in such a manner as to be effectually screened without darkening any part of the room.

In the case of a mother wishing to accompany a son or daughter during a stay in the Home Hospital, the Management undertakes to arrange for her to do so; and as especial care has been taken to secure the services of an excellent cook, a sojourn in this bright, airy, artistically furnished house would offer many alleviations from the onerous task of nursing; not the least among which would be the assurance that the sick relative was surrounded by everything that could possibly conduce to a speedy restoration to health; and the reflection that those remaining at home are free from the constant harassing sense that tortures the amateur nurse—namely, that perhaps from want of experience, she is failing to do the best that could be done for the invalid. There is very little doubt that the Paying Hospitals, of which this is the first, will be regarded as an invaluable boon by all right-thinking persons.

IMPROMPTU INGENUITY.

THERE are times and occasions in the lives of most individuals when a sudden call is made for the exercise of readiness or impromptu ingenuity, the importance of which may be very great, and which enables the possessor to make the best of such means and appliances as may be at hand, no matter how unpromising or apparently inapplicable.

Some years ago an incident occurred under the writer's observation which confirms in a remarkable manner the value of this simple expedient—the use of oil at sea. A Spanish steamer while crossing the Bay of Biscay in a severe storm gave such indications, by an unusual noise at the stern, as led the English engineer to suspect that there was something wrong with the screw-propeller or its shaft outside of the ship—that is, in the open space between the stern and rudder-posts where the screw revolves. There was no dry dock in any of the ports on the coast where the ship could go to be examined; and on arrival at Vigo, it appeared as if there was no alternative but to remove the cargo from the stern, and by placing it forward, thus lift the screw-propeller and shaft to the surface of the water. The alternative, simple as it was, meant a serious delay and great expense. Before commencing to remove the cargo, another consultation was held. It was then decided to put the stern of the ship over a bed of light-coloured sand; and as the water was very clear, there might be a possibility of ascertaining the extent or cause of the mishap. For two days after the vessel was so placed, the wind caused a ripple on the water, which effectually prevented anything being seen. It was then suggested by some one on board to try the use of oil on the surface of the water round the stern of the ship. The effect was most satisfactory. The water was

becalmed as if by magic, and it was then seen that the wedge or key which keeps the propeller in its place on the shaft had come partly out, and thus left the screw loose on the shaft, which caused the noise. By continuing the use of oil for a few hours, the wedge was ultimately driven into its place and secured. In this instance, many days of detention and the use of costly appliances and labour were thus saved.

Instances of a more complex character frequently occur where a knowledge of natural laws or forces may be brought into operation to assist in surmounting difficulties. Thus, a few years ago, an iron bridge of considerable length, the weight being about two hundred tons, was constructed in this country, and erected in a remote part of Germany. By some mishap, the bridge, when finished, was found to be some distance 'out' to one side, an error which the proprietors insisted should be rectified. To take down and re-erect the bridge would be simply ruin to the contractor. But Necessity is the mother of Invention, and so it proved in this case. It was summer-time, and the contractor proceeded to find the amount of expansion which was caused by the heat of the sun over the whole length of the bridge. He next ascertained what contraction took place in the night by cooling. Armed with these data, he thought it might be possible to bring the bridge to its proper position in a few days. The bridge, of course, in its ordinary condition expanded from the centre, pushing its two ends outward, or farther apart, and again contracting towards the centre. Taking advantage of these conditions, one end was made fast in the morning, and the bridge was forced to expand from that immovable point, instead of from the middle, as formerly. When the iron composing the bridge had expanded to its full extent in the direction intended, that end was released, and the opposite end made fast. The bridge then contracted towards its true position. Thus, whatever was gained by the day's expansion, was secured by the subsequent contraction when the metal cooled at night; and the process being renewed day by day, the work was successfully accomplished.

A knowledge of the laws and extent of the expansion and contraction of metals; opens up a wide field of usefulness in this connection, and is capable of very extensive application. We see large guns built up in this manner, which could not possibly be made in any other way by the appliances that we possess at present. The tires of wheels, as every one knows, are also fixed on their places by being first heated and then left to shrink. An ingenious application of this quality in metals was made use of in France, and has frequently been taken advantage of since. The walls of a large building in Paris were observed to be giving way by bulging outwards; and the problem was to bring them back to their vertical position. For this purpose, a number of bars of iron having screws and nuts on each end were let through the opposite walls, and across the intervening space between them. The nuts and screwed portion of the bars were outside. The bars were now heated by a number of lamps suspended below them until they had expanded as much as possible, and the nuts screwed up against the outsides of the two opposite walls. The lamps were next removed; when the heated bars, in

cooling, gradually contracted in their length, bringing the walls very gently, but with irresistible force, into their normal position.

An old story is told in connection with the expansion and contraction of materials, which may deserve a place here as an illustration in point. It has been stated that when the Egyptian Obelisk was being erected in the square in front of St Peter's at Rome in the year 1586, during the reign of Pope Sixtus V., it was first demonstrated that ropes under severe tension contracted by the application of moisture. The occasion was made one of high festival. The architect and workmen, and the Obelisk also, received the benediction of the Pope, and high-mass was celebrated in St Peter's. But every attempt to move the pillar was unsuccessful. All the horses that could be found, with all the appliances for lifting heavy weights of that time, were put into requisition. And it was not until more than fifty unsuccessful efforts had been made, that the huge mass rose from the ground. Meanwhile, the great weight had stretched the ropes so much, that when the pulley-blocks had reached their limit in lifting, the bottom of the Obelisk had not reached the top of the seat prepared for it. At that moment a man in the crowd shouted: 'Wet the ropes!' The experiment was tried; the ropes shrunk, and the Obelisk gradually and slowly rose to the required height, and was successfully placed on its seat.

Still further in relation to this subject, we are indebted to Captain Saxby of the Royal Naval College of Woolwich, for a remarkably simple and ingenious application of a very common instrument to the solving of a difficult but important problem. It is well known that in working iron, such as welding two pieces together, and even in its manufacture, hollow places or flaws occur, with merely an outside skin over the defective parts, which any test but a destructive one would fail to discover. Nor would it be difficult to point out numerous examples of disaster thus occurring. To test the homogeneity of the metal, Captain Saxby takes a bar of iron and places it on the equatorial line. He next passes a compass with a very sensitive needle along in front of the bar, the needle of course pointing at a right angle to it. If the bar is perfectly solid through its whole length, the needle will remain steady. If, however, there should be a flaw or hollow place in the bar, the needle will be deflected as it passes from the solid to the hollow place, *backwards* towards the solid iron; passing on over the hollow place, the needle will come within the range of the solid iron at the other end of the flaw, and will again be deflected *forward*. If the bar be cut through anywhere between these two points of deflection, a flaw will invariably be found. Many thousands of pieces of iron—some prepared for the purpose of testing this method of trial, others in the ordinary course of business—have been operated upon with the same unvarying result. Captain Saxby has called to his assistance Nature, who never makes mistakes in her operations.

A striking instance of ingenuity in taking advantage of the resources of Nature in an emergency, is found in Sir Samuel Baker's account of his Travels in Abyssinia. His stock of soap had become exhausted; and as he possessed abundance

of various kinds of fat, including that of elephants, hippopotami, lions, and rhinoceros, he determined to convert a quantity of this grease into soap. For this purpose, he required both potash and lime; and how were these to be obtained? The Negleek-tree, he found, was exceptionally rich in potash; he therefore burned a large quantity, and made a strong lye with the ashes, which he concentrated by boiling. There was no limestone; but the river produced a plentiful supply of oyster-shells, which, if burned, produce excellent lime. What was next wanted was a kiln in which to burn the shells; and this he constructed out of one of those great ant-hills, which rise to ten feet high, common to those valleys, and which possess a very hard external crust. Two natives hollowed out one of those hills; a proper draught-hole was made below from the outside; it was loaded with wood, and filled with some six bushels of oyster-shells, which were again covered with fuel; and after burning twenty-four hours, a supply of excellent lime was obtained. Then commenced his soap-boiling, which was effected in a large copper pot of Egyptian manufacture. The ingredients of potash lime and fat were then carefully mixed; and after boiling ten hours, and having been constantly stirred, he obtained excellent soap, of which he had in all forty pounds-weight.

It may be said to have been due to a sudden stroke of ingenuity that Napoleon Bonaparte first drew upon him the eyes of his superiors. He was engaged with his brigade, as an engineer of artillery, in the reduction of Toulon, which in the end of 1793 alone of all the revolted cities still held out against the victorious Republic. A plan was supplied by the celebrated Carnot to the general, Dugommier, for the bombardment of the town; and in a happy moment the latter officer confided the charge of the artillery to the young Corsican. Napoleon, after studying Carnot's plan of attack, recommended a scheme of operation so much more practicable and simple, that it was at once adopted. The result was that, in eighteen days, Toulon was reduced by the victorious Republicans, and the foundation laid of Napoleon's military reputation.

In trade, as in war, a similar readiness to seize upon all available circumstances that may tend to accomplish the object we have in view, is useful. We lately heard a story in point. A commercial gentleman in Jamaica wrote home to a merchant in the west of Scotland, telling him what a fine market there was at the time in that island for British goods. The merchant in question was noted at once for his ignorance and for the success of his export ventures; and a wag among his acquaintances had offered a wager that on this occasion he would put him on a losing tack. He therefore advised the merchant as to the nature of his proposed consignment; and, of all things in the world for a place like Jamaica, what should that consignment consist of but *warming-pans*! When they arrived, the consignee was at first in a state of the utmost consternation, and did not know what to make of them. But presently his ingenuity came to his aid. He saw that the warming-pans, if useless as such, were not quite without possibilities of adaptation to other uses; accordingly he had the lids knocked off them, after which both pans and lids were offered to the sugar-manufacturers as skimmers to skim their sugar-vats. They were found to answer the pur-

pose admirably; and there being a great crop of sugar that year, the whole consignment of metamorphosed warming-pans was disposed of with a handsome profit. It is scarcely necessary to add that the wag lost his bet.

Another story occurs to us of the advantage of being able to apply one's knowledge in an emergency. An eminent firm of woollen manufacturers received a commission to make a particular fabric out of a special kind of wool which it was desired at the time to introduce into the home markets. As the fabric thus made was to be sent to one of our International Exhibitions, the manufacturers were required to give a guarantee that they would use the particular wool sent them, and no other, in making up the goods. In the course of the dyeing processes, one colour upon which the whole beauty of the pattern depended, came out so impure and defective that the portion of wool so dyed was considered hopelessly spoiled. It was an awkward circumstance for the manufacturers; as, to have made a request for additional wool would have been a confession of bad workmanship at the outset. In this emergency, a workman in the dyehouse, who acted as a vatman, a position little above that of an ordinary labourer, but who, with good natural parts and a taste for his work had privately acquired considerable knowledge of the chemistry of dyeing, came to their aid. He expressed the opinion to a fellow-workman that the colour might yet be restored to comparative purity; and this opinion being carried to one of the principals, permission was given to the vatman to make the experiment. The wool, it was considered, was lost at anyrate—an experiment with it, however hopeless it looked, could not make things worse. The vatman for the time being got the full use of his superior's dyeing stuffs and apparatus, and with such success, that the colour was brought out on the wool in all its brightness and purity. This was the making of the vatman, who in a short time afterwards attained to the position of chief of the dyeing department, and ultimately went into business for himself, and prospered. His readiness of resource had not only led to his own advancement, but had saved the manufacturing reputation of the firm by which he was employed.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FUTURE historians will describe the last quarter of the present century as an era remarkable for exhibitions and public gatherings for scientific, literary, political, artistic, and sanitary purposes. Miles of streets and shops no longer suffice; but products in well-ordered series must be brought together under one wide-spreading roof, where all the world may see. A good case in point was the Leather Trades' Exhibition at Islington, with its five series of commodities—(1) specimens of every kind of leather; (2) articles made of leather; (3) colours, dyes, varnishes, and pastes used in the preparation and finishing of leather; (4) the machinery and appliances employed in the manufacture of leather; and (5) a large variety of objects which require more or less of leather in their construction. Ample scope here for display of ingenuity, from leather belts of unusual strength

for machinery, to the compressed leather, formed of waste cuttings, used for inner soles, and to the cunning machines which now do all the sewing, pegging, and screwing, and other hand-work needed in the manufacture of boots and shoes. The industry thus represented, figures for more millions sterling in our annual accounts than would commonly be believed. A similar Exhibition is to be held during six months in 1881 at Frankfort.

The Sanitary Institute of Great Britain held their meeting at Exeter, and discussed special questions under the stimulus of knowledge, such as 'Sanitary Science and Preventive Medicine,' 'Engineering and Sanitary Construction,' 'Meteorology and Geology,' and illustrated their propositions by models, apparatus, and contrivances intended to promote health and cleanliness.

Among the questions brought forward at the Social Science Congress held at Edinburgh this month (October), were: 'What are the means which should be adopted for the prevention of the pollution of streams, without undue interference with industrial operations, and for the preservation of pure sources of water supply?'—'The best mode of amending the present laws with reference to existing buildings, and of improving their sanitary condition, so as to render them more healthy, having due regard to economical considerations?' and 'How far would the revival of the old system of master and pupils be of advantage, and tend to promote the growth of historical art, and the fitting use of painting and sculpture in our public buildings?' There is something more than art and science involved in the answer to these questions. The Trades' Union Congress at Dublin felt it when they agreed that a trade could best be learned by regular apprenticeship, and when Dr Ingram shewed them that the capitalist regarded as a 'social functionary' rises to a position of dignity, and that 'labour, in the widest sense of the word, is the continuous and combined effort of our race for the improvement of its condition and its nature.'

We are familiar enough with shows of cats, dogs, kine, horses, and potatoes even; but a goat-show is a novelty, and a successful novelty, as was demonstrated by the prizes awarded for the best specimens of British and foreign goats exhibited at the Alexandra Palace. The object is to improve and encourage the breeding of goats throughout the country, for goats will live on land where a cow would starve, and give a good supply of milk, which is not only very nutritious, but very profitable. One of the specimens exhibited was brought from the Cape, where a resident magistrate has a herd of five thousand. As a supplement to the show, a public dinner was held, in which all the dishes were of kid; and it was stated that kid can be sold at sixpence a pound.

An East Anglian Fisheries Exhibition is to be held at Norwich next Easter, when pisciculture, or fish-breeding, will be represented by hatching apparatus, aquaria, and living fish, and stuffed specimens; models of vessels, and the different appliances for catching fish will be shewn; also examples of the social condition of fishermen, models of life-boats and other life-saving appliances; illustrations of the history of fishing; preparations of fish in various forms for food, together with specimens of aquatic birds, of marine animals,

shells, and shell-fish, and of the prolific vegetation of the sea. Evidently there will be in this Exhibition a wide range of entertainment as well as instruction.

The opening of the Mason Science College at Birmingham must not pass without a word of notice on our part. This admirable institution—built, endowed, and furnished at the sole cost of Sir Josiah Mason—offers training to all students in mathematics, physics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and other natural sciences, 'without restriction as to sex, creed, or birthplace.' May we not hope that many a needy artificer will find in this college such resources for education as were sought for in vain by the munificent founder sixty years ago, when he was a struggling journeyman.

Besides the Exhibition above mentioned, there will be next year at Frankfort a 'General German Patent and Registered Articles Exhibition,' the main object being to 'bring to public notice the greatest novelties in the domain of inventions and designs;' and further, an 'International Balneological Exhibition.' This last, in the words of the prospectus, is to include 'mineral waters, with a geological description of their district,' 'products obtained from the water, salts and mother-lies,' 'bathing-tubs and sand-bathes,' 'bathing machine, bathing chairs, and all kinds of invalid furniture,' 'apparatus for medical electrification and for orthopraxy,' 'meteorological apparatus,' and appliances for 'outdoor games, such as lawn-tennis, croquet, cricket, bathing, and playing costumes.' Inventors too often are inveterate grumblers. Have they not a prospect of comfort at Frankfort?

The meeting of the International Congress for the education of the deaf at Milan may be regarded as important, for they resolved to discard signs in teaching, and to adopt the 'pure oral method.' The president, Abbé Tarra, said in his address, 'signs must be altogether abjured, though a few simple gestures may be allowed when the little child is first introduced to school-life. In the schoolroom begins the redemption of the deaf-mute. He is waiting to be made into a man. Let him be taught to move his lips in speech, not his hands in signs. Of all movements for the expression of ideas, those of the lips are most perfect. Speech is addressed to the intellect, while gestures speak coarsely to the senses.' These views were supported by speakers from different parts of Europe; and from experiments made in England and other countries, of which mention was made in this *Journal* for June 21, 1879, there is no doubt that persons utterly deaf can be taught to speak by watching the movements of their teachers' lips.

The Board of Education at Dayton, Ohio, appointed a committee to visit all the schools of that town, and examine into the conditions of school-life that tend to impair the sight of pupils. The report of that committee, drawn up by a medical man, has been published under the title *The Influence of School-Life upon the Eyesight, with Special Reference to the Public Schools of Dayton*. In making the examination, the committee kept in view the causes or occasions which predispose to short-sightedness—namely, hereditary weakness, impure air, improper food, defective light, bad type, pale ink, prolonged use of the eyes without intermission, faulty position of the body, and faulty construction of school furniture. They

found, as other investigators have done, that, as a rule, the cases of short-sight are most numerous in the higher classes, and they discuss and point out 'the effects of prolonged tension, of accommodation, and of a faulty position in studying.' The school buildings for the most part are defective in ventilation and illumination; the proportion of window surface to floor surface being considerably below the standard generally regarded as sufficient. The conclusion is, that the Board should not only remedy these defects, but 'recognise the importance of making some provision for instructing the teachers in the fundamental principles of school hygiene.' Managers of schools in other places may perhaps take a hint from this report.

From an official school inspection made during the present year, we learn that myopia—short-sight—is largely on the increase in the schools of Germany. Hereupon the question arises: Can a remedy be found, or is the defect inevitable?

The photophone is a new invention by Mr Graham Bell, and has attracted the attention of physicists. With this remarkable instrument, sound is conveyed not by a string or wire, but by an intangible conductor—a beam of light. A plane, bright, flexible mirror is fitted in a stand; the light thrown upon it is reflected as a beam, and at a considerable distance strikes a parabolic reflector, which has in its focus a cell of selenium connected with a galvanic battery and a telephone. If, now, a voice speaks behind the flexible mirror, vibrations are produced and are communicated to the beam of light, and become audible in the telephone attached to the distant selenium cell. It has long been known that certain metals and metalloids give out sounds under the influence of light or heat; among these substances selenium, from its sensitiveness, holds a conspicuous place, and now it has been applied to practical uses in a way which in all probability will be found capable of further development. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we mention that selenium is a mineral occupying a place between sulphur and tellurium.

Something has been said about the possibility of taking photographs at a distance by means of the telegraph, to which operation the name electric telescopy might be given. Suppose a picture of a landscape taken in a camera; what is required is that the electric current should take up and transmit the features of that landscape, as it does modulations of sound. This once achieved, pictures might be obtained of places hundreds of miles distant.

Justice's Quieting Chamber is the name of an invention 'for the entire suppression of the objectionable noisy puffing from the exhaust-pipes either of gas or steam engines.' It contrasts favourably with existing arrangements, for it is compact, occupying but small space comparatively. The chamber is filled with small balls of porcelain, glass, or sorted pebbles, and in passing through these the noise of the discharge or explosion is completely suppressed, 'without creating any perceptible back-pressure on the engine.' Pleasure-parties on board launches or steam-boats will find their pleasure enhanced by this quieting chamber, further information concerning which may be had on application to Mr P. S. Justice, 14 Southampton Buildings, London.

In a communication concerning spiders published in the *Transactions of the Hertfordshire Natural History Society*, we are informed that spiders' thread varies in thickness from a thousandth to the four-thousandth of an inch, and yet will carry a weight of from fifty-six to sixty grains. At the beginning of last century the cocoon silk of spiders was woven into gloves by a Frenchman. In 1710, the naturalist Réaumur, at the instance of the Académie des Sciences at Paris, investigated the subject; but his report thereon was not favourable. Spider gloves were afterwards woven in Italy; and about the beginning of the present century, Troughton, the eminent optician, used spider silk instead of fine silver wire in his philosophical instruments. From experiments made a few years since, it was found that spider silk could be obtained in quantity sufficient for manufacturing purposes. Dr Wilder 'reeled one hundred and fifty yards from a *Nephila plumipes* on twenty occasions within a month, and he calculates that it would require a similar produce, from four hundred and fifty of the same species—that is, one million three hundred and fifty thousand yards, to make a yard of such silk as would be used in a dress.'

Very remarkable is the growth of the trade in jute. In 1829 the export of jute from Calcutta was twenty tons only, worth about twenty pounds. Now the quantity exported annually is three hundred and fifty thousand tons—nearly two million bales—valued at about six million pounds sterling. This large quantity does not include the enormous supplies retained for us in India.

In the *Journal of the Quekett Microscopical Club*, further observations are published on *Microfilaria*, the minute worm which infests the blood of diseased persons in China, of which we gave an account a few months ago. And particulars are given by Dr Perroncito of Turin of the endemic disease developed among the labourers in the St Gothard Tunnel. After some weeks of toil in that confined space, those Italian navvies become pale, lose their strength, and are compelled to abandon the work. In the newspapers the malady was represented as 'tunnel Trichinosis'; but Dr Perroncito having had a number of the men under his care, describes it as a parasitical disease produced by the presence of the *Dochmius duodenalis*, the intestinal *Anguillula*, and the *A. stercoralis*. Hundreds of the labourers were infested, in some instances, by all three of the noxious parasites. Among the remedies tried was hot water, at as high a temperature as it could possibly be swallowed, with a view to kill and expel the intruders.

Aids to the Study and Forecast of the Weather, is the title of a shilling book just published by authority of the Meteorological Council. The chief object of this publication, as we are told, 'is to facilitate the study of weather to persons who are in a position to avail themselves of the usual meteorological instruments, and who wish to bring their own local observations into connection with the more general information supplied by the daily weather reports of the Meteorological Office, and with the accounts of weather published in the daily press.' The facilitation consists of observations on wind and cloud, weather signs, relations of pressure and wind, course of cyclonic systems, characteristic

types of weather, specimens of forecasts, and a dozen explanatory charts—all well worth a shilling.

From observations made during nearly twenty years in a forest in the Jura, it appears to be proved that—(1) when light strikes the ground without having been sifted by foliage, it stimulates the production of carbonic acid in the soil; that (2) the growth of wood is diminished when the underbrush is so thick and tall as to impede the passage of sunlight to the soil, and its reflex action on the branches of the trees; and (3) that mould in too great a thickness becomes inert, and thus remains many years, as is the case with farmyard manure when too deeply buried.

Professor Aughey, of the University of Nebraska, has published sketches of the physical geography and geology of that state, in which a curious fact is mentioned—namely, that within the past fifteen years there has been an increase in the number of springs, and in the volume of the rivers throughout the state. This is due to an increased rainfall, and the increased rainfall is a consequence of cultivation. The hard soil of the original prairie threw off the water, which ran away in the cañons; but when it was ploughed and tilled it became largely absorptive, and now sucks in and retains the rain like a huge sponge. The state is four hundred and thirteen miles in length. When first settled, its annual rainfall was twenty inches, of which probably not more than five inches were absorbed. Now the annual fall is thirty-two inches, and the absorption is twenty-four inches. Much of the soil is alluvium, with a thickness in places of two hundred feet.

At about sixty miles from San Francisco, on the top of Mount Hamilton, the Californians have started the Lick Observatory; for which one of their citizens, Mr James Lick, gave a liberal endowment. The summit of the mountain, four thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, commands a clear view of a hundred miles in all directions, and is remarkably free from fog and cloud. Hence the desire of American astronomers for a good working observatory at a high elevation will now be gratified. Some of the instruments are already in place, and others will be provided of the best possible quality. Certain physical and meteorological, as well as purely astronomical observations, will be made; and we may hope that the Lick Observatory will take a high place among institutions devoted to the elucidation and study of natural phenomena.

Some months ago Professor H. Draper of New York tested the atmosphere of the Rocky Mountain country at heights from four thousand five hundred to eleven thousand feet, with a view to ascertain whether astronomical observations could be made at those heights with more advantage than at his observatory on the bank of the Hudson, where, of one thousand five hundred photographs which he took of the moon, not more than two were really good pictures. The atmosphere is proverbially unsteady, and yet steadiness is essential to complete success in astronomical work. Hence telescopes have been carried up high mountains in the hope that the fatal unsteadiness would not prevail in the upper regions of the air; and to gain further experience on this point was the motive of Professor Draper's journey. At Salt Lake City (four thousand six hundred and fifty

feet) he was disappointed, for 'Saturn looked about the same as on an ordinary night at my observatory; Capella twinkled as badly, both to the naked eye and in the telescope, as I have ever seen it at the sea-level; and I had noticed that the sun set among just such a bank of clouds as we are accustomed to see in New York.' The explanation seems to be that the climate of Utah is not so dry as formerly. Professor Draper was told that the Mormons believe there has been an increase of rainfall since they first settled in the country, and he remarks: 'This seems to be borne out by the statement that, whereas formerly three gallons of Salt Lake water produced on evaporation one gallon of salt, it now takes four gallons to produce the same quantity.'

Afterwards the camp was pitched at a height of eight thousand nine hundred feet on the Rocky Mountain range; and on two nights the atmosphere was almost as steady and as transparent as could be desired, and the moon and stars looked surprisingly solid and brilliant; but there were two nights only, all the others were unfavourable. The climate generally is so severe and stormy that not more than about six weeks in the best part of the year could be counted on for observation. 'Apparently, therefore,' says Professor Draper, 'it would not be judicious to move a large telescope and physical observatory into these mountains with the hope of doing continuous work under the most favourable circumstances.'

A LINGERING LEAF.

Thou leaflet! fluttering all forlorn
On bough so bleak and bare,
In what sweet sunlight wast thou born?
Amid what charmed air?
Ah! thou hast nought of beauty now!
No remnant of thy grace;
A solitary thing art thou
In this lone woodland place.

When all thy sister leaves rejoiced,
Thou wert as green, as gay;
And on this bough, all silver-voiced,
The linnet sang his lay:
Ah! who so light and fair as thou,
A graceful Summer gem!
And who so brown and withered now,
Alone upon thy stem!

Thou waitest but the icy breath
Of Winter keen and chill,
And thou shalt fall to deeper death,
'Tossed at the cold winds' will;
Perchance to wander like a ghost,
A waif, through sky and earth,
Spurned by every breeze, and tossed
As if in mimic mirth!

And many a year the Spring shall wake
The earth with leaves and flowers,
And this bleak bough in bloom shall break
'Neath vernal suns and showers;
And leaves as gay and light as thou
Shall flutter in the sun,
And cluster on this hawthorn bough—
So perish, lonely one!

J. C. H.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 880.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

IN a social point of view, Ireland is a strange problem. With immense advantages as regards situation, its near neighbourhood to England, and its political status as a member of the United Kingdom, it lags behind in general peace and prosperity. To a certain extent it continues mediæval, amidst the surroundings of advanced civilisation. On all occasions there is something wrong with it. Sometimes it is afflicted with bad harvests and terrible famines; and out of public compassion, it has to be helped by charitable contributions. At other times, though the harvest happens to be favourable, there is a bitter cry that the tenant farmers are oppressed by landlords, who must by all means be got rid of. Laws to meliorate alleged evils have been frequently applied, but with a qualifiedly beneficial effect. Whatever you do, Irish clamour appears to suffer no diminution. Alps on Alps arise. The press toils without intermission to keep readers abreast of Irish wants. So much, one way and another, is said about Ireland, its woes, wishes, and disorders, and so much has been done for it first and last, that people give up the subject in despair. They can make nothing of it. The problem seems beyond solving. It is as if the ills of Ireland were incurable.

A hopeless-looking business; but it cannot be let alone. If only for the sake of peace, it must be attended to somehow. In a matter of this sort, where there is a mystery to be unravelled, the best way is to begin at the beginning. How did 'the green isle of the ocean' get into a state of affairs so peculiarly painful and exceptional? Searching back, it is unhappily found that, unlike the sister countries, Ireland had never any settled national monarchy to consolidate and mould its social condition. It had petty kings and chiefs ruling over certain districts of country, and under whom the arts of peace made no proper advance. There were brilliant ecclesiastical episodes. There were heroic exploits, particularly in expelling Scandinavian intruders. Finally, there was a long

and ineffectual struggle against the Anglo-Norman conquest, during which matters were worse rather than better. The English treated Ireland neither as a colony according to modern maxims, nor as an integral part of the realm of England. They kept it down by force; and to help them in doing so, they partitioned a great part of the country among English generals and other favourites. The people were Celtic in race and in language, and for the most part they were esteemed little better than untameable savages. The result was frequent revolts, each ending in fresh hatreds and fresh confiscations.

The attempts of the English government to introduce the Reformed faith in the sixteenth century, stirred up fierce dissensions in Ireland, that have only in late years been appeased. The flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, consequent on an abortive rebellion, afforded James I. an opportunity, in 1608, of planting Ulster with settlers from England and Scotland, whose descendants still form an important ingredient in the northern part of the island. All previous insurrections were outdone by the rebellion of 1641, which produced a state of anarchy that lasted till 1649, when the country was overrun by Cromwell. Widespread devastations, and again gifts of estates to favourite soldiers and partisans. The Revolution of 1688 brought a renewal of disasters. The natives generally took the part of the fugitive James II.; were defeated by the forces of King William at the Boyne, and again at Aughrim, July 12, 1691, which settled the affair. Unfortunately, but very naturally, the recollection of these humiliating defeats by William of Orange, were kept alive by a series of penal statutes unwisely conceived in the narrowest political spirit, and which, though long since relaxed, still cause hostile party divisions and occasional outbreaks.

To do England justice, it has, as we all know, endeavoured by various recent measures to atone for past wrongs and shortcomings; nor, to all appearance, will it cease its endeavours to win the confidence of the Irish by a course of generous

dealing and unswerving justice. But how long will it take to undo the sad consequences of previous misgovernment? Traditions of conquest and oppression may in time die out, or feebly linger as a matter of sentiment in song and ballad literature. The distressing consideration is, that usages adverse to a tranquil social system have been bequeathed and fostered through the ignorance and gross mismanagement of the adventurers to whom lands were heedlessly assigned in heritage. This brings us to the root of perennial disorder in Ireland. In the large towns, with a miscellaneous busy population, all goes well. Distractions are confined to certain rural districts. The Land Commission now sitting will doubtless by-and-by specify the parts of the country in which the land tenure is objectionable, and where agriculture remains in that wretched condition which renders the comfortable subsistence of a growing population impossible. It is these districts, scattered in different directions, that form the hideous blot in the condition of Ireland, and are a taint to the whole rural system.

The Irish Difficulty is not referable to distinction of race, but to an utterly erroneous method of land tenure, springing out of the concurrence of historical circumstances just adverted to. To make this plain, we shall briefly point out what, according to observation and experience, are the true principles on which farms for agricultural purposes can alone be advantageously conducted. The farm must consist of several hundred acres. The tenant must possess a proper amount of capital and skill to enter on the undertaking, and he must be insured a reasonable length of tenure for a series of years. At the cost of the landlord, the farm must be put into a workable condition as regards drainage, fences, and roads; and be provided with a suitable dwelling-house, cottages for labourers, and offices of various kinds. The tenant entering on his lease has nothing to do but to commence agricultural operations with all the appliances of his art, and in due season to pay his stipulated rent. No permanent improvements are expected from him. At the close of his lease, if it be his will to go, he leaves things as he found them, less an incidental tear and wear. If he has done any serious damage, he must make it good. He can make no claim for improvements, because the landlord does all that is required for his accommodation. For the same reason, the outgoing has no transaction with the incoming tenant further than receiving payment for the crop on the ground. Selling the good-will of a farm is unknown. Such is the practice of land tenure in Scotland, where, if not absolutely perfect, it is as nearly so as in any part of the world. The system evidently imposes heavy obligations on the landlord; but these are accepted as a matter of course. Where an owner cannot overtake these obligations, he must either borrow money or sell out. So clearly are the mutual duties of landlord and tenant defined, that usually

no disputes arise. We maintain that it would not be easy to improve on these primary arrangements.

As a rule, so far as we can gather, the simple and efficacious process of land tenure now described is reversed in Ireland. The outlay for dwelling-houses, fences, and other improvements is thrown on the tenant, who has but a precarious occupancy, and may be evicted without compensation, on failing to pay his rent. An Irish correspondent writing in the *Times*, October 5, and who gives his name and address, explicitly says of Irish tenant farmers: 'All the buildings, fences, farm-roads, surface improvements, and the drainage connected with Irish landed property, are the investments of the tenants. Even where the landlord borrows money for drainage purposes from the Board of Works, the tenant is made to repay in the shape of increased rent, and is therefore the person who has made the expenditure in the end.' In this statement, there are perhaps exaggerations; but, undeniably, there is a very common practice in Ireland of throwing the cost for dwelling-house and some other essential charges on the tenant. It can scarcely be otherwise; for where landlords have hundreds, if not thousands, of small tenants, they could not provide them all with houses, and are from sheer necessity obliged to let them construct dwellings for themselves. We are prepared to learn that these outlays of the tenant are considered in the adjustment of rent; but the practice is wholly inconsistent with sound land tenure, and is seemingly the fertile source of disputes and entanglements.

Admitting that the statements on the subject are substantially true, we are entitled to say, that here, staring us in the face, is a principal cause of all the uproar in Ireland. An enormous mass of small tenants occupying the soil. The landlords, it may be said, did not create the tenants. In the desperate struggle for existence, the tenants came to the landlords, and bid one against the other for their respective holdings. That may account for the manner in which the small-tenure system began; but it insufficiently justifies its continuance from generation to generation, when, by the multiplication of families, the system goes beyond all bounds of decency or endurance. Land exists, not to suit the mere fancy, the indolence, or the avarice of owners, nor as a field whereon pauper tenants may multiply till the end of time, but for the general good of the community. Landowners, no matter where they are located, are, in the eye of Nature and of Man, invested with a solemn trust, not to be trifled with. Irish landlords, in their absenteeism, carelessness, or extravagance, have failed to recognise the obligations incumbent on their position. In the light of English and Scottish procedure, they have not done their duty. We do not deny that there are good and humane landlords in Ireland, who have enlarged their farms to proper dimensions, and spent considerable sums on permanent improvements. But it is not to

these we allude. We are speaking of the host of landlords with swarms of small tenants, whose condition is an anomaly, an anachronism, a national scandal; and we ask with some reason, why the empire at large is to be continually tortured with reports of misery and disorder, arising out of the blundering management of this class of Irish estates? It was lately stated in a newspaper, that a certain nobleman in Ireland had a thousand tenant farmers with rents not above ten pounds each. Still later, an Irish landlord publicly makes the avowal: 'I receive rents in Kerry from four thousand one hundred and sixty tenants.' Such a confession! How can a country be peaceful or prosperous while the lands, agricultural or pastoral, are cut up into patches of a few acres, distributed among peasant occupants at rents of five, ten, or, to be very liberal, say twenty, pounds a head?

In an article, 'The Peasant-Proprietor Craze' (May 1), we presented a sketch of what had been seen by an intelligent observer in Donegal. The scenes of misery awful. Poor occupants on bits of bleak moorland living in hovels no better than pig-sties, and saved from starvation only by public doles of food. Their case, typical of a great many throughout a section of Ireland, most deplorable. These unfortunate beings had clearly made a mistake in trying to extort a livelihood from such dismally unreclaimed patches of bog. The thing was ridiculous. Yet, we can excuse the error of the unhappy sufferers, who, ignorant of farming on any rational scale, made the vain attempt, and ended in becoming paupers. What surprises one, in an age of general intelligence and philanthropy, is, that there should be persons claiming territorial distinction who are contented to perpetuate a tenantry in conditions so utterly hopeless!

In Ulster, there has long prevailed a 'custom,' by which an outgoing tenant is allowed to sell the good-will of his farm to a successor. It is presumably a means of being recouped for outlays on permanent improvements, and is spoken of approvingly. It does not, however, prevent small tenants lapsing into destitution, as may be seen in Donegal, to which the custom of Ulster extends. This custom, in fact, is nothing more than an attempt to compound for defects in the tenure. It gives the tenant a kind of partnership in the property he farms, and is repugnant to all ordinary conceptions of ownership and its varied obligations. About sixty years ago, the Portsmouth custom, as it is termed, was introduced by the late Lord Portsmouth into his estates in Wexford, which consist of about ten thousand acres, held by farmers with from twenty to two hundred acres. This Portsmouth custom, which is said to have worked satisfactorily for both landlord and tenant, is only another device to accommodate an owner who is unable to provide dwelling-houses and make the necessary improvements for his tenantry. It possesses some peculiarities. The tenant has a

lease for a life, or thirty-one years. He can at any time, with concurrence of the landlord, sell the unexpired portion of his lease, and receive from the incoming tenant the value of the farm-buildings, fences, trees that he has planted, &c. If a tenant wishes to renew his lease on the expiration of the old one, all improvements he has effected are treated absolutely as his own. We can well believe that the Portsmouth custom is popular; but like some other methods of procedure, it relieves the landlord of responsibilities, and prolongs the existence of small holdings.

It is curious to note that, in trying to mend a radically bad system of land tenure in Ireland, the government has never addressed itself to the root of the evil—namely, peasant occupancy, but, as a makeshift, has rather sanctioned and added force to the existing state of things. In 1870, the Land Act was passed as a measure of assuagement. The leading principle of the statute was the right of the tenant to get compensation for being disturbed or ousted in the tenure of his holding. The Land Act has not been largely taken advantage of; one reason for which is, that it was permissive, and not compulsory. Possibly, this may be so far remedied by fresh legislation. But the renewed effort, however well-meaning, would only tend to stereotype the practice of peasant occupancy, which is equivalent to the increase of a necessitous or semi-pauperised population.

Inexcusable as has been the manner in which large numbers of Irish landlords have managed their estates, we can have no sympathy with oratorical disturbers of the peace, nor with the schemes wildly propounded to rob landlords of their property or to subject them to personal injury. The land tenure in Ireland, vicious as it is in some respects, is not to be rectified by violence, but by deliberate legal measures, suitable to the strangely exceptional circumstances. Those landlords who are mentally or financially unable to conduct their affairs according to what is best for the body-politic, might be put under trust, as is done when factors are appointed to act *in loco tutoris*. The law which permits summary dealings with Encumbered Estates was enacted on some such principle. On a patient consideration of facts, it may probably be discovered that Time and public discussion will be the best factors of all. Melancholy as is the condition of Donegal, Mayo, and some other districts, Ireland as a whole has largely advanced in wealth and culture since Arthur Young visited the country a hundred years ago. So much for what may be done by Time. The likelihood of some such spontaneous improvement is hinted at by M. de Molinari, a Belgian, who lately travelled through Ireland, and wrote a letter on the subject in the *Journal des Débats*, that was translated and copied into the *Times* (September 24). At the risk of tiring our readers, we should like to cull a

few passages from the letter of this enlightened foreigner.

Referring to the pernicious practice of subdividing the land into insignificant tenures, he says: 'The present position of small tenants in Ireland could hardly be better compared than to that of the hand-spinners and hand-loom weavers on the introduction of machinery into their handicrafts. Now that agriculture has become a business, the little agricultural workshop which was, not without reason, supposed to be the best adapted to the old order of things, is getting out of date, and pity those who hold on to it! They will go down in the struggle, as did the hand-loom weavers when they entered into a hopeless contest with machinery; and as the owners of stage-coaches would have gone down had they attempted to compete with railways. Do not those philanthropists who desire to attach the tenants to small holdings, by offering them the bait of proprietorship, practically bar the path of progress? . . . The cause of the economic evil from which Ireland is suffering—and this evil is the root of all the others—is the existence of from 290,000 to 300,000 tenants, representing a million individuals, who work with old-fashioned tools, and whom the slightest failure in the crops reduces to the verge of famine. A glance at the statistics of Ireland will shew that Nature herself is endeavouring to effect a cure, and that if she is let alone, small holdings will, before another quarter of a century, have disappeared from Ireland.' M. de Molinari goes on to say: 'In 1841, there existed 310,436 farms of from one to five acres, and 252,799 farms of from five to fifteen acres a piece. In 1878, those numbers had been reduced to 66,359 and 163,062. On the other hand, the number of farms of from fifteen to thirty acres had increased during the same interval from 79,342 to 137,493; and above thirty acres, from 48,625 to 161,264.'

These are encouraging particulars. They indicate that if Ireland were freed from the nostrums of quacks and public disturbers, it would, through the spread of education and the accumulations of thrift, stand a fair chance of working gradually round to a system of land tenure resembling that prevalent in England and Scotland. It is not our function to go into the region of politics; but we may at least be allowed to join in the opinion, that to give Ireland any fair chance at all, the public peace would require to be preserved, and crime punished by every means competent to Imperial legislation.

W. C.

MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA.

CHAPTER I.—THE VOYAGE.

'Pox' my word, it's worth thinking of,' I muttered, as I sat in my chambers dawdling over my breakfast with an open letter on the table before me, bearing the Jamaican postmark, and dated July 24, 187—. It was from my cousin and old chum, Major Charles Edgeware, R.E., commonly called Charley Edgeware. Charley and I had been friends

from boyhood. He had passed out of Woolwich into the Engineers, and had seen service in a variety of places, ending up with Ashantee, where he had got badly hit and won the V.C. Returning home to recruit, he had fallen violently in love with the daughter of a Devonshire parson, who in her turn was by no means insensible to the attractions of the convalescent warrior. But alas! pretty blue-eyed Elsie Graham had nothing at all, and Charley nothing but his pay; and matters were looking blue indeed, when one day Charley got a big official letter—one of the biggest and most uncompromising of official letters—with the Colonial Office arms sprawled over the front, and 'On Her Majesty's Service' sprawled over the back. But all the officialism was on the exterior. It was from the Colonial Secretary, Lord A—, a distant relative of Charley's. The writer alluded gracefully to Charley's services, and mentioned the pleasure it had given him to hear of the distinctions won by his young relative. He wound up by saying that a large system of irrigation was about to be carried out in Jamaica by the local government—that the authorities there had written home for a thoroughly competent engineer. His Lordship added modestly that he thought his recommendation would have some weight, and that he would have much pleasure in recommending Major Edgeware. The salary was twelve hundred a year.

It is needless to say that Charley jumped at the offer. He was in love, and there was no chance of active service. So about three months afterwards I saw him and his bride on board the royal mail-steamer *Moselle*, at Southampton, bound for Jamaica. Since then I had heard from him constantly, and he was always pressing me to go out and see him.

I took up the letter and read it again. I may say here that there was nothing on earth to prevent my going to Jamaica or anywhere else if I chose. I had a good independence, and was only nominally a barrister.

'It's only making up your mind,' wrote Charley. 'You'll get this about the 15th August. The mails leave Southampton on the 2d and 17th. Why not come on the 2d September? Outfit? you say. You want none. A dozen flannel shirts. You have lots of those from your Swiss days. Two or three suits of tweed; breeches, and gaiters, like what we used to wear cub-hunting; and a long shiny black waterproof. Last, most important—a hunting crop to open gates, and a pair of spurs; and there you are. Take a forward berth on the second deck. You won't have the noise of the screw, or the smell from the galley there. You won't have time to write; but passengers' names are all wired on from Barbadoes, so I'll know you're coming. Now mind, we'll be expecting you.'

C. EDGEWARE.

'It's worth thinking of,' I said again, as I finished my second cup of coffee and lit a cigar. True, I hadn't much time to prepare—about a fortnight; but then, according to Charley's account, except the waterproof, I had nothing to buy. I had intended going to Switzerland and trying the Matterhorn from the Italian side; but Frank Leslie, with whom I was going, had written to me that one of our guides—we always had the same men when possible—had met with an accident, and the other had been secured by a wealthy

Italian. This gentleman, it appeared, was fired with a noble ambition to ascend, or, more properly, be hauled up the Matterhorn, and had accordingly secured the services of four of the best guides, and a small army of porters. Then in succession, a fishing excursion to Connemara, and a trip to Exmoor to see Mr Bissett's hounds pursuing the red-deer, had fallen through.

'By Jove! I'll go,' I said; and without giving myself time to think, I wrote to the Secretary to secure me a forward berth, second deck, put on my hat, and posted the letter as I emerged from the Temple.

The waterproof, a solar pith helmet, and a bullock-trunk with zinc lining, completed my purchases; and on the 17th June I found myself climbing up the huge side of the mail-steamer *Nile* as she lay in Southampton Roads. My bullock-trunk was consigned to the hold; and I, with my dressing-bag and small portmanteau, principally filled—the latter I mean—with novels and tobacco, took possession of cabin No. 37. After a wash, I adjourned to luncheon, which was laid in the main saloon, and had scarcely finished that meal when a mighty throb shook the vessel. The great screw had begun to revolve, and I was fairly under-weight for the West.

I suppose all voyages are pretty much the same. The passengers were a mixed lot. First came a dark-eyed Barbadoes beauty, who wore tiny French shoes and silk stockings, and loved to shew them—a couple of naval officers, on their way to join their ships—a pious planter who drank brandy before breakfast—and Captain O—, of the regiment quartered at New-Castle. Then there was an Englishman going to Ixique, in Peru, to look after his warehouses, which had been kindly blown into the sea by the Chilean cruisers. He was a big burly fellow, with scarlet whiskers, and smoking-cap and dressing-gown to match, and who wore an immense quantity of loud jewellery. A couple of Cambridge lads going out to Jamaica to spend their vacation with their families; an immensely tall full-blooded negro, who said he was of Royal blood; and a nondescript horde of Italians French Germans and Spaniards, who played *monté* from morning to night—made up our complement.

We smoked and quaffed and read novels and played deck-quoits, and ate and slept and watched the flying-fish and the porpoises, and generally yawned and dawdled our time away. On the sixth day we sighted the Azores. More flying-fish, more smoke, more monotony, varied only by a slight squall, which sent a wave slap into my cabin-port and set my portmanteau swimming, and we reach Barbadoes, where a number of us go ashore, and fondly imagine that we are enjoying ourselves, tramping about the dusty glaring streets of the town, buying some rubbishy beads and trifles, and returning with bad headaches.

It was now too hot to sit on deck when the sun was up, even under the awning. So after breakfast we used all to gather forward in the big main-deck ports and read novels, and listen to the foreigners jabbering and chattering over their cards. Then we touched at St Thomas, where we landed and bought more trumpery, or lounged over the bulwarks, and chucked out sixpences to be dived for by the negro boys alongside. Our last stoppage was at Jacmel, in St Domingo, after

which the voyage drew to a close. It grew hotter and hotter as we lolled on deck at night, watching the southern cross. It was the 4th of July, and all day we were under easy steam. 'We'll be in to-morrow early, sir,' said the steward, as he brought me my nightcap of whisky-and-water. So I ordered my bath early, and turned in.

CHAPTER II.—KINGSTON. MY COUSIN'S HOME.

'Bath ready, sir,' said Allen the steward, opening the door at six A.M.

I bundled out of my berth, and into a dressing-suit. The great screw had ceased to throb, and through the port I could get a glimpse of the long low-lying neck of land at the end of which is Port-Royal. Close by lay the huge guardship the *Urgent*, looking, even under a tropical sky, with its white sides, and its white awning covering it from stem to stern, the personification of coolness. As I looked, a boat with a couple of naval officers in the stern-sheets left her, and pulled toward us.

'We're off Port-Royal, sir,' said Allen, gathering up my towels, &c. to accompany me to my bath. 'We'll go on as soon as the quarantine people clear us.'

I hurried into my bath, tipped my bath-man—whose natural civility was intensified by the end of the voyage and the advent of tipping-time—slipped into my clothes, and went on deck. An immensely fat little man with gray beard and spectacles was conferring with our Doctor, and making entries in a large clasped book. He was the shore Doctor, whose business it was to see that we had a clean bill of health, as we had touched at Jacmel, an infected port. My naval friends were chatting with their brother-officers while their luggage was being carried down the side to the boat I had seen coming from the *Urgent*. Presently the shore Doctor was satisfied, shut up his book, and departed. The last of the officers' traps were deposited in the boat, which shoved off, and the big screw revolved again. We were passing Port-Royal, and steaming up to Kingston.

Port-Royal and Kingston! the places where Marryat's middies drank and rollicked and fought and loved, as told in those dear old books we used to love so much, but which we are far too gentlemanlike and refined to relish now. I peeped over the side half expecting to see 'Port-Royal Tom,' that historical shark, contemplating me with glassy eye. There was not a breath of wind, it being too early for the arrival of 'the Doctor' (a sea-breeze, so called from its sanative effects, which begins to blow in from the sea about eight A.M. in Jamaica, and dies away towards the afternoon, when the land-breeze from the hills sets in), and there was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the bay, except in those places where faint foam-lines, and a paler green in the water, marked the many reefs and shallows which make the navigation of the bay so intricate and dangerous. In front, occupying the right centre of a vast plain spreading east and west before us, lay Kingston; while the background was formed by an amphitheatre of hills, whose lower spurs, thickly covered with trees and brushwood, jutted out irregularly into the plain, while their summits were veiled by thick rolling mists, densely black where they rested on the hills, but

lighter and more vapoury along their tops. Sometimes, as the mist rolled aside, one could see the tops of the higher peaks, covered with brushwood to the summits, while their sides were rifted with water-courses and scored with landslips. Here and there on the hillsides were dotted little white spots, the residences of the English officials, who preferred the clear bright air of the hill to the heat and mugginess of the lowlands. Just then we were greeted with the first whiff of 'the Doctor,' and in a minute or two the hitherto glassy surface of the bay was broken up into innumerable wavelets, and a line of foam marked every reef and shallow. Inland, the ring of mist was still unbroken, except in the east, where its fleecy surface was being saturated with a flood of silvery light, while one spot of particular brilliancy gleaming through, announced the coming sun.

'There's New-Castle, our hill station,' said O—, coming up. 'Look there, far inland; where the mists have just drifted aside. That blunt cone you can just see is Catherine's Peak, and the white dots you see lower down are the camp huts. Hope you'll come up and see us,' he added; 'the Major and his wife often come up to our Friday tennis, and we'll be delighted to see you.'

We were now ranging alongside, and the passengers were all collected aft in groups watching their more portable luggage. I ran below, and catching up my small cabin portmanteau, which I had already packed, returned on deck, resisting a pressing invitation to drink from the pious planter. I had chucked away my pot-hat, and having put on my pith helmet, felt Jamaican all over. The landing-place, which was excessively mean and shabby, was crowded with a heterogeneous mob of niggers and coolies, all ready to rush on board and volunteer their services as porters, the moment communication was established with the shore, and all jabbering at the top of their voices.

'Don't forgit me, Mass'r,' shouted a huge nigger, catching my eye as I leaned over the side.

I had never seen such a splendid physique. Clad only in a tattered calico shirt and trousers, the man's muscles stood out in knotted masses over his naked chest and shoulders. He looked like a bronze Hercules; and there was a frank and fearless gaiety in the fellow's face as he waved his tattered hat to me, that was perfectly irresistible.

'Don't forgit me,' he repeated, 'Mass'r. Ask for Jonas, when 'teamer come in.—You git out, you nigga dah.' This to another coloured gentleman who had jostled him. 'What for you cum hyar while I 'peak to Mass'r?' And immediately commenced a slanging-match, wherein the repartees 'Wat you know?' 'You go dar,' 'Whar yer knowledge?' 'You no genelman!' were freely interchanged.

Presently, I recognised Charley, who in a pith helmet, light tweeds, and knickerbockers, was telegraphing to me with a thick cotton umbrella, as he pushed his way up the gangway. 'Delighted to see you, old boy,' he said. 'You're just in the nick of time. We've all sorts of fun going on just now.—These your traps?' pointing to my small portmanteau and dressing-bag. 'All right.—Now, Beckford?—this to a grinning nigger with a fragmentary straw-hat—'put this gentle-

man's things in the buggy, and 'come back here sharp.—Now for your bullock-trunk.'

It was delightful to see Charley taking direction of everything in his usual energetic fashion. I am not energetic myself; but I admire the quality in others, especially when it assumes the form of looking after my luggage.

'Nothing contraband, of course?' he went on. 'Come on, then.' And having bid the Captain good-bye, we pushed our way down the ladder. In a moment or two, my bullock-trunk was disengaged from a heap of luggage, and tumbled into a mule-cart by Beckford. 'And now we may as well look after the buggy. It's half-past seven now, and breakfast is at nine-thirty.'

So we made our way up the wharf, which was black with coal-dust and dirt of all sorts, and crowded with policemen in blue and red uniforms; negroes, some smart and white-jacketed, others clad in indescribable rags; negresses, with gleaming teeth and rolling eyes, and gay-coloured handkerchiefs wrapped turban-wise round their heads; and the usual rabble of loafers and idlers who always hang about such places. A neatly appointed American buggy, with high wheels, and generally spidery in its outlines, drawn by a couple of blood-like ponies, awaited us; and in a few minutes we were rumbling over the ill-paved streets of Kingston.

The aspect of Kingston is not imposing. The total absence of striking public buildings, and the lath-and-plaster look of the whole concern, give one the idea that the whole place might be carted away and set up somewhere else in a few hours. The streets are rough and ill-paved, crossed here and there by surface-drains, which a few hours' rain converts into roaring torrents. The shops as a rule are small and mean; and equally as a rule, supply the very worst goods at the highest prices. But the scene was a picturesque one too, as I gazed on it from under the leathern hood of the buggy. Along the footpaths, which were sheltered by piazzas, were squatted numberless old crones, with salt fish, or fruit or vegetables, in baskets for sale. Numberless nationalities were represented in the motley crowd that surged along both sides of the street. Look at that tall brown man smoking a cigar at the corner! He is a Maroon, one of the original inhabitants of the island. There are only a few of them left now, living in some settlements in the interior. They marry among themselves, haughtily abstaining from any connection with the black people. They must have been a fine race, if that be a fair representative of what they were. An unmistakable Hebrew, with thick lips and high coarse nose, is giving orders to a small lithe man, with long black hair, flashing eyes, and small pointed beard and moustache. He is a coolie. Mark the panther-like grace of movement, the timid deprecatory gesture, as though fearing a blow, with which he half bends to, half shrinks from, his coarse employer. A filthy Chinaman, beardless, yellow, and ragged, loafs past with lack-lustre eyes. Two privates of the First West, in their picturesque uniform of white embroidered tunic, olive-green Zouave trousers with narrow yellow stripes, white linen gaiters, and white turbans with red tassels hanging behind, spring to attention, and salute, as a smart sub. from Up-Park Camp (the lowland

station for troops—it is a couple of miles from Kingston, and is generally occupied by the First or Second West India Regiment) trots by. Coloured folks of all shades—from the full-blooded negro down to the Octoroon, who only shews the fatal taint in the intensely black, expressionless eye, and perhaps a shade of coarseness in the hair—loaf and lounge, and smoke and chatter; while, unmoved by the Babel around him, the English official, silent and self-contained, makes his way through the crowd.

It is no easy matter to drive a pair in Kingston. Two ideas are deeply rooted in the minds of the negro-drivers of the hack buggies which swarm in the streets—first, never to have a hold of their horse's head; second, never to look before them. We are getting into the fashionable quarter now; and large handsome houses, resplendent with white paint and green verandas, replace the miserable shanties of the lower town. They are owned by merchants, many of them Jews, of great apparent wealth. Presently, we pass an effigy of Sir Charles Metcalfe, a former Governor, simpering at the entrance of some dismal-looking public gardens, and come out on the Gordontown Road. There is a tram-line here, worked by mules, running out nearly to Up-Park Camp. The road, which is fairly kept, goes for about four miles in a straight line across the plain to a place called Half-Way Tree, when, for about four miles more, it winds in and out round the lower spurs of the Port-Royal hills, crossing and recrossing the Hope River till it reaches the little village of Gordontown, where it stops abruptly, just beyond a picket-house. Then begins a narrow bridle-road, which winds along the banks of the Hope River, crossing and recrossing it several times; and ultimately, by a succession of zigzags, reaches the hill station of New-Castle.

But I am anticipating. At present, we are bumping over the rather clumsily laid tramway. The shops which border the road are almost indescribable—shops, where charcoal in small lots, coarse boots and shoes, ready-made slops, bread, fruit and vegetables, and the ever-prevailing salt fish, are sold. Given an old packing-case, two or three bandboxes, a hammer, and a paper of tacks, and one of them might be knocked together in an hour. Where no shanties are, the tall prickly cactus lines the road on both sides. It is intensely hot, and very dusty. It is market-day, and the road for miles out is thronged with the natives, coming in to market with produce to sell. Pine-apples, bananas, yams, the bright red akee with its black shiny kernels, alligator pears, melons, and a vegetable called chow-chow, resembling our vegetable marrow, are the staple. Everything is carried on women's heads; hence their peculiar gait. A negress in walking holds the upper part of the body perfectly stiff and rigid. All the motion is from the waist down; and the hips are moved, as the woman steps, in a series of rapid curves back and forward. The reader can judge for himself as to the grace of this method of walking. Look at this fellow galloping along on a starved-looking pony (a nigger always *does* gallop). His straw-hat is crownless, and his great toes are thrust into pendent loops of rope for stirrups; yet there is as much swagger about the fellow, as if he were a London swell cantering to a meet of the Quorn.

It is a relief to look up from the dust and glare of the road, and to let the eye rest on the huge dome of St Catherine's Peak, far away in front. Half-way down, the mountain is surrounded with a zone of white mist. Above and below, other horizontal slips of mist cling to its sides. The mountain looks as if it were girt by batteries, all blazing away.

Presently, we pull up at a police station, where a police sergeant in blue and red salutes. A black groom is holding a couple of ponies under the shade of a tree. Between the police barrack and a large provision-shop, a narrow by-road, more like the bed of a torrent than anything else, winds up the hill. The services of a boy about thirteen or fourteen are retained by the sergeant in blue. The boy puts my portmanteau on his head, takes my dressing-bag in his hand, and starts off up the hill at a pace which it makes me perspire to look at. Meantime, I am admiring the Jamaican method of girthing ponies. One girth is in the usual place; the second is carried back, round and behind the swell of the animal's stomach, much as they girth donkeys at home; while waterproofs are strapped in front of the saddles; and leathern cases, like coach-horn cases, with light umbrellas in them, are fixed behind.

'Now then, tumble up!' says Charley; and I mount a clean-bred-looking pony, a perfect miniature hunter; and we scramble up the precipitous road, I feeling a strong inclination to slip off over the tail. In about twenty minutes we overtake the boy with my portmanteau. Ducking twice, he salutes us with 'Marnin', Mass'r,' as we pass him. A few minutes afterwards, I chance to look back. The young ruffian is holding on to my pony's tail, to help himself up. There is something comical in the pleading look on the small black face peering out from under the portmanteau. I try to look stern, but give it up, and wink to him—the wink confidential. In a moment all the white teeth are gleaming, and the dark features rippling with smiles. I re-settle myself under my sun-umbrella with the serene consciousness of having done a good action. Alas! like many philanthropists, I forgot it wasn't *my* tail the urchin was hanging on to!

Far beneath us, as we ascend, we can see the Hope River foaming and fuming along its boulder-strewn channel. High up on our right, on the summit of the Port-Royal mountains, are two or three small white dots. They are Flamstead and Flamstead Cottage, the summer residences of the Governor and the Commodore of the station. We can now realise the peculiar formation of the Jamaican hills. From every side radiate spurs, separated one from another by precipitous ravines, and scored with landslips. Generally, thick brush-wood covers the hills from top to bottom. Here and there, however, are open spaces, covered with short thick grass, and dotted over with mango-trees, which give a park-like look to the scenery. Higher and higher. We pass the residence of the Director-general of roads, admiring as we pass, its trim archery and tennis-ground. Now the road is, for a wonder, nearly level, and we canter through the grounds of The Cottage, tenanted by a staff-officer and his wife. Then we dip down into another valley, and cross a small stream at the bottom. Then another climb; a canter along a path winding by the dry bed of a stream, and

we turn in through a white gate in a paling, all covered with the white-star jessamine and the gorgeous scarlet hybiscus, and find ourselves at Craigton, my cousin's West India home.

ACCLIMATISATION OF SALMON AT THE ANTIPODES.

IN no part of our colonial empire does Nature present such strange features of vegetable and animal life as in Australasia, and here the colonist must have felt the whole force of his yearning for the sight of creatures familiar to him in the land of his birth. As soon then as he found leisure from the pressing business of the moment, he founded Acclimatisation Societies; and every British plant that would grow and every animal that could live became established in this far-distant region. The European bee has now almost displaced the native insect; forests once resounding to the harsh screams of parrots, ring with the melody of song-birds; the pheasant crows defiance to his rival from the branch of a gum-tree, and the rabbit threatens to overrun the colony. So much for the land. But the Australasian rivers being, till then, tenanted by almost worthless fish, excepting the so-called 'cod' of the Murray and its affluents, a few daring enthusiasts proposed to introduce that king of the waters, the salmon. How was this to be done? The salmon passes one period of its existence in salt, and another in fresh water, and to introduce it to the Southern Ocean, it must be carried by ship some fifteen or sixteen thousand miles from Europe. Here was a problem apparently beyond the power of human skill to solve; yet within twelve years from the date of the first attempt, salmon were to be seen swimming in a Tasmanian river!

From the very first, the impracticability of transporting the living fish from Great Britain to the Antipodes seems to have been recognised, and all that could be attempted was to gather and transport the eggs of the salmon under such conditions as appeared likely to be successful. When fresh laid in the running stream, the egg of a salmon is about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, of a pink opal colour, and highly elastic. Shaw found in 1837 that it hatched in one hundred and fourteen days at a temperature of thirty-six degrees; in one hundred and one days at forty-three degrees; and in ninety days at forty-five degrees. Mr. J. A. Youl's experiments, however, in 1855 proved that the period could be shortened to thirty-five days, or extended to one hundred and forty days by artificial treatment; facts of which the importance was at once recognised in connection with the transportation of salmon eggs to the Antipodes. When the young fish, or *alevin*, bursts from its shell, it is as unlike a salmon as a tadpole is to a frog. From its stomach hangs a 'sac,' containing an albuminous material, which constitutes its only

means of subsistence for about a month—or in exceptional cases, somewhat longer. This reservoir of food suffices to build up by absorption the complicated mechanism of bones, muscles, organs, and blood-vessels which we know as a salmon. Thenceforth, being a most voracious little fellow, he grows rapidly, and at the end of two months averages one and a quarter inches; at four months, two and a half inches; and at six months, three and three-quarter inches. The above measurements must not, however, be taken as absolute, the rate of growth depending much upon the temperature of the water, of the food, and other conditions of life.

Great difficulties attended the collecting and despatching quantities of the salmon eggs to the Antipodes. The first attempt, made by Mr. Boccius in 1852 with the eggs, failed. He fixed gutta-percha sieves in the horizontal sections of wooden tubs, placing an egg in each mesh; and immersed the apparatus in water, which was changed every six hours. But the gradual increase of temperature proved fatal, and not one reached the tropics alive. Hearing of this experiment, Mr. J. A. Youl, an influential Tasmanian colonist, then settled in England, at once devoted himself to the study of the artificial propagation of fish and the transport of their eggs; whence he came to the conclusion that the eggs may hatch at any time between thirty-five and a hundred and forty days from their fertilisation, according to the temperature to which they are exposed, but that they could not be *safely* retarded to the extreme limit. Moreover, they must not be kept below thirty-five degrees nor above fifty degrees of temperature, both limits being dangerous if maintained for any length of time; while the freezing-point was almost certainly fatal. Pursuing his experiments, he established the principle that the development of the eggs might be retarded by means of a judicious use of ice long enough for an ordinary passage to Australia, and addressed himself to his task with some confidence.

Everybody told him that he was wasting his time and money on a visionary scheme which could never be carried out. But he persisted. The salmon eggs could only be procured in the winter; and it was necessary for them to arrive in Tasmania when the river-water was at a suitable temperature—not earlier than the end of April. This colony was selected on account of its moderate climate, and the river Derwent chosen because it was the *beau idéal* of a salmon river, passing through a rocky country, and fed by snow-water from the mountains forming its watershed. Along its course were splendid reaches, deep pools, and shallows where the water rushed among huge boulders, adapted in every way to the habits of the fish, and well calculated to defy the machinations of the poacher with his nets, spears, and other engines of destruction. It fell into the sea by a fine estuary, indented with innumerable bays, swarming with

the small fry of sea-fish, crustacea, and other food which would be acceptable to the new-comers. On its tributary, the Plenty, were stretches admirably adapted for hatching-places; and on its upper waters, scenery that might compare in grandeur with Scotland or Norway. From its watershed, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, descended sparkling streamlets, bringing a constant supply of the purest water from numerous tarns, and keeping down the temperature of the water to forty-four degrees in the month of July, when the naturalised fish would be spawning. Subsequent events fully justified the soundness of judgment exhibited in the selection of this Tasmanian river as a nursery for the finny colonists about to be introduced into it.

The late Mr Edward Wilson, so well known in connection with acclimatisation, now joined Mr Youl in raising a subscription of about six hundred pounds from a few colonists in England; and the first experiment was intrusted to Mr Youl, who, in February 1860, despatched in a steamship some thirty thousand eggs which Mr Ramsbottom had collected from the river Dovey. The ice-house on board the vessel, constructed under Mr Youl's direction, consisted of a strong wooden chamber containing a smaller one, with an interspace of seven inches filled with powdered charcoal, as a non-conductor of heat, and in this were placed fifteen tons of ice. The eggs, laid on gravel in swing-trays, with a slight incline, to imitate natural conditions, were kept wet by a small stream of water passing over them from a pipe carried through the ice-house to keep it cool. In spite, however, of the unremitting attention of Mr Black, who sailed in charge of the shipment, the ice melted rapidly, and the last of the eggs was found to be dead sixty-eight days after the start. Though this was, undoubtedly a failure, it was not without promise; and the colonial legislatures expressed their confidence in the ultimate result by voting three thousand seven hundred pounds for experiments on a more liberal scale, to be carried out entirely on Mr Youl's plans. Meanwhile, the Tasmanian colonists constructed some admirable breeding-ponds and hatching-boxes on the river Plenty, in anticipation of the new arrivals, and in other ways testified their faith in Mr Youl's ability to complete the work he had begun. He then visited the chief piscicultural establishments in the United Kingdom and France, and studied the methods of breeding and rearing salmon. In France, he was shewn how eggs were packed in wet moss in earthenware jars, and was assured that they would not travel unless they were so near hatching as to shew the eye in the embryo fish. But this would not do for an Australian voyage, since the young fry would be hatched in a week, and how could thousands of delicate creatures be provided for at sea? The sooner the eggs were sent on their journey after having been spawned, the better, he was convinced, would be their chance. This visit to France and the method of packing the ova in moss, led to the experiment of placing a box similarly packed, in the ice-house, as we shall presently see.

The plan next adopted, though in principle the same as before, included some important improvements. A large supply of water was provided, in the hope that, should the eggs hatch, some of the young fish might be kept alive until their arrival in the colony; and a small steamer, the *Beautiful Star*, chartered for the purpose, started on the 4th of March 1862 with eighty thousand salmon ova, collected by Mr Ramsbottom, whose son was sent in charge of the freight. No pains or attention was spared in working the apparatus; but the great heat of the tropics dissolved the ice, on which everything depended; on May 17th, at twenty-two degrees south of the equator, the temperature of the water had risen to the fatal height of sixty-nine degrees, and all was over.

Strange as it may seem, however, in this shipment the key to the whole problem was found. Reflecting on the causes of failure, Mr Youl determined to try an experiment which would cost nothing and might teach something. He had fully made up his mind that retardation of the development of the eggs was the true principle, and if it could be carried out thoroughly, must lead the way to success. He had a pinewood box made, an inch thick, and about eleven by eight inches, by six inches, perforated at the top, sides, and bottom with small holes, to allow the water to pass freely through it. In this he packed three hundred salmon eggs lightly, in soft moss fresh and green. The top was carefully screwed down—nailing would have produced too great a shock—and the box imbedded in the middle of the ice, where it was intended to remain until the end of the voyage, its contents being saturated all the time by water from the melting ice. When nearly all the ice had disappeared, the box was opened; and Mr Ramsbottom found a few eggs, which at that time were undoubtedly alive, among the great majority of dead. Though he fought the battle against temperature to the very last, and staved off the inevitable end for some days, the last of the ova perished on the seventy-fourth day of the voyage in a vessel of water which it was no longer possible to keep below sixty-five degrees. But a valuable lesson had been taught and a sound principle established.

Convinced that there was yet much to be learned, Mr Youl now instituted a series of experiments in the vaults of the Wenham Lake Ice Company, for the purpose of testing the vitality of the ova at a low temperature. The details of these experiments are extremely interesting, but would occupy considerable space. Briefly, then, the following new facts were contributed to the natural history of the artificial development of salmon ova. They did not require a continuous stream of water. It was enough that they should be placed under ice, the water from which, as it slowly melted, passed over them at a low temperature. They required no light and little air. The moss, with its roots attached, in which they were packed, continued to grow, and assisted both directly and indirectly in maintaining their vitality. It was found safe to retard the hatching to a hundred days; and one box yielded ninety per cent. of healthy fish from ova which had been under treatment ninety days.

Provided with these trustworthy results, Mr Youl again went to work, Messrs Money, Wigram, & Co. having granted, free of expense, a space of fifty tons by measurement in their clipper-ship

The Norfolk. They wished to contribute something towards an undertaking as valuable in a commercial sense as it was scientifically interesting. An ice-house was built into the ship, and the boxes containing the ova carefully and firmly disposed on the floor, while above them were piled twenty-five tons of cubical blocks of Wenham Lake ice, so that the water from it must trickle through them. The boxes were made of inch pine, twelve by eight inches, and five inches deep, perforated on top, bottom, and sides with holes, to admit the water, which was carried off by drain-pipes when it had passed through them. At the bottom of each box was spread a layer of charcoal in small lumps, next a layer of broken ice. Then a nest of clean, living moss with its roots attached, was formed, the ova evenly distributed upon this, and covered lightly with more moss; and above all, a double handful of broken ice. The whole was now saturated with ice-water and the box screwed down. One hundred and eighty-one of these boxes, containing one hundred thousand salmon ova and three thousand common trout ova, were deposited on the floor of the ice-house, the ice placed upon them with the utmost care, to prevent concussion, and the ice-house sealed up until its arrival in Melbourne. Learning what was being done, Admiral Keppel determined to send a present of trout ova from his preserves on the river Itchen, and requested that indefatigable pisciculturist Mr Frank Buckland to collect them, an operation which was successfully performed; and at the same time Mr Francis Francis procured a large number on his own account from High Wycombe and Alton. These ova, amounting to some three thousand, arrived almost at the last moment, and were immediately packed by Mr Youl; and from these have sprung the multitudes of brown trout now acclimatised in so many Australasian streams.

The ship started on the 21st of January 1864, and on the 15th April landed four thousand salmon ova at Melbourne, from which four hundred were eventually hatched, the rest of the shipment being sent on to Tasmania, by steamer with the remainder of the ice.

Messrs M. Allport and W. Ramsbottom, in charge of the nursery on the river Plenty, paid unremitting attention to the precious ova; and on the 4th of May there emerged from the egg the first trout, and on the following day the first salmon that ever swam in the waters of the southern hemisphere. By the 25th of the month there were several thousands of young salmon and two hundred young trout enjoying life, and greedily devouring their evening and morning meal of boiled liver. The young fish grew rapidly, and became the talk of the colonies. Desirous of beholding veritable young salmon, visitors came from far and near to look at the beautiful parr, which in October 1865 had nearly all put on their smolt livery, and betrayed the restlessness so surely indicative of the migratory instinct. They were now evidently ready to start on their first journey to the sea; accordingly, the grating at the lower end of the ponds was opened; a freshet carried them down the river, and two thousand healthy young salmon were despatched to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, to return sooner or later, and colonise the rivers of Tasmania.

The next shipment, made in 1866 by Mr Youl, in *The Lincolnshire*, to Tasmania, on the same plan

as before, yielded six thousand salmon and nine hundred salmon-trout fry. A portion of the latter were detained in a specially constructed inclosure, after the others had been liberated; and when examined in May 1869, twelve handsome fish, weighing from half a pound to more than a pound each, were found to be in perfect condition; and, what is very remarkable in migratory species of the salmon tribe, these prisoners spawned in captivity two months later; and five hundred fry, their progeny, were subsequently turned into the river Huon. This is the first known instance of a migratory species proving fertile in fresh water, and without going to the sea.

Encouraged by Mr Youl's brilliant success in Tasmania, the provincial governments and acclimatisation societies of New Zealand raised a fund for importing the fish into that colony, and intrusted the management of the same to Mr Youl. Some of the subsequent shipments of ova from England under the care of that gentleman, as well as of others, did not turn out so successful as that of *The Norfolk*, and this for various reasons, partly mechanical and partly climatic. But there can be no doubt that the chief result of the interesting experiments we have described is, that the salmon tribe are now completely acclimatised in Tasmania. Since the month of October 1865, when the first smolts were committed to the Derwent to take their chance, immense numbers of salmon and salmon-trout smolts and brown trout have been liberated. In 1869-70, young salmonoids, nine inches long, born in the river, were caught in the estuary on their way to the sea. Next year, experienced salmon anglers saw shoals of good-sized fish ascending the stream, and leaping as only salmon do. Up to this time, among the fish caught, one weighing seven pounds had been served at the table of His Excellency the Governor of the colony; and from time to time since, splendid specimens have been captured with the artificial fly. By the year 1876, the fish were becoming very plentiful, six dozen having been netted at one haul in the Derwent; and the keen competition of the hotel-keepers soon raised their value to five shillings per pound. Early in the present year, a grand twenty-eight pounder, said to be a salmon-trout, but more probably, judging from its size, a salmon, was caught in the Huon River, Tasmania.

With respect to the salmon in New Zealand, it is impossible yet to decide whether they are fairly established there; but about four years ago a grilse of three pounds was taken in the Molyneux; proving that Mr Dawbin's care in rearing the fish had not been wholly lost. Neither is anything yet known of the fate of the migratory species in Australia.

From the valuable nursery on the Plenty River, there have been distributed yearly, among the colonial rivers, thousands of ova and young fry of the salmon, salmon-trout, and brown trout, which cannot fail to establish themselves in course of time. The Plenty itself now swarms with large trout, of which several up to sixteen pounds, and one of twenty pounds, have been captured. In 1872, a gentleman took one morning with the fly six trout, scaling thirty pounds; and much the same tale is told by the diaries of other anglers. Trout, there is every reason to believe, grow much faster in the Tas-

manian than in the English rivers whence they were imported; for a nine-and-a-quarter pound fish was taken in the Derwent less than four years after the first trout was born in the river. These fish have certainly been established in a score of streams in New Zealand, and probably in as many more in Australia and Tasmania.

AMUSING MISTAKES.

DROLL mistakes are of course endless. Here are a few culled at random:

Before the Paris Exhibition was open to the public, and when the building contained only the cases which were being reserved for the respective exhibits, quite a crowd one Sunday flattened their noses against the glass entrance-door to look at the contents of a case containing a pair of boots, a battered hat, an overcoat much the worse for wear, and a necktie of many colours, the report being circulated that the objects belonged to King Dagobert, Robespierre, or Charles X. The enigma was solved by a painter arriving and throwing off his blouse and slippers, and commencing to dress himself amidst, what was a puzzle to him, loud laughter, in which the police joined.

Referring to mistaken ideas about relics, recalls the story in a German paper about a certain Professor, which is a parallel to the Bill Stumps adventure of Pickwick. This German antiquary made the delighted discovery that a stone placed over a stable-door bore the inscription 1081. 'I must have this stone in my collection, cost what it may,' thought the savant. Calling a tenant-farmer who was the proprietor, the Professor said to him eagerly: 'Did you not obtain this stone from the castle ruin on the hill yonder?'

'It may be that my grandfather fetched it thence when he built the stable,' was the reply.

The antiquary then asked what he would take for the stone.

'Since you appear to have a fancy for it,' said the farmer, 'give me forty guldens, and I will bring it to your house.'

'Rather a large sum,' said the Professor; 'but bring it to my residence, and you shall have the money.'

When in due course the farmer brought the stone upon a truck, the zealous antiquary turned it over, to refresh his eyes with a sight of its venerable chronological inscription, not without anxiety that it might have been damaged in its removal.

'Why,' he exclaimed, 'what is this? This is not the right stone. On the stone I bought from you was the date 1081, while this bears the very modern date 1801; which proves that the other was exactly seven hundred and twenty years older than this.'

'Do not trouble about that,' said the peasant. 'The masons, you see sir, turned the stone upside down when they set it in the doorway, because it fitted better that way. You can turn it whichever way you like; but of course I must have the money agreed upon.'

The Professor it is said at once paid the whole sum, and gave the man a present besides to take away the stone and say no more about the matter.

The numerous instances of mistaken identity on record are constantly receiving new additions. There is an amusing account of a French lady

who was very jealous of her husband, and determined to watch his movements. On one occasion, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed him, keeping him in sight until she missed him in a passage leading to the railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove-shop with a rather over-dressed lady. Making sure from the distance that this man was her husband, she came suddenly up and, without a word of warning, gave him three or four boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned round, she discovered her mistake, and at the same time caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman whose ears she had boxed, while the other lady moved away to avoid a scene. The stranger astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar and demanding what he meant by embracing that lady.

'Why, she boxed my ears, and then fainted,' exclaimed the aggrieved gentleman.

'She is my wife!' shouted the angry husband, 'and would never have struck you without a cause.' And worse than angry words would probably have followed, had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it all happened.

A London paper gave an account of another case of mistaken identity in connection with a distinguished personage. An aged couple in high life, who were celebrating their golden wedding, by way of concluding the festivities on that occasion, adjourned with the children and their respective belongings to a theatre, in which to accommodate so large a party two boxes had been knocked into one. The eldest son, who strongly resembles His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, stepped forward and occupied the centre seat with the ladies of the party beside him; upon which the orchestra struck up the National Anthem, and the audience rose to their feet *en masse*, the innocently unconscious party of course doing the same themselves.

There is no doubt that people of rather unusual proportions had an awkward time of it when the Claimant was at large. A story goes that a corpulent gentleman once took a box at the Canterbury Hall. First one person then another eyed him, until at length the counterpart of the Claimant became the centre of observation. A cheer arose, the singing was suspended, and an ovation was the result. The supposed Sir Roger rose, and bowed his acknowledgments. But this was not enough. He must speak. The manager announced that 'Sir Roger' had a cold, and could not speak. Fearing the consequence, if the audience discovered their mistake, he had the 'Claimant' removed as quietly as possible in a cab and sent in a roundabout way to his home.

The intoxicated bricklayer who squared up to a post and maintained a one-sided fight, affords an absurd illustration of mistaken identity; but if we can rely upon newspaper reports, such ludicrous incidents are surpassed by what is said to have happened in the neighbourhood of Morecambe. Some time ago the body of what was supposed by the discoverer to be a human being was found lying on the beach near the place above named,

having undoubtedly been left there by the receding tide. The usual preparations for holding an orthodox inquest were put in force and kept going, until the examination of a medical man proved the suspected human corpse to be but the carcass of a monkey, which had probably been thrown overboard from some ship, and which so closely resembled in appearance a human being as to require a doctor to tell the difference. Such a mistake looks either like a gross flattery upon a dead monkey or an unconscious satire upon human nature, calculated to delight all believers in the Darwinian theory.

A not unnatural mistake was that made by the policeman who arrested a Dublin youth under what appeared to be suspicious circumstances. The young gentleman referred to was at a party in the Irish capital, and joined with great spirit in a game of forfeits. Amidst the fun and merriment, it was proposed that to regain his forfeit he should pay a visit to the turf-stacks on the adjacent canal bank and bring some turf into the room. Thinking only of the diversion that his return with an armful of turf would create, he immediately hastened to the place indicated, filled his arms, and was in the act of returning, when to his horror, he became aware that a policeman was in pursuit. Almost paralysed with fright, he dropped his burden, and awaited the officer's arrival.

'O, constable,' he stammered, 'I've been playing a game of forfeits, and was told to bring some turf from the canal into the house.'

'Not a bad story; but you'll have to come with me,' declared the constable.

There had been continued complaints of turf-pilfering; so, regardless of his protestations, the unlucky youth was locked up for the night. The first intimation his merry-making friends received of his whereabouts was when next morning they heard that he had been explaining the mistake to the presiding magistrate, who fortunately comprehended the case in a moment, and dismissed it.

A misconception as ludicrous, but in which a policeman figured less creditably than the one just referred to, took place in the Isle of Man. At a Deemster's Court in Ramsay, a Jew was about to be sworn to give evidence. As Jews are always sworn on the Old Testament, and not the New, the Deemster requested the constable in attendance to fetch an Old one. After a while that worthy returned, and handed to the witness an ancient-looking dilapidated book, which on being examined proved to be a New Testament. The Deemster's attention being called to it, he asked the constable why he had not brought an Old Testament, to which the innocent reply was: 'Please your Honour, it was the oldest one I could find.'

An amusing blunder was once made by a dyer, who was given by a farmer four flannel shirts to be dyed a fast gray colour; instead of which he dyed them blue. On wearing the garments, the colour came out of them so that, as the farmer curiously expressed it, 'he looked like a Red Indian'; and as it cost him several shillings in baths to turn himself into a white man again, he sued the dyer, and obtained damages.

A ludicrous mistake is reported to have occurred at the opening of a bazaar in Glasgow, at which the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were present. A distinguished clergyman was called upon by the chairman to conduct devotional

exercises; and the reverend gentleman had commenced to read, when four pipers of a Highland regiment, owing to some misunderstanding, struck up with a wild shriek on the bagpipes, by way of a preliminary to *The Campbells are coming*. The music was promptly stopped; but the solemnity of the proceedings had of course been shaken.

An embarrassing incident, we are told, once happened to an Englishman in Rome. Entering one of the churches in that city, as a service was going on, he sat quietly down, placing his hat on the ground beside him. Some little time passed, and as there seemed no immediate prospect of the ceremony coming to an end, he reached for his hat, in order to leave, but was stopped by an unseen hand, which grasped him from behind. Thinking some custodian of the church wished him to remain till the end of the service, he again waited; but his patience becoming exhausted, he again reached for his hat, and again he was prevented from going in the same manner. Convinced that the service was some really important one, the Englishman once more delayed his departure; but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour he determined to go in spite of etiquette, so he repeated the same manoeuvre in the direction of his head-covering. A third time the same hand detained him; but as he determinedly resisted its grasp, a voice behind him exclaimed in English: 'I beg your pardon, but that is my hat you are taking.' Such was the fact; he had been detained all this while because each time he had reached in mistake for the hat of another stranger placed in close proximity to his own.

A mistake of an embarrassing nature made by a gentleman in London illustrates the necessity of keeping a careful record of one's engagements. On the occurrence of a 'grand day' at the Middle Temple, the Masters of the Bench were uneasy at the non-appearance of one of the guests, a learned ex-judge. All had arrived but him, and the repast was ready to be served. His appearance was awaited with impatience; and after the lapse of half an hour, the limits of endurance were reached, and the dinner was served. The missing guest failed to appear. But next day it was ascertained that the learned gentleman had walked into the hall of the *Inner Temple*, and had dined with the benchers of that learned society, who had not invited him, and therefore had not made any preparation to receive him. It did not happen to be 'grand day' at the *Inner Temple*; and the unexpected guest never discovered his mistake until he happened to innocently observe to the Treasurer: 'I thought this was your grand day!' The learned gentleman in question had originally been a student of the *Inner Temple*, which accounts in some measure for the mistake.

A much more awkward incident is related as having happened to a lady in Paris. The society of a popular but blind Count was much sought after on account of his wit and musical attainments. He disappeared from the town for some time, and on his return called on a fashionable Marchioness, who was preparing to go to a fancy-ball. She begged to be excused; but as he had an important message to deliver, he was shewn in, and being of course blind, he was asked to take a chair in her boudoir. Whilst the worthy Count was delivering his message, the

Marchioness, assisted by her maid, calmly proceeded with her toilet. Being ready to descend to her carriage, the Count stated he had been absent in London, and had undergone a successful operation for cataract, which had completely restored his eyesight. Whereupon, the Marchioness jumped into her carriage, and drove away in much confusion, without even an *au revoir* to her unwelcome visitor.

ERUPTIONS OF VOLCANIC ASH.

ON the morning of Sunday, the 4th of January this year, as we learn from the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, a rare occurrence took place at the Grande Soufrière, in the island of Dominica, in the West Indies. This was an eruption of volcanic ash from one of the dormant vents in the interior of that mountainous and rugged island. The President of Dominica, Mr Eldridge, says: 'The morning was cloudy, with heavy and continuous showers. A few minutes past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and during a heavy rainfall, one or two vivid flashes of red lightning were observed; thunder was heard, but not following in quick succession the electric discharges: it was deep-toned, rolling, and distant. All at once there was a great darkness. A few minutes before the darkness, the attention of many persons was attracted to the milk-white appearance of the rain, which was succeeded by a downfall of inky blackness. This singular phenomenon lasted some fifteen minutes; and on the return of light, it was discovered that the ground was covered with the scoræ from a volcano. The rainfall was highly charged with lead.' Mr G. B. Blane, C.E., the Surveyor-general of the island, gives some other interesting details of the event. He says the rain at first was 'thick and of a grayish-white hue, and the gutters were running with water almost as white as milk.' For some time after the 4th January, the mountain, which is two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, was covered with a dense mist, till dispersed by a heavy gale of wind. It was then discovered that one of the mountain ridges had almost disappeared, and that the trees on the outlying spurs were completely blasted and burned. The mountain was, before this, the locality of many geysers in active operation, and Mr Blane supposes that the deluge of rain had choked the subterranean fissures connected therewith, the resulting steam and pent-up internal forces causing the violent eruption that followed.

The emission of volcanic ash in all cases accompanies eruption, this ash being the molten matter, which is blown into a finer or coarser powder by the force of the explosions. In general, it only falls round the centre of eruption, thus in course of time building up to the height of several thousand feet those cone-shaped piles which are characteristic of volcanic mountains. But an eruption, such as that of the Grande Soufrière in January, which does not escape by the old vent, but forces

a passage otherwise, carrying away, perhaps, a large portion of the ridge surrounding the mouth of the crater, sends into the air an enormous quantity of the ash which may have been accumulating for centuries. This it frequently does with tremendous force, expelling the ash and debris to such a height as, aided by the wind, will suffice to spread it over hundreds of miles of sea and land. It was under a shower of this kind that the ancient cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried; and its occurrence appears to be much more injurious to the districts affected, and on a vastly wider scale, than that of an eruption which is chiefly accompanied by an outflow of lava.

Such an outburst as that of the Grande Soufrière is a rare event, and more so, it seems, in these western islands. On another of this same group of islands, St Vincent, about a hundred miles south from Dominica, is another volcanic mountain known as the Soufrière, and in connection with which there was a similar eruption of volcanic ash in 1812. Of this event we have an account written some years ago, by a correspondent, who, when the eruption took place, was living on the island of Barbadoes, about sixty miles east of St Vincent. This correspondent says: 'On the morning of May-day of that year, I awoke as usual; but finding it still dark, went to sleep again. A second time I awoke, and asked: "Could it still be dark? Surely it must be morning." It was too intensely still and dark for a tropical night, which is often anything but a season of repose. I felt some alarm, not only at the unusual stillness, but at the darkness, which, like the Egyptian darkness of old, was not only evident, but I may say palpable. A servant at length came, in a state of great fear and trepidation, declaring that something awful was going to happen, as it was six o'clock, and the sun should have been high in the heavens by this time. Part of our property stretched along the shore; and on looking across the sea, I perceived one spot of light which was gradually closing in; and when that was gone out, no ray of light was visible in the whole heavens. The low, hollow murmur of distant thunder was now to be heard, but unaccompanied by lightning; and a close sandy grit, at times converted into fine ashes, was silently falling. My mother, with whom I lived, now joined us, and stated that darkness had set in about half-past one, since which time the dust had continued to fall. No one could account for the phenomenon, which was productive of the greatest alarm to all of us, who naturally considered it the forerunner of some awful calamity; and we spent an hour in a state of mind very nearly bordering on anguish. To our own distress were added the groans and frantic cries of our negroes, who were fast gathering round us, the flickering glare of the torches which they carried making the unnatural darkness all the more horrible.

'About eight o'clock, meteors, resembling globes

of fire about the size of a thirteen-inch shell, appeared in the north-east, crossing each other in every direction, and accompanied by so incessant a downfall of ashes that it was quite impossible to look out. My grandfather, who was a peculiar old man, collected at this time a handful of the dust, and brought it into the house, to see whether it was, as he supposed by the smell, charged with sulphur; but on throwing a small quantity into the fire, we were glad to observe that there was nothing inflammable in its composition. At nine o'clock, the sky to the north assumed a purple and lurid appearance, as of a vast town on fire in the distance, accompanied by a tremulous motion something resembling that of the aurora borealis. The horrid and unnatural glare of the sky lent a more ghastly aspect to the prevailing darkness; and explosions were now heard to the north-west, as of two frigates exchanging broadsides. Many people, expecting an earthquake, left their houses, and took refuge in the low-walled huts of the negroes; for though not prevalent in Barbadoes, yet earthquakes, and severe ones, had been experienced in the adjacent islands. This fear added much to the misery of these hours. About ten o'clock, we became aware of large flights of birds passing over the island, flying so low that we could distinctly hear the flapping of their wings. As was afterwards found, they were large sea-birds called "men-of-war" and "cobblers," and were unable to rise high owing to the weight of ashes, which accumulated upon them as they flew, and which in many instances bore them down to the ground altogether. During this time of painful suspense, there came through the darkness, soft and clear, the sound of church bells, and we knew that a call to devotions was being made, in view of the mysterious calamity that seemed impending over us.

'About a quarter past twelve P.M., to our intense relief, and infinite thankfulness and delight, there appeared above our heads a small space as of light breaking through; and in another quarter of an hour we could trace the form of the sun in the same spot, though still much obscured. At no period of the day did light amount to more than a dull twilight; and at five o'clock the day closed altogether, and darkness succeeded until next morning. During all this time the dust continued to fall. For the first two hours it fell in comparatively small quantities; but during the next ten hours the ashes came down thickly, and in the form of an impalpable powder. From one to six the fall of ashes began to decrease, and at six it ceased altogether. Next morning, to our great joy, daylight broke as usual, though we were still in complete ignorance as to the cause of the phenomenon. And it was not till the arrival of a vessel in Carlisle Bay on the 6th of May, that we learned that what we had experienced was due to a terrific eruption of Mount Soufrière, in the island of St Vincent. This volcano, which had been dormant or inactive for nearly a century, began to burst forth on the 27th April; on the 30th it had reached a state of high eruption; and on the morning of the 1st of May the lava began to pour from its sides, accompanied by loud explosions like thunder, and great outbursts of smoke and flame. The

previous discharge of ashes had been carried by a wind setting in our direction, over the Barbadoes; and hence our period of painful alarm and consternation.'

THE WOODCOCK.

WHEN the month of October draws to an end, the leaf rapidly disappearing from off the trees, and November, with its gloomy fogs and keen frosts, is at hand, our winter migratory birds, driven by stress of weather from countries more bleak and inclement than our own, make their first appearance. Flocks of fieldfares and redwings may be observed busily engaged feeding on the bright red berries of the holly and hawthorn. In our southern counties, the hoarse 'caw' of the hooded, or gray crow, as it is sometimes called, recently arrived from the west coasts of Scotland and Ireland, is heard in our parks and woods for the first time; and about the same time of year the woodcock puts in an appearance, and may be seen in the gloom of the evening silently winging his way from some neighbouring covert, where he has remained hidden during the day, in the direction of a swampy meadow or marshy dell hard by.

It is supposed that the great majority of woodcocks which visit our shores early in the winter, come from Northern Europe, more especially from countries bordering on the Baltic. Certain it is that great numbers of these birds arrive on our coasts when an *easterly* wind prevails. They are also in the habit of taking advantage of bright moonlight nights for travelling.

There are certain parts of England, more especially the counties of Norfolk, Hampshire, and Devon, where each year woodcocks are tolerably plentiful. In Wales, these birds often congregate in large numbers in certain favourite spots; and in Scotland, particularly among the islands off the north-west coast, our sportsmen frequently shoot great numbers of woodcocks; but Ireland is a still more favourite haunt of this bird; and in favourable seasons, such, for instance, as that of 1879, woodcocks collect in vast numbers in the woods and rugged mountain-slopes of the west coast of the island.

It is a well-known fact that woodcocks pair just before leaving us—about the month of March; but unlike the snipe, which breeds in large numbers on the vast moors and bogs of Scotland and Ireland, the woodcock only occasionally remains in Britain throughout the summer. In favourite localities, however, more especially in certain parts of Scotland, a few pairs remain with us and breed. The young leave the nest soon after being hatched.

On first arriving in the autumn, woodcocks are often in a weak and poor condition; and this is not surprising, when we consider the distance the birds have travelled, and the extraordinary fatigue they have just encountered. But rest and rich feeding quickly work a change for the better, and they soon recover their wonted strength and plumpness. It is popularly supposed among sportsmen and others that there are two varieties of woodcock—the one a heavy, thick-built, reddish-coloured bird; the other, smaller and darker in plumage, and with no light-coloured feathers on the breast.

The woodcock is not generally considered a difficult bird to bring down when on the wing; and yet, perhaps there is no bird so often missed even by the surest and most experienced sportsmen. Many good snipe-shots constantly miss fair chances at woodcock; and this is easily accounted for. The flight of a snipe, though swift and twisting, is, generally speaking, at much about the same rate of speed; but not so with the woodcock. There is not a more uncertain bird in this respect. Sometimes, when aroused by the beaters from his dark retreat under some thick holly-bush, momentarily dazzled by the bright autumn sun, he flaps out a very owl to all appearance, and offering the easiest of chances to the nearest sportsman, and down he drops to the first shot. But the next bird, perhaps an old stager who has been flushed and fired at before, suddenly darts out with exceeding swiftness; and observing his enemies posted in front, he curls round over the tips of the covert with extraordinary speed—bang! bang! go the guns—a feather or two are left floating in the air; but the bird himself runs the gauntlet almost untouched, and makes good his escape.

In the west of Ireland—which part of the kingdom, as already mentioned, is a favourite retreat of this bird—after rough stormy weather with a keen easterly wind, particularly where there has been a heavy fall of snow on the mountains, the woodcocks, driven from more open spots by the severity of the weather, seek shelter in the valleys and low-lying ravines; or take refuge in fir-plantations, patches of oak-copse, mingled with birch and holly; more especially if such-like coverts have a thick undergrowth of low shrubs, matted brake, and tangled briers. Here they remain concealed during the day, feeding at night around springs, wet ditches, or soft meadows. On the weather becoming milder, a thaw setting in, and the snow disappearing from the hillsides, the birds again become scattered over the mountains. At such times they will be found in deep rugged gorges, or well-sheltered ravines, more especially if there be a stream of water trickling down over the rocks, and plenty of suitable cover on either side of the defile, in the shape of drooping masses of ivy, clumps of thick heather, with patches of long wavy ferns peeping out from between gigantic rocks and loose boulders, which in years gone by have rolled down the hillside, and found a last resting-place in the bed of the valley. Here, crouching throughout the day under some overhanging rock, the woodcock loves to rest and take his siesta. Year after year, individuals will be found in these favourite haunts; and, no matter how often they may be driven out and shot down, the following season a pair, or it may be three or four, will again be flushed from the very same hiding-place.

Towards the end of the month of January, unless the season be an exceptionally severe one, cock-shooting in Ireland may be said to be over. There may no doubt be a fair number of birds yet remaining in the coverts; but the true sportsman will not press them too hard, for he well knows that, if spared and permitted to migrate, they will return with their young the following season. When winter is drawing to a close, the days lengthening, the tips of the drooping birch and graceful larch bursting forth into bright green

shoots, and the cheery voice of the thrush and the blackbird resounding through the vale, then the woodcocks yet lingering in our coverts become moved with a strange uneasiness and a yearning to be away. Then may they be seen of an evening flitting hither and thither, assembling into flights, and gradually drawing towards the coasts, preparatory to departing. A few days more, and they take advantage of some bright moonlight night and a favourable wind, and again cross the German Ocean, bound for distant Scandinavia.

An interesting and singular habit of this bird has attracted considerable attention among ornithologists, but not more than the matter deserves. This is the way in which the woodcock is said to carry its young from place to place when she is disturbed or frightened, or wishes to change her feeding-ground. To an article in *The Zoologist*, by the editor, Mr J. E. Harting, F.L.S., F.Z.S., we are indebted for an entertaining collection of observations on the point referred to. Gilbert White read of it first in Scopoli, who said that this bird carried her young in her bill when flying from an enemy. This the Selborne naturalist was not disposed to believe, though candour, he said, forbade him to say absolutely that any fact was false because he himself had never witnessed it; yet the fact so stated is now found to be true, with the exception that the young brood is not carried in the mother's bill, which is ill adapted for such a purpose, but betwixt her feet or thighs. Many observations by careful and experienced observers concur in placing this curious fact beyond reasonable doubt.

The late L. Lloyd, in his book on Scandinavia, wrote: 'If, in shooting, you meet with a brood of woodcocks, and the young ones cannot fly, the old bird takes them separately between her feet, and flies from the dogs with a moaning cry.' When this fact was first stated by Mr Lloyd, it was received with incredulity. But his friends shortly confirmed it. One of these wrote to him that he had shot a woodcock, when flying about six feet from the ground, that was 'bearing an unfledged young one in her claws.' One of the brothers Stuart, in their *Lays of a Deer Forest*, has recorded the same observation of this habit. He says: 'As the nests are laid on dry ground, and often at a distance from moisture, in the latter case, as soon as the young are hatched, the old bird will sometimes carry them in her claws to the nearest spring or green stripe. In the same manner, when in danger, she will rescue those which she can lift. Of this, we have had frequent opportunities for observation in Tarnaway. Various times, when the hounds, in beating the ground, have come upon a brood, we have seen the old bird rise with a young one in her claws, and carry it fifty or a hundred yards away; and if followed to the place where she pitched, she has repeated the transportation till too much harassed. In any sudden alarm, she will act in the same way.' Instances are also given in the same work of the bird being followed till she was compelled to drop the young bird she was thus carrying; when she was observed to take a circuit, with the object of distracting the attention of her pursuers, and then immediately return to the spot where she dropped her young one, and again rise with it in her feet.

It is unnecessary to heap up authorities, as the

fact may now be taken as admitted. The only point upon which there is difference of opinion is as to the precise manner in which the mother-bird holds her young when thus carried. Some observers say that it is in the claws; others, that it is betwixt her thighs; others, that it is by pressing the young one to her body by her legs. It is quite possible that the bird has more than one way of transporting her young from place to place, or that individual birds prefer different modes; though Mr Harting is of opinion that the weight of observation is in favour of the statement that she carries them betwixt her feet. In whichever way the transport may be effected, it is a very striking natural fact, and affords a singular illustration of instinctive maternal tenderness on the part of the bird. It is not only, when scared by an intruder that she so acts; in changing her feeding-ground, she adopts the same mode of procedure. She will in this way convey her young brood to long distances, carrying first one, and leaving it at the spot fixed on for their new feeding-ground, then resting, and fetching another; and so on till all the fledglings are removed in safety.

THE EXTENDED USE OF VEGETABLE DIET.

WE have on previous occasions in these columns drawn attention to some of the less well-known articles of cheap and nourishing food, especially vegetable, which the privations of a few past winters, as also the high price of meat, have in a marked degree forced into public notice. While we do not take up any dogmatic position as to the exclusive use of vegetable diet, it seems desirable, both in the interests of economy and health, that our food should be more mixed with vegetable ingredients than is frequently the case. It is therefore gratifying to learn that an increased amount of attention is being paid to this subject, and that many articles, such as lentils, tomatoes, hominy, &c., which a few years ago were almost unknown or disregarded, are now in common and every-day use. The 'Food Reform Society' has been active in extending among the people a knowledge of the simple and more accessible constituents of diet, and in pointing out the nutritiveness of many articles hitherto overlooked, or set aside as of little value. With regard to bread, for instance, it has been shewn, both in these pages and elsewhere, that in sifting the flour previous to baking, many of the most valuable food-constituents are extracted, and that whole-meal bread is much more nutritive and wholesome than white bread. The use of whole-meal bread is extending rapidly in London; and its concomitant as a cheap and healthy food—the porridge of Scotland—is now forming a portion of the daily diet of very many Londoners. For those in the great metropolis who desire to have a more mixed diet than may have been customary with them, opportunity is now afforded by the opening of various establishments in which, as a rule, the food is exclusively vegetable. Two years ago, the first Food Reform Restaurant in London, called the Alpha, was started at 424 Oxford Street, and has averaged for some time four hundred diners per day. Since then, the list of these houses, wholly or partially vegetarian, has increased. There are

the Food of Health Restaurant, Farringdon Road, with five hundred diners a day; The Garden, 28 Jewin Street, with three hundred and fifty diners; the Reform, 228 Kingsland Road, with one hundred; the People's Café, Gracechurch Street, with about one hundred and fifty; and the Food of Health Café, Fleet Street, where the diet is vegetarian, with the addition of fish for those who prefer it. The same Company are arranging to open other houses shortly. In this way increased attention is certain to be given to the advantages of a mixed diet, and may lead to a much greater demand for such vegetable products as the farmers of this country might find it profitable to cultivate in place of the wheat which their American competitors now send over so plentifully. With an increased demand for fruits and vegetables, it has been suggested that even railway embankments and hedgerows might be utilised for growing them. In any case, the high price of butcher-meat is with many families so prohibitive to its use, that any means which are successful in opening up the sources of a cheaper, more varied, and not less nutritious diet, must be hailed with pleasure.

AT MY LOOKING-GLASS.

I LOVED thee well in 'salad days,'
For ever flown,
O faithful friend, whose honest face
Reflects my own.
Nor do I mete thee scancer praise
(Sincerity is hard to find),
Now Time has distanced in the race,
And left me panting far behind—
Heigh-ho!—
Another weary mile or so.

How well I recollect the hours
I used to spend
Before thee once—in years gone by,
My trusty friend.
Oh, April youth! Oh, sun and showers!
Pray, don't expect me to confess
How long I took to knot my tie,
The day that I proposed to Jess.
(Alack!
She boxed my ears—and married Jack.)

And now I wear—well, never mind,
(Time's ruthless shears!)
And Jess—why, bless you, *she's* been dead
These twenty years!
The fruit of Life is gone—the rind
Is somewhat bitter to the taste.
Oh, vain regrets for pleasures fled—
For days when I possessed—a waist.
But stay;
I'll brush the sorry imps away.

Ah, if some scientific man
Would but invent
A looking-glass wherein to find
One's moral bent,
A tell-tale mirror—there to scan
Each petty failing that appears—
The cynic furrows of the mind,
That gather with increasing years.
Ah, well,
I fear those glasses would not—*sell*.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 881.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

THE WEATHER-SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

It will be remembered that during last winter and spring, public attention in this country was attracted to the weather-prognostications sent over to us from the United States. At first, they were spoken of with some degree of flippancy, there being a general inclination to treat them as simply 'Yankee productions,' and nothing more. It is a curious feature of the relations of this country to America, that we can never receive with credence any startling news from across the Atlantic until it has been verified beyond possibility of doubt. It was so with the first weather-prognostications. But as it began to be observed that these predictions were generally fulfilled, although occasionally a day sooner or later than the time fixed, scepticism began to give way, and something like reasonable attention was paid to the meteorological telegrams from over the water. These were not always satisfactory to our agriculturists, especially when there was a run of 'storm-warnings;' one homely farmer having been heard to declare that the weather had been a perfect heartbreak ever since the Americans had got its management. The predictions, however, are no haphazard announcements, such as those of certain almanacs or the penny 'weather-tables;' they are obtained from strictly scientific calculations, founded on extensive, accurate, and simultaneous observations over a wide area of sea and land. As a very full and authoritative account of the Signal Service of the States is given in a recent reprint from *Appletons' Annual Cyclopædia*, published in New York, we believe many of our readers will be interested in having here a condensed statement of the facts.

The meteorological division of the United States Signal Service was established in 1870. Modern inquiry into the changes taking place in the weather, and especially into the phenomena of storms, had for many years previous strengthened the conviction that they are not capricious, but follow certain laws. The essential thing to be

accomplished, therefore, was to ascertain what were the laws which governed these phenomena, with the conditions under which they operated, or in which they had their origin. Previous to this time in America, and for long after in Europe, the observations made were of a purely independent and isolated kind, and their records were consequently of little value except for purposes of local meteorology. It was felt that to be of any value for general purposes, the observations should be *simultaneous*—should be made at the same moment of time at fixed stations spread over a wide area of country. America offered peculiar advantages for the making of such observations, from the peculiar and vast extent of its territory, stretching over fifty-seven degrees of longitude and twenty-two of latitude. The organisation of a staff for this purpose was therefore set about; signal-stations, connected by telegraphic wires, were placed at wide intervals over the country; an efficient set of instruments and all necessary apparatus were supplied to each; and on the 1st of November 1870, the Chief Signal Officer of the United States was able to issue the first systematised *simultaneous* reports of the weather, made up at twenty-four different stations. The whole were received at the Central Signal Office at Washington, and thence telegraphed to more than twenty cities. The first storm-warning was bulletined along the lakes a week later, for the benefit of the large commercial and marine interests which are exposed to the furious gales that sweep, especially in autumn, over their waters. These tentative attempts were vigorously followed up by improved methods, and still more extended and accurate observations; and the success realised was as gratifying to the public as to the Office itself.

From almost the first, it was felt that, to arrive at satisfactory results, it was necessary that every separate series of observations should be carefully mapped as they were received by telegraph. With this view, a special map of the United States was constructed, on which all the Signal Service stations were marked in their appropriate geo-

graphical places, and at each of these were entered the figures expressing the readings of the barometer and thermometer, the velocity of the wind, the amount of rainfall within the previous twenty-four or eight hours, &c., as also symbols indicating the direction of the wind, and the form and amount of cloud at the given time of observation. The reports from the different stations being entered on the map, the relations between them are thus made sensible to the eye of the Signal Officer, by the figures and symbols, as also by lines drawn to group the geographical areas over which like conditions prevail. The weather-map in this way becomes to the meteorologist what the telescope is to the astronomer—an indispensable means of obtaining a survey, and prosecuting a careful and connected study of the phenomena he seeks to understand.

The study of these maps is as curious as it is interesting. Long before the institution of the Signal Service, it had been discovered from ship-reports that on the sea, cyclonic disturbances in the northern hemisphere rotate from right to left—that is, in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock; and scientific men had demonstrated that, mathematically or mechanically, this law should in theory hold good for both land and sea. The weather-maps have now confirmed this. In a specimen-map for December 23, 1879, given in the report, there are two areas marked 'Low,' and one 'High'—the former defining a storm or cyclonic area in which the barometer is low, and the latter the limits of an area free from such disturbing influences, and in which the barometer is high. In the former—or stormy area—the winds are seen to draw in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock; while in the latter area, which is free from storm, the winds move in the opposite direction.

In this way, it will be apparent, there is nothing left in a conjectural condition, so far as the observations are concerned; and constant study of these observations from day to day, with their antecedents and consequents, enables the Signal Officer to arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of the kind of weather that may be expected within a given time. Yet the preparation of the 'Synopsis and Indications' for the day is by no means a light task, but involves much labour and care. There are *three daily press reports issued*, and the work required before each of these is prepared, includes the drafting of eight graphic charts exhibiting the multifarious data furnished by the simultaneous reports telegraphed from the several stations. Each of these eight charts has a separate duty to perform. One shews the barometric pressures, temperatures, winds, &c.; another, the lines connecting stations where the barometric pressure and the heat are the same; a third exhibits the cloud-conditions, with the 'weather' at each station, including the appearance of the sky at sunset, which is an important indicator; a fourth gives a chart of the *normal* pressures; and so on, till each of the eight sheets is charged with its particular series of observations. These charts have all to be drafted in about an hour or an hour and a half; and they are inter-corrective, each chart serving as a check on the others. Armed with this material so prepared, it is the duty of the officer charged with the preparation of the 'predictions' to proceed to make up his

'synopsis' of the whole, to deduce and write the 'indications,' shewing the changes to occur afterwards; and as soon as this is done, the deductions are telegraphed direct from the Chief Signal Office to all parts of the country.

The Service, as we have stated, began ten years ago, with twenty-four signal-stations; now it has two hundred and ninety; and the average time elapsing between the simultaneous reading of the instruments from each of these stations and the issue of the deductions, has been calculated at only one hour and forty minutes. The forecasts or predictions thus issued apply generally to the next twenty-four hours, but may frequently cover double that period.

The object of the organisation of the Signal Service was one of much importance; and the success which has attended its predictions is certainly remarkable. In the previous state of the science, meteorology was simply a proverb for inexactness; now this imputation is likely to be removed. A table is given of the percentage of verifications over an area of hundreds of thousands of square miles, in each month of the year ending June 30, 1879, and the results are sufficiently surprising. The average of the percentage of accuracy referring to predictions of barometric, thermometric, wind-direction, and general weather changes (involving the most difficult of the calculations that require to be made), is 86·6. The percentage of accuracy of the forecasts of the weather alone (including the state of the skies, whether clear, fair, or cloudy, and whether with or without rain), is 90·7. That is, out of every hundred predictions of the phenomena which are most difficult to forecast, only fourteen turn out to be wrong; while out of every hundred predictions which are purely forecasts of the weather, ninety are found to be right, and only ten wrong. In contrast to this, it may be mentioned that in 1862, when the British government wished to test the real value of the work done in the home Meteorological Department under the old or non-simultaneous system of reporting, it was ascertained that out of four hundred and thirteen storm-warnings that were given within six months, only two hundred and fourteen were accurate. That is, under the old system, the percentage of accuracy was only 51·8, as against 90·7 attained last year in the American Service. This is astonishing evidence, not only of the care and accuracy with which nearly three hundred independent observers in the United States do their work, but also of the scientific skill and acumen which must be brought to bear upon the consideration of these numerous reports when gathered together, so as to obtain for the several areas such 'deductions' and 'predictions' as the multifarious and complex nature of the observations warrant.

One interesting feature of this elaborate organisation is the establishment of what are called 'Sunset-Stations.' These are in addition to the ordinary signal-stations; and the method of predicting the next day's weather, followed at the sunset-stations, is within the grasp of any unscientific but intelligent observer. It is achieved by careful study of the conditions of the sky at sunset, the observers noting whether the western sky at the precise time of sunset is 'fair,' 'foul,' or 'doubtful;' and from these, along with certain simple instrumental observations, they make

predictions for the ensuing day. The sergeants of the Signal Corps practised in this kind of forecasting, are said to have acquired considerable skill and accuracy in predetermining the local weather-changes, their forecasts having reached an average of eighty-two per cent. of accuracy. 'There can be no reason,' says the Chief Signal Officer, 'why any intelligent farmer, supplied with the necessary simple instruments, habituated to similar observations, and furnished with dates, should fail to attain an equal accuracy.' To facilitate the making of such private forecasts, especially by those agriculturists who live in regions remote from places where daily reports are published, the Chief Signal Officer has caused to be prepared a 'Weather Case, or Farmer's Weather-indicator.' This instrument is very simple, and works automatically; it is also accompanied by instructions and rules for interpreting the instrumental variations; and has the effect of enabling the agriculturist to determine for himself the chief weather-changes that may be expected. When will the home Meteorological Office do as much for the British farmer?

Another important branch of the system is the 'Coast Signal Service.' The object of the Coast Signal Stations is to warn vessels within signalling distance of the approach of storms, and to give the life-saving stations quick notice of marine disasters calling for rescue, as also to furnish any intelligence to the latter, or to the lighthouses, which may insure their more efficient working. 'Ocean conditions' often foretell a storm, the indications of which may not have as yet reached land; consequently, it is considered of the utmost importance that frequent reports should be telegraphed to and from all the shore stations of whatever observations are made. In the life-saving department alone, instances are given which shew how beneficial it is to have regular and constant telegraphic communications between the Chief Signal Office and the life-saving stations, as in this manner help can be called and means of saving life combined to an extent that would otherwise be impossible. In the event of war also, this organisation would be highly advantageous; as, with a completed chain of coast signals such as they have in North America, no part of their exposed sea-front could be threatened without immediate intelligence of the fact being flashed to the Washington Office and all along the coast, and the defensive power of the government concentrated at the point endangered. The chain of telegraphic sea-coast stations is at present six hundred and ten miles long, stretching from Sandy Hook to the mouth of Cape Fear River.

But all these several branches are subordinated to the continual every-day use of the organisation as a Weather-Service. And in America, as in this country, the value of such timely notice of important weather-changes as is thereby obtained, is daily rising in the estimation of the public. 'The number of persons,' says the document from which we quote, who find that the reports and forecasts of the Service may be utilised for every-day life, is constantly increasing. Grain and cotton merchants find the "indications" of value in calculations of the forthcoming crops. Physicians, sanitarians, and boards of health employ their data to detect dangerous conditions of the atmosphere of the cities, and for investigating the origin

and spread of diseases and epidemics. The pork-packers, fruit-importers, and fish and oyster dealers, keep an eye on them, to secure themselves against exposure of perishable goods to weather too damp or too warm. Mechanics judge from the prognostics whether they can work outside on the morrow.' And so on, through the great variety of persons and pursuits that are more or less dependent upon the weather.

The information thus supplied is clearly of immense value. 'Had we, a quarter of a century ago,' says a British meteorologist, 'known the rigour of the Crimean climate, who would have dared to send out an army unprepared to meet the hardships of a Black Sea winter? Ask the physician at what price he would value the power of giving timely warning of a "cold snap" to his patients. Ask the builders of London what they have lost in the last ten years by sudden frosts or unexpected downpours of rain. Above all things, go to the farmer, and ask what he would freely pay to know at seed-time what weather he might really expect in harvest. The fact is, there is not a profession, not a handicraft, not a process in animal or vegetable life, which is not influenced by meteorological changes.' It is, however, satisfactory to mark the efforts which are now made by the Meteorological Office of London to render daily forecasts of the weather all over the British Isles.

MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA.

CHAPTER III.—AN 'AT-HOME' DAY IN JAMAICA.— MISS MARTIN—NEW-CASTLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE house is of wood, white, with green venetians, and wide veranda, the blinds of which are half-drawn. In front stretches a close-shaven tennis-ground, which a powerful young negro is rolling. To the right of the house springs up a magnificent specimen of the Norfolk Island pine. There are, I was told afterwards, only two or three in the island. Broad gravel-walks run all round the house, bordered with tubs containing different sorts of lilies—among which the magnificent Eucharist lily is conspicuous—aloes, some splendid double geraniums, and a great variety of plants with leaves speckled, some with white and some with red spots, whose botanical names I know not. A shout of 'Papa, Papa!' and a sturdy boy of four years or thereabouts breaks away from his nurse, and flies to meet us; while Mrs Edgeware appears on the veranda with a younger child clinging to her skirts. Marriage has made little change in Mrs Edgeware. With her slight figure and neat white dress, a wide straw-hat shading the piquant features and laughing brown eyes, it requires an effort to realise the fact that she is not the Elsie Graham of five years ago, but a staid matron with two children. Dismounting from our ponies, which walk off by themselves to their stable, I am warmly greeted by my hostess, and despatched off to my room, with the announcement that breakfast will be ready in half an hour. Except small strips beside the beds, there is not a scrap of carpet in the house, and the polished pine-floors look deliciously cool.

Presently we are seated at breakfast in a pretty room, painted pale green, communicating by folding-doors with the drawing-room. All the windows and doors are wide open, and we breakfast in a thorough draught that would give many a Londoner fits. There are splendid roses everywhere—pink, yellow, and crimson. They nestle among the silver and glass on the breakfast-table, and positively swarm in the drawing-room. Breakfast over, we adjourn to the veranda, and lighting our cigars, listen lazily, while Mrs Edgeware tells us her plans.

'To-day is our At-home day,' she began; 'so you'll see all the people about, if it doesn't rain. The Judge and the Dean are sure to come. You can see the Judge's house from here;' pointing to a pretty cottage on a neighbouring hill. 'Then we'll have the New-Castle people. The Colonel and his wife are coming to lunch.'

'What about to-morrow?' asked Charley. He had his first-born on his knee, and was busily engaged in puffing cigar-smoke at him; a proceeding strongly resented by the boy. 'Don't the New-Castle theatricals come off to-morrow?'

'Now, do let the boy alone,' said Mrs Edgeware, rising and rescuing the child, who immediately made a dash at a big butterfly that flew by. 'Yes,' she went on; 'they do; and I'm afraid we must have an early dinner.—I hope you don't mind, Mr O——?'

'Certainly not,' I replied with unction, though I cannot say that I am partial to that ghastly meal.

'You see, it's an hour's ride,' she continued; 'and it's dark at six. And we really must, Charley—turning to the Major—'get over the bad part of the road before dark.'

'All right,' replied Charley.—'By the way, Jack, we must stay there all night.'

'All night!' I cried in surprise.

'There's no moon,' said the Major; 'and no pony on earth could come down in the dark; so the supper is to be at twelve, and we've to dance the daylight in. I must go to Kingston to-morrow, partly on business, and partly to see the King girls, who are coming to stay with us. We'll have early dinner or late lunch about half-past three, and start a little before five.'

And so the discussion went on; and it was settled who was to have the blue room and who the brown, and where the two officers from Up-Park Camp were to be put up, and which young lady was to ride the kicking pony, and how the Dean's mule Belinda was to be borrowed for Miss Bella Moore, who was nervous; while I sat in my rocking-chair, idly watching the John-crows (a species of vulture, which act as scavengers) circling overhead, and the busy little lizards running up and down the pillars of the veranda. Right opposite the door-steps, which are bordered by flower-pots on each side, is a magnificent akee tree, with drooping clusters, slowly reddening. Listen to that faint whirring. A tiny humming-bird, its plumage flashing in the sun, balances itself opposite that hybiscus blossom, plunges its sharp beak inside the flower, and then, flashing across the steps, repeats the operation on a flower close by my feet. The whole space to the left of the steps is filled by a splendid Poinsettia tree. Half its leaves are the most brilliant crimson; half, green. By Christmas, all the green will have vanished,

and it will be one glowing mass of crimson; then the crimson will go in its turn, and by July the tree will be all green again. A high border of lemon-grass surrounds the close-shaven lawn; and one or two mango-trees, dotted about, contribute the welcome shade. A range of offices to the left of the house is covered with the gorgeous reddish orange clusters of the *Bigonia venusta*. It is my first taste of the tropics, and I enjoy it thoroughly. The heat is tempered by a light sea-breeze, which comes stealing up over the hill-tops, and stirs the long fleecy coat of Mrs Edgeware's white poodle Floss, lying sleeping at her feet. In front, I can see St Mark's Church, with its pale yellow walls and green venetians, standing out in bold relief against the dark-green background of mountain. To my left, I can look away over the spurs of the hills upon Kingston and the shipping in the harbour; still farther out, upon Port-Royal and the west shore of the bay.

'What a delicious climate!' I exclaim half involuntarily.

'It will be better after the rains,' replied Mrs Edgeware—'not so hot.—But here they come,' she said, gathering up her work, and pointing out to me a row of white helmets defiling by the church-gate.—'I declare, Charley, there are five of them!'

'All right,' said the Major, touching a small spring-bell beside him.

The black butler appeared.

'There are eight for lunch instead of five, Chance;' and that functionary disappeared. The arrangements in all Jamaican houses are of a wonderfully elastic nature.

'Whom have they with them, I wonder?' said the Major.

'Whoo-op!' from the hill.

'I know one of them, at all events,' said Mrs Edgeware, laughing—'that's young Mr Leslie.'

'Ay,' said the Major, 'he's always hollering.—Come on, Jack, and meet them. Best take that white umbrella; sun's a bit strong for strangers.'

And we saunter out just in time to meet the cavalcade at the gate. Colonel S—— leads the way on a powerful bay horse, which looks as if—as is indeed the case—he would be more at home over a grass country. Mrs S—— is mounted on a beautiful white Barb. The other three are riding wiry mountain ponies. Tweed breeches and gaiters, or blucher boots, are worn by the men. The ladies are in ordinary morning-dress, the skirt of the dress being pinned up all round, and the skirt of a riding-habit slipped over it. When they dismount, the habit-skirt is let fall, the dress underneath unpinned and shaken out, and the toilet is complete. The Colonel, an old Crimea-man, and his wife, are Irish. So too is the dapper subaltern with them. The other two are a planter and his wife, a pretty fair-haired English girl. Everybody is introduced to everybody; and presently we are seated at lunch, for which the mountain air has given us a famous appetite.

Lunch over, visitors begin to drop in. I am introduced to various notabilities, Judges, Generals, Archdeacons. Being a stranger, I am made much of, and receive half-a-dozen invitations to various parts of the island. As the day grows cooler, we adjourn to the lawn-tennis ground; and though I rather fancy myself at that game, I find I have to

do all I know to play up to the game of my partner, Miss Martin, a pretty dark-eyed Creole.

'Of course you're coming up to New-Castle to-morrow?' she remarks as we are refreshing ourselves with some claret-cup after winning our rubber.

'Certainly,' I answer; 'the Major is going to lend me a pony.'

'We're all going,' she went on; 'papa, my two sisters there'—nodding towards two young ladies in white dresses trimmed with red—'and myself. It will be great fun. We live over at the north side, you know, and have only got a loan of Mount Topaz, where we're staying now. At home, we never have a dance, and here we've had two already; and there are three coming on—the one to-morrow, the Governor's ball, and the Up-Park Camp dance. You must come over to our side of the island, and pay us a visit. Papa would be delighted to see you; and we'll have a paper-chase. Of course you can ride?'

'A little,' I murmured modestly, wondering vaguely what connection there could be between a paper-chase and riding. 'But isn't running rather warm work in this climate?'

'Running!' exclaimed my young friend, opening her brown eyes wide. 'Surely, you don't suppose we run! No, no—we ride. Last paper-chase, we had fences, and a ditch eight feet wide. Rita and I tumbled into it together. Luckily, she wasn't hurt.'

'Luckily, you weren't,' I interposed.

'Oh, nothing ever hurts me,' she replied carelessly.—'By the way, you never saw Rita?'

'Never.'

'Oh, I must shew her to you then. She is *such* a dear!' she cried enthusiastically. 'Come on;' and she led the way across the tennis-ground to where the horses were hitched up near the entrance-gate. 'Here is Rita,' she said, pointing out a very beautiful dark chestnut mare, that raised her head and whinnied as her mistress approached. 'Her father and her grandfather won the Derby,' she continued solemnly.

It was a pretty sight to see the slight, dark-haired girl pressing her fair cheek caressingly against the glossy crest of her favourite.

'If you come to Mount Auburn, I'll let you ride her.'

I expressed my gratitude; and we strolled back to the tennis-ground, where the party was about breaking up. Some of them had considerable distances to go, and in these latitudes it gets dark in a few minutes after the sun sets. So adieux were exchanged, habit-skirts donned, girths tightened; and in a few minutes the procession was winding its way up the hill; Miss Martin, as I settled her habit, desiring me to be particularly careful not to be late for the second fast dance at New-Castle, which she had promised me.

The sun was now sinking fast behind the opposite hill, crowned with the Judge's house, and flooding all the horizon with a glare of golden light. But the glare was not for long. Even as we looked, the bright tints faded, and died out. Almost as if a curtain had been drawn across, darkness fell on the scene. I don't know whether others have experienced the feeling, but to me, as I lounged on the veranda, finishing my cigar, there seemed something inexpressibly sad-

dening in this sudden death of the day. But with the darkness burst forth a charm of innumerable insects. Tweet-tweet, twitter-twitter. Then the crescent moon, low in the south, sank behind the shoulder of the Judge's hill in a flood of pale-green light, which threw out in bold relief the black mass of the mountain and every tree and shrub on its summit. Presently, this light also died away, and the stars shone out like points of steel. A low muttering of thunder, and wave after wave of lightning, varying in shade from bluish-green to orange, flooded the western horizon. It was inexpressibly beautiful; and I left it unwillingly, when summoned to dinner. Clear turtle-soup, mountain mullet, and most excellent small mutton, formed the main features of the repast, which was washed down with champagne, produced by the Major in my honour. Cigars and coffee on the veranda, where I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was cruising in the bay with Peter Simple and Midshipman Easy, when I fell overboard, and was on the point of being swallowed by Port-Royal Tom, when Miss Martin, in a cocked-hat and naval uniform, fished me out with a boat-hook. I woke up with a start, to find Charley shaking me by the collar.

'Wake up, old man!' he said; 'you're about done, and it's not quite safe sleeping in the night-air.'

So, apologising for my rudeness, I said good-night; and was soon ensconced behind the mosquito curtains, rejoicing at finding myself in a decent bed once more.

Half-past six A.M., and I am awakened by a rattle of pony's hoofs, and a tapping at my window with the end of a hunting-crop. It is the Major, fresh, trim, and clean shaved, on his favourite pony Conrad. 'I'm off,' he said; 'have to go and look after one of the dams on the Hope River first, and then to do chaperon to the two Miss Kings up here. But Elsie will take care of you. She is going to dress at New-Castle at Colonel S—'s, and is sending on her things; so, if you like, you can send on your dress-clothes; Chance will look after them for you.' And he cantered off.

Then Chance, the black butler, brought me in coffee and thin bread-and-butter; and I dressed, and strolled out. Taking the road to the right, I walked up the hill to St Mark's Church, a neat unpretending wooden structure, with drab walls and green venetians, and one or two pretty memorial windows of stained glass. The path up to the church was bordered with neatly kept flower-beds, edged with the graceful lace-plant. Beyond these were lines of graves. Three graceful white stone crosses were conspicuous objects. Two marked the last resting-places of the wife and daughter of a former tenant of Craigton; the third, that of a major of Artillery. All three had fallen victims to yellow-fever, which, in the year '77, had visited almost every house in the Port-Royal hills. (It may interest intending visitors to Jamaica to state that yellow-fever never originates in the hills. I was informed by a physician of large experience in Jamaica, that in the year above referred to, the disease was brought into the hills by a gentleman who came up actually suffering from it. In every subsequent case that occurred, each link in the chain of contagion was clearly proved.)

The different views from this point were magnificent. Looking south, the eye can range over Kingston out to the Palisades and Port-Royal. Away westward stretches a huge plain, through which runs a faint line, the railway to Spanish-town, the former capital. In the valley about a thousand feet below me, as I look northward, lies the little hamlet of Middleton. A certain Duke has a large coffee-property stretching up the slopes on the opposite side of the valley, and the works are in Middleton. Looking straight across the valley, I see the white huts of New-Castle running down a huge spur that on the west of Catherine's Peak juts down southward. You can also trace the road to New-Castle zigzagging up the rugged sides of the spur.

The sun was now getting strong, so I strolled back to breakfast and a long gossip about all our acquaintances of the old times—who was dead, who married, and who ruined. Then my fair cousin gave me an account of their mode of life in Jamaica, during the recital of which she was oddly interrupted at times. A knock at the door. 'Come in,' and enter the cook, a stout young negro of two or three and twenty. He carries a wooden tray containing eggs, a couple of pine-apples, and a quantity of limes.

'Want a heighteen-pence for hegg, a shillin' for pine, and a truppence for lime, Missis,' he says; and Mrs Edgeware gives him the money. Presently he reappears: 'Two pair fowl, Missis, tree-an-six-pence heach.' (I may remark that the negroes are the veriest Cockneys in the matter of their *hs*.) Eggs, fowl, vegetables, fruit, &c. are brought to the door by the country-people for sale, as in country-parts at home. All purchases are made by the cook, the mistress never appearing.

A lithe active young negress now makes her appearance before the veranda, and ducks two separate salutations: 'Marnin', Mass'r; marnin', Missis.' This is the market-woman who fetches supplies from Kingston. A large bright-coloured handkerchief is twisted, turban-fashion, round her head. Her feet are bare; and she wears a red coral necklace, and a light cotton dress with a long sweeping train. The work done by these women is something extraordinary. 'She will start,' Mrs Edgeware told me afterwards, 'between four and five in the morning, and reach Kingston about eight. Then she will leave any letters, or do any commissions that Charley or I may have, and then do the marketing, and be back here before four o'clock. To-morrow, she will bring up two small joints of meat of about fourteen pounds, a dozen pounds of rice, some fish, vegetables, and a couple of tins of preserved butter. She will carry all in a tray on her head; and for this she gets—eighteenpence.'

It takes a quick pony forty-five minutes to walk from Craigton to the foot of the hill; from thence to Kingston is at least eight miles. These facts will enable our readers to form an idea of the amount of work done by a Jamaican negress for eighteenpence!

The day wears on; and about four in the afternoon, Charley makes his appearance chaperoning the Misses King, who are the daughters of a planter on the north side. Miss King is tall and slight; the younger, Miss Florence King, has curly hair and laughing blue eyes. She flirts audaciously with the Major; and laughs gleefully

when Elsie, with mock-gravity, remonstrates with her thereat. Like most Creole girls, they both ride to perfection, and are wild with excitement about the coming dance. Then the Colonel and one of the officers of the First West turn up, and we sit down unceremoniously to dinner. After dinner, when we are preparing to start, Charley makes his appearance in dress-clothes.

'Hullo! Charley,' I cry; 'some one has been playing you a trick.' Both tails of his dress-coat are pinned up; and the effect is exceedingly absurd. I look round for sympathy; but no one laughs. 'Look at your coat-tails, man!' I exclaim astonished at the profound gravity which prevails. I am pulverised by being told that this is the correct thing in the hills. When going out to dinner, you must ride, and equally of course you must pin up your coat-tails, to prevent their being soiled by the pony's flanks. We live and learn, think I, as I mount my pony.

As we sally out at the gate, our party (of seven) is reinforced by the Dean and his wife and two more young ladies. The Dean has a large district, and does his work as conscientiously and thoroughly as any man living, though he believes, as do most sensible men, that mankind are all the better for a little innocent amusement. He has been hard at work all day, and is quite prepared now to enjoy the clear mountain air, to laugh at Captain P—'s representation of Citizen Sang-froid in the forthcoming theatricals, and even to look on a little at the dance that is to follow. The two young ladies are daughters of a leading legal official, who lives in the plains, and doesn't like to face the hill-roads. We form quite a cavalcade as we wind down the steep road that leads to Middleton. One drawback to these mountain-roads is that, being obliged to proceed in single file, conversation is difficult.

Native girls, with loads of various kinds on their heads, pass us, dropping courtesies as they pass. Little woolly urchins, some black as jet, some of a beautiful rich bronze, perch themselves on the banks of the road. 'Marnin', Jydge; marnin', Major; marnin', Dean!' they scream out, always winding up with: 'Beg quattie;' meaning thereby the quarter, a small silver coin, value three-halfpence.

Darkness falls rapidly after we have passed Middleton and are ascending the slopes beyond. The road, scarpd out of the side of the mountain, is in many places in deep shadow, and a false step might precipitate horse and rider hundreds of feet down to the Hope River below. A halt is called, and the black grooms—three of them—who accompany us on foot, light large stable lanterns. The party breaks up into three divisions, and each division headed by a light-bearer, we start again. The whole thing has a strangely weird effect, the lanterns flashing among the trees, now behind us, now before, as we wind up the zigzags, and lighting up, now a girl's lithe form, now a negro's woolly head, and now throwing into bold relief the stalwart form and soldierly features of the Major, who, with a huge brier-root pipe between his teeth, leads the way. Overhead, a star or two peep out; and far below, unseen in the darkness, the Hope River foams and fumes. We are nearing our journey's end now. A rattle of arms and a hoarse cry of 'Who goes there?' ring out in the darkness. 'A friend,' in Charley's clear voice; and the lan-

turns flash on the red-coated sentry as he stands at attention on recognising the Major. A few minutes more and we are in front of the messroom, being cordially welcomed by our gallant hosts. Dressing-rooms for the ladies have been improvised, and the soothing cup is awaiting them, while red-jacketed warriors press sherry, and brandy and soda on the ruder sex; nor is what Mr Richard Swiveller called 'a modest quencher,' at all unwelcome, for the northerly breeze is keen enough.

A stage, with tastefully painted scenery, has been erected at one end of the messroom; and we are soon all seated, and thoroughly enjoying Captain P——'s excellent acting of Citizen Sang-froid in *Delicate Ground*. The farce of *Two Gay Deceivers* follows; and then we adjourn to supper, a capital one too, in the billiard-room; while a fatigue-party clears away the seats and prepares the messroom for the dance. Not being much of a dancing man, I lit a cigar and strolled outside. The fun was waxing fast and furious now. As faster and faster sped the dancers across the lighted windows of the messroom, it was curious to watch that little central spot of light and mirth and gaiety in the midst of the huge hills, whose blurred masses towered around. Now *John Peel* rings out. Faster across the windows flit the dancers, and I can hear the fresh young voices carolling the chorus of that famous hunting song. Now it is over, and the veranda is thronged with breathless damsels attended by perspiring cavaliers.

Again the music strikes up, but this time it is a waltz; and a vision of past seasons, of their dead hopes and buried loves, rises before me as Strauss's waltz, with its long dreamy sensuous swell, floats out to die on the soft still night. At last even Creole endurance begins to find out that it has its limits. The stars were now fading out, and a gray light was stealing up behind Catherine's Peak. It was nearly five A.M. Ponies were ordered; and soon the inclosure in front of the mess was crowded with those hardy little animals and their black grooms. The Major, sternly disregarding all petitions for 'just one more turn,' was busy packing off his charges under his wife's wing to the ladies' dressing-room. The last panting couple have stopped from sheer want of breath, and at half-past five A.M. *God Save the Queen* is played. 'So charming!'—'Such a nice dance!'—'So good of you to get it up!' I hear murmured on all sides, as the girls scurry off on their cavaliers' arms to the Colonel's quarters, where Mrs S—— has tea awaiting them.

Meanwhile, we men adjourn to the supper-room for a stirrup-cup. 'Lots of time yet,' cries a perspiring subaltern, catching me by the arm and hurrying me to the table. 'Ladies won't be ready this half-hour. What is it to be? Champagne-cup? B. and S?—All right. Mess-waiter—two B. and Esses.' Pop go the corks.

'Now then!' shouts the regimental Major from the top of the table. 'Where's the Brum? We want "*Drink, Puppy, Drink*."

Why it is called 'The Brum,' I know not: but at the Major's command a handsome fair-faced English lad responds: 'All right, sir; here goes;' and presently the rafters are ringing with the chorus of poor Whyte Melville's last hunting strain.

Everything, even a dance in the Jamaica hills,

must end some time. The ladies come trooping down, and we are in the saddle again, winding down the hillside. Harking back with our eyes, we can see the lights of the messroom away above; and can hear *Drink, Puppy, Drink* being chanted with renewed vigour. We are too sleepy to talk much. Miss Martin only faintly reproaches me for my not having come for the second fast dance. It is a quarter to eight A.M. as we turn into the gate of Craigton; and in a few minutes I am in the land of dreams.

AUTOGRAPHIC PRINTING PROCESSES.

MEN of business, writing letters from their office, do so in a strictly regular manner, by fixed rules; and each letter is in many instances the joint production of at least two minds. To explain how this is, we must remember that busy men have not the time to go through the manual labour of writing their own letters. A solicitor in good practice, for example, will have a shorthand clerk constantly at his elbow. The letters are dictated to this clerk, who scribbles his pencil hieroglyphics in a note-book as fast as his master can give utterance to the sounds which they represent. This clerk afterwards translates his notes into longhand, reconstructing a sentence where necessary. The principal has merely to sign his name, and the letter is finished. But before it is sealed, a very necessary operation is performed—the letter is copied. To the various modes by which this is performed, it is our intention in this article to direct the reader's attention.

The most obvious method of copying letters is that of taking an ordinary pen and ink and reproducing them word for word; and this was the system necessarily adopted in all offices thirty years ago. It is clear that this process is open to all kinds of errors, and also carries with it the objection that a principal might complain that his clerk had not faithfully reproduced his words. To facilitate the reproduction of letters, copying-ink was invented—that is, ink mixed with some sticky preparation, such as sugar, so that its impression could be conveyed to sheets of damp paper. The impression is of course reversed, or what a photographer would call a negative; thin paper is therefore used, so that the words can easily be read from the other side. This system is extensively adopted, and is in use at most offices. The letters are either impressed direct into a bound book of thin paper, or upon loose sheets, and afterwards bound. In either case, the volumes thus obtained form a complete history of business correspondence as conducted from day to day. The plan is all that can be required where a single copy only, is necessary.

It, however, often becomes necessary in large offices to send out numbers of circular letters on the same subject. This necessity was at first met by employing a very intense copying-ink, which would allow several fac-simile letters to be produced from one original. But with the best inks, such copies were limited to six or eight, and the last produced was of a very vague and attenuated character. The lithographic process, by which a letter, written in special ink and on special paper, can be transferred to stone and reproduced by the hundred, fulfils the purpose admirably. But it requires the assistance

of a skilled lithographer; and for that and many other reasons, does not exactly meet the want indicated. The means for expeditiously multiplying copies of circulars and the like by unskilled hands, has only been successfully accomplished within very recent times. The apparatus by which this is done may be divided into two distinct classes; by one of which a stencil is formed, through which the ink is pressed, and in the other a medium is found to hold the image of the writing; as in the lithographic process, where a stone is employed for that purpose. The art of stencilling is familiar to our readers in various forms, stencil plates for all kinds of purposes being in use in the arts and different trades. The first form of stencilling pen was a small pointer, which was made to travel very rapidly with an up-and-down motion, by which it pierced paper placed beneath it. This pen was worked by a treadle, and was somewhat cumbersome. The same idea has lately been improved upon in the production of a pen which contains its own motive-power in the shape of clockwork. Traced over a piece of paper, this little engine forms lines of tiny pricked holes. The pierced paper so produced forms the matrix, from which many copies can be obtained; but the process is somewhat slow, and has the disadvantage of making uniform up-and-down strokes on the paper, by which the characteristic features of a particular handwriting are destroyed. The apparatus too is somewhat expensive, a clockwork pen of this description costing no less than five pounds.

Of the same genus and outward appearance is the famous Electric Pen, due to the ingenuity of Mr Edison. The only difference is that a magnetic engine takes the place of the box of clockwork at the top of the pen. But here a fresh complication comes into place in the form of the inevitable electric battery, with its tiresome solutions and general uncertainties. In its results the Electric Pen is no better than its clockwork prototype, and is nearly double the price. In both cases the copy produced is not a fac-simile of the original writing or drawing; for the reproduction is formed of dotted and not continuous lines.

Of a far more inexpensive and effective character is the 'Papyograph,' which, we believe, was patented before the era of Mr Edison's Electric Pen. In this case, a paper is used for the stencil, which has been saturated with a resinous varnish. The pen is charged with a strong solution of caustic soda, which decomposes the resin, and turns it in fact into soluble soap. The paper is now soaked in water, which removes the soap, and leaves the writing in the form of a porous stencil. A velvet cushion is now impregnated with an ink composed of aniline violet and glycerine. The stencil is placed upon this, and a sheet of clean paper above it. Pressure is then applied; the ink is forced through the interstices of the fibrous paper; and a perfect copy is the result. By this simple process, more than five hundred copies can be rapidly obtained from one paper stencil. One other process belonging to the stencil family must also be noticed, although it partakes of the faults of some of those named in reproducing a dotted copy. In this method the stencil is formed by writing with a steel point upon paper which rests upon a metal surface, this surface being roughened like the face of a file. The characters are in short

rubbed into holes; the copies being reproduced by the application of an ink cushion in the way already indicated.

All these methods have one great fault, in either reproducing a false copy of the original, or forcing the writer to employ materials he is unaccustomed to, and which warp and disfigure his handwriting. These difficulties are entirely obviated by a little apparatus called the Chromograph. The idea is clever and full of originality; and the apparatus, —which seems to be common property—is produced and sold under various names, such as Compo-lithograph, Hektograph, Multiscript, &c. It consists of a zinc tray filled with a gelatinous white preparation, the mode of using which being as follows. A letter or drawing is made upon ordinary paper with aniline ink. When this is dry, it is carefully placed face downwards on the white surface, and rubbed with the hand. By lifting one corner, it is gently pulled away from the preparation, when it is found that the ink has been mostly transferred to its temporary support. The image on the gelatine surface is now used as a negative, from which some dozens of copies can be had. These copies are most vigorous, and the first twenty or thirty will shew no signs that they have not been separately written by hand. After that number has been obtained, the proofs become rather pale, but still legible and fit for use. It will be observed that no press is required save the simple pressure of the hand on the back of each sheet of paper as it is applied to the negative. The system is not only applicable to the reproduction of writing, but can be used for drawings, diagrams, and music. It is, moreover, so simple in its character, that the apparatus can easily be made at home; and we have much pleasure in placing before our readers the means by which this can be done.

Suppose that we wish to copy letters of the ordinary note size, we shall require a piece of ordinary roofing-zinc measuring twelve inches by nine. The edge of this must be turned up half an inch all round, so as to form a tray for the reception of the composition. This requires some little care in its preparation. First, place two and a half ounces of common gelatine in cold water, and let it remain there until it becomes quite flaccid. The gelatine so treated is then placed in a gallipot, which has itself been placed in water in a saucepan. Heat is applied, and, as the gelatine melts, one pound of glycerine is poured upon it, and thoroughly stirred. An ounce of finely powdered chalk is also added to the mass and incorporated with it. Heat is kept up for ten minutes or more, to drive off some of the water, when the gallipot is removed, and its contents poured into the zinc tray prepared for its reception. This should be placed on a level surface as the gelatine compound cools and sets in about an hour. It must then be sponged with cold water and wiped dry, when it is ready for use.

The ink is prepared by mixing aniline violet in powder with seven parts of water and one of alcohol, the resulting proofs being of course of a bright violet hue. In using the ink, care should be taken that enough is applied to the paper to give that metallic sheen by reflected light which is so characteristic of the aniline dyes. The

colour of the ink is in some cases rather prejudicial to the use of these gelatine contrivances, which no doubt has limited to some extent their employment. But lately a black ink has been produced, which is said to give copies as good, with the advantages of a more sober tint. The composition of this ink remains a secret.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'LARGE and roomy; well-furnished; good garden; healthy neighbourhood; within easy reach of a railway-station; good boys' school near; not far from London; cheap!' Thus, with something more than a suspicion of scorn in her voice, my sister Margaret ran off on her fingers the list of my requirements for a house.

I had just returned from India with my six children, and I was anxious to settle them comfortably before their father's return.

'You want every comfort,' continued my sister, 'and you don't want to pay for every comfort. I believe you Anglo-Indians think we live upon nothing in England.'

Her husband came in as she spoke. Turning to him, she ran over again, with a slight exaggeration and a deeper infusion of contempt, the catalogue given above.

He took a seat. 'Difficult,' he said, oracularly; 'but it might be done. I have it!' said he, turning to his wife.

'What? The right house! Then you are cleverer than I thought you.'

'Do you remember the story Williams told us yesterday?'

'Now, James,' said my sister, rising to her feet, and looking at her husband severely, 'if you advise Eleanor to take that house, you do it on your own responsibility. I wash my hands of it.'

'Sit down again, Margaret,' he said. 'Be reasonable, my dear. Is there any sufficient reason why Eleanor should not take that house?'

'There is one very good reason—she will have to do the house-work herself. No servant will stay a week.'

'She has an Indian servant at anyrate, who must stand by her.'

'But think of herself, of her feelings.—You smile, James. O yes; I know you think me absurd. Very likely I am absurd; but remember this—there's no smoke without some fire. Besides, I knew the last tenants. Mrs Green is not an idiot. She told me'—

'Stay a moment,' said my brother-in-law, and he addressed himself to me.—'Eleanor, tell me the truth: are you a believer in ghosts?'

'Does this mean that the eligible house is haunted?' I exclaimed, much stimulated by what I had heard. 'If so, I will take it at once. Write to the agent for me, James.'

'I do believe you are all going mad,' said my worthy sister, holding up her hands in horror.—'James, you are a sensible man. You know things ought not to be done in a hurry.—Eleanor, listen to what I heard from the last tenant. She told me with her own lips; it is none of your second-hand stories'—

'No,' I interrupted; 'don't tell me. If there is a

ghost, it will shew itself. If there is not, I might be set thinking of your story, and might imagine it; or at least,—correcting myself—'I might be betrayed into telling somebody else. Somebody else might imagine it.'

My brother-in-law thereupon entered into an elaborate description of the house, which had everything I could desire; and he believed I could have it for a rent, which was so small, considering its advantages, as to seem merely nominal. 'The fact is,' he said, 'their principal object is to have the thing off their hands. Tenants have been coming, and tenants have been going; and some have paid, and some have not paid. The place has got a bad name in the neighbourhood. The owners, however, think that if a respectable tenant comes and stays for some time, it will have a good effect on the public mind. But, as Margaret says, you must count the cost. Your servants will be sure to hear the ghost-story. They will see visions and dream dreams. You may have to do a good deal of the work yourself. By-the-by, there is an old housekeeper, a Mrs Weevil, who lives in the lower rooms.'

'Could we not get rid of her?' I said. 'She might tell the servants.'

'I am afraid that would be easier said than done,' he answered. 'She has some claim upon the family. But they say she is a quiet old soul, who interferes with nobody. You might warn her, you know.'

'Well,' I said, 'let us write to the agent, and see what can be done.'

The result of all this was that, a week or two later, on a placid afternoon early in the month of August, I drove up with my children, servants, and luggage before the deep porch of one of those moderately sized country-houses which abound in the county of Surrey. It was to be my home for the next twelve months—servants and ghosts permitting.

For once, description and the expectation that followed hard upon it were, I felt, abundantly justified. My earthly paradise was a paradise indeed; and joyfully, on the evening of our arrival, I sat and wrote to my husband of our good fortune. The house was beautifully situated, and was itself picturesque, with its deep porch in front, and the neat balcony that surmounted it. It was an irregular building, and its red brick walls were half-smothered with ivy and clematis. Beyond the garden in front was a broad lawn, bounded by the grand old beeches and elms which form a belt round Lord B——'s estate. During the first few weeks, nothing happened to change my good opinion of the house.

There was one circumstance I did not like; but I persuaded myself it was trivial, and to be affected by it proved ultra-sensitiveness; besides, I had been warned beforehand. Two of the lower rooms were occupied by an old woman. She was a pensioner, I was told, of our landlord's. Many years ago, she had been housekeeper to some relatives of his, who lived in the house, and she had lived in it ever since. I wished to see her and have some conversation with her. I disliked, in the first place, that any one of whom I knew nothing should be in my house; and in the second place, I was anxious to warn her to keep the ghost-story (whatever that might be) secret. My

three English servants were north-country girls. I had taken good care that they should be utter strangers to the neighbourhood; but I knew, if the possibility of seeing a ghost were suggested to them, they would promptly make the possibility a certainty, and then my troubles would begin.

I sent a polite message to Mrs Weevil, asking for an interview; and she came to my room. She was not a prepossessing woman. Her age might be somewhere between sixty and seventy; and as she dropped an awkward courtesy on entering my presence, I felt she was giving me a homage which she did not pay willingly. I said I understood she had permission from the owner of the house to occupy certain rooms in it.

'Yes, ma'am,' she said; 'but not from the owner as is the owner of the 'ouse now, ma'am.'

She manifested, I thought, a certain ill-concealed sulkiness as I went on to ask her if she could not be induced to find accommodation for herself in some of the cottages on the adjoining estate, so as to give us the house to ourselves. She stubbornly refused.

'No, ma'am,' she went on to say. 'I am an old woman as has lived here for nigh twenty years, and I never gives trouble to no one. I only wishes to be let alone; and I means to stay, ma'am—yes, I means to stay.'

I saw that it would serve no purpose at present to try to dissuade her; and as I did not wish to quarrel with her, I changed the conversation. I said I understood there were some foolish stories current about the house being haunted, and I hoped, whatever she thought of it, that she would say nothing to my servants on the subject.

'If your servants 'll let me alone, ma'am, I'll let them alone. I has no wish to meddle with any lady's servants.'

I then permitted her to go. She was certainly no trouble about the house; and she was very seldom seen either by me or the servants. She only went out occasionally, as if to make such purchases as her necessities might require, locking the door of her rooms both in going and returning.

A month passed by. People in the neighbourhood began to call. They all praised the house and grounds; but they all looked mysterious, and one and another hinted: 'You won't stay here over the winter.'

My answer was a smile. But the winter came. Flowers faded; trees grew red, golden, brown; and at last their shivering leaves fell to the ground. It was an early winter. In November, the cold was intense, and the days were short and gloomy. Many years had passed by since I had spent a winter in England, and I felt the cold very much. I made the best of things however, muffling myself and the children in flannel, keeping the doors and windows closed, and having large fires in the rooms and hall. In spite of all I could do, two of them fell ill. Their illness was not serious; but nursing and looking after them gave me much to do, for their ayah (Indian nurse) was suffering at the moment from a severe cold, which rendered her almost incapable of helping me.

Such was my position when, one morning, my housemaid asked to see me. I knew what this meant; and was not surprised to hear that she

intended to leave us that very day. Her mother wanted her, she said. I asked her mother's reason. She was impenetrable. I offered her higher wages. She said, tremblingly, that she would not stay if I were to offer her a hundred pounds. I began to perceive that the news of the ghost-story had got abroad; and I asked her if there was anything in the house of which she was afraid; but to this question she was dumb. I said I would see her again, and sat down to think, with my sick child in my lap. Even while I was thinking, there came a knock at the door of my room. I cried out, 'Come in;' but my heart sank.

My cook was at the door. The girl who helped in the kitchen and house was behind her. Both looked scared, and announced that they were going.

I did not know what to do. To gain time, I ordered them back to their work. I had no money in the house, I said. The bank, as they knew, was some miles distant. They had no right to leave me without due notice; in fact, I would not let them go. So I said, and hoped that they were quieted for a time. But late that evening, the ayah came to me with consternation in her face. All the three English servants had left me!

By that time the children were in bed, and everything was still. I bade the ayah go to her room with the younger children, and after locking my bedroom door, sat alone, thinking. I had passed through an exciting day. The night was chilly; I was tired, and not very well. That the warmth of the fire and the comfort of my favourite lounging-chair should presently cause a delightful sense of indifference to all and every annoyance, need not be considered wonderful. As I sat there, I gave way to the pleasant compulsion, and was soon, I imagine, fast asleep. I say I imagine, because there was no witness present; and of what we do, or what we don't do, in that strange indefinite border-land of sensation which separates waking-time from sleeping-time, we can never be perfectly certain.

So far as I know, I slept for some considerable time. It was the sensation, I believe, of my feet waxing cold that first loosened the bonds of slumber. While I was in that semi-conscious state, which has a peculiar discomfort, I became dimly alive to the fact that there was in the room some presence other than my own. There was movement—a stirring in the air, as if some creature had come in. The events of the day returned to my memory, which was still only half alive. I started up, rubbing my eyes, for I could not be at all sure that I was awake and in my right mind.

When I went to sleep, I was alone. Yes, certainly. But even if it were not so, what strange pale face was this now gazing at me across the dimly-lighted space of the shadowy room? I was but half-awake. My nerves were in an excited state. The ghost in the house had been my last conscious idea. And now this strange face, which seemed to be advancing on me out of the gloom, was it a creation of my own fancy? Or was it some one playing a trick upon me? In any case, now was my time to fathom the mystery. Trying to be courageous and gather my wits together, I advanced. The face receded, and passed into the deeper shadow, till it appeared to be suddenly swallowed up in the draperies of

the heavily curtained window. I rushed forward, but was not swift enough. Before I touched the curtains, the face had disappeared. I was certain, however, perfectly certain that as I drew the curtains open, I felt resistance to my hand, and at the same time a gust of colder air rushed against my face, as if from an opened window. At first, I felt as if about to faint; but my will, fortunately, was strong, and I threw the curtains aside, and put my hand on the window. It was closed. I tried the bar, which could only be fixed from the inside, and it was as I had left it early in the evening.

At this discovery, my agitation overpowered me, my head swam, and I fainted. When I recovered consciousness, I was lying in the broad recess of the curtained window, and I felt a trickling sensation on my forehead, and suspected, what I afterwards found to be the case, that I had struck my head on some article of furniture, and was bleeding. This involuntary blood-letting helped to revive me, and I sat up.

For a few minutes I remained partially stunned and bewildered. I felt a creeping sensation, as if I had been struck by a frost-wind. After a while, my heart began to beat less audibly, and I rose to my feet. At that moment the embers of the fire suddenly sank into the bottom of the grate, sending up a faint flickering light, which was absolute cheerfulness as contrasted with the horrible semi-darkness that had hitherto prevailed. I felt my courage returning, and managed to ring the bell. The ayah came, alarmed that I should have summoned her at an hour when she supposed I had retired to rest. I did not tell her what I had witnessed, only asked her to light a candle. She did so, and as the light fell upon my face, she gave a slight scream. I had forgot at the moment that blood was trickling from the wound I had received, or I should not have asked her to light the candle. As it was, I had to make the best excuse I could in answer to her inquiries. I said I must have slept long by the fire, and in moving about the darkened room had fallen and hurt myself. The wound, however, was found to be a mere scratch; and in a few minutes the ayah had succeeded in removing from my face all marks of the disaster.

I asked her to leave the candle with me, and allow me to retire to rest. She did so; and after the door was closed upon her, I proceeded with the candle to examine the window more minutely. The mystery was as much a mystery as ever. The window had certainly not been opened by any one, and no trace was visible on the walls of any possible means of egress or ingress. I felt more nervous than ever, and was about to turn and quit the room altogether, so much did my fears oppress me, when something lying on the floor within the recess attracted my attention. I stooped and picked it up. It was a small piece of white cloth—a few inches square—very frail in the texture, as if half-rotted with damp or age, and adorned with a peculiar kind of embroidery such as I thought I had seen before, but could not recall where. On one edge there was a hem; the other three edges being irregular and jagged. It looked like a piece of cloth wrenched out of a garment by the foot being suddenly placed upon it. I felt I had made a discovery.

Returning to the fireplace, I sat down to think.

It seemed clear to me now that my visitant, however he or she had effected an entrance, was no spirit. This piece of linen was certainly not lying there when I had closed and barred the window for the night; nor could it belong to the apparel of any member of my household. It was not unlikely that it was part of the loose garment of dingy white which I now remembered my strange visitant wore.

I am naturally strong-minded, and gradually began to recover my composure. I said to myself: 'I shall find out the secret. The first link of the chain is between my fingers. I never before heard of ghosts tramping bits out of their drapery, and no doubt the ghost I saw had been nearly as much afraid as myself when I so suddenly approached it, and had not got away without a little flurry. This accounts, too,' I thought, 'for the resistance which I felt to my hand when I first laid hold of the window-curtains.'

I was more than ever persuaded that a trick was being played upon me. I did not feel, however, as if I could sleep in the room that night. If my visitor was, as I suspected, a mortal like myself, there was no saying what he or she might be induced to attempt, should the desire of revenge prompt a second visit. My life was not safe in such circumstances, when a barred window and a locked door were not sufficient to protect me from intrusion. I resolved for that night to occupy the bedroom where my two eldest children slept, which I could reach without disturbing the rest of the house.

I was about to take up my candle and go, when I imagined I heard a sound behind me. In my state of nervousness, I started, and had almost dropped the candle. I looked towards the window; but the curtains hung motionless, and were parted as I had left them.

A thought struck me. If my visitor were to return after I had retired, how should I know? I pondered the matter a little, and then proceeded to action. Trickery must in this case be met by trickery. I went to my workbox, took out a reel of thread, and drew off a few yards. There were curtain fasteners on each side of the window, about two feet from the floor; and between these I stretched and made fast the length of thread, so that no one could enter the room from the window-recess in the course of the night without unconsciously breaking the frail barrier I had erected. This would afford me sufficient proof as to whether the privacy of my sleeping-room had again been invaded. Taking up my candle and the bit of cloth, I then passed quietly out, locking the door of the room, and carrying the key with me. I felt myself stronger in the presence of my children, and soon managed to fall asleep.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TUNNELS.

MANY curious things might be said about tunnels, old as well as new. For instance, the stupendous work—whose history links modern with ancient engineering—the object of which was to connect Lake Fucinus, now called Celano, with the Liris, now the river Garigliano, was undertaken 42 A.D. It took nearly eleven years to complete, and thirty thousand men are said to have been engaged upon it. This subterranean canal was executed by order of the Emperor

Claudius. For nearly eighteen centuries it seems to have been forgotten; but on its discovery about sixty years ago, the Neapolitan government resolved to clear it out. This was accordingly done, but not until several years had been spent upon the task. The improved tunnel is four miles long; the original length was three miles. Prince Torlonia of Rome gradually bought up the shares, and carried on the operations at his expense until his death in 1871.

Modern tunnelling—which by the way, is quite a distinct profession—is of three classes: first, tunnelling through soft ground such as clay, loose rock, &c.; second, rock-tunnelling without machinery; third, tunnelling through solid rock by the aid of machinery. In piercing a hill or other mass of earth, a large quantity of timber for temporary arching is required, until the brick or stone work has been provided. In some methods of tunnel-making it is judged more secure to brick the timber in. But this is very costly, especially when all the heavy timber has to be conveyed down a shaft or slope. Where the ground is rather yielding and much water appears, an inverted arch is constructed across the bottom of the tunnel, so as to resist the pressure from beneath. There are now, however, other methods of construction in use. A new system has been devised of employing iron centres as a substitute for timber. Tunnelling through loose rock, timbering, and then arching, is the method mostly in use in this country and America; and where the length is comparatively short, hand-labour is found cheaper than the employment of machinery. But at the present day, this kind of engineering is conducted on a vast scale with steel and diamond pointed drills, driven by compressed air (at about forty pounds to the square inch), which latter serves for ventilation purposes. In this way longer holes can be cut and heavier charges of dynamite employed.

The first sub-aqueous tunnel in England was that under the Thames from Wapping to Rotherhithe, known as the Thames Tunnel. It was begun in 1807; the operations were stopped after a time; but recommenced by Sir M. I. Brunel in 1825. The work was again interrupted by accidents; but the causeway was eventually opened for foot passengers in 1843. In the year 1867, it was purchased by the East London Railway Company. It is twelve hundred feet in length. Another subway is planned between the north side of the Thames and South Woolwich; it will be much deeper below the bed of the Thames than the older subway, and is to be constructed to admit of the transit of troops and war-material from Woolwich to the north side of the river, thus avoiding the circuitous route over London Bridge. Of this class we must also mention the Severn Tunnel, commenced in 1875, and now well on towards completion; but the bursting of a spring last year caused a serious interruption to the operations. The cutting has been mostly through rock, and about one hundred yards in the centre of the channel yet remain unpierced. Among other important works, the son of the eminent engineer above mentioned constructed Box Tunnel on the Great Western Railway, in the vicinity of Bath; it is nearly four miles long. The Woodhead Tunnel, near Manchester, is three miles in length; a second

cutting of the same dimensions was afterwards made parallel with it, but separated by a longitudinal pier. The Kilsby Tunnel on the London and North-western Railway was four years in construction; it is two thousand four hundred yards long, and cost three hundred and fifty thousand pounds; nearly four times the original estimate. Peculiar difficulties were encountered in making the Sydenham Tunnel (London, Chatham, and Dover Railway). It is cut through the London clay, and while the works were in progress, the clay commenced swelling and crushing the masonry. This was so serious, that over eight thousand cubic yards of work had to be rebuilt. Considerable progress is just now being made with borings for the tunnel to be cut by the Mersey Railway Company under the bed of the Mersey. The shaft on the Birkenhead side has been sunk to a depth of about one hundred and twenty feet with most satisfactory results. The boring is through the New Red Sandstone; on the Liverpool side, a depth of one hundred feet has been reached. It is scarcely necessary to mention the tunnel which forms the chief feature of the Metropolitan (or Underground) Railway of London, opened January 10, 1863, and since extended in several directions. A similar work is projected for Paris at an estimated cost of six millions of pounds. There are now over eighty miles of tunnelling in England.

Tunnels for portions of canal in hilly regions are sometimes of great length—such as the Canal de St Quentin, more than seven miles long; the Huddersfield, and the Mauvages (Canal du Marne au Rhin), three miles each; Sapperton, Thames and Medway, Dudley, Blisworth, Soussey, Pouilly, ranging from two to four miles.

Transatlantic enterprise of this class has made great advances of late years. We select two or three out of nearly a score which deserve mention. The Hoosac Tunnel (Massachusetts) was constructed to provide a direct route to the Hudson River. Until the cutting of this one, all rock tunnelling in the United States was effected by hand-labour. It was commenced in 1858; and after several delays, arising from pecuniary difficulties and a serious accident in October 1867, it was finished in 1874. Under Lake Michigan, there is a tunnel, or rather aqueduct, constructed to convey pure water to the city of Chicago. This important work was begun in 1864, and completed in 1867.

In August 1857 the celebrated Mont Cenis Tunnel—incorrectly so termed, because it is sixteen miles from that mountain: the tunnel actually passing under the Grand Vallon—was commenced by manual labour, and continued so to be worked until 1861, when rock-boring machinery came into use; in consequence of which, rapid advances were made. The First Napoleon constructed a magnificent military road over Mont Cenis Pass; and this was used regularly by travellers. At length, when the French railways had crept close to one flank of the range, and Italian railways close to the other, plans for a railway tunnel to connect the two were formed. The French and Italian governments agreed to share the cost between them. The tunnel is nearly eight miles long, and as much as five thousand feet above the level of the sea. After working from opposite sides of the mountain, the workmen at length met in the centre, December

26, 1870. On the 17th of September in the following year the great undertaking was inaugurated in state, the ceremony being graced by the presence of the Empress Eugenie.

And now, in spite of the German prophecy, that 'a large lake would be met with, which would put a sudden end to all the work,' we are able to record that on Sunday, 29th February 1880, the St Gothard Tunnel, another gigantic effort of engineering, was accomplished. Thus for the second time have the hoary Alps been pierced through their very heart. In January 1871, the work was commenced, with MM. Gerwig and Koller as chief engineers and M. Grattoni as contractor; but the contract was afterwards transferred to M. Favre, who, it is said, was at one time a journeyman carpenter at Paris. It was in September 1872 that the Italian side of the St Gothard at Airolo was attacked. The heading driven at top was about eight feet square, and the improved McKean drill employed during the later part of the work—a machine which cut its way at the rate of twelve inches per minute. The contract for this tunnel was nearly two millions sterling, and the foregoing figures represent a cost of three pounds ten shillings for every inch of boring; but the actual cost, including formidable approach works at the two ends, will amount to several millions more by the time they are all fully completed. The tunnel itself is about nine miles and a quarter in length. In the centre of the mountain, the temperature was found to be almost tropical in character, the ventilation of the passage being kept up with difficulty. We regret to learn that this great work—like so many others which are an honour to science and the glory of this century—has cost nearly seventy lives; to which must be added that of M. Favre, who died in the tunnel some months ago. It appears that, fearing injury to their traffic from Paris to Brindisi via the Mont Cenis, the French are now, in consequence of this new tunnel, boring through the Simplon—estimated at eleven and a half miles in length—and 'already there are rumours of schemes to bore through the Tarentaise and the Col du Mont; and even Mont Blanc is threatened with a tunnel,' consequent upon the feverish competition likely to arise among the Swiss, German, French, and Italian lines.

Five years ago, *La Nature* reported that in Spain an inter-continental Railway Company had been formed to carry out the scheme of connecting Europe and Africa by a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar, but nothing has been done in the matter.

But the bold idea of a tunnel under the British Channel will, if carried out, eclipse all former undertakings of this kind. The present 'Channel Company' was formed in 1872; Sir John Hawkshaw, F.R.S., Mr Brunlees, and M. Gamond being appointed engineers. The route finally decided upon places the tunnel on a line extending from a spot between Folkestone and Dover, through the 'Old Gray Chalk,' to a point between Sangatte and Calais, on the opposite coast. The total length will be thirty-one miles, of which twenty-two will be under the Strait. Shafts are to be sunk on each shore to a depth of about four hundred and fifty feet below high-water mark; and driftways from the bottom of these, for the draining of the tunnel,

which is to begin two hundred feet above the driftway. These driftways will be driven from both ends on a down gradient of one in eighty to the junction of the drainage driftway; and then on an up-grade of one in two thousand six hundred and forty to the middle of the Strait. The crown of the tunnel in all parts will be not less than two hundred feet below the bed of the Dover Straits. It is hoped that the excavation will be mostly through chalk, in which case comparatively rapid progress will be made. It has been estimated that the probable cost of this titanic task will be about four millions sterling; but Sir John Hawkshaw considers it best to double this estimate, in anticipation of greater obstacles which may arise. The preliminary works are now being prosecuted with great activity. A shaft has been sunk at Sangatte, to the depth of over one hundred metres, and the experimental gallery has been commenced, and is to be continued for a kilometre—that is, three thousand two hundred and fifty feet—under the sea. The raising of the capital for the tunnel itself is, however, still a knotty problem; but if this can be accomplished, so much the better for all parties. As the passenger traffic between England and the continent amounts to nearly four hundred thousand annually, and is yearly on the increase, the opening of this marine subway will be of enormous public advantage.

PREDICTION, IN A SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL SENSE.

Two friends, A. and B., meeting in the street, the former says that he is just going off by rail. B. might hold forth to him somewhat as follows: 'The railway by which you will travel has cost more than forty thousand pounds per mile. Your train will have about a hundred and twenty passengers, first and last, during this journey. You will pay about a shilling for your ticket (single). There will be a locomotive engine to every mile and a half of line; and the working of the line will swallow up more than half the gross receipts.' A. looks wonderingly at his friend; not knowing whether he is a wizard in disguise, or a joker who is poking fun, or a somewhat presumptuous man who ventures on prediction in the total absence of any certainty—for B. touches also on the smash by collision or break-down that must be calculated on to a defined extent; but A. is in haste to catch his train, and cannot wait to discuss the matter.

And yet B. is not so very presumptuous after all. If instead of saying 'You will,' he uses the form of expression, 'In all probability you will,' he would be very near the truth indeed. Scientific men have discovered that there is a law of continuity, a law of uniformity, which maintains mundane phenomena in a wonderfully regular state. True, there are sudden outbursts of energy in physical events that totally and temporarily disturb the uniformity; but if a wide range be taken for comparison, the uniformity comes back again with a marked approximation to identity. We assert that the sun will rise to-morrow: it never fails to do so; nay, an astronomer gives the

exact hour, minute, and even second of the rising. All our almanacs and calendars rely greatly on this prediction, as without it the determination of latitudes and longitudes, and many other calculations highly important to the welfare of society in general, would come to nought. The prediction is worthy of the trust it obtains. So in all matters around us the case is virtually the same; we predict every hour of the day, although we do not always call it prediction.

To apply this to the case of our two supposed friends. Although railways are exposed to a singular variety of contingencies, catastrophes, disasters, they work round to a remarkable uniformity when a large area is taken as the basis of comparison. For example, the eighteen thousand miles of railway in the United Kingdom have cost the stupendous sum of seven hundred millions sterling; about forty thousand pounds per mile. The length increases every year; but the cost per average mile has been nearly uniform for some years past, and is likely to continue so to be. Again: the working expenses, all the Companies and lines taken into account, year after year differ very little from fifty-two or fifty-three per cent., leaving forty-seven or forty-eight per cent. as net revenue. Again: incessant as is the increase in mileage of line, the number of locomotives per hundred miles remains almost constant; and so does that of carriages and wagons of all kinds. Again: the number of passengers per train, the length of journey made by each, and the sum paid by him for his ride, all display the same remarkable tendency to uniformity. We might go further, and safely assert that even railway accidents come within the same category. True, a Tay Bridge disaster may entail a terrible and sudden sacrifice of human life; but taking one year with another and one railway with another, we can guess pretty nearly how many persons will be injured by railway accidents, and what proportion of the hapless beings will be killed outright. It is in this way that the predictions ventured upon by B. are worthy of full reliance, as resting on a scientific basis.

It is deserving of note that ministers of religion generally manifest much distrust of this word prediction, conscientiously regarding it as a bold interference with the mysterious will and decrees of Providence; and their scruples are worthy of respectful attention. Yet the distrust generally vanishes when these excellent persons take up their wonted position in the affairs of every-day life. A clergyman, having only a life-interest in his benefice, cannot leave the stipend to his family. When he dies, all goes. His widow and children—perchance unmarried and dowryless girls—must quit the parsonage very soon, and find another home where and how they can; they have no claim on the congregation, church-rate, or pew-rent payers, and may be driven to terrible straits to maintain even a decent position in society. The national Church of Scotland, and many of the Nonconformist bodies in England as well as Scotland, make some sort of provision for ministers' widows; but the general rule is as we have stated. If a clergyman wishes to shield his dear ones, he *insures his life*; and this involves as direct a prediction as anything connected with railway phenomena. We proceed to shew how it does so.

Our reverend friend applies to a Life Insurance Company, Office, or Association—a safe and reliable one, let us hope—and effects an insurance on his life. He agrees to pay a certain annual premium, on condition that a certain lump sum shall be paid to his widow or other representative after his decease. But how about this certain amount of premium? The Company do not know whether he will die next year or live to be a centenarian; and this would make all the difference between a heavy loss and a magnificent profit. Here the law of averages steps in. No one can tell when his own death will occur; but if (say) a thousand persons of the same age all insure at the same time, a wonderful approach to uniformity is reached. The matter has been well and tersely put thus: 'While there are few future events the date of whose arrival is more uncertain than that of death to any one man; on the other hand the average duration of a multitude of human lives' is found to be in accordance with a law which operates as surely as that of gravitation. If it be asked how many lives must we take into account before we can depend on obtaining from them a duration corresponding with the general average, the only answer that we can give is, that the more we have the more nearly shall we approach to this result; the fluctuations ultimately becoming so small as to be practically of no effect.' The actuaries or calculators employed by the several Insurance Companies have formed themselves into an extremely useful Society of Actuaries; they compare the past experience of all the Companies, and arrive at closer and closer knowledge of what is sometimes called the 'Expectation of Life,' or the average duration of life after certain definite ages.

The tables which have been prepared by those able men shew all this in a striking way. It is found, for instance, that among a very large number of persons ten years old the mean duration of the remainder of their lives will be about forty-seven years; if thirty years old, thirty-four years; if fifty, seventy, or ninety years old, the mean duration will in like manner be twenty-one, nine, and three years respectively. Therefore if we assert that a man at fifty will live to see his seventy-first year, this prediction means a probability so strong as to induce Insurance Companies to rely upon it with confidence. We have spoken only, for the sake of simplicity, of the insurance of one life, to be realised after the death of the person named. But the experience and ingenuity of the various Companies have devised many kinds—insurance for two lives jointly, insurance for a definite number of years, insurance to be payable when sons and daughters come of age, and annuities of several kinds. But whatever it be, the Company make a prediction, or trust to an average which will determine the amount of the premium. It is an instructive system, view it how we may; and its great success and great value shew how well it deserves the confidence of the public.

Life, with all its uncertainties and mysteries, is not the only subject of such kind of prediction as we are here speaking of. How about *Fire*? A man may be utterly ruined in a few hours by a conflagration which destroys his house and stock-in-trade; while a person of more slender means

may be reduced to distress and even poverty by the destruction of his household furniture and personal effects. No wharfinger could bear the sudden and enormous loss occasioned by such a conflagration as that which occurred in Tooley Street some years ago, when an accidental fire destroyed warehouses and property to the value of nearly two millions sterling. Fire is not like life in this respect, for a man must die some day or other; whereas there is no must in the case of an accidental fire. Nevertheless the imperfection of human conduct and of manufactured articles infallibly leads to disasters of some kind or other, whether we call them accidents or by any other name. Well, a man knowing that a destructive fire would be almost ruinous to him, applies to some Fire Insurance Company, and insures his house, stock-in-trade, or household furniture and chattels. The proposal is accepted; and he agrees to pay an annual premium for the security he thereby obtains. This premium varies in amount according to the degree of risk incurred by the Company, ranging from about one-and-sixpence per hundred pounds for ordinary private dwelling-houses up to thirty or forty times that rate for such dangerous buildings as theatres, cotton-mills, &c. Some buildings would be charged at so enormous a rate that the owner prefers to run the risk without insurance, doing his best by care and prudence to lessen the probability of fire.

So far good; but how do the Company know what rate of premium to charge? The reply is just the same as in life-insurance—prediction based on averages. During many years the statistics of fires have been carefully collected, and tabulated with much ingenuity. Not only are the results set forth as 'totally destroyed,' 'partially destroyed,' and 'slight damage;' but the causes also are tabulated so far as ascertainable—'window-curtains ignited,' 'reading in bed,' 'overturned paraffin lamp,' 'children playing with lucifers,' 'overheated flue,' 'hot poker fell out of fire,' 'spark ignited shavings,' 'cat upset clothes-horse'—a queer list in itself unquestionably. The Companies, collecting as many thousand instances as possible, spread over a great number of years, find that there is a wonderful approach to uniformity in these matters, sufficient to justify them in predicting that an average of the whole will be almost absolutely true, and will serve as a guide next year as well as this. They declare at what rate per cent. they will insure a man's property; and the result shews that, while they render a great service to him, they realise a handsome profit for themselves—losing heavily by some insurers, but gaining by the vast majority. Prediction it certainly is, but prediction securely founded on average probabilities.

Just the same is it in principle in regard to *Ships*. They and their cargoes can always be insured against wreck, although no human being knows whether a particular ship will be wrecked or not. Insurances against such disasters have been known for more than three centuries and a half; seeing that ship-insurance was adopted in Spain before that date. It became appreciated in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. How very uncertain it appears! and yet a clue is arrived at by the self-same kind of prediction as that of which we have been treating. Marine Insurance Companies, and persons called *underwriters*—

mostly members of Lloyd's—come to the rescue of shipowners and freighters. They take the risk, and charge a premium for so doing. In estimating the amount of this premium, they take into account the quality of the ship, the nature of the cargo, the length of the intended voyage, the season of the year, the characteristics of the seas and coasts in regard to hurricanes and tornadoes, the known character and skill of the captain, and the state of belligerent rights (or wrongs) at sea. Yet, notwithstanding this complication of uncertainties, those who undertake the risk strike an average among all the recorded calamities in recent and earlier years, and establish rates of premium that are found to deal fairly to them and to the shipowners and freighters. As few individuals could afford to take this risk on their own resources alone, many of them combine to *underwrite* or *subscribe* for aliquot parts each. Prediction there is and must be, but judicious when properly viewed. Some great Shipowning Companies take the risk on their numerous ships, and pay for occasional losses out of a reserve fund set apart for the purpose.

Railway accidents: no one can tell which of us may lose life or limb by these disasters, bringing loss, sorrow, and suffering to others. Nevertheless there is a Railway Accident Insurance Company which will take all these risks. For a wonderfully small premium, so small indeed as threepence for a loss up to a thousand pounds, they will insure any person during one single journey; or will compound for a whole year's railway travelling for a premium definitely named. The only means the Company possess of determining how much to charge is by comparing a vast number of instances recorded by the several railway Companies, and striking an average among them that may justify probability or prediction.

Accidents generally, whether by railway or otherwise, have been taken in hand by the 'Accident Insurance Company.' A more difficult thing this to manage, yet it is managed, on the same principle of averages as above described.

Cattle insurance furnishes another example. The losses by cattle-disease are in some instances exceedingly heavy, bringing a grazier or dairy-farmer almost to the verge of ruin. To mitigate this loss, Companies or Associations are formed to take all risks, charging the cattle-owner a definite premium whether his live-stock are attacked with disease or not.—Prediction again, to determine the probability of the event, and the equitable rate of premium to charge for it.

And what are we to say of *Hail-storms*? Meteorologists agree that the times and places at which these visitations occur are specially difficult to predict—almost elude determination in any form. But they have to be borne when they come. Horticulturists and market-gardeners know by bitter experience that a hail-storm sometimes destroys acres of glass in conservatories, green-houses, hot-houses, and forcing-beds, entailing sudden and heavy loss. Here prediction comes again to the rescue. Companies or Associations have been formed for insuring against hail-storms. Comparisons are instituted over a wide area of country, and a considerable number of years; and it is found as a result that an average probability remains nearly the same year after year. On this the rate of premium is settled, equitable

between those who insure and those who accept the insurance.

Plate-glass insurance seems a whimsical matter ; but when an enormous sheet of glass, nearly as large as one side of a moderate room, is broken in a resplendent shop-window, it is no joke to those who have to bear the loss. Here again insurance is effected, albeit the Company or office are quite ignorant whether the particular establishment named will or will not be included among those which suffer.

Honesty—surely this cannot be appraised and gauged by a premium standard ? Veritably, however, such is really the case. There is a 'Guarantee Society' which engages, on the receipt of defined annual premiums, to make up the whole or an aliquot part of the defalcations of which a defaulting clerk may be guilty ; and banks and large commercial houses fully rely on the soundness of such insurances. A very curious instance this of probabilities, based on well ascertained arithmetical averages of honesty and depravity.

So it is all around us. Prediction, in the sense we have explained, renders its invaluable aid in more ways than can easily be enumerated. If we call it prophecy, the meaning will be pretty much the same ; but it is better to say prediction, as less likely to raise objection.

OLD FOLKS.

A correspondent writes to us as follows : Whilst residing in Ceylon a good many years ago I several times heard of men and women living in some neighbouring village who were said to be above one hundred years old ; and out of curiosity I went to see them. In that climate, there is little variation of the seasons, and not much to impress the mind with the transition from one year to another ; and I found that the supposed cases of longevity were not real, but imaginary. The colloquy was generally something like the following : 'Good-morning, uncle'—a very flattering title for an Englishman to use in addressing an aged native !—'You seem to be very old.' 'Yes ; I am a great age now.'—'Well, how old are you ?' 'I don't know. I have lost all count. I think I am above a hundred.'—'Indeed ! Then you will remember the English taking the island from the Dutch ?' 'O yes, I was just thirteen years old then !' As the English took Ceylon from the Dutch in 1795, and the question was put in 1856, it followed that the supposed centenarian was but in his seventy-fifth year ! A similar question put to an old woman who was believed to have lived more than a century, would bring to light a connection between some leading event in her life and the imprisonment of the king of Kandy at Point de Galle. Perhaps her first husband died that year, or her eldest daughter was married ; and as her recollection was clear as to her own age at the time, there was no difficulty in calculating that she was not much more than threescore years and ten.

Though there are undoubted cases of centenarians in various localities, some of whom have their faculties in wonderful repair, there is an instinctive love of the marvellous in human nature, which sometimes leads old people to exaggerate their age, and in other cases to persuade themselves—though they cannot persuade others

—that they are still comparatively young. A gentleman who was shewing me a literary paper which he had written in a very clear bold hand, remarked : 'I always write very distinctly, that I may have no difficulty in reading my manuscripts when old age comes upon me.' He was then bordering on seventy ! Another very vigorous old gentleman aged seventy-seven, who was at the head of a large publishing establishment, was explaining to a friend the enormous amount of work he went through from day to day. His friend remarked that it must tell upon him seriously at his age. 'O no,' he replied ; 'I don't feel it now ; but I expect I shall do in after-life !'

I cannot vouch for the truth of the following anecdotes ; but they may serve to 'point a moral and adorn a tale.' In the old coaching-days, when a coach stopped on one occasion to change horses, one of the passengers strolled along a green lane, and was surprised to see an old man sitting under the hedge crying. In answer to a question as to the cause of his grief, he replied that his father had been beating him. The passenger, who thought the father of an old man like that must be a curiosity worth seeing, asked him to take him to his father. The old man led him to a cottage where a very old man was standing at the gate, looking very angry. 'Is this your son ?' he asked. 'Yes,' replied the very old man gruffly. 'He tells me you have been beating him,' said the passenger. 'Yes ; and he deserves beating, the young rascal, for he has been throwing stones at his grandfather !'

I have heard of another old man and his wife, both of whom had reached the venerable age of one hundred. They had three daughters, the youngest of whom died unmarried at the age of seventy-two. The old woman was quite inconsolable on account of their irreparable loss. This youngest daughter had evidently been her pet, for after their return from the funeral, she said to her husband, amidst her sobs and tears : 'I always tellt thee, John, that we should never rear that child !'

ONLY !

In the twilight, in the gloaming,
Of November's thirteenth day,
Lies my open desk before me ;
What I muse on, who shall say ?

Here are stored my choicest treasures—
Stored for many a weary year !
Desk ! old silent friend, I love thee,
Witness mute of many a tear !

ONLY a blue knot of ribbon,
Dropped from a fair woman's hair !
ONLY a poor withered flower,
Faded lie, enshrined there !

ONLY one lock, long and golden,
Cut from off a sunny head !
ONLY letters, sere and yellow,
Traced by fingers white and dead !

Well !—I close thee. God be praised !
Bitter memories last not aye !
Time, to tenderness oft mellow
Saddest thoughts of days gone by !

A. H. B.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 882.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

IN GIPSY TENTS.

WE remember some years ago walking out of Maidstone to Penenden Heath. It was a still, warm evening in the beginning of May. A crescent moon hung low in the heavens, and in her soft and misty radiance the stars looked wan and feeble. A solitary nightingale made music to the night, and her liquid notes filled all the silence with melody. Out in the dim distance of the heath were numerous scattered points of light, only one degree brighter than the stars above them, and looking as if a straggling company of glow-worms were lighting themselves to some midnight conference. 'What are those lights?' was the natural inquiry. 'Oh, these are the gipsies; they camp regularly out on the heath.' Here we were, then, within a few hundred yards of a tribe of English gipsies.

No effort was made to explore the heath further; as in truth, the ideas we had formed of these 'houseless rovers of the silvan world' were not of the most prepossessing kind. Yet these ideas were not perhaps very different from those generally entertained of this mysterious and wandering race; for with most people, any knowledge possessed of the gipsies is as likely as not to have been derived from the pages of poetry and romance, rather than from authentic history or personal observation. And neither the romancers nor the poets have, as a rule, done much to elevate our conceptions of the gipsy character. Perhaps Sir Walter Scott in his *Meg Merrilies* has done more than most novelists to humanise these wanderers—to teach us that, even under the scarlet mantle of the weird gipsy woman, with her mysterious incantations, her muttered anathemas, her wild bursts of impetuous and revengeful passion, there yet beats a woman's heart, a heart not incapable of sympathy and goodness and fidelity, though handicapped may be with a more than average supply of that 'deceitfulness' which is said to be the prerogative of all hearts. But if the novelist has softened his representation of the type in this instance, he has not done so

in another; for in the person of Hayraddin Maugrabin we have it placed before us in the darkest colours.

Yet, whatever the truth or untruth that appears in these representations of gipsy character, it is to be remembered that so little has been written of gipsies which did not in the main tend to fortify the popular prejudices, that it was next to impossible to form any opinion as to their character in which the evil elements did not preponderate over the good. In the past two or three centuries, they have been to the civilised world what the Jews were to the people of the middle ages—objects of persecution, of infamy, of social contempt. But gipsies, we are glad to learn, are not by any means so black as they have been painted; nor did we know how much they were unlike the stereotyped portraits of them, until we had perused the newly published work from the pen of Mr Francis H. Groome. (*In Gipsy Tents*: Edinburgh, Nimmo & Co.).

Mr Groome is already well known as an authority—perhaps the chief living authority—on the subject of gipsies, their history and language; their habits, and manners, and morals. His knowledge of them has been gained by practical and prolonged observation, and by the study of their history in the past. The present work is not written in the ordinary historical form; and for this reason some readers may be disposed to go away with the impression that they have been perusing a romance rather than looking upon a picture of real gipsy life. If so, this would be a misfortune, both for the reader and the writer. Mr Groome's account of the gipsies is mainly given in the shape of conversations 'in gipsy tents,' in which, with the exception of the writer, all the interlocutors are Romané—that is, gipsies; yet what passes between them is nevertheless solid and historical fact. More than a merely literary purpose is served in so shaping the discourse. It has the advantage which all truly dramatic representations have, of bringing us into closer contact with the everyday life of the men and women so treated—their pleasures and cares, their likings and dislikes, their

virtues and vices. The whole is clothed in a fascinating literary style; sharp, pointed, picturesque; full of striking portraits sympathetically drawn. Nor can one lay the book down without feeling that the author succeeds in bringing the gipsy people nearer to us as men and as brothers, than has ever been done in any former work on this strange and little understood race.

The gipsies appear to have arrived in England and Scotland some time about the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century; but very little is known of their early history and condition beyond what may be gathered from the criminal and statutory records of the period. It is not a pleasant picture which is thus presented to us; the treatment of the gipsies, both in England and Scotland, forming one dismal record of death and repression. 'It was,' as Mr Groome observes, 'something like the cruel old Norfolk gardener. He was hoeing one day, and a frog hopped out before him. "I'll larn you to be a frog," said crabbed Roger; and hoed it forthwith in pieces. So, "I'll larn you to be gipsies," said English lawgivers; and the gallows were their means of education.'

There are, as already remarked, gipsies and gipsies; and themselves complain that *gorgios*—that is, the people outside the gipsy world—'fancy all gipsies the same—Lovells and Taylors, Stanleys and Turners, Boswells and Norths. Nay, worse than that, they take for gipsies the nailers, potters, besom-makers, all the tagrag and bobtail travelling on the roads.' And, in truth, we all know a type of so-called gipsy that is commonly to be met with. You have only to stumble into some bit of waste ground where the tent is pitched, to have at once tangible testimony of their presence. There is the brown canvas stretched loosely over its low semicircular supports—the cart with its shafts leaning upon the ground, and the skeletonised horse feeding near by—kettles, teapots, and other utensils lying scattered about among the straw and ashes at the entrance to the tent, and a woman with dishevelled hair pottering about the open fire on which the family meal is cooking. Half-way within the tent door is seen the prostrate form of her lord, as he lazily smokes his blackened pipe or is wrapt in mid-day slumber—and from all points of the compass, sweeping down upon you with the suddenness of a simoom, a swarm of little ragged wretches, unwashed, unkempt, unrestrained, each more eager than another to be the first—to beg. Nothing can possibly be said in support of such a state of things; it is contrary to all reasonable conceptions of social order and progress.

Happily, such wandering creatures are not to be confounded with the genuine gipsy, many of whom are not only respectable in themselves, but can boast both of the respectability and affluence of their ancestors. In Mr Groome's book many graphic pictures are drawn of ancient gipsy grandeur—that is, among the *élite* of the

tribe. One interlocutor, speaking of the time when his grandfather was travelling with forty pounds in his pocket to spend on horses, says: 'Why, you'd see the lanes then crowded with Romané—Lovells and Boswells and Stanleys and Hernes and Chilcotts. Something like gipsies they were, with their riding-horses, real hunters, to ride to the fairs and wakes on; and the women with their red cloaks and high old-fashioned beaver hats; and the men in beautiful silk velvet coats and white and yellow satin waistcoats, and all on 'em booted and spurred. Why, I mind hearing tell of my grandfather's oldest sister, Aunt Marbelenni, and that must have been a hundred years and more. She was married to a very rich farmer in Gloucestershire, so she was very well off; and one day some of her brothers went to call on her; and when she seen 'em, she wouldn't allow them into her house, for she said: "'Now that I am married, I shall expect you all to come booted and silver-spurred." Gipsies! why, there aren't no gipsies now. . . All the old families are broken up—over in 'Merica, or gone in houses, or stopping round the nasty poverty towns. My father wouldn't ha' stopped by Wolverhampton, not if you'd gone on your bended knees to him and offered him a pound a day to do it. He'd have runned miles if you'd just have shewn him the places where some of these new-fashioned travellers has their tents.'

That a certain praiseworthy degree of thrift and industry exists among many of the gipsy families, is evinced by the circumstance that each of their large tents costs between ten and twenty pounds, that their two-wheeled carts cost forty pounds apiece, and that many of the men carry on a very extensive trade in horses. The interior of their tents is roomy and comfortable. The largest of them are twenty feet deep, twelve feet wide, and ten feet high. 'Round the sides runs a kind of divan, of oat-straw spread with furs and brilliant rugs; a dais is formed at the further end by feather-beds, blankets, and other bedding; in the midst is a carpet, sure token of Romani prosperity. A nosegay of wild-flowers, a bunch of withered hops, some peacock feathers, a looking-glass, and two resplendent carriage-lamps, are all the adornments; but the effect is neither unhomely nor inæsthetic; there are thousands worse housed than are the houseless gipsies.' Nor, if statistics are to go for anything, is the sanitary condition of such dwellings so defective as at first thoughts we may imagine. Mr Groome gives a list of families born and brought up in tents: Bazena Clifton, sixteen children, fifteen living; Silvanus Lovell, thirteen children, twelve living; Sylvester Boswell, eight children, seven living; Noah Boswell, fourteen children, thirteen living; Edward Taylor, thirteen children, ten living; Elijah Smith, nine children, eight living; Ezekiel Boswell, five children, four living; John Wood, seven children, all living; and Harry Organ (half-breed), six

children, all living. Our author, therefore, is of opinion that this tent-life is not an unmixed evil—that these tents are, when properly kept, and sobriety and decency observed among the inmates, much to be preferred to the dens of Spitalfields, and the thousand other slums of our large cities.

One great drawback of this wandering life—and the importance of which Mr Groome is fully alive to—is the difficulty of conjoining with it proper means of education. Various schemes have been proposed; and each of these is here discussed, and what is good in it pointed out. The gipsy encampments, however, are not changed in all cases with the day or the week; at certain places in England as many as two hundred gipsies may be found encamped from the end of October to the beginning of April; and there are other places where they have not shifted their quarters for two, five, even sixteen years. In such instances as these, there is nothing to prevent gipsy children from attending school; nor does the difficulty in Mr Groome's opinion lie wholly with the gipsies, for schoolmasters in many cases are not very willing to receive them. The chief difficulty connects itself with the children of those gipsies who wander all the year through; and yet even these wanderers are becoming anxious for education to their children. Our author states that he lately had a letter from one of the Lees, nomad English gipsies who travel in North Wales, stating that, though illiterate like most of their brethren, they are keeping with them a Welsh gipsy lad who can read and write well, and so acts as their private secretary; and more than that, is tutor to the entire family. The letter was written by him; 'but at its foot stood a huge and laborious "Manuel Lee"—a hint, it struck me, to gipsy educationists.' Mr Groome therefore proposes that gipsy schoolmasters should be appointed for the children of our chief English 'gipsyries'; and if such were wanted, he would engage to find at least a score. This plan appears reasonable. To take measures, with the hope of driving them suddenly out of their nomad life, to betake themselves to houses, would be certain to fail. It is impossible to change the habits of centuries in a day; and the adoption of such educational measures as would best meet the emergency with least sacrifice of the feelings and, it may be said, instincts of the gipsy tribes, is the more likely to be in the end successful.

For a class of persons that are popularly supposed to live by working on the superstitions and credulities of their fellows, the gipsies are themselves singularly superstitious. Some gipsies set their boots crosswise before they go to bed, fancying thereby to keep away the cramp; a female gipsy carried the skeleton of a mole's foot, which she called a 'fairy foot,' because she believed it good against rheumatism; and it is a standing truth amongst them that babies in teething should wear a necklace made of myrtle stems, which for a boy, must be cut by a woman; by a man, for a girl. An adder's slough, or a bit of mountain-ash, is certain to bring good luck; and with the same object, some of the children wear round their necks black bags containing fragments of a bat. In order to hurt an enemy, you have only to stick pins in a red cloth rag and burn the same; others, for the same end, resort to the cruel practice of sticking pins in a toad till it looks like a hedgehog, and then bury it, with

certain observances. The sight of a water-wagtail, if it does not fly when conjured in a certain rhyme to do so, is a sign that strange gipsies are to be met with on the road. Of an old woman, a 'ghost-seer,' we are told that she carried in her pocket a little china dog dressed like a doll. 'I mind,' says the gipsy who tells the story, 'she lost it once, and she was in an awful state till it was found; and she used to fancy it would talk to her when she was all alone smoking her pipe in the wagon. You should have seen a pack she had of very old fortune-telling cards, which was painted in different colours. She used to select the different ones for each day; sometimes she would have those with the devil and serpents on 'em, then other days she would carry those with birds and palaces.'

That gipsies are not so irreligious in their habits and modes of thought as is too readily believed of them, many affecting proofs are given in this book; and the testimony of various clergymen is cited in evidence of the decorum and piety of many members of the English 'gipsyries,' and the regularity of their observance of the sacraments, and attendance upon public worship. One instance may be quoted. 'The Rev. J. Finch-Smith, of Aldridge Rectory, near Walsall, writes: "During the thirty years that I have been rector of this parish, members of the Boswell family have been almost constantly resident here. I buried the head of the family in 1874, who died at the age of eighty-seven. He was a regular attendant at the parish church, and failed not to bow his head reverently when he entered within the house of God. I never saw or heard any harm of the man. He was a quiet and inoffensive man, and worked industriously as a tinman within a short time of his death. If he had rather a sharp eye for a little gift, that is a trait of character by no means confined to gipsies. One of his daughters was married here to a member of the Boswell tribe; and another, who rejoiced in the name of Britannia, I buried in the father's grave two years ago. After his death, she and her mother removed to an adjoining parish, where she was confirmed by Bishop Selwyn in 1876. Regular as was the old man at church, I never could persuade his wife to come. In 1859, I baptised privately an infant of the same tribe, whose parents were travelling through the parish, and whose mother was named Elvira. Great was the admiration of my domestics at the sight of the beautiful lace which ornamented the robe in which the child was brought to my house. Clearly there are gipsies, and those of a well-known tribe, glad to receive the ministrations of the church.' With such material to work upon, it does not seem that the social improvement of the gipsies need be looked on as the hopeless task which many believe it to be. If Mr Groome's book is successful in removing this and other misconceptions regarding this interesting people, he will have accomplished what is by no means an unimportant purpose.

Besides throwing much new and interesting light upon the social aspects of the gipsy character, Mr Groome deals at some length with the Romani or gipsy language, of which he is himself a fluent speaker; and such of the translations of their tales and traditions as he gives are singularly entertaining, and will serve as valuable

contributions to this department of folk-lore. The effect of the book as a whole is to elevate the gipsy character in the popular acceptance; many of the facts given being well fitted not only to draw public attention to the social condition of these people, but to afford our legislators some satisfactory clue to the solution of the difficulties which presently surround the questions of gipsy education and gipsy improvement.

MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA.

CHAPTER IV.—A WEST INDIAN STORM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE next few days passed over pleasantly enough. We lounged and read and played lawn-tennis in the evenings. We returned the visits of our neighbours, and lunched or dined with them, as the case might be. In all, four or five families were dotted about the hills within visiting distance, and visiting is the business of life in the Jamaican hills. Not by any means the formal visits which bore us at home—quite the contrary. Almost every lady in the hills has her 'day,' when all her neighbours assemble, and the officers come up from the Camp, and down from New-Castle. Tea and iced claret-cup are liberally provided; and the elders lounge and chat, and the young folks flirt and play tennis, and occasionally get up an impromptu dance.

But in addition to this, Jamaican hill-ladies are almost always really at home; and the intimacy between them, on account of their isolation, is much more familiar than is usual in England. So if Mrs A. feels bored, she slips on a riding-skirt, and goes over to lunch and spend the afternoon with Mrs B., leaving word for her husband to call for her when he comes up from the plains. And Mrs B. in her turn does the same. Then a house in the Jamaican hills is seldom or never without one or more guests. Every house has spare rooms; and the mode of living is so simple, that the addition of one or two to the family circle reckons but little in point of cost. Expensive luxuries are unobtainable, and the ordinary articles of consumption are fairly cheap. Beef is sixpence, mutton one shilling, per pound, all the year round; while vegetables, fruit, &c., which, as I mentioned before, are brought to the door for sale by the country-people, are very cheap. Besides, official salaries in Jamaica are not large, so that any attempt at extravagance or display would be looked on with little favour in the hills. Nothing pleases a lowland young lady so much as an invitation to spend some time in the hills. Life there has a picnic flavour about it, which is a delicious relief to the dust and glare and monotony of the plains, so that invitations are freely given and gladly accepted.

Srenuous attempts are made, and in most cases successfully, to prevent the intrusion of the demon *ennui*. Every man-of-war which touches at Port-Royal has invitations freely accorded to its officers; then a dance is arranged, and young ladies come riding over the hills for miles to enjoy it. The soldiers flock down from New-Castle. Everybody has one or more guests billeted on him, and dancing is kept up with a spirit unknown at home; so that life in the Jamaican hills rubs on not uncomfortably on the whole. One day was spent in an

expedition to Flamstead, the Governor's hill-residence. It being a two hours' ride, first downhill to Gordontown, and then up the other side of the valley, we started at eleven A.M., the Major, Mrs Edgeware, and myself, and reached Flamstead about one P.M. The house is a small unpretending place, but commands magnificent views of the bay. We were hospitably welcomed by Sir Anthony Musgrave the Governor, and Lady Musgrave; and after luncheon, strolled over to Little Flamstead, the hill residence of the Commodore of the station, which is close by.

A very pretty little place is Flamstead the Lesser, with its flower-garden surrounded by a fence all straggling over with jessamine on one side, and its neat kitchen-garden on the other. In the former, the Commodore pointed out to us an English holly, the only one in the island. In front of the cottage is a heliograph, with which the Commodore can communicate by flashing signals with Port-Royal and the ships in the harbour. Everything inside and outside the cottage was trim and orderly and ship-shape, with the trimness and order which sailors' hands only can produce. Meantime, as we stood admiring the view, heavy clouds from the north-east came pouring up over the Guava Ridge. In less than ten minutes they had swept up and completely covered the hill on which we were standing. The splendid scenery faded away like a mirage, and a dense cold mist surrounded us.

'We had best be off,' said the Major; 'we are going to catch it on the way home.'

A low muttering of thunder was making itself heard as we put on our waterproofs and rode out of the gate.

'The seasons [meaning the rainy seasons, which occur in May and October] are coming, I am sure,' said Mrs Edgeware. 'And we shall be all mewed up in the damp for a week, with nothing to do but to stove our clothes.'

'Here it comes!' said Charley.

Nearly a hundred yards in front, we could see the rain as it came rushing on us, and hear the huge drops, big as half-crowns, pattering on the leaves and branches. Such rain I never saw. In an instant our ponies were as wet as if they had been dragged through a river. Waterproofs, umbrellas, nothing could resist it. It insinuated itself through my umbrella, and came trickling over the peak of my white helmet. It saturated my waterproof, and came pouring over my knees down into my boots. Another moment and the seat of my saddle was as wet as a sponge. Mrs Edgeware's pretty hat and feather were now a mass of dripping pulp. The rain swept away the surface of the road till it resembled the bed of a mountain torrent. On we bumped in silent misery, the cat-like ponies making play over every level yard of ground, and the thunder rumbling and roaring nearer and nearer every minute. At Gordontown, the slender stream we had crossed in the morning was now a raging yellow flood.

'Another twenty minutes will do it,' said the Major, cantering over the bridge; 'and then for a B. and S. and a tub.—By Jove!' The exclamation was caused by a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by a most appalling clap of thunder. Flash and report were absolutely simultaneous. Across the hideous steely glare I saw the forked

lightning flickering like a silver ribbon. As for the thunder, it was simply one dull crash, as if a hammer had struck the mountain; and then all was still save the fierce rushing of the rain. I confess I was startled; but as my companions did not seem to mind it much, I said nothing. A quarter of an hour later, we got home in a forlorn state.

All that day (Thursday), Friday, and Saturday it poured without a moment's intermission. Saturday night was signalised by a thunder-storm which threw into the shade everything of the kind I had previously experienced. From about ten p.m., when we went to bed, the thunder and lightning never ceased for a moment. About twelve at night I had to get up to close the windows, as the rain was beating in through the venetians; and I confess I didn't like it. The windows of my room looked over the Dutch garden; and in the blinding glare of the successive waves of green, blue, and silver flame that swept across it, every leaf on the bushes, every pebble on the walks, was plainly visible. Through the whole of that awful night of Saturday, October 11, 1879—a night that will long be remembered in Jamaica—over all the hideous din of the thunder could be heard the rain, falling ceaselessly, like a shower of bullets, on the shingled roof.

I was roused from a troubled sleep next morning by Charley coming into my room about six a.m. The Major's thick boots were covered with mud. 'This is a bad business,' said he.

'What's the matter?' I asked.

'Come out and see,' replied he, 'as soon as you get on your clothes.'

In a few minutes I joined him on the lawn, where I found him talking to a gray-bearded man, the Road Superintendent of the district. Here the damage done was plain enough. I have mentioned that a border of high lemon-grass ran all round the tennis-ground. From this border the bank ran sharply down to the road which wound beneath. For about twenty yards the whole face of the bank had slipped down. Part rested in confused heaps on the road beneath; and in one place the road itself had given way under the weight, and a yawning chasm, nearly five yards across, gaped in its place. On the other side, another landslip had swept away the road to the church, leaving only a narrow ledge about eighteen inches wide, so that access to Craigton was cut off on both sides.

'I have known the country for forty years,' said Mr E—, the Superintendent, 'and I never saw anything like this. It looks as if a waterspout had passed over the district. Every bridge on the Hope River is swept away. New-Castle is cut off; so we have been obliged to get the Major's leave for the mules with the supplies to pass through here.' He pointed out to me, as he spoke, a number of natives who were billing out a path through the brushwood on the far side of the landslip, while a train of laden mules, with supplies for New-Castle, waited patiently behind.

'We're not done with it yet,' said Charley, pointing to the heavy masses of cloud that were sweeping up from the west over the Guava Ridge mountain. 'However, we will go in and get breakfast.—I must make my way down to Gordontown,' he added to me; 'so, if you don't mind a ducking, you might come with me.'

As we were turning towards the house, we heard the rattle of hoofs, and saw an officer in high boots and white helmet cantering down the church road. The white helmet appeared and disappeared as the rider cantered down the winding road.

'I wonder, does he know the road is gone?' said Mr E—.

He did not, apparently, for he turned the last corner at a sharp canter; and there, ten yards before him, yawned the gulf where the road had been. The pony was pulled sharply up, and the young officer rode slowly forward. I have said that where the road was swept away, a narrow ledge about three yards long, and certainly not more than a couple of feet wide, had been left, which ran across the face of the landslip. Below this ledge, the ground, covered with the debris of the slip, fell away in an almost sheer descent to the bed of the torrent, at least three hundred feet below. Without hesitating a second, the officer kicked his feet out of the stirrups, and rode across, his pony stepping slowly and gingerly, with his nose close to the ground. From our point of view, unable as we were from the distance to see the ledge, the effect was most singular; he seemed to be riding in mid-air across the white face of the cliff. It appeared to be, and I have no doubt was, a horribly dangerous feat.

'It's Martin of the —,' said the Major. 'He is Acting Commissary for New-Castle;' and presently Mr Martin rode in.

'There's the deuce and all to pay, Major,' said Mr Martin, throwing the reins on the neck of his reeking pony. Slightly made, and under the middle size, was Mr Martin, with clear-cut features and resolute blue eyes. Soaked and bedraggled as he was, he looked a soldier every inch. 'The deuce and all to pay,' he repeated, jumping off his pony and unclasping his heavy cloak. 'All our supplies are cut off. I have been out since four a.m. Tried to reach the Gardens by the military road; but every bridge is gone, and in places the whole road. I sent a messenger across the hills to tell them to send up some mules this way, and I see your road is gone too. I must get down to Gordontown. Those lazy blacks will do nothing, and we'll have the men living on preserved salmon and sardines.'

'I'm going after breakfast,' replied the Major; 'so come in and have something to eat, and we'll start together.—Would you like to come?' he added to me. 'You'll get frightfully drenched, mind.'

I agreed to go; and we went into breakfast.

The most extraordinary reports were coming in, Mrs Edgeware told us. The entire village of Gordontown was said to have been swept away; and there was a ghastly rumour that at a place called Dry River, upwards of twenty native women and children had been drowned when attempting to cross, by the sudden rise of the river. The black butler confirmed these melancholy tidings. 'Hall wash away,' he observed with a gloomy shake of the head.

We were soon in the saddle, making our way down the new path the natives had billed out for the commissariat mules. The rain had begun to fall heavily again, and the going was awful, the ponies sinking above their fetlocks in the soaking, slippery clay. Charley had provided me with a huge pair of overalls, reaching to mid-thigh; and

with those and my waterproof, I entertained hopes, alas! vain hopes, of remaining dry. Our way lay down the road up which I had ridden on the day of my arrival; but it was scarcely recognisable. The entire surface had been swept away. Long stretches, strewn with boulders of all shapes and sizes, alternated with regions of slippery, viscous mud; the whole scored with ragged channels, through which torrents of yellow muddy water were pouring. In one place, a torrent from the hills, catching the road on the inner side of a bend, had scooped it out like a cheese, scarcely leaving room to pass. The great pit, some twenty feet long by fifteen deep, shewed the force of the water. Everywhere appeared traces of the awful damage done by the flood, from the huge landslip which had carried away half the side of a mountain, to the tiny one that had merely wrecked some poor black fellow's provision-garden.

As we got lower down, we could hear the roar of the two rivers—the Hope River, which rises near New-Castle; and the Flamstead River, which rises in the Port-Royal mountains, and which unite their waters about a mile higher up, as they thundered along the valley and past the pretty village of Gordontown. At last, a turn in the road gave us a view of the huge yellow flood, nearly a hundred yards wide, and sweeping down with a fury it is impossible to describe. Of the pretty wooden bridge we had crossed on the previous Thursday, when visiting Flamstead, not a trace was left, except a break in the surface of the water, marking the position of a submerged pier. A few minutes more, and we reached the foot of the hill. Such a scene of ruin and desolation as then presented itself to us, I never saw before! The main road to Kingston here runs for more than a mile along the bottom of the valley, having steep hills on one side, and the river on the other. About a hundred yards from the Police Barrack, an immense landslip had taken place, covering the road to a depth of thirty or forty feet. Scrambling over this—we had left our ponies at the Barrack—we came presently to an enormous chasmi, big enough to hold a coach-and-four, through which a furious torrent was pouring. A small watercourse, which ran down the hillside at this point, had become so swollen in a few hours by the deluges of rain, that it had burst right through the road into the river beyond, causing the ruin we saw.

Crossing by a couple of planks, we went on to the place where the river is dammed for the Kingston water-supply. Here the road, following the course of the river, bends sharply to the left under the overhanging hills. The dam, crossing the river, strikes perpendicularly the centre of the curve. It was here the worst damage was done. The outworks of the dam had been broken down, and lay about in confused and shattered masses; while at the further end of the curve, the road, for a distance of fifty yards, had been completely destroyed, and the angry flood was washing the base of the hill.

Here we met General —, the Director of Roads, who confirmed all the worst rumours we had heard. The disaster at Dry River, he told us, had not been exaggerated. A number of the country-people—upwards of thirty, he said—men, women, and children, had reached the river on their way home from market. The river was then

running in a wide and rapid but not very deep stream. An island lay in the centre. As the river was evidently rising rapidly, the unfortunate people determined to attempt to cross before the further rise of the water should render it impossible. With considerable delay and difficulty they reached the island in the centre in safety, with their mules and donkeys. Once there, they found, to their dismay, that further progress was impossible. Between the island and the far side of the river, the swollen waters were rushing down in a volume and with a fury which nothing could resist. Worst of all, their retreat was cut off. The stream they had crossed had risen behind them; and there the unhappy people were, cooped up between two raging torrents, on an island the area of which was rapidly diminishing under the action of the water. The scene was appalling. Darkness was coming on; the rain falling in torrents. Wild-shrieks for help, agonised prayers to heaven, went up from the helpless crowd of blacks, huddled together on that tiny speck of land in the midst of the waters. Some few attempted to escape by swimming, but were swept away like straws, and drowned. Higher and higher rose the waters, blacker and blacker the darkness that hid from the horrified spectators on the banks the ghastly scenes on the island. Yet the piercing screams of women, the hoarser cries of men, were still heard at intervals, as group after group of the helpless people was swept away. At last, about half-past eight P.M. one appalling cry went up out of the darkness; and then, save the rush and roar of the angry waters, all was still. Not one had survived. This had taken place on the previous Saturday; and all through Sunday, the swollen and distorted bodies of the dead were being washed up, some miles below the place where the disaster had happened.

Immense loss of life and property also took place along the Yallahs Valley, which runs down to the sea east of the Flamstead Hills. Unlike most valleys in Jamaica, which narrow down to mere gullies, the Yallahs Valley, through nearly all its extent, widens out into a succession of more or less rugged plains, through which the Yallahs River makes its way to the sea. Years ago, probably after heavy rains, the river changed its channel, forming a completely new one. On the ground left dry by the river, numbers of natives had built cottages. About half-way down, a neat meeting-house had been built, with a graveyard hard by, and the whole place was as flourishing a settlement as any on the island.

On that dreadful Saturday, the river began to rise about five P.M. Many of the women and some of the men were away at market. In some cottages only the children were left. The river, draining as it does an immense tract of country, rose with frightful rapidity. The poor people returning from work or market, found themselves confronted by a raging flood, where they had crossed dry-shod in the morning. Filling the entire width of the valley, the swollen waters rushed on to the sea, bearing with them trees, cattle, horses, sheep, chests of drawers and other articles of furniture. There was no room for doubt. The river had swept the valley clean. Even the very soil of the graveyard had been torn up, and the coffins, with their occupants, washed out by the water.

'Not to speak of the loss of life,' said the General in conclusion, 'I don't believe a hundred and twenty thousand pounds will cover the damage that has been done.'

Making our way back to the Police Barrack, we got our ponies and rode a short distance up the road towards the New-Castle military road. Here it was the same story of ruin and devastation. The Post-office, the posting-stables, everything had been carried away by the furious torrent that rushed by, and in some places over the road, even though it had fallen considerably within the last few hours.

At the picket-house, where a small detachment from New-Castle is always stationed, we found Martin sitting on his pony among a crowd of blacks, and in a towering rage. A lazy-looking half-caste, one of the army contractors, was explaining to him how utterly impossible it was to forward the meat supplies to New-Castle. He had offered a dollar—two dollars; but the men would not go, the roads were so bad. He could do no more.

'All right,' broke in Martin sharply; 'then I must try.—Simpson!' (this to a smart corporal who stood by at 'attention'), 'I want twenty men. A pound each a day. We will charge it to Mr —, who has contracted to forward supplies, rain or no rain.'

The corporal saluted, produced a pocket-book; and in less than five minutes had twenty names down, to the dismay of the contractor.

'Start them at once, Simpson,' said Martin. 'There is a path billed through Craigton, which Major Edgeware allows us to use.—Rather a sell for our commissariat friend,' he observed to us as we rode away. 'He could have got those fellows easily for ten shillings a head, but was too lazy to try. Now he will have to pay a pound.'

There being nothing more to see in this direction, we turned homeward; and after the usual amount of stumbling and slipping and sliding, found ourselves at Craigton about one P.M., very wet, but with an awful appetite for lunch.

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE OF THE BAR.

SOME little time ago we published in this *Journal* an account of the preliminary formalities required by the Inns of Court of students desirous of being called to the Bar. In the present article we propose to furnish our readers with some information as to the unwritten law known as Professional Etiquette by the practising members of the profession. We may premise that to very few of such members is this law in its entirety even approximately known—indeed many of the customs which have acquired the force of law are of merely local application, some of them obtaining within the limits of one circuit and not of another, while others are peculiar to the Chancery as distinguished from the Common-law Bar.

Most people are aware that England is divided into circuits or districts, to which the judges—Justices in Eyre, as they were formerly called—make periodical visits, for the purpose of hearing such civil causes as may originate in the district, and of trying those prisoners who may have been committed for trial within its limits. As a matter of fact the new Judicature Act has made it possible for civil causes originating in any part of England

to be tried within the boundaries of any circuit, or in London or Westminster at the option of the plaintiff. But this is not material to our present subject. Now, although in law there is no reason why any barrister should not attend any and every circuit, the unwritten code to which we have adverted limits his choice to one; nor is he permitted to change the circuit to which he may have first attached himself, after the lapse of three years. After a student is called, one of his first proceedings is to choose a circuit; and having fixed upon one, in which he has, or imagines he has, some influence or connection, he applies to the 'Junior' of such circuit for instructions as to the steps necessary in order to be elected to the Bar-mess. These steps vary in some slight particulars in different circuits; but as a rule, the candidate for admission has to get his name proposed by a Queen's Counsel and seconded by a Junior—that is, a member of the 'utter' Bar, both being members of the mess. He has then to put in an appearance at one of the assize towns, to give the electors an opportunity of seeing him in person; and is afterwards balloted for in the usual way. As we have before mentioned, if he have been a member of another circuit for more than three years, or if he have been called for more than three years without having been elected member of any circuit, the circumstance is generally considered fatal; and his election will not be proceeded with. But otherwise, if nothing is known against the candidate professionally or socially, his election is usually a matter of course. Members of the Chancery Bar do not go on circuit.

Once elected a member of the circuit, the barrister becomes amenable to the jurisdiction of 'Mr Junior' for the time being, who is as a rule the youngest or one of the youngest members of the circuit, and whose duty it is to collect the fees, to make arrangements for the mess-dinners, including the giving out to the mess-butler of the wine, which is usually the property of the mess, and kept at the various hotels on the circuit frequented by the Bar. Formerly, a barrister when on circuit was obliged to take up his abode in lodgings; and it was a professional misdemeanour, only expiable by a fine, to enter an hotel when it was thought that he might come in contact with solicitors, and so gain an unfair advantage over his brethren. This rule has, however, been of late years relaxed; but the laws against 'hugging a solicitor' are still in force; and it is an indictable offence for a barrister to be seen in the coffee-room of the hotel at which he is staying, or to occupy any other than a private room. A solicitor may be 'hugged' in various ways; but any approach to so reprehensible a practice, should it come to the knowledge of the Attorney or Solicitor General of the circuit, is pretty sure to result in the prosecution of the offender at the Bar of Mr Junior. These prosecutions are conducted after dinner on what is called 'Grand-night,' when one of the officers in question, a member of the junior Bar of longer standing than the Junior, rises and calls the attention of Mr Junior and Mr Senior—the latter the senior Queen's Counsel present—to the misdemeanour complained of, mentioning the offender by name, who has the right of being heard in vindication of his conduct. Mr Junior then takes the opinion of the mess, and pronounces sentence by fining the delinquent, sometimes

in money, but usually in wine, varying from a single bottle to one, two, or even three dozen.

The offences cognizable by the court are numerous. Entering an assize town before commission-day—the day, namely, when the judges enter the town and ‘open the commission’—visiting or walking with a solicitor; attending another circuit without a special fee—fifty guineas for a ‘silk,’ and twenty for a ‘stuff gown’—travelling by railway in other than a first-class carriage; being seen in any other part of the assize court than that set apart for counsel; even a mispronounced word ignorantly or accidentally let fall in the course of a speech—we once knew an eminent Queen’s Counsel fined for calling a bicycle a *bi-cycle*—are all indictable. Mr Junior is also a stern censor in minor matters of etiquette, and will when necessary call the attention of some unconscious neophyte to the fact that the coat worn by him in court is not of the authorised and conventional black, or that he has forgotten to put on his bands or to take off his necktie.

At the expiration of the assize, Mr Junior’s duties terminate *pro tem.*; but there are still sundry rules and regulations which the unwritten code compels members of the Bar to comply with. For instance, it is a thing not for a moment to be thought of that a Queen’s Counsel should open—as it is termed—the pleadings; and hence the necessity that every ‘silk,’ at anyrate when briefed for the plaintiff, should have a junior ‘with him,’ in order that the latter may at the commencement of the proceedings state to the judge and jury the names of the parties, the allegations and contentions raised by each, and the issue which is sought to be tried. These pleadings also which consist in the statement of claim of the plaintiff, the statement of defence of the defendant, the reply, rejoinder, surrejoinder, rebutter, and surrebutter—the forms subsequent to the reply being seldom needed in ordinary actions—must be drawn by a junior, it being quite beneath the dignity of a Queen’s Counsel to intermeddle in such matters, except when specially called in on consultation. Attendances in judges’ chambers with reference to preliminary or, as they are called in legal parlance, interlocutory questions are confined to ‘stuff gowmsmen,’ the duty of the ‘silks’ being discharged in court only.

The important matter of fees is also regulated by the same code. No counsel, however newly called, can, excepting in one almost obsolete matter, take a fee of less than one guinea, nor is he permitted to take that without an additional fee of half-a-crown for his clerk, whether he be provided with such a functionary or not; to do so would be to undersell his brethren. Up to five guineas, it should be observed, the clerk’s fee is half-a-crown; when the barrister’s fee is over five guineas, the clerk’s fee is usually five per cent. on his master’s, unless when the client seeks a ‘conference,’ in which case the clerk is entitled to five shillings, although his master may get only one guinea. This extra honorarium is supposed to be necessitated by the extra trouble incurred by the clerk in ushering the client into his master’s presence. The practice of paying a conference fee is now almost invariable when a brief is delivered for argument in court, and that whether such conference ever takes place or not; and so when a barrister receives a brief in court

with so small a fee even as two guineas, he usually gets an extra guinea for ‘conference.’ Where two barristers are employed on the same side, the leader gets in addition to the fee on his brief, two guineas for ‘consultation’ with his junior, who gets one, and in this case the conference is omitted. The fee is marked on the outside of the brief; and it is worthy of note that whilst a Queen’s Counsel notifies the receipt by putting his initials against the sum paid, the junior must write his full name, or the taxing-master will hesitate to allow it to the solicitor, on taxing the costs.

Frequenterers of the law-courts will have noticed that while some barristers, or their clerks for them, carry red bags, others carry blue ones. The latter colour is the original one. But when the rank of Queen’s, or rather King’s Counsel was first instituted in the time of King Charles II.—or as some say, later still—to each holder of the dignity three red bags were given, in which to carry His Majesty’s briefs, and also the privilege of granting one in each year to a stuff gowmsman presumably his junior in his official work. Now, as is well known, any member of the Bar in large practice will on application to the Lord Chancellor be granted sooner or later this titular honour, which carries with it the right of precedence over all members of the ‘utter’ Bar as well as over all sergeants-at-law not possessed of a patent of precedence. The practice of giving away a red bag annually to some member of the junior Bar, is still continued. In the Common-law courts, although red bags are permitted, the bringing a blue bag into court is looked upon as a grave breach of professional etiquette; but the custom does not obtain in the Chancery division, where the introduction of blue bags is of common occurrence. It is not generally known or, rather perhaps we should say, remembered, that one of the best known and indeed the *only* distinguishing feature in the garb of a barrister, namely his wig, is but a remnant of a bygone fashion; and that until the time of Charles II., when every gentleman wore false hair, counsel learned in the law were in no way distinguishable from their fellow-subjects in this particular. The much older degree of sergeants-at-law it is true wore the coif; and this covering for the head is still typified by the little black patch on the top of a sergeant’s wig, and of those of such of the judges as were admitted to Sergeants’ Inn on their elevation to the Bench. This ancient legal dignity is, however, now apparently doomed to extinction; but so conservative is the law—or rather the law’s wig-makers—that a circular patch, but of the same colour and material as the wig itself, is still shewn on the wigs of those judges who have been made since the Judicature Act rendered their admission to the grade of Sergeant no longer necessary. Purely matter of custom, however, as the wearing of the wig, there is little doubt that no judge of the High Court of Judicature would for a moment allow himself to be addressed by a barrister devoid of that decoration; and we think it more than possible that no habitual criminal would consider himself to be legally sentenced except by a judge similarly adorned.

We might extend this paper almost indefinitely were we to enumerate all the laws and customs of more or less perfect obligation which obtain in

the profession; such as the proper proportion which a junior's fee should bear to that of his leader, the still vexed question of 'refreshers,' and half a hundred others of a similar nature; but we think we have said enough to give our readers some idea of the species of trades-unionism which characterises the higher branch of the profession. There is, however, one rule which does honour to the guild of Barristers, and which we are glad to believe is seldom or never broken—namely, never to state in court as a fact, that which the speaker knows to be untrue. The judges implicitly recognise this rule, and never hesitate for a moment to rely on any statement made by counsel which he alleges to be within his own knowledge.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

My first quest next morning on leaving the apartment where I had slept, was for the purpose of ascertaining whether my bedroom had been again entered after I had left it on the previous evening. I unlocked the door, and cautiously looked in. Enough light came through between the drawn curtains to shew me that the room was apparently as I left it. I advanced to the window and found the thread there, unbroken, and evidently untouched. I must confess I felt somewhat disappointed. My fears had probably exaggerated my conceptions of the danger, and I had anticipated a second visit as more than probable. After thinking, however, I came to the conclusion that it was better as it was. Had my strange visitor for any purpose entered my room a second time, and found that I had quitted it, the effect might have been the reverse of favourable to a discovery of the trickery, which discovery could best be forwarded by my making as little change in my usual habits as possible. It was not improbable, seeing that no suspicion had been aroused by the knowledge that I had changed my sleeping apartment, that the 'ghost' might be emboldened to pay me a visit on the following night; and by that time I hoped to be able to arrange for the interception of my strange visitor, and the detection of the trick.

In the course of the morning, I had made up my mind how I should proceed. Mrs Weevil generally left after breakfast on her errands to the neighbouring village or elsewhere, not generally returning for a few hours; and I thought this a good time to obtain an interview with Andrew the old gardener, who, I saw, was engaged trimming the walks in front of the door. I had no doubt now that what I had seen had been also appearing to the servants who had so suddenly departed on the previous evening; and I had no doubt also that Andrew knew the whole story about the ghost having been again seen in the house. I opened the parlour window, and spoke with him over the balcony. 'Will you come up-stairs, Andrew? I should like to speak to you.'

He stood for a moment in hesitation, scratching his head. I think he would have preferred anything to entering my house at that moment; but evidently he did not see his way to refusing. A few moments later, he was in the drawing-room.

'Andrew,' I began, with some intentional solemnity of manner, 'you see the position I am in.'—His expression indicated that he considered the position an exceedingly unpleasant one.—'The story has got about,' I went on, 'that this house is haunted.'—He turned pale.—'You think it is haunted?' I asked, looking at him fixedly.

He hesitated for a few moments, shook his head slowly, and succeeded finally in saying: 'W'at *is* folks to think, m'am?'

'I acknowledge,' I answered, 'that the thing has a queer look. When people appear, and vanish as suddenly as they came, it is difficult to think of them as creatures of flesh and blood like ourselves.'

'Tain't possible-like,' was Andrew's comment; and I observed that with the words, his face took a more healthy hue. The quiet tone I had assumed reassured him. Ghosts, when they can be reasoned about, lose half their terrors.

'No,' I answered him; 'it is not possible. But Andrew, if we look at these things from another point of view'—

'Be there another?' he eagerly asked, as I paused to allow him time for expression of opinion.

'Yes,' I said; 'there is another. Before I believe in your interpretation, Andrew—before I believe it possible that spirits can wander about the world for no other reason than to frighten people, I must test mine.'

His eyes, awakened to new interest, were looking at mine inquiringly.

I explained at once. 'What I mean is this. I suspect a trick. Somebody has a spite against the owner of this house—somebody has an interest in keeping it empty.'

Andrew was naturally shrewd. As I spoke, there came into his face a new look of keenness. He smiled. 'There has been queer things done,' he observed, with a cautious impartiality.

'You have been here some weeks,' I said. 'Have you heard anything during that time about this house, about the people who own it? I am told they lived here once.'

Thus stimulated, Andrew told me that the house and grounds had originally belonged to Lord B—, father of the present lord, whose Park was commanded by our front windows. On the marriage of a favourite sister with Mr Roupel, a man somewhat beneath her in position, he gave her the house. Here the married pair lived, in much unhappiness, it was said; and here their only child, a daughter, was born. After running through his wife's money, the husband died. When left alone, the widow, and her now grown-up daughter, determined to let their house, and live abroad. The rent of the furnished house, with its excellent garden, would bring them in an income sufficient to enable them to live quietly in some foreign town. But while this project was being discussed, the widow died, suddenly and mysteriously. An inquest was held over her; for strange suspicions were circulated abroad. The verdict was, that she had died of the family complaint, heart-disease. But there were those who still spoke mysteriously about the circumstances of the death, and declared that the poor lady had met with foul-play.

Now, this was the germ of the ghost-story; for

it was said far and near, that Mrs Roupel, if she had really been murdered—and murdered by her own child, as some dared to whisper—would never rest in her grave. And when singular appearances came and went, and strange sounds were heard in the house, now empty save for an ancient housekeeper, the suspicion, scarcely spoken of at first above the breath, so dark it was and monstrous, was by-and-by openly discussed.

On this part of the story old Andrew was very ready to dilate. He warmed to the theme indeed, and would willingly have given me, had I desired it, a full and particular account of the various people who from time to time had been driven from the premises. But I, holding still to my point, that *trick* had to do with it, restrained his flow of language, and endeavoured, by close questioning, to find out what he knew about the daughter of Mrs Roupel, who, if his story were true, was the present owner of the haunted house.

I elicited the following facts. Miss Roupel was nineteen years of age about the period of her mother's death. She was then a young lady of high spirit and cheerful temper; she was accomplished, witty, and unusually attractive in appearance. Thus, in spite of the drawbacks entailed by poverty, and a sad melancholy mother, the young lady was not without suitors. The suit of one of these was, according to her mother and herself—they remembered their old antecedents and were proud—little short of an impertinence; for the man was neither more nor less than Lord B——'s house-steward. The old housekeeper, to whom, before he bestowed the house upon his sister, the old lord had apportioned two rooms, was Mrs Weevil, the steward's mother.

It was natural that Miss Roupel, niece of his former employer, should reject his suit with disdain. It was perhaps no less natural that the rejection, imbibed by contempt, should sink deeply into the steward's soul. The fact was that from the day when he was forbidden the house where his mother lived, the young man changed. People spoke of his black looks, of his hard ways, of his cruel cynical speeches, and some predicted a bad end for him.

Meanwhile, Miss Roupel, now left alone by her mother's death, married Mr Egerton, a man, from a monetary point of view, scarcely more eligible than the steward. He was a Lieutenant in the navy; but as he had nothing in the world but his pay, they carried out Mrs Roupel's plan of letting their house furnished, believing it would bring them in a sufficient income to enable the young wife to live in comfort while her husband was away from her. But, as Andrew remarked, if this was her belief, she must have been often 'sore pinched,' for the house could have brought in very little.

I thanked him for his story. 'Now,' I said, 'you must do something more for me. Go to the village at once. Find the carpenter and blacksmith. Tell them I want them on important business. There must be no delay. I will pay them well for their work. Do you understand?' For the old man was staring at me as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses.

'I understand,' he answered slowly. 'But what will you be wanting with them, ma'am?'

'You will know all in good time. They must

bring their tools. Now go, Andrew—go quickly. And mind, Andrew,' I added, 'say nothing to any one of your errand; and bring the joiner and blacksmith in by the back entrance, for I do not wish them to be seen coming here to-day by everybody.'

Notwithstanding these bold words, I must confess that when Andrew started on his message, and I was left alone—for the ayah had gone down to the village—I felt a little uneasy. I did not believe in spiritual presences, but I did believe in wickedness driven to desperation. I was bidding defiance to a foe of whose resources I was utterly ignorant. What if my defiance should be taken up? Mentally, I felt strong enough; physically, I was conscious of being weak; but I set about the performance of my household duties, which occupied me fully till the return of Andrew.

I took him, as also the joiner and blacksmith, into the parlour, and told them my experiences of the previous evening. Andrew exhibited symptoms of alarm; but I found the joiner a sensible man, and inclined, after what I told him, to take a similar view with myself of the situation, namely, that we were being made the subjects of some diabolical trickery, in order to drive us out of the house. He asked about Mrs Weevil, and if I had ever been in her rooms. I said I had not. He proposed at once to visit them. The door of her apartments was, as usual, locked; but the blacksmith had little difficulty in successfully picking the lock, and effecting an entrance for us—Andrew being meanwhile sent to keep a look-out in the garden, that no one approached the house unawares.

There was nothing to attract attention in Mrs Weevil's apartments. The joiner carefully examined them; but no means of egress from either of the rooms could be discovered, save the door by which we had entered, the windows having iron gratings outside. We took the utmost care that nothing was disarranged; and any piece of furniture or apparel which we had occasion to disturb was replaced exactly as found. Previous to this, I should have mentioned, both the joiner and blacksmith had made a particular examination of the bow-window of my bedroom; but had failed to find anything to awaken suspicion in the slightest. Our search had so far been entirely fruitless; and I was beginning to feel more perplexed than ever, as, after what Andrew had told me of Mrs Weevil, and of her son's former relations to the owner of the house, I had somehow begun to connect her in my mind with the mysterious appearances which had given it such a bad fame.

We were in the act of quitting the housekeeper's sitting-room, afraid that she might return before we had had time to refasten the door, when I noticed the blacksmith kneel down on the floor of the inner apartment, and examine the foot of one of the bedposts. It was an ancient Elizabethan, with heavy faded hangings, and stood on a floor covered with a carpet, out of which long use had extracted almost all traces of its original pattern. At a signal, the joiner stooped down beside him; and I then observed that the caster at the foot of the bedpost was glistening with oil, as if it had but recently been lubricated; and we all three then noticed that there was a distinct dark oily

streak along the carpet, as if the bed had been moved forward obliquely for a few feet from where it stood, and then been moved back again. The joiner at once rose; and taking hold of the bed, he found that he could pull it forward easily and without making the slightest noise, till it was about a foot from the wall against which it stood. At this point, we noticed that the bed seemed to dip slightly to one side, as if something were yielding to its weight; and at the same moment we observed a panelling silently open in that part of the wall which had formerly been hid behind the hangings.

I was in a high state of excitement, and with difficulty could suppress my feelings, but stood silent as the two men went round and looked into the opening thus discovered. They asked for a candle, which I presently brought them; when we found that the recess was a small place, about five feet high and two deep, and that it was formed of solid mason-work on all sides but the front. A box, large enough to fill the whole space of the bottom, was attached to the wall by strong iron staples, as if to prevent its removal; but curiously enough, the box itself was not locked, though supplied with a hasp and padlock. The lid was at once lifted; when we saw stuffed into it, as if hurriedly, a mass of white garment, which we found to be an old chasuble or surplice; that must have formed at one time part of the ceremonial robes of a priest. We brought it forth to the light, and examined it; and there, in the skirt of the garment, we found that a piece had been torn out, which was exactly fitted by the bit of white embroidered cloth which I had picked up in my bedroom on the previous evening. This was evidence indisputable that, whoever or whatever my ghostly visitor was, here at least was the garment that had been worn on that occasion; the more so, that attached to the upper part of the garment was a kind of hood which, when drawn over the head and face, would give in a dim and uncertain light the grim aspect that I had seen on the previous evening. I felt within me a burning indignation that for years the peace and happiness of successive families in the house should have been destroyed by the wretched trickery of this depraved old woman, in her malicious desire to injure the young lady who owned the house, by depriving her of the income that would otherwise have been derived from it.

My first impulse was to leave things as they were in the apartment till the arrival of the old hag, and confront her at once with the evidences we had discovered of her malevolent practices; but on a second examination of the box, it was found that it contained a false bottom, easily removed, under which were found a pair of loaded pistols. This struck us as being scarcely in keeping with the idea that Mrs Weevil alone was cognisant of the mischievous operations which had been carried on here for so many years. These were rather the weapons of a person who was both able and willing to use them should an emergency offer. And what was still more puzzling, while we had thus far discovered the means by which the ghostly reputation of the house had been maintained, there was as yet no trace of the manner in which access was gained, either to the bedroom which I occupied, or to any other parts

of the house which had been so mysteriously visited. In these circumstances, it was agreed at once to replace everything as we had found them, except that the blacksmith took the precaution of drawing the charge out of both pistols, stuffing the barrels afterwards to the required depth with paper, so that, on being probed, they might still appear as if loaded. This done, the bed was moved back to its place, when the panelling of itself closed as before. We then left the apartment, the door of which was, though not without some difficulty, so fastened as not readily to excite the woman's suspicion that it had been tampered with.

It was now two hours after noon, and Mrs Weevil might return at any moment. The two men therefore departed, but first arranging with me that they should return after dusk, bringing the village constable along with them, to await with me the events of the evening; as I felt certain somehow that the 'ghost' would again appear, with the object of driving me from the house, as other tenants had been driven before.

Like his namesake in *Rob Roy*, the old gardener Andrew was not a very good keeper of secrets; hence it was proposed that the joiner and blacksmith should take him along with them to the village, and keep him under surveillance till the evening. I was glad when I saw them all out of the place, without, so far as I knew, being seen by any one; and still more glad when the ayah shortly afterwards returned with the children, as I could not help feeling timorous and alarmed in the house by myself, considering what we had discovered, and especially what we had failed to discover, namely, how the person playing the ghost could obtain access to different parts of the house so freely as report represented, and as I had myself in one instance painfully experienced.

THE LANDSLIP AT NYNEE TAL.

A CORRESPONDENT who has resided for many years at Nynee Tal, sends us the following interesting particulars of the locality, and endeavours to explain how the recent lamentable catastrophe occurred.

'Nynee Tal,' he proceeds to say, 'is the summer resort of the Lieutenant-governor of the North-western Provinces, as Simla is of the Viceroy. He is accompanied thither by his secretariat and the heads of departments. This, together with the great natural beauty of the place attracting other visitors, causes it to be thronged with people from May to October. During those months, there must be at least three thousand European residents there.

'With regard to its position, the points needful to state are, that it lies to the north of the province of Rohilkund, which it overlooks; and that it lies on the outer range of the Himalaya; owing to which, the first contact of the great masses of cloud rolling up from the plains, with the high cold mountain range, takes place near it and at it. It derives its name from the lake which is its characteristic and most beautiful feature. *Tal* means a lake, and *Nynee* is the name of the goddess whose temple stands at the head of the

lake. Its various points are from six thousand to eight thousand feet above sea-level. A horse-shoe lengthened out and the points brought close together, would give an idea of the general outline of the valley. Round the horse-shoe are lofty hills; lowest at the points, highest at the top curve. Within the horse-shoe lies the lake, following its form—round at the top, narrowing at the ends, through which is its escape-channel to the plains. The hills at the two sides are very near to the edge of the lake; but at the top of the lake the hills lie at some distance from it. The water horse-shoe coincides with the mountain horse-shoe at the end and at the sides; but there is a considerable interval between the rounded top curves.

In mentioning the right or left side of the lake, the reader is supposed to be looking up from its lower end, the point of escape for the surplus water. From here, he sees the whole valley before him; and can note that the hills to the left are steep, and in places overhang the water, and are not so much built on as the hillside to the right, which is thickly studded with houses, rising one above another from the margin of the lake to the top of the hill. The steepness of the hills on the one side is due to the fact that their strata dip in a direction contrary to the slope of the hill, their outcrop thus presenting a bold escarpment to the valley; while on the other side, that on which the landslide took place, the more gentle slope of the hills is owing to their being composed of shale, the dip of which coincides with the slope of the hills towards the lake. This latter is a fact to be borne in mind.

We come now to the head of the lake and the sloping plateau which lies between it and the foot of the hills that complete the barrier. These hills on the left are as before rocky; those on the right composed of a coating of soil with shale below. The drainage of the hills to the left passes into a small deep tarn, and thence into a rivulet which enters the lake at its head. This rivulet brings down a good deal of shingle, and has formed a long flat foreshore near the lake. The drainage from the hills to the right coming down their softer shaly sides, had deposited at the foot of the hills, and stretching up the slope of them to a height of eight hundred or a thousand feet, a great mass of earth and shaly debris, which, owing to previous disintegration, was known as "The Landslip." This is the landslide that has done the damage. The drainage-line referred to enters the lake at its very head. It brings down great masses of shale and shingle, and has formed a long flat foreshore at the head of the lake, which is here very narrow, not more than seven or eight hundred feet across. The foot of The Landslip is separated from the lake by an interval of six or seven hundred feet; at the end below the Victoria Hotel, not more than two hundred feet. The Landslip ascended at first with a gentle slope, which became sharper, as usual, as it got higher

up the hillside. It kept the width of six or seven hundred feet almost up to the top, where it was about two hundred feet. It did not run straight up the plateau mentioned as lying at the head of the lake, but bent round with a gradual curve to the hills to the right, noted as composed of shale, and ran to within a few hundred feet of a gap or dip in the top of them.

The Landslip rests on a bed of small loose shale. Many springs appear along its sides; and there is one at the top which has cut a channel for itself down the broad flat slope to the lake. The course of this channel varies from year to year. The water is so heavily laden with silt, which is deposited on the slope, that the line of passage of any one year is marked at the end of the next by a mound, and not a hollow. The greater part of the water that falls on The Landslip does not run over it, but sinks into the loose shale-bed. The action that has formed The Landslip goes on every year. The cutting into the hillside above; the fall of the steep sides on each hand; the downward movement of the semi-fluid mass; its loss of velocity on the flat lower slope, and its deposit there in sheets or mounds, are increased with each rainy season—the amount of the action depending on the amount of the rainfall.

The rainfall at Nynee Tal is very heavy, heavier from peculiar local conditions, than what would be due merely to its position on the outer range of the Himalaya. These conditions have to be noted. The lake is about a mile long and two and a half furlongs broad, with a shore or margin of about a furlong and a half along its right bank. The plateau at the head of the lake is about a mile long. The valley along its bottom lines may be taken, therefore, as two miles long and half a mile broad. The lake is about six thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea; while the tops of the hills round it rise to eight thousand five hundred feet. The highest peak, known as Cheena, is above the head of the lake, beyond the plateau; and it is from its flank The Landslip comes down. At the other end of the lake, where is the opening into the valley, and from where the little river fed by the lake runs out, the descent of the hillside is very sharp. This gap opens at once on the sky region which overhangs the belt of forest-land at the foot of the hills, known from its extreme dampness as the Terai, and the well-watered many rivered plains of Rohilkund. The cloud-masses coming up from the plains pour in at this gap.

Where the heavy cloud-masses of the monsoons coming up from the ocean strike against mountain ridges, not far from the edge of the sea, they descend in excessive rainfall, which sometimes amounts to three hundred inches, or twenty-five feet, in the year. Where the outer ranges of the Himalaya, bounding the plains of Northern India, rise to great heights, here too the heavy cloud-masses of the monsoons strike and descend in heavy rainfall.

Nynee Tal is thus situated. Besides, we have here a long narrow deep valley, very damp, owing to its being so much sheltered from the sun, and to the evaporation from the lake, which constitutes the chief portion of its bed. The clouds rest in the valley. Heavy fogs and mists prevail in it for many months, and the rainfall is, for many months, long-continued and heavy. This long

continuance of rain, and prevalence of fogs and mists, have an important bearing on the matter; for they mean great saturation of the soil, unrelieved by the genial drying-power of the sun, the result being that the hillsides are easily moved by any unusual surface disturbance, and may at any moment slip. Thus, then, with long-continued moisture, heavy rainfall, steep hills whose sides are composed of shale, we have a combination that would lead to landslips, gigantic traces of many of which are to be seen on the outer slopes.

'To describe now the locality of the accident. At the head of the lake stood the Assembly Rooms, with their ballroom, reading-room, and library. They were built on the very margin of the lake, with a long veranda overhanging the water. On the flat near the head of the lake, cricket and polo were practised. Here also the band played of an evening. Round this end of the lake were the boathouses and landing-stages, the place gay with boats and canoes. Above, in the angle between the rivulet and The Landslip, was the Nynee Tal bazaar. The Mall, or riding-road that goes all round the lake, widened out here, and lay between the foot of The Landslip and the lake. Thus, then, this was the central meeting-place, the pleasure-ground of the European community. It was the focal point of the station. On the flat near the Assembly Rooms, a covered racket court had been built, useless on account of the damp—ominous sign! An enterprising and long resident tradesman of the place, Mr Bell by name, purchased it, however, and converted it into a two-storied shop, being tempted by the advantage of the position, so far as the passing to and fro and concourse of people was concerned. Behind this building, a small public garden was laid out some seven or eight years ago.

'Above the head of the lake, and by the side of The Landslip, to the right of it, was a piece of land, on which stood the Victoria Hotel. It stood about two hundred and fifty feet in height above the lake. The land on which it stood was not much higher than The Landslip by its side; and though The Landslip was by its side here, yet, owing to the bend to the right in its course, it soon got above it. There was, however, a point in its course from which the straight line down to the lake lay through the hotel. And, owing to the steep slope, not many hundred feet up its length, the bed of The Landslip would be on a level with the very roof of the hotel. The hotel undoubtedly stood in a risky position with reference to The Landslip; but no actual danger was anticipated from it so near its foot; while the advantages of the site, as being so near the Mall and the head of the lake, were very great.

'This Landslip is one of very old standing, and was probably in existence when we first began to settle there. For years it has been one of the marked natural features of the place. It has caused damage in years of heavy rainfall before, though its dangerous action has been chiefly confined to the upper parts of its course. Here it has been working its way steadily up the hillside. Houses that had been built above its influence it was thought, had to be taken down as the chasm gradually worked up to them. But down at the foot of it, the damage seemed confined to a deposit of shale and shingle over the road, which was easily

removed. About eight or ten years ago, however, when I was at Nynee Tal, the fall of debris was very great after heavy rains. The road was covered to a depth of five or six feet, and Mr Bell had to barricade heavily the doors and windows of the lower story of his shop on the side of The Landslip.

'Before coming to the consideration of the catastrophe itself, one or two things more have to be noted. There was no cliff overhanging the hotel, or the buildings by the side of the head of the lake. The Assembly Rooms would have been deemed perfectly safe against molestation, from the hillside up which ran The Landslip, though the distance between them was not more than a furlong or eight hundred feet at the most. Above the hotel stood a row of servants' houses, further up the slope and nearer to the hillside.

'What recently happened was this. These upper buildings were thrown over and buried by a movement of the land from above. They would of course be the first to suffer. Many natives and one European child were buried under the ruins of the houses and the mass of debris. The hotel itself stood unimpaired, and the occupants escaped in safety. Civil and police officers, and working parties of officers and men from the convalescent barrack at the other end of the lake, were soon at the spot, trying to dig out the buried natives. While engaged in this duty, came the sudden and great movement of the soft hillside which overwhelmed the hotel and those near it; and moving down to the head of the lake with irresistible force, buried the public garden and the road there and destroyed the buildings near it. Among those killed near the hotel were Mr Bell, the tradesman already mentioned, and three of his assistants.

'One of those extraordinarily heavy falls of rain of which mention has been made had just occurred. In hours altogether, mainly it would appear between Friday evening and that fatal Saturday afternoon, there fell twenty-five inches of rain; equal to the rainfall in England for a whole year. This great fall of rain came in the middle of September, after months of heavy rainfall, of cloud, and mist and fog, when the soil had been thoroughly soaked and softened. Any overhanging and exposed portions of the hillside would now be ready to fall. The bed of the great Landslip, and the hillsides along it, would be full of water trying to make its way outwards and downwards; and the shale-bed of The Landslip would be already very near the semi-fluid state.

'There was, unhappily, no doubt another extraneous cause besides the rains for the slip at the moment that it took place. Great avalanches have been set in motion by very small causes—the removal of a stone, or even a sound. This great slip must have taken place from inherent causes. But its movement at such a fatal moment was due, doubtless, to the digging operations that were being carried on to extricate the buried natives. That gallant band of Englishmen brought about their death by their own exertions!

'That cold ghastly sentence in a recent telegram to the *Times*, that "it would cost twenty thousand pounds to exhume the bodies," brings before us a terrible aspect of the accident. It shews us not only how great was the forward-moved mound of shale and rock and shingle, but that there, in the

middle of the gay and pleasant settlement, under that horrid mound, now lie the bodies of so many members of the small community. It is not like a disaster at the bottom of a mine or at sea, away from sight; there stands the mound, with the men and women under it. This would be terrible anywhere; but more so in a place where people are drawn together in such close bonds of companionship and friendship.'

AN EXPENSIVE HOAX.

THE following account of a hoax played upon me many years ago, may teach a lesson to people who think practical joking capital fun, and make them think twice before they resort to such questionable expedients. I am as fond of a good joke as anyone; but I detest hoaxes, which as a rule are 'past a joke,' seeing that in most cases they go far beyond what their perpetrators intended. In the case I am about to narrate, either from false shame or fear, the chief actors let things take their course, without trying or being able to stop them.

It will be within the recollection of residents in China ports some eighteen years ago, with how great an amount of anxiety and expectation the opening of the mighty Yang-tze (the 'river of golden sand') to the vessels of the Western barbarians was looked for by all foreigners living in the far East. After the last Anglo-French Chinese war, which had terminated with the capture of Pe-kin, the Chinese government had been compelled to come to terms with the Western powers; and had granted, however unwillingly, the opening of several northern ports, and the navigation of the Yang-tze above Shang-hae as far as Han-kow. Navigable to good-sized vessels for upwards of two thousand miles from its mouth, it was considered a great boon at the time that even this partial opening of eight hundred and forty miles of the mighty stream had been effected; and the expectations of the advantages to be reaped were raised to a very high pitch.

Shang-hae, the old treaty port at the mouth of the Yang-tze, was of course the most interested in this new state of things, as it was the starting-point of all up-river expeditions; and every mind was filled with the prospects of the large gains to be realised—prospects which unfortunately proved rather fallacious in most cases afterwards. There was, however, one serious drawback to the navigation of the river—its many shifting channels and rapid tides made the ascent a matter of great difficulty to sailing-vessels; and it was obvious that the lion-share of any profit to be made would fall to those fortunate few who either owned steamers or had one at their disposal. The number available was, however, very small, and the rates of freight rose to such an enormous height, that a few up and down trips paid the cost of any good-sized steamer. In anticipation of coming events, I had been lucky enough, in conjunction with a friendly Chinese firm, to secure the purchase of a small American-built river-steamer in Hong-kong, which was to run on the river Yang-tze. Drawing but very little water, it was deemed inexpedient to expose the small craft to the danger of crossing the boisterous China Sea, and though it took a much longer

time, it was determined to make her run up north as close as possible along the coast. All matters connected with the Yang-tze navigation were kept very dark at the time; but this had not prevented something about the purchase and the passage of the little steamer being whispered about—a fact of which I was to become aware soon after.

One evening, late—it was close upon midnight—I was busily engaged in my office in Shang-hae preparing for the outgoing mail, when the office-boy rushed into the room with a letter just delivered. This was a more than unusual proceeding—no foreign mails had arrived, and business communications are not generally made at midnight. I turned the letter rather suspiciously round, for its look was by no means inviting, it being very dirty and well thumbed. Inquiring who had delivered it, I was told that a coolie, apparently in a great hurry, had handed the same to the gatehouse-keeper a few minutes previously—that the man had stated he did not know from whom the letter came, and that no answer was required. There was nothing left but to see what the ominous missive contained; and I was not a little shocked upon reading the following:

Steamer *Phoenix*, 12th March 186-.

DEAR SIR—I regret to have to inform you that we have run upon the North Bank during the last gale, and find ourselves in great danger. We may possibly succeed in getting off, if it ceases to blow hard. Captain S—— is sick in bed, and he has asked me to write to you for assistance.—Your obedient servant,

JOHN S——
(Chief-officer.)

Rather pretty news that! The whole of the letter, including the writer's signature, whose name, moreover, was unknown to me, was very illegibly written in pencil on a piece of paper, evidently torn from some memorandum book, bearing the marks of hurry and excitement. The dirty look of the outside cover was now somewhat explained—the steamer had probably hailed one of the Chinese junks passing by; and the letter had been forwarded by a Woosung runner—the only curious circumstance being, that this man should not even have waited for payment.

We had had very heavy north-easterly gales for two days past, and the steamer was due at any moment. So far everything seemed correct enough; and Captain S——, though known as one of the best men on the China coast, might as well have met with a mishap as any other. I hardly waited for the morning to take the necessary steps in the matter. It continued to blow very hard, and every moment's delay might render the vessel's position more precarious; so I was on my way before break of day to consult one of our best pilots, an American, whom I knew. The man had only returned during the night, I was told, and was still in bed; but I made him get up at once, shewed the letter to him, and asked his advice.

'That looks very bad,' he said, after perusing the letter, shrugging his shoulders. 'With the wind blowing as it does, the steamer may easily have been driven over the Bank. The only chance that remains is that she may have got into deep water between the North and South Banks. But if she has gone on the latter, I wouldn't give a cent for the hull and all that's in her! If we had

another steamer handy' [the only available tug was just out of port], 'I should ask you to send her down without a moment's delay. As it is, I'll go down there at once, and see what's to be done. My boat is ready; a few good men will soon be picked up, so I shall be off in half-an-hour's time. Meanwhile, you must hope for the best.'

Thanking the brave fellow with all my heart for his readiness, I left him to get ready; and after seeing him go down the river under full sail before the appointed time, I returned home, somewhat calmer.

Thirty-six hours of anxious waiting had gone by, when on the afternoon of the following day, Mr C—— the pilot entered my office. His face boded no good. 'Bad news, sir,' Mr C—— commenced. 'I could find no trace whatever of the *Phoenix*. Heaven knows what has become of her and her crew. We have searched the whole of the outer Bank, and got ourselves upon it; and we only left off when it was found that our boat had sprung a leak in striking, which compelled me to return. There is now but one possibility left—provided the vessel has not gone to pieces ere this—that she, as I told you yesterday, may have got between the two Banks, or is fast on the South Bank. You have now only one course to take. Try and get Captain F—— of the *Dragon*' [the tug before mentioned], 'who has just come into the harbour, to go down again without delay. I will go on board with you at once; and I am sure Captain F—— won't leave you in the lurch in such an emergency.'

This was no sooner said than done. Arriving on board the *Dragon*, we found Captain F—— just on the point of going ashore. A few words sufficed to inform him of the state of things. Although he himself and his crew had hardly had any rest for some days past, he did not hesitate a moment.

'We cannot leave Captain S—— without assistance, if help is still of any earthly use to him. He wouldn't think twice if he was in my place; and the sooner we are off the better. Luckily, we have still got steam, so we will start at once. But you must be prepared for a long bill. You know our charge is fifty taels' [seventeen pounds] 'per hour as long as I am under-weight; and I am not at liberty to reduce the owner's charges.'

Of course I told him that money was of no consideration where the lives of so many people were at stake; and I had the satisfaction to see the *Dragon* steam out of the harbour within a quarter of an hour. The news of the presumed dangerous position of the *Phoenix*, and of the steps taken to assist her, had meanwhile spread all over the foreign settlement; and I had to submit as best I could to the many inquiries and condolences about her probable fate from all sides. Captain S—— was a well-known person in all the China ports, and every one waited anxiously for further news, while his sad end was universally deplored.

In the afternoon of the day following, the *Dragon* was reported in sight; and I was on board before she had dropped anchor. Captain F——, who looked flushed and wearied, had evidently not taken a moment's rest since he had started. He came up to me with a sad face.

'We have not been more fortunate in this attempt than Mr C—— the pilot,' he said.

'There is no vestige of the *Phoenix* to be seen anywhere; if she has really struck there, she must have gone to pieces long ago, and not a soul of her crew has been saved. I have done all in my power, and left nothing undone. We have searched every nook and corner, and went as far as the South Bank; and the worst is, I nearly lost my own steamer, as she struck, and we had all the trouble in the world to get afloat again. I am rather surprised, though, that we have seen no spars or timbers floating about. And that makes me ask you—don't be vexed, but rather a queer thought struck me suddenly when returning—do you know the name of the chief-officer of the *Phoenix*?'

I told him I did not.

'And has it never come across your mind (now, just keep quiet), that some one, maybe without considering the consequences, may have written that letter for a hoax?'

'It would be too abominable, Captain F——,' I replied; 'nor can I believe any one would dare to do such a thing.'

'Well, we'll soon see about that. But for your sake and Captain S——'s, I could almost wish that to be the case. Not but that it would give me all the pleasure in the world to horse-whip the writer all round the settlement. You at all events have done your duty; the rest we must leave to the future.'

I left the honest Captain with rather conflicting feelings. Hitherto, I had never dreamt of giving way to any such suspicion, as he had done; but the more I thought of all the circumstances connected with the delivery of the mysterious letter, the more I felt inclined to admit there might be something in the view he took of the affair. The first thing I did on reaching home was to try and decipher the very illegibly written signature of the name, to which as yet I had paid but little attention. Now, with roused suspicions, I looked at it in a different light; and I succeeded at last, with a deal of trouble, in linking the single characters together. The result was *Snooks*—JOHN SNOOKS. Now, although the chief-officer's name, for all I knew to the contrary, really might have been Snooks—a very low one, it must be admitted—still this discovery could not but lead to increase any suspicions as to the genuineness of the letter itself. 'It might be Beelzebub, but it ain't,' was the short and smart repartee of a friend of mine, who, when travelling in the United States, was once accosted by a Yankee with the inevitable, 'What might your name be, stranger?' It might be Snooks; but I could not help being convinced that the officer's real name was *not* Snooks after all. However, I was not to remain very long in suspense on this point, and was still-ruminating on this matter, when Mr A——, an old friend of mine, came into my room. We had known each other from the first day of his arrival, and had always been on the best of terms together. He commenced talking on several indifferent subjects—both of us avoiding any allusion to the steamer; but I could not fail in observing that A——, in general very quiet and collected, appeared unusually uncomfortable and absent. He shifted uneasily about on his seat, just like a man who has got something on his mind, and who wishes to unbotom himself, but does not know how to set about it. At last he seemed to have come to

some resolve, for suddenly he jumped up from his chair and paced the room several times.

'So the *Dragon* has come back, and brought no further news?' said he, turning round upon me.

I told him that was exactly the state of the case.

'Now, look here, H——,' he resumed. 'It's about time this business were put a stop to; and on that account I am here now. But, for mercy's sake, my dear fellow, be calm.' (I had started to my feet.) 'At all events, listen quietly first to what I have to tell you; afterwards, you are quite free to decide what course to take.' And then the whole of the edifying story came out.

Some evenings ago—according to A——'s account, he himself having been from home—his younger brother had had a few friends dining with him. After dinner, and while sitting over their wine, of which they had likely partaken a little more than was good for them, and while debating how to spend the rest of the evening, one of the guests, a Mr L——, had of a sudden proposed to indite the letter about the *Phoenix*, which he declared would be a 'splendid joke.' Neither L—— nor any of the others really meant any harm, for I was on good terms with all of them; but having nothing better on hand, the proposal was at once accepted as 'capital fun;' and the company joined together to concoct the epistle which had been sent to me—with what result, I have told. Next day, neither of them appeared to have thought any more about the affair; when, to their utmost consternation, on the return of the pilot-boat, they were roused by the report, rapidly spread about, of the loss of the *Phoenix*, and of the steps taken to save her. None had expected such serious consequences. But when the departure of the *Dragon*, and lastly the vain search of the latter for the lost vessel, became known, they got very much frightened; and it was decided that the chief culprit should disclose their misdeed to A——, begging him to interfere, and if possible, to get them out of the scrape by pleading their cause with me.

'Now that you know all about this stupid affair,' A—— continued, 'it is of course for you to say how you mean to act. I hardly dare ask you to pardon them, though by generously doing so, you will oblige me to the end of my life. If you decide otherwise, my interference is at an end. Consider, however, that you have, to a certain extent, their future fate in your hands. L—— himself will not have the courage to shew his face again, and the consequences will be most serious to him. As he did not venture to tell you himself, I could not well refuse his earnest request to beg for him and the others. In case you forgive them, L—— promises to come round after dark to tell you how deeply he regrets his foolish act. I am also commissioned to inform you, as a matter of course, that the four engaged in this affair are ready to refund all the expenses incurred; which I consider but a just punishment for what they have done.'

What was I to do? Making the names of the actors public, would certainly damage them seriously, but do little good to me now. On the other hand, angry and vexed as I was at the thought of the care and trouble I had undergone, it was a relief to find that the danger to the

vessel, and the consequent loss to me, had no real foundation. After a short consideration, I gave way to the earnest pleading of friend A——, and granted a free pardon upon the conditions proposed by him—at which happy result A—— left me, evidently much relieved.

There is little more to add to my story. The actors and amateurs of hoaxing had received a lesson they were not likely to forget as long as they lived, and which cured them radically of all further propensities in that line. I withstood all demands to make the names known, though I could not prevent the fact becoming public that I had been subjected to a hoax; which caused Mr C—— the pilot to 'salt' his bill rather severely for repairs to his craft, &c.; which otherwise, as he told me, he should not have done. Suffice it to say that the small bill for the *Dragon*, the pilot, &c. amounted in a round sum to close upon five hundred pounds, which the hoaxers had to pay with a grin, glad to get so cheaply out of the scrape.

Thus ended this very foolish but expensive hoax, the moral of which I trust will be taken to heart by those who are fond of practical joking. I may conclude my story by adding that the *Phoenix* arrived safe and sound only a few days later in the harbour.

WHERE IS YESTERDAY?

A little boy, Ernst H——, says to his Mother: 'This is to-day—To-morrow is coming; but, Where is Yesterday?'

'MOTHER! some things I want to know,
Which puzzle and confuse me so.
To-day is present, as you say;
But tell me, Where is Yesterday?

'I did not see it as it went;
I only know how it was spent—
In play, and pleasure, though in rain;
Then why won't it come back again?

'To-day, the sun shines bright and clear;
But then, To-morrow's drawing near.
To-day—oh, do not go away!
And vanish like dear Yesterday.

'Tis when the sun and all the light
Has gone, and darkness brings the night,
It seems to me, you steal away,
And change your name to Yesterday.

'And will all Time be just the same?
To-day—the only name remain?
And shall I always have to say,
To-morrow, you'll be Yesterday?

'I wonder, when we go to heaven,
If there a record will be given
Of all our thoughts and all our ways,
Writ on the face of Yesterdays?

'If so, I pray, God grant to me
That mine a noble life may be;
For then, I'll greet with joyous gaze
The dear, lost face of—Yesterdays.'

M. HOLDEN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 883.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

OCEAN RELIEF DEPÔTS.

BY CAPTAIN W. PARKER SNOW.

FOR over twenty-five years have I endeavoured, both here and in America, to awaken an interest in the matter of saving life, property, and wreck at sea, and in dangerous localities at home and abroad. My ideas were embodied in a paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute in June 1870, and also in communications to the press, both before and since. The paper was entitled 'On the Colonisation and Utilising of certain Ocean Islands and Waste Spaces about the World; with Suggestions for Floating Telegraph Wires, and Stationary Relief Depôts, Coal Depôts, Harbours of Refuge, Lights, Beacons, Observatories, Postal and Telegraph Stations, Training Schools, Reformatories, &c.

Now, it is this colonising or occupying waste spaces on certain ocean routes, that I propose as a means of establishing relief depôts and harbours of refuge about the globe.

I need not say how wedded we are as a people to all that is connected with the sea. Even those who pursue are of a contrary character, lose the ocean and its life-bestowing powers. Indeed, our very existence is mainly sustained by a certain sort of supremacy we still hold upon it. Our ships sail in every clime, and our flag has for some centuries past been the pioneer everywhere of exploration and discovery. But it is also a well-known fact, that despite the superior qualities nowadays, of ships, officers, and men, wrecks and loss of life are quite as great, if not greater, than ever. Of wrecks, no fewer than five hundred and fifty-nine were reported in four and a half months, and in some cases the sacrifice of life has been enormous. Yet I do not hesitate to say that if we would, as a people, study the cause of humanity more than the mere making of wealth, most of these wrecks could be avoided, and the major portion of the loss of life averted. Indeed it has appeared strange to me that so little away from our own coasts has been done in regard to this.

We have telegraphs over houses, beneath houses, and under oceans. We have railways here, there, and everywhere, in labyrinth and mazes that absolutely confuse the mind, and yet raise our admiration. We have a postal system that is truly marvellous; and as for our travel by ships with steam, the term of floating palaces may well be applied to the roomy and luxurious accommodation afforded. More have we that could be named as existing now which did not exist a generation ago.

Science has made rapid strides in the one direction of increasing wealth, and in some few things bearing upon humanity; but, as yet, we have hardly any practical and ready means of saving life and averting wreck at sea. Look at any nautical chart of the world, and perceive the many isolated and desolate spots upon it—some lone islands and rocks, such as St Pauls on the Atlantic Equator—St Pauls and Amsterdan in the South Indian Ocean—Tristan d'Acunha—the Aucklands—and many more I could name. What are they? See them, hither and thither about the ocean! Are they to be mere instruments of destruction to man and man's property? Assuredly not, if rightly used instead of being disregarded. Nearly all of them, even the most apparently barren, teem with wondrous life, and might be made the dwelling-places of happy people. Those isolated rocks and islands, and that especial archipelago around Cape Horn, at the extremity of South America, are admirably situated for purposes of benefit to man in the direction I have indicated. Even in their natural state they are not all unproductive. Coal is already discovered in the once dreaded Magellan Straits; and wealth, almost unbounded, is, I firmly believe, yet to be found in Tierra del Fuego. But the guano-beds, and the seal fishery—apart from mineral yield—are in themselves a source of lucrative return for investment. It is, however, the *humane* feature in connection with these places I now most draw attention to, and I ask: Can we not, then, turn them to good account? I feel assured that we can, and, to explain myself, let me take readers on an imaginary voyage with me.

Beginning with our own coasts, there we see lights and beacons, and everything to guide and to warn; consequently, when wrecks do occur, they are—with exceptions—too often produced by over-confidence, and a neglect of what the late Captain Maury well termed the three *L's*—namely, log, lead, and look-out. Still, even here something might be done. Our sea-channels are often enveloped in fog, and mariners from long voyages are not always so strong in mind or body as when they started. Thus, to relieve them, I, years ago, suggested that our extra naval ships, or reserve fleet might, instead of idling in harbour, be more usefully and indeed more educationally employed as a *cordon* at the mouth of each channel, with pilots, and relief stores on board, besides telegraphic wires to the mainland.

In 1849 an ocean telegraph was deemed a visionary idea, and I well remember in New York, how the actual originator and proposer of such a scheme was considered by many—even then by Mr Cyrus Field himself—as projecting an impracticability. For twenty years my plan of a *floating telegraph* over the ocean world has been similarly regarded; though I noticed lately that others, almost literally to details, have put forth the idea as their own.

Let us consider that if such plan were adopted as I propose of buoying up a duplicate cable at say three hundred miles apart by hulks, serving as relief store-ships, lightships (*numbered*, and thus shewing positions), what a valuable boon it would become. Ocean traffic would then be relieved of much of its danger, and suffering at sea greatly lessened. A wreck, a fire, or any other disaster could promptly be remedied by a knowledge of these relief hulks, and, as I also propose, of the many ocean rocks and islands serving in a similar way; while messages could be immediately flashed across the floating wires to call for aid, or give information. For the North Atlantic itself, twenty relief hulks, buoying a duplicate cable, attached to alternate hulks, kept in position by auxiliary steam-power, would almost bridge that part of the ocean world, and make the voyage across, nearly one of mathematical precision and safety. In like manner could such be applied to South America, and elsewhere. My plan embraces a postal system as well, and how many other islands and rocks—some 'barren,' such as St Pauls and the Rocas shoals; and some fertile, as I myself know from personal visits, such as Fernando-de-Noronha, could be made exceedingly available. Let me, then, carry my voyager with me to the once dreaded Cape Horn, and shew him the splendid harbours, safe and roomy, with the excellent water and fish and birds, that there abound.

I first saw the Horn when passing it in March 1836. It was a beautiful evening, and being helmsman at the time, I had a good view. Six years later, I again passed it in the depth of winter, and so cold that our rigging was frozen, and a man had to be lowered frigid from the top-gallant yard, whither he had been sent on a job. A third time, in 1853, I saw the Cape, as a gale drove us rapidly past it. Two years afterwards I was exploring its neighbourhood, finding many excellent harbours, shelters, and safe channels, and running under the grim Horn itself to get a fair look at its form. Since then I have not

ceased, at every opportunity, to call public attention to the subject of a small settlement, or at least a harbour of refuge, being formed there. I have said, again and again, that the numbers of wrecks occurring at that place, and at the Falkland Islands, *could be avoided*; and despite its old terrors, I maintain there is no safer spot in the world than Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn. Were it an unbroken, abrupt, iron-bound coast, like parts of the Australian sea-board, I could not aver this. But an archipelago of islands, with numerous safe *running* channels, splendid harbours, and other advantages such as at the extreme of South America, cannot be, comparatively speaking, a dangerous locality. The harbours are easy of access, and a good *lee* can be obtained, outward and homeward, in almost any weather. In the appendix to my *Two Years' Cruise in the South*—now out of print—I have given full directions to mariners, and I need not recapitulate them here. Suffice it that, whether in the beautiful little Banner Cove at Picton Island (or Victoria Harbour, as I named it), in Wollaston Island, or Wigwam Cove, or some other places to be mentioned, I assert, good shelter and means to recuperate can be found. What more required is, as I have just stated, a small settlement and relief depôt for the crews of vessels disabled, or meeting with some unusual disaster, such as in some cases lately occurred, and in many other cases now before me.

That a settlement can be formed there without much difficulty is evidenced by the fact of a mission station existing at Ushawai, a spot I passed in 1855, at the head of Ponsonby Sound in the Beagle Channel, though such station can never be the refuge or of the service I point out. It is too far among the inner channels, and not very distant from Woolya, the scene of that fearful massacre by the enraged natives on the crew of the very ship I had previously commanded, and who retaliated upon the white missionaries for taking their children away—the which I had refused doing. Thus Ushawai, though named on Admiralty charts, to the ignoring of more useful places and harbours I had previously brought to Admiralty notice, cannot be available as a relief depôt, or a means of refuge. Still, a settlement can be formed close to, but *easterly* of the Horn itself, at what precise spot I hope to be able some day to indicate with more certainty.

In February 1855 I selected the site, and founded a prosperous settlement at Keppel Island, belonging to the South American Missionary Society; consequently I have little doubt, humanly speaking, I can form an equally good settlement at Cape Horn, if sufficient aid be rendered me. Were it necessary, I could relate several interesting occurrences of solitary ocean islands being profitably settled; but must now confine myself to merely drawing attention to my project, which embraces boats, movable deck-houses, and other means for insuring more safety at sea. One effort I am making is to try and get the official recognition of Great Powers, and, should enough encouragement be given, take out a small vessel that shall serve both as pilot boat, and to carry relief to vessels in distress, having first formed a depôt of stores and provisions on shore. In reference to this I cannot help longing for at least a portion of the provisions, stores,

clothing, boats, &c., left in useless places at several depôts, by Admiralty orders, in the Arctic regions. Were these deposited in secure, and, to civilised persons, known places about Cape Horn and the Southern Ocean, they would be really useful.

Doubtless there are many noble and generous hearts ready to aid in conferring such a boon upon humanity as the establishing of Ocean Relief Depôts, in the way I have so long proposed, and to these I submit my ideas.

In this paper, however, I have given only an outline of those ideas. Details would occupy too much space at present, but they embody the formation of international, and politically-neutral establishments at suitable places on the great sea routes, particularly Tristan d'Acunha in the South Atlantic, and St. Pauls and Amsterdam in the South Indian Ocean, with periodical visits to surrounding localities. At the Atlantic-equatorial St. Pauls Rocks, a sort of Ocean Magdala could be formed, with a stationary hulk as a training-ship, and a year's depôt of provisions, water, &c., besides the ordinary supply required for those in charge. A Light, a Beacon, Telegraph Wires, Observatory, Post-Office, &c., would make it one of the most advantageous places in the world for scientific purposes, let alone the higher cause of humanity.

[Captain Snow's project of establishing hulks of refuge and for postal communication in *mid-ocean*, is ingenious, but we fear not very practicable, on account of want of soundings and anchorage, to say nothing of risks of safety and cost. His paper, however, is suggestive, and may usefully ventilate the subject. His address is Esher, Surrey.—ED.]

MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA.

CHAPTER V.—A GLORIOUS PANORAMA.

THE rains were now nearly over. Generally, about noon, heavy showers would fall; but the mornings and evenings were fine and deliciously cool. Our communications with the outward world were restored. Road-making in Jamaica is a simple affair. The roads being generally scarped out of the side of a hill, whenever one is carried away by rain or a landslip, it is simply a matter of cutting deeper into the hill. The surface is left to make itself; consequently, it is as soft as a bog or as hard as nails, according as the weather is wet or dry.

For days after the cessation of the rains, evil tidings were coming in. It was not merely that numbers of the poor people had their provision-grounds devastated and their cottages wrecked by the waters; all this admitted of remedy; but in nearly every instance where a cottage was swept away, the owner's savings for years—consisting generally of notes stored up in a bottle or tin box, and hidden in the thatch—were swept away also. Unfortunately, the people had some reason for adopting this foolish practice. Formerly, the only banks in the island were private savings-banks, and to these large sums of money had been intrusted. Shortly before Sir William Grey became Governor, numbers of these banks, at Falmouth, Montego Bay, and other places, failed under the most discreditable circumstances, spread-

ing disaster far and wide. Sir William, during his term of office, established savings-banks guaranteed by government. The measure was a wise and prudent one; but the confidence of the people had been rudely shaken; hence the habit of hoarding up had grown. In some cases, individuals had lost in this way sums varying from twenty to forty pounds.

My visit was now rapidly drawing to a close. I was to leave on the 25th; and on my last day we set out, all three, on our final expedition to Catherine's Peak and the Fern-walks. Starting about twelve, we lunched at New-Castle, and then rode on to the Fern-walks. About twenty minutes' ride above New-Castle, we came to a place called the Woodcutter's Gap, from which point the first view of the interior, north of the New-Castle ridge, is obtained. Here the road divides into two branches, both skirting, at different levels, the northern slope of Catherine's Peak, and forming the Upper and Lower Fern-walks. The lower of these roads, after skirting the Peak, turns northward, and is indeed the recognised route between New-Castle and the northern parts of the island. The upper road, running completely round the Peak, returns to the Woodcutter's Gap. Choosing the latter, we rode along it for a short distance; and then, giving our ponies to a black groom we had brought on from New-Castle, a roughish scramble of fifteen minutes brought us to the top of the Peak. At first we seemed destined to a disappointment, as a heavy mist was rolling up from the north, hiding the whole country. Here and there the mist would break, shewing for a few seconds above its fleecy surface some peak clothed with brushwood to its summit; then hiding it again with gauzy folds of vapour. However, we determined as we had time to spare, to wait a while and take our chance. And we had our reward. Scarcely ten minutes had passed, when we could see the tall heads of the tree-ferns in the Fern-walk below us bowing gently, as a light breeze from the north-west came stealing up, scattering the mist before it. Vague forms—blurred outlines of ridge and pinnacle—grew upon our sight as wave after wave of the vapour curtain that had hidden them rolled away before the breeze. A few minutes more, and the vague forms took shape; the blurred outlines became sharply defined; and the whole glorious panorama lay before us, unblotted by a cloud. The spot we were standing on, five thousand and thirty-five feet above the sea, was almost midway between the north and south of the island. Looking due north, we could see the breakers rolling into Buff Bay, nearly five-and-twenty miles away; while to the south-east, Morant Bay and all the adjacent line of coast were clearly visible. New-Castle lay at our feet on one side, the little settlement of Cold-Spring on the other; while on our right hand, nearly due east of where we were standing, towered the huge mass of the Blue Mountain Peak, seven thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet high. All around and below us lay the lesser peaks of the chain, covered to the top with thick underwood, save where landslips or torrents had scored their sides. The breeze had died away; the intense silence seemed intensified by the faint chirp of some species of grasshopper from a neighbouring shrub; and over all hung the speckless dome of the blue tropical sky.

'Have a good look at it,' said Charley, philosophically filling a pipe. 'You're in great luck to get the chance. See! it is changing already.'

Even as he spoke, the air grew colder, and a light tremor shook the tall tree-ferns. Down through each valley came sweeping dense masses of vapour, spreading in every direction. One huge cloud wrapped the Blue Mountain Peak, leaving only its summit visible, like an island in mid-air. A few seconds more and the whole mountain was blotted out. Up from every side rolled the mist, wreathing itself into a thousand fantastic shapes as it came, till in a few minutes we found ourselves on an island in a sea of cloud; earth and sky, everything invisible, except a few yards round the spot on which we were standing.

Scrambling down the rough path, we regained our ponies and rode round the Peak by the Upper Fern-walk. Unfortunately, I am densely ignorant on the subject of ferns; but still I was struck by the extraordinary beauty and luxuriance of those that clustered on every side of us as we rode on. Especially marvellous were the tree-ferns. In many cases, the twisted stems, perfectly bare, sprang up to a height of forty or fifty feet, and then spread out into magnificent canopies of branches some ten or fifteen feet in diameter. At each stage of the tree-fern's growth, a fresh canopy of branches bursts out around the top, and the one beneath withers and dies. The twisted or plaited appearance of the stems arises from the marks which each successive ring of branches leaves as it withers and falls off, when a fresh one comes out above.

It was now getting on in the afternoon; so, as we were engaged to dine at Ropley, we bade adieu to the Fern-walk, and turned homeward. There being no moon, it was excessively dark as we made our way over to Ropley at half-past seven. The Major and I walked; and Mrs Edgeware, with a gray skirt over her evening dress, preceded us on a pony. The boy in front carried a lantern. As we passed the turn to Strawberry Hill, we met the Judge in evening clothes, also carrying a lantern, and without a hat.

'Hat!' said the Judge, on my making some remark on the absence of his headgear. 'Hat! I never wear a hat at night. I wouldn't wear one by day, only the little boys would hoot me, and bring the bench into contempt. I maintain,' he continued, tramping along with vigorous strides, while the lantern flashed on his capacious white waistcoat and gold spectacles—'I maintain, sir, this is the finest climate in the world. There are no extremes. Look at our friends the Major and Mrs Edgeware! Are they ever ill? Look at their children! My boy grew up here, and never had a day's illness till I sent him to England, and there he got scarlatina! It is an English climate, without the English fogs and rains and east winds!'

And the Judge, whose vigorous frame and hale complexion shewed that a residence of nearly twenty years in Jamaica had not done him much harm, hurried forward to light Mrs Edgeware in through the gate of Ropley.

CHAPTER VI.—JAMAICA PAST—JAMAICA FUTURE.

The Dean and Mrs —; a Mr S—, an extensive pen-keeper (a person who breeds and sells stock) from the north side; a young lady who was

staying in the house; the Judge, Charley, and Mrs Edgeware and myself, made up the party. Some excellent clear turtle ushered in one of those cosy, pleasant, chatty dinners for which Ropley is famous in Jamaica, and which many an old Jamaican, if this happens to meet his eye, will recall with kindly remembrance. As usual in the hills, we dined practically in the open air, as all the venetians front and back, were wide open, and the cool evening air came straying in unchecked. I confess to being a sensualist in a small way, and to like a good dinner much; and to like it still more when its surroundings are pretty and bright. When I hear a man declaiming against the pleasures of the table, and boasting that it is a matter of indifference to him what he eats, I set that man down as an ass. A man might as well, in my mind, boast that he was insensible to the perfume of a rose. A good dinner elevates the moral tone. Under its benign influence, we glow with charity towards all mankind. We pronounce A.'s novel pleasant. We can see no harm in Mrs B.'s little flirtation with Gussy C., that most lamb-like of Lovelaces. We fancy—we wouldn't really, you know—but we fancy we would lend money to that poor fellow D., who has gone such an awful smasher.

On the other hand, under the influence of one of those dreadful meals which English middle-class society inflicts on its victims, what are our feelings? what our language? A.'s novel is balderdash; Mrs B. is a forward hussy, no better than she should be; and as for that rascal D., imprisonment for life is what he deserves. What London man is there who does not recall with a shudder those appalling banquets? We groan when we get the invitation. With gloomy irony, we write back that we accept it 'with much pleasure.' On the fatal day, we pack ourselves into a cab and drive off. We are received in the hall by Swipes, the greengrocer round the corner. In a confidential undertone, he inquires our name. He knows it perfectly, the old humbug; but it is part of his *rôle* as interim butler to pretend he does not. In point of fact, it was only a fortnight ago that he attended at our own little dinner, carrying off after that entertainment a cold fowl in his umbrella. We can see it—the umbrella, I mean—bulging in the corner behind the hat-stand. From the soup to the salmon—a bit of the soft side with long bones, like knitting-needles, sticking out of it, is what we always get; from the salmon, through the leathery cutlets and dubious patties, and on to the lukewarm mutton; from thence to the moment when a morsel of perspiring ice-pudding is dashed on our plate, preparatory to the introduction—by Swipes—of that rich old Château Margaux at forty shillings. Every detail of those dreadful dinners is familiar to us, their heat, discomfort, and general misery.

Here, on the contrary, everything was cool and fresh and pleasant. Gorgeous masses of roses, pink, yellow, and red, bordered by slender ferns or delicate lace-plant, bloomed amid the silver and glass on the table, and filled the room with their fragrance. Instead of that abominable Swipes and his greasy satellites, two smart young negroes, in white jackets and trousers, waited on us. Swift, noiseless, and attentive, they seemed all eyes and hands. Did you look round for the anchovy sauce? There was Joey at your elbow

with it. Were you thirsty? Sam had your favourite beverage, iced to a nicety, ready in a twinkling.

Meantime, the talk flowed on. Mrs Edgeware and Miss — were deeply interested about the marriage of a naval officer with a Jamaica belle, which was soon coming off, and at which the young lady was to assist as bride's-maid; also about a ball, to be given by the officers of the guard-ship. Mr S— and the Judge were discussing the prospects of sugar and some Jamaican question of land-reform; while our hostess, Edgeware, and myself were gossiping about the natives and their habits.

'It is a great point with them to imitate the whites,' Mrs — said, when we were sitting over our coffee; 'and sometimes the effect is rather absurd. For instance, a friend of ours, Mrs M—, made her housemaid a present of a cast-off riding habit and tall hat; and next Sunday the girl made her appearance in church with the tall hat stuck on the top of a red turban. It was too much for my husband's gravity; and he made me tell her that in England a hat and turban were never worn together.'

After coffee, we adjourned to the veranda, where we were permitted to smoke, while Miss — discoursed sweet music inside. Mr S— and I got into conversation as we leaned over the veranda railing, smoking our cigars, and looking out over the star-lit bay.

'I won't imitate our American neighbours,' he said, laughing, 'and ask you what you think of the country.'

'Thank you much,' I replied. 'In fact, I am quite puzzled; and would be only too glad to hear from you who have lived here so long, how the colony is getting on. Is it getting on at all?'

He laughed, and shrugged his shoulders. 'Don't call me a pessimist,' he said, 'but really, I can't say it is.'

'Retrograding?' I inquired.

'Well,' he replied, 'it depends on what you call retrogression.'

'Because,' said I, 'the ordinary British idea of a West India colony is a place where planters of enormous wealth live surrounded by happy negroes, perpetually dancing and singing when they are not working.'

'My dear sir,' said Mr S—, 'the ideal planter is as extinct as the dodo. I know the island pretty well, having lived here upwards of forty years; and with the exception of — he mentioned two or three names — there are not a dozen sugar-planters in solvent circumstances on the island. The sugar industry, the staple of the island, is simply a thing of the past. I am sorry to say it, but it's true.'

'Indeed,' I replied. 'I thought the labour question, which I suppose is the great question' ('Only one of them,' said Mr S—), 'had been solved by the coolie importation.'

Mr S— laughed. 'You'll find plenty of people to say so,' he said; 'and perhaps they believe it. My answer is a very practical and prosaic one. If you were to come over on a visit to me to Trelawney, I'd shew you, in a morning's ride, districts extending for twenty or thirty miles, which were formerly valuable sugar estates, all abandoned by their owners.'

'Left absolutely derelict, do you mean?' I asked.

'Absolutely derelict,' he replied; 'and the same process is going on. Day by day, estate after estate is being abandoned, as not worth keeping.'

'And what becomes of the land?' I inquired.

'In some cases, it is squatted on; in others, it goes to bush; and in many cases the government is taking it up, and selling it out to the people at four or five pounds an acre. Indeed,' continued Mr S— 'this abandoning of estates by their owners has been attended by most disastrous consequences to the poor people.'

'How is that?' I asked.

'Well,' he replied, 'it happens this way. After an estate is abandoned, somebody assuming to be owner or attorney [land-agent] of the property, takes it, breaks it up into lots, and sells it to the poor people, putting the money in his pocket. Then, fifteen or sixteen years afterwards, the owner, or some purchaser from him, hearing the land has become worth something, comes back, and ejects all the people who have bought. But our friend the Judge can tell you more about this than I can.'

'I can,' said the Judge. 'What Mr S— has told you is perfectly true as to the scandals and hardships of the present state of affairs. And the reason of it is this, that the law regulating questions as to the possession of land in this island is three centuries old. This law—I'll avoid technicals, to spare our fair friends—but this law, in force here at the present moment, would in some cases allow an owner to stay away beyond seas for any time less than sixty years; and then, when he did come back, give him ten more years to bring his action of ejectment. In order to confer a prescriptive right in Jamaica, it is necessary to have had unchallenged possession of a piece of land for twenty years, and this possession must be what lawyers call "adverse."'

'That's a technical, I'm sure,' cried Mrs Edgeware.

'Come, come!' said the Judge, laughing. 'You are right, Mrs Edgeware; it is a technical, and a disastrous one for Jamaica peasants who become purchasers of land. It is enough to say, that under its operation, a man might formerly buy land, pay his money for it, remain twenty-five or thirty years in possession, and then be turned out by the absentee owner. It is needless to say that the common-sense of the British legislature has swept away the legislative cobweb.'

'You see,' resumed Mr S—, 'it was the sugar industry that was the foundation of the island's wealth. The collapse of that, consequent on emancipation; the abolition of protection; the production of beetroot sugar, and other things, have brought about the collapse of everything else. We have no manufactures—no trade, except a small trade in cattle and fruit; there is no immigration—no influx of capital, and no prospect of either.'

'A while ago,' I remarked, 'when I asked you was the island retrograding, you said it depended on what I called retrogression. Now the picture you paint seems very like what I call retrogression.'

'Still,' said Mr S—, smiling, 'we are progressing towards peasant-proprietorship, which a great many people think a very desirable state of things.'

'The fact is,' said the Judge, 'John Bull is taking a pull at his purse-strings. The sums of money spent in the island in former days were enormous. We had a Bishop, four Archdeacons, and a numerous clergy, paid by the state. We had a General commanding, a huge staff, and innumerable functionaries. All that is a thing of the past. We are dropping to our proper level accordingly.'

'The question is, what our proper level will be, and when we will reach it,' said Mr S—. 'It's a dangerous thing attempting to prophesy; but—given an island without trade, manufactures, or capital—with the white race decreasing and the black increasing—with no upper classes except a knot of salaried officials—lastly, with an immense extent of land in the hands of government, ready to be sold to the negroes at five pounds an acre—it's not difficult to guess what we are drifting to.'

'What?' I asked.

'Simply,' replied Mr S—, 'to the original state of the island before a white face was seen here. The island from end to end will be covered with a multitude of peasant proprietors, each cultivating his one or two acres. Emigration and climatic causes will thin out the few thousand whites in the country, and none will come here to replace them. It will be one of the quietest, most orderly, and most standstill communities on earth. When the last white is gone, and the last acre bought by a negro, why then?'—Mr S— paused.

'What then?' said I.

'Why then,' said Mr S—, laughing, 'John Bull will begin to consider whether it is worth his while to keep up an army of officials, and to spend thousands of pounds in keeping troops at New-Castle to watch Quashee planting yams.'

'And then,' said the Judge, rising, 'John Bull will pension off liberally that "knot of salaried officials" you mentioned, Mr S—. And you and I, Dean, will learn whist, and betake ourselves to Bath or Cheltenham to end our days.—Good-night, good folks all. Good-night, Mr O. I am sorry you're leaving us. Let them know at home that we're not quite savages up here in our hills,' and the Judge departed.

CHAPTER VII.—FINAL REFLECTIONS—HOMEWARD BOUND.

I lay awake for a long time that night, thinking over what Mr S— had said. It only confirmed what I had heard before from various sources during my stay in Jamaica. All the evidence shewed me that any scheme of white immigration was out of the question. In several parts, and those the healthiest parts of the island, it had been tried, and failed. While the white man going to Jamaica, may with reasonable precautions preserve his health, there is a steady deterioration in his descendants. Nobody who has lived in the island can fail to notice the languor and listlessness and want of physique apparent in the Creoles even of the purest white blood. If, then, this white race were to die out, was there any chance of the blacks bettering their position? All that I had heard or seen led me to the conclusion there was none. I know no instance of any, even the smallest rum-shop, being owned by a black. They seem totally

devoid of the mercantile instinct. Go into any of the Kingston stores. The clerks behind the counters and at the desks are sometimes white, nearly always coloured, but never black. On the other hand, the heavier menial work is always done by blacks. There is nothing to prevent their rising in the world apparently. A good education is within the reach of all, and money in comparatively large sums they can and do save. Two generations almost have grown up since emancipation, so that its degrading associations have had time to pass away. Yet the Jamaica negro does nothing. Living on next to nothing—a negro can live easily on a couple of shillings a week—he saves and saves till he buys an acre of provision-ground. If he has a grown-up family, he saves and saves till he can buy another acre, on which he plants a son or daughter. The same process goes on repeating itself *ad infinitum*; but I never heard of any instance of a negro attempting anything more than this. The younger men having acquired this provision-ground, spend all their money on clothes.

It must be said in their favour that they are a quiet, orderly, sober race; I never, during several months' stay in Jamaica, saw a drunken negro. They are religious too; and their religious tendencies are sometimes a nuisance, inasmuch as a favourite spiritual exercise of theirs is to assemble together and keep roaring Messrs Moody and Sankey's hymns all night. But as to ideas of progress, they have none. Yet in some respects they are intelligent enough. Especially they have considerable dramatic powers. I saw a lot of urchins in the school near Craigton act some dramatic scenes with extraordinary spirit. On another occasion, Charley Edgeware's servants extemporised a theatre out of a half-ruined outhouse, and played the opening scenes of the first part of *Henry IV*. They had posters stuck up on the trees about, and actually got tickets printed. We all went up for half an hour; and really, considering the difficulties they laboured under, the affair was a great success. The wild Prince was arrayed in red and white striped knickerbockers, an old scarlet tunic, and a French *képi* stuck on the back of his woolly head. But it was darkly hinted to me that they had not the faintest glimmering idea what the speeches meant which they recited so glibly. Their teachers will tell you that up to the age of thirteen or fourteen, they manifest very great quickness of apprehension; but after that, their mental growth seems to stop. They are as imitative as monkeys, and as vain as peacocks. They imitate the English in every way. A negro wedding is a sight to see. I am afraid, by the way, that it is the opportunity for display that it affords, rather than any regard for the sanctity of the tie, that induces them to marry at all. They have a regular swell breakfast, all sorts of joints, sweets, wine, fruit, &c. The funny part of this is, that the ordinary Jamaica negro rather dislikes meat, preferring a mess of split-peas, rice, and salt-fish. But as the whites have meat, so must they. Their dresses on such occasions, the women's especially, are sometimes irresistibly ludicrous, from the extraordinary jumble of colours and materials composing them. I saw the Major's cook going to a wedding. He had a black frock-coat, white waistcoat, patent boots, and an enormous bouquet. Over the waistcoat hung a

huge eyeglass, through which, I need hardly say, he could not see. So that all the difference apparently, between the negro of the past and the present is, that the latter can read and wears clothes. Having come to which conclusion, I fell asleep.

All my luggage being sent on early, I started down hill with Charley's groom next morning at half-past six, having bid farewell—a long one I am afraid—to my kind host and hostess. For the last time I crawled down the rough bridle-paths, dismissing the groom at the bottom of the hill with a gratuity which will enable him to buy the most splendid waistcoat in Kingston. For the last time I bumped over the uneven road, and reached Kingston about an hour before the *Moselle*—for it was she—was to start. I had secured my berth beforehand, and Allen was there to welcome me to my old place. Shortly, the hawsers were cast off and the great screw began to throb, and I was on my way home again. As we passed Port-Royal, a voice from behind accosted me. 'Stranger,' it said, 'I reckon Jamaika is a one-horse consarn.'

It was an American gentleman who made the observation, and—I am afraid I agreed with him.

CHRISTOPHER CORDUROY.

JOHN BALLANTYNE—one of the Ballantynes with whose affairs Sir Walter Scott was unfortunately mixed up—started a weekly periodical, under the name of 'The Saleroom,' in January 1817, which went only the length of twenty-eight numbers. The paper, says Lockhart, had slender success. It was, in fact, 'a dull and hopeless concern, though Scott wrote several things in it.' Mr James Stillie, a noted dealer in old books in Edinburgh, who, remembering the Scott-Ballantyne days, revives the recollection of the defunct periodical by discovering and copying into his catalogue one of Scott's forgotten contributions, entitled 'The Aspirations of Christopher Corduroy.' It is a gentle *jeu d'esprit*, worth recovering from oblivion, and we give it as follows.

'My uncle is the elder brother of my late father. My grandfather was a very respectable tailor in this town, and gave his sons a good education, by means of which they both met with considerable success in life. My uncle in particular arrived some years ago at the dignity of the magistracy, and has bought several substantial tenements in this neighbourhood, which have, in the main, turned out very good purchases. But all his education, as you will shortly perceive, has not been sufficient to hinder him from falling into one of the strangest delusions that ever entered into a man's head. It is now about six years since I left this country, being obliged to spend some time in the West Indies in the way of my business, so that it is only of late that, on my return home, I have been fully informed as to my uncle's real case. From all that I can hear, very shortly after I left Scotland he had, somehow or other, fallen in with a book called Nisbet's Heraldry; and the first strange symptom that appeared was the wonderful affection he soon began to entertain for this author, entirely giving up all other reading, and sitting in his back-shop studying coats of arms and crests, when he should have been attending to customers or balancing his accounts. This was

remarked by a neighbour of his, a hatter, from the Highlands, who, it seems, is the proper chief of his clan, although his great-grandfather was cheated out of his birthright by the management of his great-great-grandfather's second wife, who managed to get the estate settled on her own children, the marriage of his own great-great-grandmother, who was cook in the family, having been kept secret, and all the witnesses being dead.

'My uncle was at first contented with being a patient listener to all the puffing stories of this Highlander, whom he considered as one of the most nobly descended men in the world. But by degrees he began to lay claims to gentility for himself; and being, by the hatter's interest, admitted into a club of respectable tradesmen, who call themselves the Genealogical Society, and spend most of their evenings in adjusting questions of pedigree among themselves, he there got acquainted with a celebrated antiquarian, by name Moses M'Crae, a glover, who suggested to him an idea which has given a new colour to his existence ever since. Our family name of Corduroy had, as I always supposed, been bestowed on some of our forefathers on account of their being instrumental in introducing the use of that particular kind of stuff in the neighbourhood; but Mr M'Crae hinted that the name ought, in his opinion, to be written *Cœur du roy*, and that, in all probability, my uncle was the male representative of some ancient branch of the house of Douglas, as *Cœur du roy* means a king's heart, and the Douglasses wear a heart with a king's crown on it in their arms; instancing the clan of the Macgregors, who had all been obliged to change their names for the best part of a century. Mr M'Crae at the same time advised my uncle to employ an acquaintance of his in the Register Office in Edinburgh, to search all the old records for proofs of this connection between the Corduroys and the Douglasses. I have never heard that his fees to the Register Office produced anything very satisfactory; but by dint of constant talking about this matter over his punch with the hatter and Mr M'Crae, what at first appeared barely possible, began every evening to gain in his eyes a new degree of probability, till at length the delusion has gone to such an extremity, that he now no more doubts of it than he does of his own existence.

'The first hint that I had of all this was his giving up wafers and the old signet stamp with the initials of Corduroy & Co., and beginning to seal his letters with a crowned heart and the motto, *Tandem triumphans* on the top of it; which the first two or three times I took little notice of, thinking he had borrowed some gentleman's seal who was accidentally in the shop to have his measure taken; but at last I understood what had occurred from another quarter. There were several expressions in his letters about the same time which I could not well understand. In one letter he told me, that "whatever the world might say, he had no doubt he should live to see the day when nobody would venture to question the respectability of his house." I was afraid something had happened; but meeting with a friend newly from Scotland, he assured me he had never heard the firm called in question. He lost his only son shortly after, and wrote me: "I now look to my nephew to carry on our line." Now, I had been

bred to another trade, and knew nothing about being a tailor, so I thought the good man had his intellects affected by his affliction. But I now understand that by *his house* he meant the race of the Corduroys, and that by my *carrying on the line*, he only expresses his wish that I may not be the last of them.

'This frenzy, for I can give it no other name, grew every day more alarming. He began to brag to all his acquaintance what a great family he was come of, and could scarcely take a customer's measure for a pair of breeches without entertaining him with some old-fashioned stories about the good Sir James Douglas and Archibald Bell-the-Cat. He looked down on all his neighbours, although they were come of as respectable burgesses of the town as himself. He left the Antiburghers too, where his father and he had always been elders, and took a pew in the Episcopal Chapel, because he had a notion Episcopacy was the genteeler religion. In short, he became as proud as a peacock; and when he was made a bailie, one would have thought, as his friends tell me, he scarcely knew which hip to sit on. He had his arms taken out regularly in the heralds' book, which cost him the matter of ten pounds, and he had them painted and glazed, and hung up in his back-shop and his parlour. He made his daughters cut out fire-screens in the shape of hearts; and made his wife a present of a tea-chest which resembles a heart below, and has a crown for the lid. His common reading has long been either in Mr Nisbet before mentioned, or in some old papers from the Session-clerk's office, which he has great difficulty in deciphering; but if he can only meet with the death or marriage of a Corduroy or a Douglas, that is quite enough to make up for weeks of trouble. He once gave a dinner, I am informed, to a large party of friends, on hearing it mentioned by a lawyer on a circuit that three Corduroys were hanged at Jedburgh for *stouthrieff* and *sonning*—which I believe means, after all, only robbery and sturdy begging—in the year 1500. He is always in this way making what he calls *family discoveries*, though I believe this of the three thieves is the greatest. He has got a large book like a ledger, bound in red leather, with brass clasps, where he has copied the first leaf of his father's Bible, and anything he has picked up about people of his name, and this he calls *his history*. He keeps this book and a few old papers, such as his grandmother's marriage-lines and the like, in an old trunk, which he has built into the wall, and this he calls *his charter-chest*. Before he took to these fancies, he had built a very snug cottage about two miles from the town; but he has since that time had all the windows taken out, and new ones put in, with panes of glass cut in the shape of diamonds, as if it were a church, not forgetting paintings of red hearts and royal crowns, of which there are at least a dozen, including the skylights. His fireplaces are also made with a pointed arch at the top; and his fenders have battlements on them like the top of a castle. His parlour is stuck full of pictures of old gentlemen in wigs and coats of mail, and young ladies very indecent about the bosom, whom he calls his ancestors; but his apprentice told me he had himself heard him bidding for some of them at an auction. When he shews his visitors the real portrait which he has of his father, he always

remarks that he was a wonderfully modest man, and *never spoke of his family*; "but," adds he, "he had no taste for research."

'The whole neighbourhood consider him as one out of his mind on this head, and call him Count Corduroy, by way of derision; and I am much afraid that, if I stay much longer among them, they will christen me the Young Count. What makes me write you at present, is more particularly this, that I hear him talking about getting his *lands*, as he calls them—although he has not above twenty acres altogether, including Craig-Corduroy Cottage—erected into a barony. I have also heard him hinting that supporters would not stand him above a hundred pounds. If he goes on at this rate, I do not see how anybody will employ him, as every one already says he has got a bee in his bonnet, and might easily be cognosed. I am in the hopes that this letter may put an end to his delusion, which will be a great obligation on CHRISTOPHER CORDUROY, Jun.'

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

UNLIKE her usual practice, Mrs Weevil did not return to the house that day till far on in the afternoon; and after she had entered her rooms, I could hear her bustling about with an activity and noise quite unprecedented in my experience of her habits. This rather alarmed me. I was afraid she had suspected, from the appearance of her rooms, notwithstanding our care in removing all traces of our presence, that some one had been there in her absence; and this might be sufficient to defeat my hopes of bringing to light the trickery that had been so long and so systematically practised. But I was still more astonished when, about an hour after her return, she sent a message to me by the ayah that she wished to speak with me, if I would grant her an interview. At first, I scarcely knew what answer to make. Were I to refuse to see her, this might complete the suspicion which she perhaps entertained; and if I did see her, I was afraid that I might by some word or look betray the knowledge of which I had become possessed. I thought upon the whole I had better see her, and answered accordingly.

As she entered the room with a basket over her arm, she dropped a courtesy; and from the flow of words with which she at once opened the conversation, she seemed to put on a frankness of manner which I had not before observed in any slight intercourse I had had with her.

'Yes, ma'am,' she went on, 'I were just a-comin', ma'am, to say as I would be goin' from the ouse for a few days; my son, as is steward to Lord B—, being took very badly last night, ma'am; and as he have no one to wait upon him, it holds as I, ma'am, as his mother, must do my dooty—yes, ma'am.'

All this she said without once stopping to take breath; and I could not help observing that she was slightly flurried in my presence, and seemed

to keep talking as much to hide her uneasiness as to enlighten me regarding her errand. I said I was very sorry to hear that her son was ill, and that it was very proper she should, in the circumstances, attend to him. 'But,' I asked, 'has he no servant in the house?'

'Not presently, ma'am,' she answered; 'leastways, the 'ousemaid have gone away over to Brookford for a few days to see her mother, who stays there, ma'am—yes, ma'am;' and she courtesied again in the excess of her civility.

After I had dismissed her, I did not know what to think. This was an interference with my plans on which I had not counted. I had no one to advise with me, and felt much perplexed. As evening approached, and the gloom of twilight, I had a strange nervous feeling, such as I had only once before experienced, and that was in India, during the terrible days when the Mutiny was at its height, and every footfall made us start, as if next moment were to be our last. As the dusk deepened, my anxiety increased; and when at length the ayah conducted the joiner, as I had before instructed her, to my room, I was almost too overpowered to speak. Andrew and the blacksmith were for the time detained in the kitchen, as I wished to talk the matter over with the joiner, as the most intelligent of the three.

As he entered my room, I was surprised to find a second person behind him, whom he introduced to me as Mr Burrowes, the district inspector of police, who had been on an official visit to the village that day, and who, when he heard the story, volunteered his services in place of the constable. His presence at once gave me great relief; and this was enhanced when I found he had had long experience in the London detective force, and was entering with the enthusiasm of his profession into our plans. He had heard already from the joiner what had passed that day; complimented me highly on the presence of mind I had displayed on the previous evening, and expressed his acquiescence in everything that we had since done.

When, however, I mentioned to him my unexpected interview that afternoon with Mrs Weevil, and that she had left the house, he was a good deal taken aback. He questioned me closely as to her manner and appearance when she was in my room, and as to whether she seemed much affected by her son's illness. I answered his several questions to the best of my ability; and he, after thinking awhile, pacing up and down the room, turned to me and said:

'Let everything be carried out as you formerly proposed. See that your family retire to rest at their usual time, and with as little appearance as possible of anything unusual going on. If the woman has taken alarm, nothing will be lost by waiting till to-morrow, when her rooms can be more carefully examined by daylight. In the first place, will you shew me the bedroom in which you were disturbed last night?'

I conducted him thither, the joiner following; and after he had ascertained where, to use his own expression, I had first seen the 'party,' and where and how the party had disappeared, he at once intimated his plans. He said I was to retire to my room as usual, seat myself in my chair by the fire as on the previous evening, and either sleep or appear to sleep, as was most agreeable to myself. Beyond the window stood a large wardrobe, in which, after the house was all quiet, he and the joiner would conceal themselves; the blacksmith and the gardenér being set as a guard upon the door of the housekeeper's room below. The village constable, he had arranged, would keep watch on the outside of the house, but so as not to be readily discovered.

The duties of the household, in the absence of my servants, fell somewhat heavily on the ayah and myself; and the time passed quickly for me as I bustled about, seeing the children put to bed; after which the ayah also retired. During all this time, everything had been carried on in our customary way. Mr Burrowes and the rest of his helpers betook themselves for the time to a distant apartment up-stairs, and the house had resounded all the evening with the mingled sounds of laughter and noise inseparable from a large family of children such as ours. But now all was silent; the men had slipped quietly to their different posts; Mr Burrowes and the joiner were, I knew, in the wardrobe at the other end of my bedroom; and I was seated in my lounging-chair, as on the previous evening.

As I sat in this position thinking, I could not help observing to myself how near we were all making ourselves ridiculous. The old woman whom I had suspected, was out of the house; no one else but the ordinary members of the household and the watchers, could possibly be in it; and here was I, sitting at my bedroom fire, making-believe to sleep, with two men concealed in the wardrobe, all hoping to catch—we did not know what. The humour of the situation so strongly affected me at one time, that I could scarcely refrain from bursting into laughter. But the thought of Mr Burrowes having put himself to so much trouble on my account, combined with a remembrance of what I had experienced during the past twenty-four hours, gradually sobered my feelings; and I shortly found my thoughts floating away in dim remembrances to my life in India; to my distant husband; to our long separation; to the terrible nights and days of that fearful Mutiny, whose horrors still rose up before me; to—

There was a thud on the floor, and I started. I had been asleep, and in my slumber had knocked a book off the small table at my elbow. The fire was burning low, and I rose in a confused state to trim it, when my eyes fell upon what I had seen on the previous evening. In the imperfect light, it seemed taller and more ghastly-looking than before, and was approaching me from behind. As my eyes fell upon it, I gave a loud shriek, and caught hold of the chair to support me. As I did so, I saw the figure gradually recede from me, and the room seemed to grow suddenly darker. I am certain that, left to myself, I should at that moment have fainted right

away, for the whole thing had been so sudden, and found me so unprepared, that in my confusion I forgot all about the business of the night. But just as the white figure seemed to be approaching the curtained windows, I saw two dark figures dash quickly upon it from behind, then a sharp and violent struggle, in which all three rolled on the floor, as if locked together in a deadly embrace. The white figure had managed to wrench one arm loose, and in another moment there was the sharp click of a pistol. Thanks to our forethought, the weapon was harmless. By this time the noise of the struggle that was going on had brought the blacksmith and Andrew up to my apartment; and with their help, the white figure was in a few seconds manacled and led forward to the light, his white garment—an old surplice—hanging in tatters about him. He was at once known to the majority of the company—it was the steward! He turned his back on me with a stifled oath.

Leaving him, now helpless, with his hands fast behind his back, in charge of the blacksmith, Mr Burrowes led the way to the housekeeper's rooms below, the door of which was found to be locked. It was at once burst open, and taking a candle with us, we entered. The outer room was in the same condition as I had seen it during the day; but the inner room shewed the bed drawn forward, and the panelling of the recess which we had discovered, standing open. Nobody was there. Taking the candle forward, to examine the recess, Mr Burrowes found that the box had a movable bottom, in addition to that which we had discovered, and that by its removal an opening sufficient for one person at a time led down a trap-stair into the cellars below. Mr Burrowes and the joiner at once descended, taking the light with them, the rest of us waiting as directed in the outer apartment, or watching the lobbies that led to it. In a few minutes I heard sudden footsteps in my bedroom, and rushing thither, found that Mr Burrowes and the joiner had reached it from the cellars, into which the trap-door led, the whole of the woodwork of one side of the window of my room being ingeniously made to move back upon hinges like a door, yet so constructed that it could not be opened by any one in the room. When the steward was searched, there was found on him besides the pistols, a bunch of duplicate keys, which could open any chamber, or other lockfast place, in the house.

The constable having been called in from the garden, the steward, who had hitherto stood silent and sullen, with a dark expression of malice and revenge upon his face, was handed over to him, and he was instructed by his superior to convey him to the local police-office and place him in a cell. The blacksmith he ordered to accompany the constable, and see that the prisoner did not effect an escape.

Meantime, the gardener, who, since the 'ghost' had been discovered to be but flesh and blood like himself, had become as bold as a lion, volunteered to stay in the house with us all night and help me to soothe the fears of my poor terrified children; while Mr Burrowes, accompanied by the joiner, proceeded to the house of the steward. I need not burden the reader with details; but I may mention that in answer to a quiet tap at the

window, the door of the house was immediately opened, and old Mrs Weevil was at once in the grip of the officer. She was absolutely thunder-struck, and quite lost her presence of mind. Without telling her anything of what had happened, Mr Burrowes asked for her son, the steward. At first, she hesitated, then said he was ill in bed.

'No,' said Mr Burrowes; 'he is not in bed, but he is safe enough by this time in the police-office; so you had better just tell us all about it.'

At this, Mrs Weevil entirely broke down, and confessed all. It is unnecessary to repeat at length what the reader can guess in great measure for himself; but the sum of her story was this. The mother, equally with her son, hated Miss Roupel for despising his addresses, and took the means we have seen in order to drive each successive tenant out of her house. She also admitted that after the sudden death of Mrs Roupel, it was they who had spread the stories charging foul-play against the daughter. In answer to a question from Mr Burrowes, she confessed that it was she who had played the ghost on the previous evening; but she had never before shewn herself to any one who did not at once flee and quit the house. My attempt to get hold of her, therefore, had so alarmed her that she had great difficulty in escaping; and next morning had gone to her son, and told him she durst not play the part of ghost any longer, as the present tenant was likely to stand her ground, and they would in that way be found out. They were both enraged at thus being at last baffled in their long-cherished course of malicious practices against Miss Roupel; and her son determined to take out his revenge upon me that night by first frightening me and then robbing the house, after which they were resolved to take the first opportunity of quitting that part of the country. Their cupidity had been aroused by the sight of some trinkets in Indian jewellery which I possessed; hence the design to rob me. In order to cover their purpose, the old hag was sent to me with the story of her son being ill; and as he had a secret means of access to the house, he readily effected an entrance after he supposed the family asleep. It was her son who had first put her upon these evil practices—had brought the old surplice from Lord B——'s house, in which either of them, as occasion offered, was in the habit of terrifying the inmates, and thus depriving the innocent object of their hatred of her chief means of livelihood.

Mr Burrowes did not trouble to apprehend the old woman at that time; but he took care that she should not leave the country till after the trial of her son for housebreaking and felony, when she had to appear against him as a witness. He was found guilty, and sent to a penal settlement. Mrs Weevil, ashamed to shew face in the neighbourhood, departed no one knew whither.

As for the ghost-story, as soon as its salient points were known in the neighbourhood, the house not only lost its bad character, but I became for the time quite a kind of heroine, everybody praising my courage and sagacity. I had the pleasure, some weeks later, of entertaining in the house Mrs Richard Egerton, the former Miss Roupel, whom the neighbourhood, conscious of unjust condemnation, received with open arms.

After the term of my tenancy expired, the charming house let for a more suitable rent; and ever since, I believe it has formed an adequate source of income to its worthy owners.

REMARKABLE REMEDIES.

MAN is a physic-taking animal. Her Majesty's lieges alone dispose of a prodigious but unknown quantity, in obedience to the orders of orthodox practitioners; while their annual consumption of patent medicines is at the rate of half a box or bottle for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, at an expenditure of something very much more than a million pounds.

There are, however, plenty of real and fancied invalids who have no faith in the apothecary's wares. Some believe in hydropathy, of which Lamb wittily said: 'It is neither new nor wonderful; for it is as old as the Deluge, which killed more than it cured.' Others are of Burke's opinion, that hot water is a specific for every bodily ill; while others, again, loudly vaunt the triumphs of the hunger-cure, so called because the patient has to subsist upon two or three ounces of white bread and one wine-glass of water every twenty-four hours, so long as he remains uncured.

The hunger-cure is after all only a dangerous extension of Dr Rutt's prescription of a dinner of bread-and-water, as a sovereign remedy for indigestion. Dr Johnson's prescription for the same ailment was a pleasanter one. Learning that Miss Boothby was troubled that way, he wrote to his 'dear angel': 'Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy and, I think, a very probable remedy for indigestion and stomach complaints. Take an ounce of dried orange-peel finely powdered; divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time. The best way is perhaps to drink it in a glass of hot red port; or to eat it first, and drink the wine afterwards. Do not take too much in haste: a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a day, will be sufficient to begin; or less, if you find any aversion.' The remedy certainly is a simple one, and worthy a trial, being, as its propounder says, 'not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and if not found useful, easily left off.'

At an inquest held at Bradwell, Bucks, on the body of a five-year-old girl who died of hydrophobia, one of the witnesses deposed that two days after the child had been bitten, the buried dog was disinterred, its liver extracted, and a piece of it, weighing about an ounce and a half, frizzled on a fork before the fire until it was dried up, and then given to the child, who ate it freely; but nevertheless died.—A Chinaman, charged before a New York magistrate with stealing a duck in a stage of decomposition, explained that he took the bird for medicinal purposes. 'You savey,' said he, 'one duck, hal lotten; takee, boilee him; lub mattah on leg; him all light; cue plulicy.'—Not an overnice remedy for pleurisy, but hardly nastier than magpie-dust, which no less a personage than the Princess Bismarck apparently deems an infallible specific for epilepsy; since, no longer ago than January last, the President of the Eckenfoerder Shooting Club addressed the following circular to the members of that association: 'Her Highness Princess Bismarck wishes to receive, before the 18th inst, as many magpies as possible.

from the burned remains of which an anti-epileptic powder may be manipulated. I permit myself, therefore, High and Well-born Sir, to entreat that you will forthwith shoot as many magpies as you can in your preserves, and forward the same to the Chief Forester Lange, at Friedrichruhe or hither, without paying for their carriage, down to the 18th of this month.'

The winter of 1876-7 was exceptionally severe in Detroit, and marked, moreover, by a visitation of smallpox, proving especially virulent in the Polish quarter of the city, the denizens of which were obstinate anti-vaccinationists, whose only method of keeping the scourge at bay was to close their doors against all comers. About Christmas-time, a young Pole, fresh from Europe, found his way to Detroit, and naturally made for the quarter wherein dwelt his compatriots. One of them gave him friendly greeting, but had no sooner done so, than seeing unmistakable signs of the dreaded disease on the stranger's face, he hustled him into the street without any ceremony. Friendless and penniless, the poor fellow struck out at a venture for a place of refuge; and reaching a barnyard, made his bed on some straw at the end of a shed. There he lay sick and starving for three nights and two days, tormented by the itching of the pustules, until in desperation he plastered face, neck, and hands with the fresh cattle-manure about him. At last, hunger drove him to the farmhouse to beg a little food. There he was supplied with soap and water wherewith to cleanse himself; and his ablutions over, stood before the pitying family apparently free from any sign of smallpox. Next day, the farmer was down with the disease, through which his visitor nursed him, without apparently thinking of applying the remedy that had proved so efficacious in his own case; a case on which the chronicler commented thus: 'The stranger certainly had smallpox, for he gave it to another. He certainly recovered, for here he is, walking about. If the fresh manure did not absorb the disease from his system in the short time, what else did? If burying a patient up to his neck in the earth, as practised in some countries, has a beneficial effect on diseases, why should not fresh compost have doubled the strength as a healer? It is a straight plain case, and though not discovered by Jenner, the cure may one day rank with his preventive.'

Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent a whole Sunday selecting twelve stones from twelve south-running streams, with the purpose that his sick master might sleep upon them and become whole. Scott was not the man to hurt the honest fellow's feelings by ridiculing the notion of such a remedy proving of avail; so he caused Bruce to be told that the recipe was infallible; but that it was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapped in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon learning which, the Highlander renounced all hope of completing the charm.

Lady Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian woman a powder wrapped in a fragment of the *Saturday Review*. She came again to assure her benefactress the charm was a wonderfully powerful one; for although she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good. She would have made an excellent subject for a Llama

doctor, who, if he does not happen to have any medicine handy, writes the name of the remedy he would administer on a scrap of paper, moistens it with his mouth, rolls it up in the form of a pill, which the patient tosses down his throat. In default of paper, the name of the drug is chalked on a board, and washed off again with water, which serves as a healing draught.

These easy-going practitioners might probably cite plenty of instances of the efficacy of their method. Dr John Brown of Edinburgh once gave a labourer a prescription, saying: 'Take that, and come back in a fortnight, when you will be well.' Obedient to the injunction, the patient presented himself at the fortnight's end, with a clean tongue and a happy face. Proud of the fulfilment of his promise, Dr Brown said: 'Let me see what I gave you.' 'Oh,' answered the man, 'I took it, doctor.' 'Yes, I know you did; but where is the prescription?' 'I swallowed it,' was the reply. The patient had made a pill of the paper, and faith in his physician's skill had done the rest. Faith is a rare wonder-worker. Strong in the belief that every Frank is a doctor, an old Arab, who had been partially blind from birth, pestered an English traveller into giving him a seidlitz-powder and some pomatum. Next day the chief declared that he could see better than he had done for twenty years.

A sea-captain, when one of his crew craved something for his stomach's good, on consulting his book found 'No. 15' was the thing for the occasion. Unfortunately there had been a run on that number, and the bottle was empty. Not caring to send the man away uncomfortable, the skipper, remembering that eight and seven made fifteen, made up a dose from the bottles so numbered, which the seaman took with startling effects, never contemplated by himself or the cribbage-loving captain. That worthy jumped too hastily at conclusions, like the Turkish physician of whom Mr Oscanyan tells the following story. Called in to a case of typhus, the doctor in question examined the patient (an upholsterer), prescribed, and departed. Passing the house the next day, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead, and to his astonishment, heard he was much better. Indoors he went, to learn from the convalescent that being consumed with thirst, he had drunk a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Soon afterwards, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, seized with the same malady, sent for the physician, who forthwith ordered him to take a pailful of pickled-cabbage juice. The man died next day; and the doctor set down this memorandum in his book for future guidance: 'Although in cases of typhus, pickled-cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer.'

Lady Barker's New Zealand shepherd found a somewhat similar potion of infinite use. When his mistress expressed her surprise at his possession of a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, Salter said: 'You see, mum, although we gets our health uncommon well in these salubrious mountings, still a drop of physic is often handy-like; and in a general way I always purchase myself a box of Holloway's Pills—of which you do get such a lot for your money—and also a bottle of Painkiller. But last shearing they was out o' Painkiller, so they put me up a bottle o' cain pepper, and likewise

that 'ere condiment; which was very efficacious, 'specially towards the end o' the bottle. It always took my mind off the loneliness, and cheered me up wonderful, 'especial if I added a little red pepper to it.'

One of the same lady's Kaffir servants suffering from a bad bilious attack, declined to be treated in a civilised way; and in a very short time reported himself perfectly well, a native doctor having bled his great toe. Still more extraordinary was the remedy concerning which Lady Barker writes: 'Tom had a frightful headache, which is not to be wondered at, considering how that boy smokes the strongest tobacco out of a cow's horn, morning, noon, and night, to say nothing of incessant snuff-taking. The first I heard of Tom's headache was when Charlie came to ask me for a remedy; which I thought very nice on his part, because he and Tom live in a chronic state of quarrelling, and half my time is taken up in keeping the peace between them. I told Charlie that I knew of no remedy for a bad headache except going to bed, and that was what I should advise Tom to do. Charlie smiled rather contemptuously, as if pitying my ignorance, and asked if I would give him a box of wooden matches. Now matches are a standing grievance in a Kaffir establishment; so I, failing to connect wooden matches and Tom's headache together, began a reproachful catalogue of how many boxes of matches he had asked for lately. Charlie hastily cut me short by saying: "But ma'm, it for make Tom well." Of course I produced a new box, and stood by to watch Charlie doctoring Tom. Match after match did Charlie strike, holding the flaming splinter up Tom's exceedingly wide nostrils, until the box was empty. Tom winced a good deal, but bore this singeing process with great fortitude. Every now and then he cried out when Charlie thrust a freshly lighted match up his nose, but on the whole he stood it bravely; and by the time the matches were all burned out, he declared his headache was quite cured, and that he was ready to go and chop wood. "It very good stuff to smell, ma'm," said Charlie; "burn da sickness away."

Whatever virtue there may be in any of the remedies of which we have written, not one among them all is so sure of effecting its end as this old 'cure for a love-fit':

Tye one end of a rope fast over a beam,
And make a slip-noose at the other extreme;
Then, just underneath, let a wicket be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get.
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And under one ear be well settled the knot.
The wicket kicked down, let him take a fair
swing,
And leave all the rest of the work to the string!

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE *Anthracite*, a steam-yacht of seventy tons, has crossed the Atlantic from England to America in eighteen days on a consumption of nineteen tons of coal. This is the smallest steamer that has ever made the voyage under steam; and the satisfactory result is due to a persevering endeavour to construct an engine capable of working with high-pressure steam. There are, as in Colonel

Beaumont's compressed air-engine, three cylinders of different sizes, so arranged that the steam passes from one to the other with economy of power. The boiler will bear a pressure of two thousand five hundred pounds on the square inch, and contains when filled ninety gallons of water. The packing of the cylinders is 'Perkins' patent metal,' a compound of tin and copper, which requires no oil or other lubricant, and contributes importantly to the possibility of using high-pressure steam; for the boiler is thereby preserved from the injurious effect of grease and acids. None but distilled water enters the boiler; and this is used over and over again, the small quantity of waste being restored from an adjacent tank. Thus constructed, the *Anthracite* has proved that high-pressure steam may be employed with safety, and that a large economy of fuel, and consequently of space, may be effected. Ship-owners whose profits are made out of the space available for passengers or cargo, will not fail to recognise the value of these facts. And though the engine in the first instance cost more than an ordinary marine engine, a compensation may be found in the durability of the boilers and the disuse of lubricants. During three generations have the Perkins family been engaged in solving this problem; and it may be that the present generation will see high pressure become general in sea-going steamers. The results cannot as yet be foretold; but that trade and intercourse will be affected, cannot be doubted. And if the Czar's yacht *Livadia*, with her shallow draught and peculiarly shaped hull, should prove successful, will not shipbuilding undergo a wonderful change?

A few months ago, we gave a brief account of experiments made at Philadelphia with locomotives driven by compressed air. Similar experiments have been tried on tramways in the neighbourhood of Paris; but in neither case was the desired success achieved. The question, however, was not likely to be given up; for the advantage of compressed air over steam is great from the economical as well as the practical point of view. Colonel Beaumont, of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, has for some time worked thereat, and trials of his air-engine have been made with satisfactory results. It weighs ten tons, has a reservoir in which one hundred cubic feet of air can be compressed to one thousand pounds on the square inch; and thus charged, it travelled from the Arsenal to Dartford and back, about thirty miles, in sixty-three minutes. The machinery and the wheels work in comparative silence: there is none of that noisy hiss and roar which accompanies the use of steam.

Colonel Beaumont has overcome some of the difficulties which beset former inventors, by placing three cylinders of graduated size on each side of his engine, and by applying warmth, to counteract the cold produced in the expansion of compressed air. At present, it will draw a load of sixteen tons, and is to be employed in the work of the Arsenal; and there is reason to believe that similar machinery is to be tried for propelling the torpedo boats. With a larger engine, heavier loads could be drawn: underground railways would then no longer be made stifling by the sulphurous smoke from steam locomotives, and horses would no longer be required on tramways.

It is known that attempts have been made to

propel vessels on rivers by ejecting a horizontal column of water from the stern. This column, by striking against the surrounding water, supplied the propelling power; but it was not sufficient. Mr Heathorn claims to have got over the difficulty by shewing that 'the force exerted by one fluid pouring into or against another depends on the contact of surfaces, and not on the sectional area of the flowing mass, after the flowing mass be once set in motion.' Instead, therefore, of tubes with large orifice, he makes use of tubes with narrow outlet, a mere slit, and thus obtains a large superficial contact, by ejecting water through a series of narrow openings.

The French in Algeria are continuing their experiments for the conversion of sunshine into mechanical work, by means of what is called a solar boiler; and it is now proved that, in countries where the sun does really shine, boilers may be heated and machinery kept going without the aid of fire. Whether it can be made use of for railway purposes, remains to be tried. Meanwhile, the distillation of alcohol from Barbary figs is to be carried on in a large solar boiler. There will be no expense for fuel; the figs cost next to nothing; the refuse serves as food for cattle, and alcohol will be produced at the rate of two hundred litres a day. Much advantage is anticipated; for at present, Algeria imports thirty thousand hectolitres of alcohol.

Dr Salvator Vinci, of Catania, has by 'proclamation' informed scientific societies that a great revolution is about to take place in the physical sciences, and that he will shortly demonstrate by indubitable proofs that the essence of heat, of light, of electricity, of magnetism, and of life is—Oxygen!

The audacity of American invention is proverbial: it disdains belief in the impossible. We now learn that fireproof houses can be built of cotton and straw. In preparing these materials, raw cotton of inferior quality, the scattered refuse of plantations and sweepings of factories, are mixed, and converted into a paste, which becomes as hard as stone, and is then called architectural cotton. It may be made in large slabs, whereby the building of a house would be rapid in comparison with the practice of laying brick after brick, and at about one-third of the cost.

For the other part, wheat-straw is treated in a way already known, and converted into paste-board. The sheets thus prepared are soaked in a solution which hardens the fibres, and are then compressed under enormous power into beams and boards of any required size; and the effect of the soaking is said to render them difficult of combustion. No information has reached us as regards the mode of operation, or the nature of the chemical preparations required: hence, to save trouble, we intimate that further particulars are not as yet forthcoming.

In chemical works where liquid preparations are manufactured on a large scale, wooden vessels are in certain cases made use of. But they soon rot, and to replace them is expensive. Experiments made in a manufactory of alizarine shew that if the wooden vessels are coated with a compound of paraffin and petroleum, they will last two years. The wood must be quite dry, and the coating is most effective when put on in warm weather. We are informed further, that iron

vessels may be protected by a coat of paraffin and linseed oil melted together in equal quantities. It is already known that paraffin preserves the hands from the action of alkalis, and is an excellent remedy for chapped hands.

We learn from photographic journals that henceforth the multiplication of photographic pictures will depend more on the printing-press than on sunlight; for Mr Woodbury, a name well known among artists, has demonstrated that 'any photographer who possesses a rolling-press and a supply of tinfoil can prepare a properly engraved plate.' He 'takes a positive instead of a negative to begin with, and with this produces his gelatine mould;' and when this is dry, covers it with a sheet of tinfoil, and passes it through an ordinary rolling-press. Thereby it becomes, so to speak, a plate from which photographic pictures may be printed.

During some years past, a self-registering instrument has recorded the quantity of sunshine visible at Greenwich Observatory; and Mr Ellis, one of the assistants there, has published a discussion of the record in the *Quarterly Journal of the Meteorological Society*. In 1876, he says the summer sunshine was evenly distributed, and large in amount; in 1877, the month of June was remarkable for abundant sunshine; in 1878, the summer distribution was even, but less in amount than in 1876; while in 1879, the amount was small, the month of July having been unusually deficient. Expressed in figures, the four years shew a total of four thousand eight hundred and eighty-four hours of sunshine. In the monthly totals (averaging the four years), July has the largest sum, four hundred and ninety-six hours; and December, two hundred and forty-two hours, the smallest. And here it is worth notice that, dividing the year into two portions, there is more sunshine during the half-year following the summer solstice than in the half-year preceding. 'Whether,' says Mr Ellis, 'this difference is in part accidental, or whether it be an indication of a real effect, will be more accurately determined when we have accumulated a longer series of observations.' So far, the fact of the difference is corroborated by observations on the heat of sunshine continued through twenty years. It must be borne in mind that in the paper here referred to, Mr Ellis discusses the duration only, not the heat of sunshine. In April last, he was of opinion that the first six months of the present year would be 'likely to yield a large amount of sunshine.' The quarterly Report published by the Meteorological Society shews that in the three months April-June, as observed at Croydon, there were four hundred and ninety-two hours of sunshine.

Greenwich is too near to the smoke and fogs of London to afford a perfectly fair test of quantity of sunshine. At the end of 1878, Mr Brand, Speaker of the House of Commons, had a recorder set up on his estate at Glynde, near Lewes, Sussex. The records, steadily taken from January 7, 1879 to the end of April 1880, shew that at Glynde there were in that period one hundred hours more of sunshine than at Greenwich.

Since the United States government established their admirable system of meteorological observations, now carried on under authority of the War Office at Washington, the notion that the Gulf Stream was the Father of Storms has been dissipated. For it is now known that the storms

which enrage the Atlantic and vex the shores of Europe, originate somewhere on the American continent, across which they travel at about twenty-six miles an hour. On the sea, their rate is from fourteen to fifteen miles, and their direction is so generally regular from west to east in the zone between the thirtieth and fiftieth parallels, that, as our readers know, their approach can be announced some days in advance with reasonable certainty.

At Zikawei, near Shanghai, there is an observatory conducted by members of the Society of Jesus, who, after three years of observation, find reason to believe that the storms of the North Pacific are similar to those of the North Atlantic and Europe. In the one case, as in the other, they are large aerial vortices travelling from west to east between the same parallels, but twice as fast. A similarity is also found between Atlantic hurricanes and the typhoons of the China seas: both range from south to north. In order to widen the sphere of observation, and test the conclusions already arrived at, an appeal has been addressed to ship-captains, harbour-masters, and all who may be willing to co-operate in the work; and a chart shewing the track of a storm will be published every month in the Zikawei Bulletin. These are interesting facts; and we wish success to this intelligent endeavour to increase our knowledge of the laws and operations of Nature in the domain of meteorology.

Medical men in the United States have found by years of experience that the climate of Florida is very favourable to the cure of consumption. The air is salubrious; not so damp as in some north-western territories which are thought to be dry and bracing; atmospheric changes are infrequent; rains and cloudy weather being the exception, and sunshine the rule. Moreover, there are in Florida varieties of climate—cool, semi-tropical, and tropical; and level, rolling, and hilly lands. Hence, a locality may be found suitable to the condition of the consumptive patient. At Key West, during the five cold months, when a polar winter afflicts the northern and eastern States, the mean temperature is seventy-two degrees; and at Jacksonville, fifty-eight degrees. Many patients who have resorted to Florida in the hope of cure, have made it their permanent dwelling-place; and instances have occurred in which 'hereditary transmission has died out;' and practitioners long resident in the state testify that they are acquainted with families 'born of consumptive parents, who have passed the meridian of life, and exhibit no sign of pulmonary disease.'

Invalids who shrink from a long travel by sea and land, and desire a sanatorium less far from home, should read what Sir Joseph Hooker says, in his *Journal of a Tour in Morocco and the Great Atlas*, concerning the climate of Mogador, which, as is shewn by eight years' observations, is the most equable of 'any place within the temperate zone as to which we possess accurate information.' 'Phthisis,' we are told, 'is all but completely unknown among the inhabitants of that part of Africa.' The resident physician in the course of ten years, had not had more than five cases of consumption among his very numerous native patients; and had seen instances of the remarkable curative effect of the climate on Europeans

who arrived in Mogador in an advanced stage of the disease.

The mean temperature of the summer months, that is, as derived from the eight years' period, is—June, 70·8 degrees Fahrenheit; July, 71·1; August, 71·2; and the mean of the winter months is—December, 61·4; January, 61·2; February, 61·8. From which we see, that between the hottest and coldest months of the year, the difference of temperature is ten degrees only. Of rainy days, there are on the average not more than forty-five in a year; and taking a thousand observations on the state of the sky, the proportions are—clear, 785; clouded, 175; foggy, 40. Add to this that the desert wind blows but about two days in the year, and 'is scarcely felt,' and a fair idea may be formed of the climate of Mogador, and its probable influence on diseased lungs.

From observations carefully made, it appears that the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere is subject to considerable variations, from 20·47 per cent. to 21·01; the greatest quantity being found during north winds, and the smallest from the opposite quarter. Changes of wind commonly produce variations; but further observations must be made before the law by which they are governed will be discovered. It is thought too that they may 'shew that notwithstanding the richer vegetation of the tropics, the process of oxidation is more active than that of reduction, while the reverse is taking place in northern regions.' If the theory recently propounded by Professor Loomis be true—namely, that sudden lowerings of temperature are produced not by winds rushing from north to south, but by vertical descent of masses of cold air from upper regions of the atmosphere, then the difference in quantity of oxygen would be accounted for: there being more oxygen in the air at the sea-level than at high elevations.

Professor Rood, of Columbia College, United States, has tried the effects of mixing white light with coloured light, and has obtained results which may be interesting to artists as well as to physicists. He combines a white disk with coloured disks, and finds on rapid rotation that vermilion becomes somewhat purplish, orange becomes more red, yellow more orange, yellowish green more green, green becomes more blue green, ultramarine more violet, and purple less red, while greenish yellow remains unchanged.

In his anniversary address, the President of the Linnean Society, Dr Allman, described the aspects of vegetation as observed in certain localities on the shores of the Mediterranean, and instanced the *Eucalyptus globulus* as an important introduction from more southern latitudes. This tree, he stated, 'is planted round almost all the towns on the Riviera, and as it is of amazingly rapid growth, has already attained in many places a great size. Though destitute of the graceful form of many of our European trees, it is still a tree of striking and often picturesque aspect. The foliage is of a glaucous tint . . . and the leaves presenting their surfaces vertically to the wind, tremble like the leaf of the aspen in the gentlest breeze; and though casting but little shade, impress us, like the murmuring of running water, with a pleasant sense of coolness in the sultry summer air.'

Another Australian tree, also of rapid growth,

naturalised in the same district, is the *Casuarina*, remarkable 'by the graceful symmetry of its form, and singular pendulous ramification.' 'It has already attained,' says Dr Allman, 'a height of some thirty or forty feet; and when the wind rushes through its branches, the long melancholy sigh with which the tree responds, is unlike the sound called forth by the same cause in any other with which I am acquainted.'

In last month's issue, we made reference to Justice's Steam-Quitting Chambers, and the advantages of their use on steam-launches, &c. It may not be amiss to draw attention also to the advantages of their use on sea-going vessels. Steam is a very uproarious servant once its services are no longer required; and when a vessel is suddenly stopped in an emergency, and the valves of the boiler begin to blow off under the increasing pressure, the noise is generally so great, that it is next to impossible, if not generally altogether so, for the captain to make himself audible in giving his orders to the crew, and out of this spring disorder and cross-purposes, with the inevitable risk of loss both in lives and property. This risk might be avoided by the steam being quietly allowed to escape. These Quitting Chambers may therefore be looked upon as not only adding to the comfort of a sea-voyage, but to its percentage of safety.

POSTAGE-STAMP SAVINGS AND GOVERNMENT STOCKS.

Our publication for last month contained an article explanatory of the system under which the Post-Office Savings-Bank had begun to receive savings in postage-stamps—this system being then, however, extended to only ten counties, six in England, two in Scotland, and two in Ireland. This trial scheme having within these limits been found successful, the Government have, we are glad to see, issued an order extending it, on and after the 15th November current, to every Post-Office in the United Kingdom. By the recent Savings-Banks Act also, it is now open for any person to invest, at any Post-Office Savings-Bank, small sums in any one of the following Government Stocks—namely, Consols, Reduced, or New Three per Cents. The sums so invested must not be less than L.10, nor exceed L.100 in any one year; and the amounts charged for the purchase of stock are very small—up to L.25, 9d.; L.50, 1s. 3d.; L.75, 1s. 9d.; L.100, 2s. 3d., &c. The investment will be at the current price of the day on which it is made.

We have recently learned that the honour of originating Post-Office Savings-Banks belongs to Mr C. W. Sikes of the Huddersfield Banking Company, who drew the attention of the Government to the subject in a pamphlet as early as 1859.

THE SEA-SHELL MISSION.

Among the immense number and variety of Missions and Charities that exist in London, there are two that have regard in an especial degree to the enjoyments and desires of children. These are the Flower Mission and the Sea-shell Mission, the object of both of which is to supply the inmates of little sick-beds, in the densely packed city and in the hospitals, with two of the brightest pleasures in a child's life—flowers and shells. It is to the Sea-shell Mission that we would specially draw

attention at present. Its object is to give delight and amusement to the poor and, in many cases, sick children in the various Homes and Hospitals in London—few of which children have ever seen the sea—by distributing to each inmate a *box of sea-shells*, to be gathered by the more fortunate boys and girls who visit or reside at the sea-side. The Mission carries out its work in this way. If the young folks who gather shells at the sea-side, forward the same to the Sea-shell Mission, they will be placed in small wooden boxes, each holding from one hundred to five hundred shells, and sent to the various children's Homes and Hospitals. The name of each recipient is written on the box, so that each little boy or girl whose heart is made glad by the gift, will feel all the happier by the knowledge that it is his or her *own*.

This Mission was established in May 1879, and has already received over a quarter of a million of shells, contributed by one hundred and thirty-one persons, including one parcel from Spain, and a few shells from South Africa and also from the West Indies. Of this number, the Secretary states that he has yet in hand sufficient to fill five hundred boxes, which he is desirous of sending out before next Christmas. The boxes in which the shells are sent to the Homes and Hospitals cost threepence each; and he makes an appeal for one thousand threepenny-pieces to enable him to send one thousand boxes to one thousand poor and sick children in the Homes and Hospitals of London. With the assistance of two London City Missionaries, one hundred and forty boxes of shells were distributed during the month of October to one hundred and forty poor sick children in Southwark, Walworth, and Camberwell; four hundred and fifty boxes having been sent out altogether. If any of our readers would desire to assist in this unpretending yet philanthropic effort to gladden and brighten the hours of many a poor little city sufferer, full particulars can be obtained upon application to the Honorary Secretary of the Sea-shell Mission, 24 Richmond Terrace, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

ENGLISH PAY-HOSPITALS.

In June of this year, the Bishop of Winchester presided at the opening of a Pay-hospital in London; and in our last month's issue we took occasion to draw public attention to the obvious utility of this class of institutions. It may be mentioned, however, that while the above is the first public institution for the reception of paying patients on the 'hospital' system that has been opened, there have existed for some years in London various 'Homes' in which work of a similar kind was carried on. At No. 15 Fitzroy Square—in which Square also is situated the Hospital above alluded to—there has existed a Medical and Surgical Home since 1877, under the patronage of many of the first surgeons and physicians in London, and the superintendence of the Misses McLaughlin and Pearson. This Home is strictly private and select; has twenty beds; is conducted under the rules or regulations of any well-ordered family; and ladies, gentlemen, and children are received into it under the care of any qualified practitioner. The fees paid by the patient depend on the size and nature of the room, on the accommodation that may be required for friends, and also on the severity of the case; but

the Home has never asked for, nor received, subscriptions from the public. It is entirely self-supporting. Since it was established in 1877, over three hundred patients and friends have been received; and the death-rate has been exceptionally low.—In addition to the above, there is, among other institutions of a similar kind in London, an Invalid Ladies' Home at 90 Harley Street, having an Incurable Home at 23 Fitzroy Square; and at 3 Manchester Street, Manchester Square, there is a Surgical and Medical Home, combined with a Trained Nurses' Institution. We learn also that at the Women's Hospital, Soho Square, there are a few beds for paying patients; and a Pay-hospital for sick persons at Bolingbroke House, Wandsworth Common; for particulars of which apply to Mr J. S. Wood, Woodville, Upper Tooting, London.

THE CEDAR TREE.

Lay her beneath the Cedar Tree,
Whose dark and dainty tracery
Shall cast its shadow on her bed,
While solemn choirs, far overhead,
Of cawing rooks shall to its boughs repair,
And mourn for her that was so young and fair.

Lay her beneath the Cedar Tree,
Where soft winds rustle fitfully;
Where oft the timid deer shall stray
To shelter from the noontide ray,
And tread the spot where, in the earth laid low,
Sleeps one who lived and suffered long ago.

Nor mark the place with graven stone,
Where now she lieth all alone:
But raise where she doth sleep, a mound,
And scatter lilies on the ground:
Enough to shew that one doth here abide
Who, like the flowers fading, drooped and died.

There flitting bats shall court the gloom,
And speed in circles round her tomb;
And oft the glow-worm, chaste and bright,
Shall for her honour trim his light,
For her whose life did, like his spark, appear
In darkness, dying when her day drew near.

Ah! lay her in the cool deep shade
By those o'erhanging branches made;
And when the summer heat is fierce,
No baleful shaft to her shall pierce.
So can she slumber on with tranquil breast,
Who wearied of her life, and longed for rest.

When Winter's icy hand shall tear
The leaves and strip the forest bare,
The Cedar, clothed in verdure warm,
Alone can shield her from the storm.
So lay her gently down with tender love,
Where the sad Cedar spreads its boughs above.

R. C. LEHMANN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 884.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

A LONDON FOG.

A FAMILY living in Avenue Road, St John's Wood, a pleasant northern suburb of the Metropolis, were invited out to dinner on Christmas-day 1879. The invitation was accepted. When Christmas came, the family were in a fix. The day was so foggy that no one in the house dared to venture out. To do so would have been exceedingly perilous. So thick was the dark yellow fog, that no one could see a foot or two before him. No cab dared to undertake the enterprise of moving along the streets and roads. On each side of the way, the dwellings could not be seen. Persons who had been so heedless as to run the risk of sallying forth, were groping at the doorways, and asking the people to be so good as tell them where they were. They felt as if they were lost in a strange land, much in the manner that inexperienced travellers find themselves bewildered amidst the blinding sandstorms of the Desert. Being lost for the time in a London fog has never, as far as we know, formed a theme for poets, though the subject is not devoid of the pathetic, while it certainly abounds in the ludicrous.

But what of the family who had engaged to go out to dinner? How was the thing managed? They simply could not go. Including two visitors from New Zealand who were with them, they had to stay at home. It was an awkward business. No preparations had been made for a festive Christmas dinner; but by good-luck, the domestics had been provided with a turkey and plum-pudding in honour of the day; and a subsidy from the servants' hall set matters to rights. In the case, of a siege or a shipwreck, all are on an equality as regards provisions. The two colonists were rather pleased and amused by the adventure. They had been afforded an opportunity of seeing a London fog in perfection, and of being able to boast all the rest of their lives of the vastly superior climate of New Zealand, where the air is always clear, and settlers have at least never to grope their way during daylight.

Fifty years ago, when we first became acquainted

with them, London fogs were bad enough; but they were on a comparatively limited scale. They have since attained marvellously grand dimensions and intensity, according to the increase of houses and population. What we ordinarily call London, but is more correctly styled the Metropolis, has spread and spread, till it covers a space of about a hundred and twenty square miles. In the winter months, every house has a coal-fire, some of them two, three, or four; and there are numerous manufactories and public works with furnaces and tall chimneys, all of which less or more emit quantities of smoke. This smoke mingles with what fog there happens to be, and produces a curious mixture, that is now only beginning to be rightly understood. Like every other mist, the fog which rises and is wafted along the valley of the Thames, is composed of small particles of water, that ought properly to be dissipated by the action of the sun's heat. Only with difficulty is the sun able to undertake the duty. The smoke poured out from hundreds of thousands of chimneys does not merely mix with the fog. It coats each watery particle with a tarry, oily film, giving it an unnatural character, and preserving it, so to speak, from immediate dispersion. A genuine London fog, therefore, is something more than a fog. It is a prodigiously large volume of mist, held in a kind of thralldom by oleaginous ingredients floated from the tops of chimneys. When we say oleaginous, we, for convenience, take the readiest word to express a condition that would involve some chemical explanations, which need not be gone into. Every one will understand that the smoke from the coal-fires somehow unites inextricably with the particles of mist, and keeps the whole thing hovering in a dense cloud over the Metropolis. Not only so. The dingy cloud darkens and pollutes the air, fills the streets, and to a certain extent, the houses and the lungs of the inhabitants. On such occasions, the darkness even at noon is so great that dwellings and places of business have to be lit with gas as at night. As the London gas is more remarkable for its volume than its purity, it aids in deteriorating

the atmosphere during fogs, already sufficiently tainted with the exhalations of domestic sewage. At times, it is as difficult to get a breath of fresh air as it is to procure a good drink of palatable water.

Some persons, whimsically generous in standing up for what everybody else views with grief and detestation, profess to believe that London fogs are not quite so bad as they are called. In winter, they lie like a warm blanket on the ground, and avert the frost. Perhaps they do; but that is a small matter; and we are by no means sure that the action of frost should in all instances be averted. All such palliations must be brushed aside. A genuine London fog is an unmitigated evil. It is ascertained, on the most conclusive evidence, that the death-rate of the Metropolis is enormously increased during fogs; the young and the delicate in constitution being most readily affected. The fatalities occur chiefly among all who suffer from or are liable to asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, and other lung diseases. The pernicious effects of the fog are dismally manifested in the increased mortality of children afflicted with whooping-cough. We do not enter on particulars. These have been sown broadcast in every newspaper. Let no one treat the matter lightly.

Not only during fogs, but in some other conditions of the atmosphere, householders in the Metropolis are plagued with showers of 'blacks,' as they are called by housewives. Blacks are flying particles of soot. Alighting where they list, they intrude themselves into all, even the best regulated, dwellings. By ordinary arrangements, you cannot keep out blacks. They get in by the doors and windows. They disfigure the equipments of the drawing-rooms, and are execrated for their nauseous presence everywhere. Blacks are the torment of London, more even than the fogs, the typhoid emanations of the sewage, or the drinking-water which it might not be pleasant to analyse. Projected from the chimneys, and seeking for repose, they alight without respect of persons, and we should think add materially to the metropolitan washing-bill. We entertain the notion that they are put up with as an incurable evil. The docile housewife, on cleanly thoughts intent, resigns herself to her fate. Blacks are no more to be averted than the east wind. It, however, occurs to us to remark that in the south of Europe, down about the Riviera, some of the windows are provided with panes of muslin, which admit the air and light, but exclude the mosquitos. Could not something of the same sort be attempted to exclude the blacks? We give the hint for what it is worth.

London fogs take place at times all the year round; but they are at their worst from November to February. That is the season, *par excellence*, of a thorough palpable fog, in which it is hazardous to go out of doors. These wonderful smoky mists come and go in a strange manner. They will occur at one part of the Metropolis, and not in other

parts. Sometimes, they enshroud Westminster and the Regent's Park, as if there fixed by a supernatural influence. You see them at a distance, and all at once drive into them. Possibly, the nature of the subsoil is the predominating influence. Londoners who are skilled in choosing neighbourhoods, avoid those with a subsoil of clay, and make an effort to get a house upon gravel. It may be conjectured that the enormous magnitude of the Metropolis, as well as circumstances of a social nature, to say nothing of the difficulty of procuring the requisite information, renders a correct choice scarcely practicable. Fashionable distinction is not to be depended on. It is known that some houses inhabited by those who hold their head highest are far from being salubrious; in fact, with all their pretentious appearance, abounding in typhoid tendencies.

When free to disperse itself, the smoke of the Metropolis extends like a pall over a large tract of country, according to the set of the wind. On the south, it will extend eighty miles to Brighton; and on the north, it finds its way to the midland counties, where it comes in contact and mingles with the belching fumes of hundreds of manufactories. Joined to the smoke of Yorkshire, Durham, and Newcastle, it may be expected by-and-by to cross the Border like a resistless invasion. There is nothing to match this in history. The smoke of a city with four millions of people and numberless factories, is getting the better of everything. It is altering the face of Nature, and may be safely averred to be at length something beyond a joke.

If not actually treated in a jocular spirit, the Smoke question has been shamefully neglected. As it is the smoke that intensifies the fog, earnest and unrelaxing attempts should long since have been made to subdue the nuisance as far as practicable. We do not think that much could be done as concerns private houses. The English of all classes like a cheerful fire, and would never be satisfied with the dull red fires of anthracite coal without a sparkle of brilliance, such as one sees in some of the dwellings in Philadelphia. Neither is it the least likely that the recommendation of cooking with gas will be met with acceptance in the Londoner's kitchen. All the gas stoves that we have ever seen impart a close stuffy smell to the atmosphere; and in using them, the cure would be pronounced to be worse than the disease. Coal-fires may perhaps be so improved as to produce the minimum of smoke; but beyond that, we fear nothing satisfactory could be effected. The remedy, so far as it goes, must be looked for in another direction.

Years and years ago, Acts of Parliament were passed to compel the proprietors of manufactories in the Metropolis to adopt means for consuming their smoke. In some few cases, where conscience and good taste have outbalanced greed, the smoke has been consumed, and there is nothing to complain of. In numerous other cases, however—and

let us incidentally refer to certain steam-vessels on the river—no trouble whatever has been taken to consume the smoke, which still issues in dark polluting masses, regardless of the law, regardless of the comfort of everybody. This non-consumption of smoke from furnaces is a heavy moral delinquency in this realm of England, besides being a distinct violation of law. The sin is without excuse. To speak from our own knowledge, we have for a period of nearly fifty years owned furnaces in connection with boilers and steam-engines, and proved beyond dispute that from all manufactories there need be no smoke whatever. We can any day shew a furnace, the agent of motion to numerous machines, at which, by the use of a simple apparatus in connection with the supply of fuel, not a particle of smoke reaches the atmosphere; while by the application of such apparatus, a saving of from seven to ten per cent. of fuel is effected. And all this going on successfully for half a century!

Why, then, are manufacturers generally not compelled to consume their smoke? The question involves some unpleasant considerations. The only explanation we can offer is, that the enforcement of the law rests chiefly with municipal and parish authorities. A defective arrangement. Whether from being themselves implicated, or from their fear of giving offence to constituents, or from sheer indifference, these authorities let matters drift on, however hideous; though the fault, possibly, is in a sense due to those who seeing the wrong done, fail to prosecute, on the principle that what is everybody's is nobody's business. Our impression is that nothing effective will be done until the duty of suppressing smoke from public works is committed to responsible government officers, with the power of enforcing proper penalties. Projects of diminishing the quantity of smoke in the Metropolis by introducing anthracite coal, or cooking with gas, while the tall chimneys are left without peremptory regulation, are a mere beating about the bush. We go to work differently, by pointing to what may be designated the head and front of the offending in almost every large seat of population in the kingdom.

W. C.

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

CHAPTER I.

IN London town some years ago, there lived in a narrow street in Holborn, two brothers of the name of Cheadlewood. The house in which they lived, a tall, ugly building, more than a century old, was at once their home and their place of business. Though the brothers were both solicitors, they were not in partnership. Their names might be seen painted at the side of the door—'BARNABAS CHEADLEWOOD, Solicitor.'—'JONATHAN CHEADLEWOOD, Solicitor.' There were advantages to be gained by separate practice, in the shape of increased charges for litigious proceedings, which the brothers were too mercenary to relinquish. The Cheadlewoods were well

known in their profession, and were reputed to be sharp practitioners, and in the highest degree mean and miserly. The exterior of their dwelling well accorded with such a character. Dingy with smoke and dirt, and dilapidated with age, it sadly needed the hand of the repairer. The last remnant of paint had long disappeared from door and window-frames; the doorstep was sunken and cracked, and the iron railings which separated the house from the pavement were red with rust. But Barnabas and Jonathan Cheadlewood were not the men to care about appearances. As long as the house held together, and they had a roof above their heads, they were content. They had no notions of home-comfort; they knew nothing of home-joy; their one aim in life was to accumulate money; and for the gold, which could never warm their hearts or gladden their spirits, they toiled and moiled with pitiable earnestness, hugging their treasure the closer as gray hairs and failing powers warned them that a day would come when they must part with it.

One gloomy November evening, when a heavy rain was beating against the window-panes, and the wind howled in the chimney, the two brothers were sitting together in their private room behind the office. There was nothing cosy or home-like in this small back-room. Though the night was cold, it was a tiny fire which burned in the grate; and the light of the solitary candle, which stood in a brass candlestick on a table scattered with papers, did not give the room a cheerful appearance. Seated at this table, turning over some yellow deeds, and occasionally jotting down a few particulars in a note-book which lay to hand, was the younger brother, Jonathan Cheadlewood. He was a man nearer sixty than fifty years of age, with a short square figure, and high shoulders, upon which his large head appeared to rest, for he had scarce any neck. His countenance was unprepossessing. Great cunning lurked in the small sunken eyes, and was further expressed by the long sharp nose and the lipless mouth, so significant of craft and cupidity. The meaning of the face was clear enough at this moment, as he bent over the papers, giving full play to his cupidity and keenness of research. But not always was his look so open. At times he would endeavour to force his features to express other qualities than those natural to him. He would try to assume an appearance of extreme candour and honesty of purpose, hoping to betray his client into unlimited confidence in his probity. If necessary, he would contort his face into a smile, as sweet a smile as that mouth could give, but one which had rather a different effect upon the beholder from that which he desired to produce. An expression of grief and pain, a look of incredulity, or alarm, or surprise, or anxiety, were equally at his command, and were called into play as occasion required.

Barnabas Cheadlewood's demeanour was of another order. The expression of his face may best be described by calling it a veiled expression. His countenance was invariably grave and calm, almost mournfully so. The eyes looked at you with a direct, inscrutable gaze, as if defying you to find anything reproachable in his character. The thin, gray locks, the closely trimmed whiskers, the firmly closed mouth, the square chin, all suggested a most cautious temperament; and when

he spoke, his deliberate utterance and measured words confirmed this impression. Everything about the man proclaimed his respectability. There was less of the miser in his appearance than in that of his brother. His carefully worn garments, old-fashioned though they were, could scarcely be called shabby; and his stiff black stock and stand-up collar had a severely correct look.

Barnabas was older than his brother by five years. There was another brother who came between them; but in early life he had sailed for America, and had never returned to his native land. Silas Cheadlewood could not boast the business talents on which his brothers prided themselves, and he had not prospered in the world. Whilst his fortune was yet to seek, he had lowered himself in his brothers' eyes by a foolish marriage with a pretty Irish girl as poor as himself, whom he had met with in his wanderings in search of a vocation. When pecuniary embarrassment ensued, he applied to his brothers for assistance; but their fraternal generosity expended itself in censure and advice. He was reminded that he had quitted England contrary to their wishes, that every step he had taken had been imprudent in the extreme, and that as his troubles were the outcome of his own folly, it was but just that he should find a way out of them by his own unaided exertions.

Since his appeal for help had been thus refused, the Cheadlewoods had heard no more of their unfortunate brother. They were wont to shake their heads and turn up their eyes when they mentioned 'poor Silas.' Bachelors themselves, and far too cold-blooded to conceive of the throbbings of a lover's heart, they could not understand the infatuation for a pretty face, which had been 'the ruin of Silas.' Mr Jonathan, indeed, had once contemplated matrimony; but the object of his suit had been a buxom widow, the attractions of whose fortune far exceeded those of her person. The wooing sped well, and the wedding-day was fixed, when a dispute over the marriage settlements brought the courtship to a sudden termination. Jonathan had discovered that the lady's fortune was not quite so large as he had been led to suppose; and the widow had found that her lover was inclined to be a little too grasping. Jonathan did not again think of matrimony. There was no time for such thoughts in the hard-working lives they led. They kept but one clerk, an honest, industrious young man, who had now been with them for several years, and whose work they found so valuable, that, in order to retain him in their employ, they had raised him to the position of an articled clerk without demanding a premium. Barnabas Cheadlewood had talked Robert Ware into the belief that this was an act of unparalleled generosity; but in truth it was entirely prompted by self-interest.

At the hour of day on which our story commences, the office was closed, and Robert Ware had gone home. Barnabas Cheadlewood was resting in an old, well-worn, high-backed chair, which stood by the fireplace. He was thoroughly tired with the labours of the day, and his expression was more lugubrious than usual. There was something almost wistful in his gaze as he watched his brother's movements with the papers. Presently, Jonathan made a last entry in his note-book; then pushing aside the papers with a look of relief, he came and stood

near the fire, stretching out his long claw-like fingers to the feeble blaze. 'There; that is done at last,' he said in a tone of satisfaction. 'I have gone carefully through all the evidence, and I find that we have a splendid case for the plaintiff. It will be our own fault, Barnabas, if we don't clear a hundred pounds by this action.'

Barnabas did not reply; he only looked at his brother, and sighed. He had sighed many times in the course of that evening, and Jonathan had not been so absorbed in his work as not to notice this fact.

'What is making you sigh so, to-night?' he asked sharply. 'Surely you cannot regret the course we have taken in the Wortley case? Depend upon it, the issue will prove that we have calculated wisely. I have not a doubt of the result.'

'Nor have I,' replied his brother quietly. 'It was not of the Wortley case I was thinking.'

'Then what is it you have upon your mind, which troubles you?' persisted Jonathan.

'Oh, nothing of any importance,' returned Barnabas. 'I was only thinking of poor Silas.'

A frown came to his brother's forehead at the sound of this name. 'Silas was a fool,' he said shortly.

'Undoubtedly, his conduct was ill advised,' said Barnabas slowly; 'but there are many foolish persons in the world. You and I have not practised the law all these years without learning that. And yet it has occurred to me to-night that even we, in spite of our experience, have shewn a strange want of wisdom in one particular.'

'What is that?' asked Jonathan anxiously.

'How often have we urged upon our clients the importance of not delaying to make their wills—how often have we said that it was a man's imperative duty, whilst yet in health and strength, to make arrangement for the wise distribution of his property in the event of his demise; and yet you and I, Jonathan, though we are fast becoming old men, have neither of us yet made a will.'

Jonathan's face fell as his brother spoke. 'Speak for yourself, Barnabas,' he said. 'I do not feel old yet.'

'But you are past middle age,' returned his brother; 'and we never know what may happen. "In the midst of life we are in death," as the Bible says.'

Now, it was so unusual a thing for Mr Cheadlewood to quote Scripture, or what he supposed to be Scripture words, that his brother felt alarmed.

'Is anything the matter with you to-night, Barnabas?' he inquired. 'Don't you feel well?'

'I'm much as usual,' replied Barnabas. 'I believe I have taken cold; but there's nothing else ails me. However, I mean to see about making a will without loss of time.'

'Have you decided how you will dispose of your property?' asked Jonathan.

'Not exactly,' was the reply. 'It is a large sum, Jonathan—the earnings of many years: it will need consideration. Of course, I should bequeath you the bulk of the property, in case you survived me; but there is the other contingency to be provided for. There is Silas. Silas must be thought of.'

Jonathan looked uneasy.

'It is many years since we heard anything of Silas,' said Jonathan coldly; 'he may be dead, for aught we know.'

'True, true,' replied his brother, with a mournful shake of the head; 'but he was married, and he may have left children; and if so, those children are our next of kin.'

'But you would not leave your money to be squandered by those children,' urged Jonathan, 'the offspring of a reckless marriage! They are sure to have inherited the improvident habits of their Irish mother.'

Barnabas sighed. 'But what is one to do?' he said. 'This making a will is the most painful duty which the possession of money involves. It is hard to think of one's own property, that one has accumulated with such toil and care, passing into the hands of some simpleton, who will not know how to keep it.'

'It is hard,' said Jonathan; and he sighed too.

At this moment, a double-rap sounded on the front door. The slipshod feet of old Mrs Rasper, the sole servant the brothers could boast, were heard shuffling along the passage, on her way to answer the summons. A minute later, she tapped at the door of the room in which they sat, and handed in a letter, which Jonathan took, and with a curious glance, passed to his brother, to whom it was addressed.

Barnabas looked at the letter ere he opened it. The envelope had a broad black border; and the address was written in a clear, flowing hand, at once feminine and legible. With an imperturbable face, Barnabas broke the seal, and unfolded the letter. But his look changed as he read the opening words. He glanced again at the envelope, to be sure he had made no mistake. No; it was certainly his own name written so plainly there; and he turned again to the letter. It was dated from New York, and ran as follows:

DEAR UNCLE—I venture to address you thus; although you have never seen me, and I have reason to believe that you do not even know of my existence. I am your niece, Margery Cheadlewood, the only child of your brother Silas, who died [here the writing was less firm, and a stain as of a tear shewed on the white paper] a week ago, and was buried yesterday. My father spoke of you and your brother Jonathan ere he passed away. He said you had been very hard on him; but he forgave you; and he begged that I would write and inform you of his death. My father was always poor; but of late he saved a little money; and he desired me with that money to pay my passage to England; for as I am now alone in the world—my mother died when I was a baby—he wished me to place myself under your protection. I have already made arrangements for carrying out his wishes. A vessel sails to-morrow for England, and will convey this letter; another, which will convey me, sails in a day or two; and a friend who intends travelling by it, has secured a berth for me, and will take me under his care during the voyage. It gives me great pain thus to hurry away from the place where I lived with my father; but I suppose it is best I should do so. I trust my coming will not cause you any inconvenience. You may expect to see me about the 27th of next month.—Believe me, dear uncle, your dutiful niece,

MARGERY CHEADLEWOOD.

'Well, I am sure!' ejaculated Barnabas Cheadlewood, as he finished reading this letter—'well, I

am sure! Who could have expected such a thing as this?'

Jonathan took the letter from his brother's hand, and hastily read it. His look of surprise gave place to an expression of annoyance as he took in its contents. 'Just like Silas to send us a girl!' he exclaimed impatiently. 'What can we do with her here, I should like to know? If it had been a boy, we might have made him of use; but a girl, with her foolish extravagant notions and love of finery! But she will have to support herself; we can't be expected to provide for her.'

Barnabas did not reply. He was touched by the intelligence of his brother's death. 'Poor Silas!' he said softly—'poor Silas! So he thought us hard upon him. But we only did our duty by him—we only did our duty'—

He was interrupted by an exclamation from Jonathan. 'Why, look here, Barnabas!' he cried. 'This letter was written in October; and the girl says we may expect her about the 27th of next month. To-day is the 27th of November. The letter must have been somehow delayed. She may arrive at any moment.'

'Dear, dear, will she be here so soon?' returned his brother, losing for once his calm demeanour. 'How very awkward it is! Well, I suppose we must take her in for the present. Mrs Rasper had better make her up a bed in one of the empty rooms up-stairs. But it's very inconvenient—very. I wonder how old the girl is?'

'It is more than twenty years since Silas married,' said Jonathan promptly; 'so the girl must be grown up.'

'Then it is to be hoped she will be able to do something for herself,' returned Barnabas, drawing one of his deep sighs as he realised the new responsibility which had been thrown on him. 'Jonathan, it is strange this letter should have come just as I was talking of making my will. This girl should be our heiress.'

'That does not follow,' was his brother's quick reply. 'You are in no way bound to leave her your money, if you do not think her worthy of being intrusted with it.'

'Well, well,' said Barnabas slowly—'it is of no use talking about it. We must wait and see what sort of girl she is. I shall do nothing hastily, you may be sure of that.'

AN AFRICAN TRADING STATION.

ON that part of the south-west coast of Africa which lies between the river Congo and the Portuguese city of St Paul de Loanda, a small rocky neck of land juts out sideways into the South Atlantic, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow river, which winds round its base. The top of this rocky Point is nearly flat, and is not more than fifty feet above the sea. Behind the Point the ground is flat and swampy for about three miles inland; and beyond this the country extends in broad undulations, covered with long yellow grass, and thinly wooded. Here and there on these broad plains are the small villages of the natives of the coast, hidden by the tall grass and trees, each village consisting perhaps of a dozen mat huts, surrounded with patches of cultivated ground, bearing the cassava root, the staple food of the people. Seen from the sea, the Point would

look as dull and uninteresting as the rest of the bare outline of the coast, were it not for the presence of four white wooden houses built upon it, which, with their attendant storehouses, sheds, and flagstuffs, give the place an inhabited and cheerful look.

Such is Kinsembo Point, one of the chief ivory trading stations on the south-west coast of Africa, a coast from whose rivers and creeks were shipped not so very long ago, year by year, hundreds upon hundreds of slaves; but from which now, happily, other kinds of native produce are exported, such as ivory, coffee, india-rubber, palm-oil, gum copal, and ground-nuts, the last being destined when they reach Europe to furnish much 'genuine olive-oil!' Although the Portuguese government claims the sovereignty of the greater part of this coast, yet at very few places north of their city of St. Paul de Loanda do they enforce their right to levy customs-duties, or give any protection to traders. At Kinsembo the natives will not even allow Portuguese to establish houses or trade, and thus English and French houses have the place to themselves, and are under the protection of the native king of Kinsembo, to whom presents are sent at stated times by way of tribute.

Three of the houses or factories, as they are generally called, on the Point, fly the British ensign, and one the French tricolour. A factory on the coast is frequently a long wooden building of one story, of which one end is used for living in, while the other is occupied by a large cargo-room, where all the cloth used for the purchase of produce is stored.

The bulky and less valuable articles of trade are placed within the stores in the yard of the factory, gunpowder having a place to itself at a distance. In the yard also are wooden or mat huts for the native headmen, kroomen, hammock-bearers, and house-servants belonging to the factory, the total number of whom may amount to thirty or thirty-five men. No women are employed. On entering the portion of the house used as a dwelling, a large dining-room presents itself to view, with whitewashed walls, and floor holystoned as clean as the poop-deck of a ship. In the centre of the room stands a long deal table, with cane chairs round it, and a comfortable sofa or two near them. A few engravings, a spy-glass, and a stand of rifles embellish the walls. Windows there are none—only openings furnished with lattice-work, through which the soft breeze comes pleasantly. Leading out of the dining-room are the bedrooms, each furnished according to its occupant's fancy, but generally in the scantiest manner, as befitting a hot climate and a solitary place.

Ivory, the chief article of trade at Kinsembo, is brought from the far interior, even from the country round Lake Tanganika, by native dealers, who have bought it from the original slayers of the elephants, or finders of their tusks. It arrives at irregular intervals in lots, or as they are called 'cabucas,' of from fifty to three hundred tusks. Each cabuca is guarded in its long journey to the coast by certain fighting men, who defend it from attack and robbery, and who settle the amount to be paid by way of customs-duties to the various kings whose territories it passes through. As each tusk of average weight, say from forty to seventy pounds, requires the attendance of at least four

slaves, who take in pairs turn and turn about to convey it, the arrival of a cabuca at the native village of Kinsembo, situated some five miles from the Point itself, causes a great commotion. Messengers are immediately despatched to the Point to announce, with the sound of trumpets, the blowing of whistles, and the beating of tin pans, its arrival. Meanwhile, the natives who have bought the ivory in the interior put themselves, their men, and their property into the hands of middlemen or brokers, called 'gentlemen,' who keep them and theirs during their stay on the coast, and sell their ivory for them to the white men, taking a portion of the proceeds, and a pretty large portion too, as 'quimble' or brokerage.

These 'gentlemen' are always men of position and importance, and able to speak broken English, which fits them for the position they occupy as middlemen. Two or three of them are retained by each factory, and live by turns at it, and they are supposed to bring to the factory to which they are attached the best part of any trade they can influence. Say that the arrival of a cabuca has been announced, and that the time is five o'clock on a certain morning; the Point is alive with small crowds of Bushmen, as those who live in the interior are called by their brethren of the coast, hurrying from one factory to another, bearing tusks of ivory on their shoulders, each party accompanied by its 'gentleman,' who with a fine print-cloth round his loins, a brilliantly coloured shawl thrown over his shoulders, and a coral bead necklace round his throat, looks eminently respectable beside the dirty and ragged Bushmen, whose ivory he will sell.

Seated round the door of the cargo-room, or leaning against its walls, are those who have made up their minds to try our factory. Filthy and repulsive do these Bushmen look, and no doubt very clean and curious do white men look to them. Their heads are covered with great bushes of wool, and a cloth, greasy and black, is twisted about their loins. Brass rings, made out of Birmingham brass rods, adorn their arms and legs; while heavy knives of their own manufacture from hoop-iron hang by their sides. The cargo-room is fitted up on one side with shelves, upon which are laid piece upon piece of cotton-cloths, mostly of coarse qualities, printed in stripes or checks of blue and white, or blue and red, or with variegated patterns on blue grounds. Close by these are piles of finer prints, mostly in bright and shewy colours; also handkerchief and shawl pieces for holiday attire. These and other goods are for the purpose of being exchanged for ivory. Meanwhile buying has commenced.

Standing by a spring-balance is the weigher, who, first inserting a rod into the hollow root of each tusk, in order to feel if mud or stones have been forced into it to increase its weight, puts it into the slings, and chalks the weight upon it. The tusk is then passed on to the 'buyer,' accompanied by its owner, or owners, and the 'gentleman,' who all seat themselves on the floor of the cargo-room in front of the buyer's desk. After due inspection to see if any cracks or knots exist in the tusk, the buyer makes an offer for it, in three chief articles of trade—namely, guns, gunpowder, and cloth. 'No fit,' perhaps exclaims the 'gentleman' as soon as he hears the offer, for a bargain is never struck by a black man in a hurry

if he can help it. He generally believes that he is going to be cheated, or in his own ability to cheat, and as a rule refuses a first offer with apparent disdain, mentioning with the same breath his willingness to accept perhaps double what is offered. At length, however, after successive attempts to obtain a little less than double, he generally holds a consultation with his clients, and as a result, the buyer is asked to look again at his slate, and see if it tells the truth. Perhaps the buyer does so, perhaps not; if he does, it will only be to make some little concession, increasing the price of the tusk by a keg of powder or a 'long' of cloth, which increase is announced in a tone of voice that plainly indicates that no more will be given. After another talk all round, and when the buyer has been again asked for his 'last mouth,' and it is seen that positively nothing more is to be got, the 'top' is asked for. This is another peculiarity of bargaining in Africa. Whatever price may have been agreed upon, a top, or present, is always expected. The top, consisting perhaps of a soldier's coat and a bottle of gin, having been decided upon, the 'footh' is declared to be 'passed in,' and a 'book,' as all papers or documents are called by the natives, is given by the buyer for the amount agreed upon. A 'matabicho' or 'kill-the-worm' of rum, gin, or coarse liqueur is then drunk, and the next tusk proceeded to.

With some black traders it is necessary—so confident are they that a first offer made to them is not a fair one—to offer very much less than what is really intended to be given, advancing gradually to the price determined upon, when they will think they have gained an advantage. A few old traders come to the point without much delay, but these are indeed few and far between; so that when a cabuca is a large one, buying goes on all the day, at the end of which perhaps forty or fifty tusks will have been passed in at each factory. The total export of ivory from Kinsembo Point, when all the factories were well supplied with European goods, used to amount to some eighty tons in the year. At present, at least one factory is shut up, and the trade is not so prosperous as it was; but there is little doubt it will revive again if the recent opening up of the Congo by Mr H. M. Stanley does not draw the trade thither, by shortening the distance to be traversed by the natives. It may be that it will do so, although very little or no trade in ivory has been hitherto done on the Congo.

From the foregoing it will be perceived that white traders do not make extraordinary profits; and indeed the natives, through the competition of the different factories, know pretty well what their produce is worth. If the trade could be made more certain and regular, it would pay Europeans better, and perhaps Mr Stanley's efforts may make it so.

After a cabuca has been bought, there comes the paying or redeeming of the 'books' that have been given for it, which is done on the following plan. Although each tusk is 'talked for' in only three of the many different kinds of goods in the white traders' stores—namely, guns, gunpowder, and cloth, it does not follow that these three articles alone are paid away; a proportion of each of them is so paid, the balances being exchanged for other goods, according to a fixed

tariff of values perfectly understood by the 'gentlemen.'

For instance, if twenty guns, forty kegs of powder, and forty longs of cloth—a long is six yards of ordinary cloth—are offered for a tusk, only a fifth part of the number of guns offered is paid in guns, the balance being made up with brass rods, a certain number of which are equal in value, in the eyes of the natives, to a gun. Of the forty kegs of powder, eight kegs are given, the remainder being paid in cloth; and of the longs, two-thirds are paid in cloth, the remaining third being paid in earthenware, knives, rings, &c. This arrangement, by obviating a number of figures having to be dealt with, not only prevents confusion in the minds of the natives as to what they are to get for their produce, but also enables the white trader to buy quickly. A large cabuca will take at least a week to buy and pay for, and that week is one of constant hard work for the trader; while during the long intervals that elapse between the cabucas, the other products of the country are bought, though not in any great quantities at Kinsembo, the natives of the district preferring to take the most of their coffee, india-rubber, ground-nuts, and gum to the other stations near, that is to say, within ten and twenty miles respectively.

Thus life at Kinsembo, and on the coast generally, cannot be said to be an idle affair, and in spite of the climate, has a peculiar charm for some Europeans, a charm they find it so difficult a matter to resist, that they return to the coast again and again until they die there. In this matter of climate the coast generally has confessedly a bad name. Kinsembo, however, is an exception, being situated at a comparatively high elevation, where there are no excessive temperatures, on account of the constant sea-breeze; the dry season is cool and comfortable for a place within the Tropics, while during the wet and hot season the thermometer rarely marks much above ninety degrees Fahrenheit at noon, in the shade; the average temperature all the year round being some eighty degrees. It is the larger rivers, and their attendant swamps, that breed the well-known coast fever, which unfailingly attacks all Europeans during the first six months after their arrival on the coast; but it is seldom fatal, and gradually ceases in virulence, though seldom leaving a European's constitution entirely.

The large town of St. Paul de Loanda, and the coast to the south of it, are governed by the Portuguese with some show of authority. One good feature of South-west Africa is, that as a rule the farther one goes inland, the better the climate becomes; thus Boma, or Emboma, on the Congo, some seventy miles from the mouth of the river, enjoys a much better reputation for health than Banana, a station near its mouth. This is accounted for by the gradual rise of the country placing the former above the dominion of fever, though not altogether out of its reach.

The natives of the coast are singularly free from hostile or warlike intentions towards white traders. They are perfectly alive to the benefits of trade with the white man, and are only too frightened that through his penetrating into the interior they may lose the profits derived by them, from the trade passing out of their hands. Under these circumstances there can be but one wish in a

commercial point of view, apart from any other, in regard to the future exploration and opening up of this part of Africa; and that is, that it should be prosecuted with all vigour by the British, for the advantages to be gained and help given by so doing are undoubted.

AMONGST SHARPERS.

'A CURIOUS kind of toy that, sir—is it not?'

I was standing with my son, a lad of fourteen, at a toyshop window in one of the principal streets of Liverpool. He had just been apprenticed to a well-known firm of shipowners, and was daily expecting to sail in the *Berkshire Castle* for Valparaiso. In all the glories of his new uniform, he walked by my side full of hope and gladness, and eagerly interested in all he saw. Some model ships in this particular window attracted his attention, and we stood for a few moments looking at them. I was not aware that any one else was near us; but on turning away I observed a gentleman also looking intently at some pretty toys exhibited in the window. He was stout, dark-complexioned, and of a somewhat foreign aspect. Except that he wore a carefully trimmed moustache, his face was closely shaven, and his iron-gray hair was closely cut. I judged him to be about fifty years of age. He was dressed in black; and one could not help noticing that his clothes were of superior quality and fit. There was nothing else about him, however, to attract attention; no extravagance of fashion or display of conspicuous jewellery. Plain gold studs adorned his shirt-front, and he had also a plain gold watch-chain, from which was suspended a small locket.

As I turned, our eyes met; and the stranger, pointing to one of those toy-serpents, constructed with innumerable joints for the amusement of children, repeated the question which I have just quoted—'A curious kind of toy that, sir—is it not?'

I felt no inclination to enter into conversation with him; but without actual rudeness it was impossible to avoid making some reply to his remark. 'Very ingenious,' I said, 'and also very simple.'

'I have seen some much prettier things of the same kind in Paris, though,' the stranger continued. Then looking at my son, he inquired: 'Is he in the service?'

'Well,' I replied, 'he is just going to sea. He was apprenticed yesterday.'

'Indeed. To what company?'

I told him the name of the firm; and he proceeded: 'I thought he was going to sea. I am a seaman myself; but I am in the American service. I am captain of the *Alma*, of New York, now lying in the Stanley Dock. We came in only last night.'

After another word or two, we bade him good-morning, and turned to go on our way; but the American Captain was going in the same direction, and would walk a little way with us. As we

went along, he addressed himself to my son, asking many questions as to the size and construction of the *Berkshire Castle*, the number of her officers and crew, the complement of apprentices, and many other details which to the boy himself were of course the most important things in the world. These questions he followed up by some most sound and excellent advice. Told the young apprentice that he would very likely hear a great deal of bad language when at sea; but he must take no notice of it, and above all, must not get into the habit of using it. He had himself been four-and-twenty years at sea, and had always managed to get on without using bad language.

He went on in this style; cautioned the boy against drink and other evils, and counselled him to be kind and thoughtful towards his fellow-apprentices, and not to boast over them or assume any airs of superiority if he found himself able to do what they could not, but to help them, and in all respects, to be good-tempered and modest in his bearing towards them. By this time we had reached the hotel where my son and I were staying. But even now our American Captain was not to be separated from us. He would like to sit down somewhere and rest a little; so he followed us into the coffee-room of the hotel, and there continued telling us some of his experiences during his life at sea, and spinning yarns which I confess were not a little interesting to myself and which my boy listened to with unconcealed delight. I began to regret the somewhat un-courteous way in which I had received the first advances of this gentleman, for that he was a gentleman could not be questioned.

We had been sitting in this way perhaps quarter of an hour, no other persons being in the room, when the door opened and in came, timidly and awkwardly, another stranger. We all looked up and were evidently struck by his appearance, for the new-comer was not such a man as one often meets with. He wore a new, high-crowned, very narrow-brimmed hat, which was set upon the back of his head; and a black overcoat, also new, with woollen collar, the top of which nearly touched the brim of his hat behind. On his finger I observed a diamond ring; but beyond this, no jewellery was to be seen upon his person. His face was fresh and healthy-looking, and but for an occasional gleam of sinister light in his eyes, would have given you the impression that here was an honest, unsophisticated, and not oversharpe young man. He was apparently about seven or eight and twenty years old. I have said that he came timidly and awkwardly into the room. He seemed confused and uncertain what to do, and before sitting down he inquired in rich Milesian accents: 'I beg your parrdon, gentlemen—is this private?'

We told him it was not.

'Sure, I thought it might be, as I couldn't find the bell.'

'Here is the bell,' replied the American. 'Shall I ring it for you?'

'Ah, to be sure, there it is. Thank you, sorr; I'll be glad if you will.'

The waiter came in; and the Irishman ordered a bottle of lemonade, which we left him to drink whilst we pursued our chat.

At length there was a pause, and the American,

who by the way had told us that his name was Williams, looking at the new-comer, said: 'You are a stranger in Liverpool, sir?'

'Sure, that's just what I am; I haven't been here many hours, and I never saw it before. I've not long come from Dublin.'

'Did you arrive by boat this morning?'

'No; I came over to Holyhead about a week since, and we were only four hours crossing; but oh, it's ill that I was! Don't I wish I was back again, I'd never come over any more. You may depend I'd never have come at all, but it was just a little law business in London I had to attend to connected with our family, and a precious bother it's been.'

'You did not care, then,' said I, 'for being among the lawyers.'

'Well, I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been for the signing of my name so often; but sure I thought I'd never have done. This last week I've written Patrick Murphy oftener than in all my life before put together; but Mr Metcalfe—that was the la'yer, d'ye see?—he told me I couldn't get the money without, so faix I had to do it till my hand was tired.'

'Still, you wouldn't mind that if you got well paid for it,' said Captain Williams.

'Well, I'll just tell you how it was. Ye see, an uncle of mine went out to America a long time since. He was a high-spirited lad, and he just quarrelled with the family, and went out there, and they didn't know but he was dead. But he bought a bit of land and farmed it; and after a while, d'ye see, they found oil-wells on his land, and thin the government bought him out for thirty-five thousand pounds. Well, he was getting old, and he didn't care for working any more, and his wife died; and when the war broke out, he had two sons, and they were both killed at the battle of Vicksburg, and the old man never looked up afterwards; he just pined away and died. But, ye see, he'd never sent any word home where he was, nor told nobody out there anything about his relations; and when he died, the government didn't know what to do with his property. So they put advertisements in the Irish papers; and me and my brother answered them. And then I had to come to London, and Father Maloney, our praste, with me; and Mr Metcalfe told us all we were to do about getting certificates of baptism and marriage and sorra a one knows what besides; and, as I tell ye, I had to sign me name till I was sick of it.'

'Then you got the money at last?' said I.

'Ah, to be sure I did,' he answered with a wink and a chuckle. 'Look here!' and he pulled out a leathern pocket-book, and opening it, displayed a good fat bundle of Bank of England notes. 'Ye see, I drew a few hundreds just to pay my expenses for a while till I enjoy meself a bit, and then I shall go back and buy just as much land as I can, beca'se, d'ye see, people may stale your money, but they can't stale your land.'

'But I guess,' broke in the American, 'you might invest your money so as to bring you a better return.'

'Arrah thin, but don't you see,' replied the shrewd Mr Murphy, 'we've been brought up on the land, and we know the business, and if we tried anything else we might do worse?'

'That's a fact,' laconically remarked the Captain.

'Thin, there's another thing,' went on our unsophisticated Irishman, 'that bothers me a good deal. There's what they call a codicil to my uncle's will, and it states that whoever gits the money is to go over to America and buy a little bit of land in the parish where he lived, and put up a monument to the old gentleman. I've been trying hard to get out o' that; but sure, Mr Metcalfe tells me I'll have to go. Ay, but he was a quare fellow that uncle o' mine—pace to his soul!'

'Yes,' said I; 'that is rather a curious requirement.'

'Ah, sure, but that's not all, nor the quarest. Ye see, he says in the will that one thousand pounds is to be given away in charity, and the strange thing is that this one thousand pounds is not to be given all in one place, but to be divided into four parts, and distributed in four different quarters. An' sure, you know his Riverence the praste wanted to take it all back to Ireland with him; but Mr Metcalfe said No, he must only take a quarter; and so I handed over two hundred and fifty pounds to him, and said: "Now, what'll you have for your trouble in givin' away this money?" He said he didn't want nothing; however, I gave him twenty-five pounds for his trouble, and thin I bought him a gold snuff-box with his name engraved on the lid, and sent the old gentleman back to Dublin. Beca'se, don't you see? the business was done, and he didn't want me to go to any places of amusement.'

'Well,' said Captain Williams, 'you managed very well about the first two hundred and fifty pounds. What did you do with the rest?'

'I'll tell ye if ye'll wait a minute. I was staying at the *Castle and Falcon* in London, for you know Mr Metcalfe cautioned me when I drew the money; says he: "Take care you always stay at the best hotels, and take care what company you get into, or you'll easily be robbed; especially as you have been about so little." Well, I was staying at the *Castle and Falcon*; and a very nice gentleman, a Mr Oscar, was staying there at the same time. Perhaps you may know him; I think he owned some collieries and had a nice place somewhere near a place they call Wigan. We got into conversation, and I told him all about this thousand pounds; and sure I asked him if he couldn't relieve me of another fourth of it, beca'se, ye see, I don't feel myself to be a free man until I get this money out of my hands. If I had only done that, thin I could enjoy myself and do as I liked with the rest, knowing that I'd done my duty. Well, the end of it was that this Mr Oscar said he would take two hundred and fifty pounds and give it away to the families of the colliers when there was an explosion or anything of that kind. So I said that was just the very thing; only Mr Metcalfe told me the will required that I was not to give this money to anybody who couldn't shew that he had plenty of money of his own, and might therefore be trusted. "Oh, Mr Murphy," ses Mr Oscar, "I will soon satisfy you about that; you can go to my bankers, or stay"—And he took out his cheque-book and just wrote a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds. But I said to him: "Well, sir, I daresay that's all very good; but, ye see, that's only a piece of paper—it isn't money."

So, without another word he rings the bell, and when the waiter comes, he says to him: "Waiter, just go to the bank and get this cheque cashed." In about twenty minutes the waiter comes back with the money; so says I: "Mr Oscar, that's perfectly satisfactory;" and I gave him the two hundred and fifty pounds, and twenty-five pounds for his trouble, and he wrote me out a resate; and within twelve months he's to send me a list shewing how the money has been distributed, and then I shall give him a—a "quittance," I think they call it.

I was thinking it about time for a quittance of another character, and so rose with my boy to go down to his ship. Captain Williams rose also, and saying that he was quite interested in the lad, proposed to walk a little way with us. Mr Murphy, being thoroughly his own master, and hardly knowing what to do with himself whilst staying in Liverpool, also asked if he might join us. When we got outside, the Captain fell behind, suggesting that my son and he should walk together. I was by no means unwilling to assent, assuring myself from what I had heard of this gentleman's talk before, that his conversation now would be to the boy's advantage. As Mr Murphy wished to see something of the principal streets, we did not take the nearest way to the docks, but sauntered down Castle Street, Lord Street, and Church Street, and coming to the Central Railway Station, the Irishman expressed a wish to go inside and see it. As we walked about the platform speaking of many subjects, he adroitly turned the conversation again to his uncle's singular bequest. 'Now, sir,' said he, 'could not you help me to distribute some of this money? Are there any poor people in your neighbourhood?'

'Well,' I replied, 'for that matter where are there not poor people?'

'Ah, to be sure; but I mane couldn't you do some good with the money in the way I spoke of?'

'I have no doubt,' I answered, 'that I could make a good use of some of it; but why propose the thing to me whose name even you don't know, when your priest or your legal adviser could tell you so well what to do?'

'Ah, sure, I've had bother enough with the praste and Mr Metcalfe; and as I've lived all me life in the country, as you may say, I know nobody who could do this for me. It's thrue I don't know your name; but I'm sure you're a very respectable gentleman, and you seem very kind, and I could trust you very well.'

Just then Captain Williams came to our side, and Murphy appealed to him. 'Captain, I've just been asking this gentleman if he couldn't distribute some of this money for me, and he says he thinks he could. Now, as we've met in this way, I'll not make fish of one and flesh of another, and I'll make the same offer to you as I've made to him. Couldn't you get rid of some of this money for me?'

Captain Williams seemed for a moment amused at the offer; but presently, as though to humour the Irishman rather than with any serious meaning, replied: 'No doubt, Mr Murphy, if you would like me to do so. Sometimes, for instance, when I am in a foreign port, some of my crew are laid up in the hospital, and I might provide many things for them, and leave a handsome donation

towards the funds of the hospital when we went away.'

'Jist the very thing, Captain; that'll suit me to a t. Now thin, I'll jist leave you two gentlemen to talk it over; and if you will kindly shew me that you can each of you command a considerable sum of money—say fifty or a hundred pounds—just to carry out the requirement of the ould gentleman's will, you know, well thin, Patrick Murphy's your man, and we'll settle the business, and thin I shall be happy and free.'

From a very early point in our conversation I had become firmly convinced that Mr Murphy was a swindler, and by no means such a fool as he looked; that his story was concocted for the purpose of getting money somehow or other out of Captain Williams and myself; and that he must have taken us for very great fools indeed. Left alone with the American, I said: 'Now, Captain, what do you think of this Irishman's story? Is it not one of the queerest tales you ever heard?'

'Well,' he slowly replied—'I don't know. It does seem a queer story; but you see these Irishmen do queer things. I have known them make all sorts of curious wills, and this young fellow seems as though he wanted to be conscientious. I think I shall take him at his word, and see what he will do. I don't care to shew him what money I have just now; of course he's a stranger; but to-morrow if he likes to come to my ship, or to your hotel, I'll give him every satisfaction. What will you do?'

'I scarcely know,' I said, a new suspicion flashing across my mind and at the same time a desire springing up which I did not at once see my way to carry out. 'I scarcely know. I have very little money with me, and Mr Murphy wishes us to prove that we are possessed of a considerable amount.'

'But I suppose you could easily get fifty pounds or so by going to your banker or by telegraphing home?'

'By sending home, no doubt, I could; but it would never do to telegraph. Think what a state my wife would be in if I were suddenly to telegraph to her to send me fifty pounds.'

'Well, suppose you were to write to her; you might then explain, and she could send the money by getting the bank to telegraph to-morrow. Would that do?'

'It might,' I replied; and my resolution was now taken. These two were no doubt in confederacy, and they must be made to run into their own trap.

When Murphy rejoined us, the matter was explained to him, and it was arranged that after I had taken my boy to his ship, we should go back to the hotel, and my letter home should there be written. Captain Williams was for accompanying us to the docks, but to my great satisfaction Mr Murphy did not wish to go; and being a stranger, and so very much in peril from rogues and vagabonds, he did not like to be left alone. Accordingly, the American agreed to remain with him at the station until my return; so that I was free to act. The game was becoming exciting, and although I felt that it was not without a spice of danger, I could not resist the desire to carry it on to the end. Whilst absent from the two men, I wrote and posted a hurried note home explaining that

another would follow, and giving my wife directions as to what to do. Then I went back.

On seeing me return they naturally inferred that I had no suspicion of them, and at once concluded that their fish was fairly hooked. We went back to the hotel, and I wrote the letter agreed upon, which they both read and which I allowed Mr Murphy to post with his own hands. In answer to this letter they expected that a telegram would be received at my hotel on the following morning, giving me power to draw the sum of fifty pounds from a Liverpool bank, which sum was to be shewn to Mr Murphy as a guarantee of my respectability.

It turned out that the *Berkshire Castle* was not to sail until the following morning. In the evening therefore my son came back to the hotel. Captain Williams went on with his tales of the sea, put the boy through his facings upon various nautical matters, explained in the most interesting way the course which would be taken upon his anticipated voyage; told him all about the winds and currents, the mode of taking observations, the people whom he would see, the peculiar character and trade of the different ports—and in short made it evident that he was a seaman of long experience and of considerable culture.

Mr Murphy left us about half an hour before the Captain, arranging to be at the hotel in the morning at ten o'clock. The American bade him good-night, and subsequently took his leave of us, professedly to go and sleep on board his ship, and saying that he would come in the morning at half-past nine.

'Well, Hal,' said I to my son as soon as they had gone, 'what do you think of all this?'

'How, papa? What do you mean?'

'Don't you see that these two fellows are swindlers, and that all they have been doing to-day is the carrying out of a little scheme for getting fifty pounds or so out of us.'

The lad opened his eyes and for a while was incredulous. At last he said: 'But you don't think Captain Williams a swindler?'

'I am afraid he's the worst of the two. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. To-morrow morning before breakfast I shall go down the street to the Detective Office and tell them all that has passed to-day, and we shall see what follows.'

Harold was not to be convinced, however, about the American Captain. He would admit that I might be right so far as the Irishman was concerned; but the nautical experience and knowledge of Captain Williams were, to his mind, utterly inconsistent with the idea that the man was a swindler.

About half-past eight the following morning, I walked down Dale Street to the Detective Office and related my experience to one of its chiefs. He smiled when I had done, as though my story were just what he had been expecting.

'Ah, sir, it's an old trick; but we have had nothing of this kind here for some years.—Brown! A subordinate came forward at his call. 'Hear what this gentleman has got to say and then follow the case up.'

Brown ushered me into a small side-room, and I repeated to him what I had told his chief.

'Yes, sir,' he said; 'I see what it is; but you have made one great mistake. You should not have come here.'

'How so?'

'You should have sent a note to us from your hotel. There is a third man in this business whom you have never seen yet, and it is almost certain that he has watched you come here. If so, they will all be off together. However, go back, and two of us will watch the hotel. If these men come, don't let them see that you are suspicious, but take them out with you, and as you come down the steps of the hotel just raise your hat. Don't look across the way or round about you, whatever you do. We shall be on the watch opposite, and if you lift your hat we shall know that we have our eye on the right men, and we will not lose sight of you. Leave the rest to us.'

I returned and breakfasted, and scarcely had I reached the smoking-room before Captain Williams made his appearance, smiling and radiant. After a few words about the weather, and the peculiarities of the Irishman whom we had encountered on the previous day, he inquired: 'When do you expect your telegram?'

'I expect it will be here early; perhaps ten o'clock.'

'Will you take a turn in the open air, and have a cigar until it comes? I don't care for smoking indoors on such a morning as this.'

'Thank you,' said I; 'I would rather wait here for it; I do not want to lose any time. I should like to get this business settled and get back home; I ought to have returned yesterday.'

The truth was I suspected that Williams wanted to get me away from the hotel in order that Murphy might intercept the telegram, as he could easily have done, and armed with its authority, draw the money which they expected. Now, notwithstanding my first letter home, in which I had explained clearly how matters stood, I was sure that my wife would be thrown into a state of nervous agitation, and who knew? she might think that I really needed money, and send it, after all. I was determined that the telegram should not get into their hands. Again, however, Williams tried to persuade me into going out.

'If you like,' said I, 'we will have a cigar outside, in front of the hotel, until Mr Murphy comes.'

To this he readily assented, trusting doubtless to the chapter of accidents for some chance of getting me away to a distance. We had not been standing upon the steps many minutes when Mr Murphy came up, evidently disconcerted at finding us there. It was now his turn to try what he could do.

'Sure, thin, you'll be taking your boy down to the ship presently.'

'Yes; we shall have to go directly.'

'Ah, thin, if ye don't mind I'll just wait here till you come back, for I've got some letthers to write, and I can do it whilst you and Captain Williams are away, and thin I'll be ready for you.'

'Why not write them before we go?' I asked.

'But don't you see?' he persisted. 'I am not like you, gentlemen. As I told you, I've been brought up in the country, and writing is no aisy work to me. It'll take me a long time, and I couldn't think of detaining you.'

Still I insisted upon waiting for him, and he at last gave up his attempt.

'Ah, well, never mind; it don't matter very

much. I can write the letthers afterwards. Let us go down with your son to the ship, and perhaps when we come back the telegram will have come.'

Now, I thought I might venture to leave. I had both the men with me, and there was no fear of the telegram's being intercepted. Very stupidly I had forgotten the third man about whom the detective had warned me. However, we all three went out together, and as we descended the steps of the hotel I raised my hat. I wondered whether my sign was observed, but for the life of me I dared not look.

We walked on; Murphy, smoking a cigar, always keeping about half-a-dozen yards in front of us. When we reached the dock where the *Berkshire Castle* was lying, we had to cross a little bridge separating the dock from a smaller basin. This bridge was just being turned for the purpose of allowing a vessel to pass. We had barely time to cross, and Williams, my boy, and myself hastened over; but at that moment Murphy suddenly turned back, saying: 'Sure my cigar has made me dry. I will just go over yonder and get a bottle of ginger-beer.'

As he spoke we three stepped over the bridge, leaving him on the other side, and the next instant the bridge was turned away, and there was no going back for us. Now, thought I, I am foiled at last. This was a dodge of his to get back to the hotel; and I am helpless. There was nothing for it, however, but to go forwards. We went to the ship, and saw the boy on board. Captain Williams was soon in conversation with the master of the vessel, with the overseer of the company, and others; speaking a good word as he had promised to do for my son, and conducting himself in a way that harmonised perfectly with the account which he had given of his position and career.

Meanwhile, I was in a fever of excitement about my telegram and Mr Murphy. So far I had seen nothing of the detectives, and I began to fear that after all these swindlers would get the better of me. But now, to my intense relief, as I stood by Williams's side I caught sight of detective Brown some twenty yards off. Carelessly sauntering away from Williams whilst he was in conversation with some one else, I was apparently interested in the examination of various objects lying about, and by degrees managed to walk unconcernedly past the detective. As I did so he said in a low voice: 'Don't look at me and don't speak. We've got the other two, and if you will take Williams back to the hotel, we will have him next.'

I could scarcely believe my ears, and very difficult was it to keep an impassive countenance as I heard this welcome intelligence. But I took no notice of the speaker, and sauntered on until I came up again to the American, who was still talking earnestly with one of the officers of the *Berkshire Castle*.

'Now, Captain Williams,' said I, 'what do you say about returning? Or shall we go down to your ship? I should like to see the *Alma* before I go.'

'Well, I was thinking that we would have some luncheon on board when this business was settled. Suppose we go back now and see if your telegram has come. But what has become of that fellow Murphy, I wonder? I suppose he found the bridge up, and could not get back to us; but I guess we'll find him at the hotel.'

Mentally, I guessed that we should not, but I said nothing, and we walked on. Williams looked round again and again; but I could not get him to talk. I suppose that he missed his confederates, and not knowing what to make of it, became nervous and troubled. Just as we reached the door of the hotel, two detectives stepped up to us and touched us both on the shoulder.

'You're wanted at Dale Street,' said one of them.

It was like a stroke of paralysis to the American Captain. His face became livid, his eyes were glazed, his mouth drawn down. He was a man of powerful physique, but his arms dropped nervelessly to his sides, and without an effort or a word he allowed himself to be led off to the police-office by one of the detectives. The other walked into my hotel, and beckoning me to follow, shewed me the pocket-book which I had seen on the previous day in Mr Murphy's hands distended by bank-notes. That good fat bundle which had made the Irishman appear so enviably rich, turned out to be a piece of newspaper neatly folded and inclosed in two five-pound notes on the 'Bank of Engraving.' Seen from a distance, they were splendid counterfeits of genuine notes.

Then Mr Brown told me the story of the capture of the other two who had been taken whilst I was conversing with Williams. It seems that from the moment of our leaving the hotel the detectives had never lost sight of us, and moreover that they at once discovered No. 3 dogging our footsteps, but taking care that I never saw him. When Murphy turned back from us at the bridge, the officers guessed the purpose of the ruse, and accordingly, whilst one of them kept watch over Williams, the other tracked Mr Murphy. Concealing themselves in an entry just as the Irishman came up with the third confederate, they heard them laughing and chuckling and talking about the haul which they expected presently to take. Then Murphy posted off towards the hotel, and No. 3 came after Williams and myself. But the detectives were too many for them, and had prudently secured such aid as enabled them to arrest the two swindlers before they had gone many yards on their separate ways. On being searched at the police-office, the combined riches of the three amounted to six shillings and sixpence in genuine money; they had also a quantity of the flash notes and of sovereign counters. The only article of value found amongst them was the ring which was worn by Murphy, and which was discovered to be of considerable value.

I need not prolong my story. The men were completely taken aback by the *dénouement*, so different from what they had up to the last moment expected.

'By the powers!' exclaimed Mr Murphy to his captors, 'we thought we had caught a flat, but sure I never was so flatted meself in my life.'

Their photographs were taken and sent round the country with a description of the circumstances under which the originals had been arrested, and it soon transpired that they were 'wanted' on account of more successful achievements of a similar kind, for which they got their deserts. As for myself, I had enough of annoyance and loss in connection with their subsequent trial to make me remember my adventure unpleasantly; but I had some consolation in the reflection that I did not

lose my money, and that the men who tried to deprive me of it were, for some time thereafter, prevented from practising their art upon the public.

ANOTHER LOOK AT THE LION.

THE lion, by the unanimous consent of mankind, has been voted into a place of royal pre-eminence over all the rest of the lower animals, whether wild or tame. There are scores of creatures more useful, but none so generally regarded as noble. Whether in the secluded wilds of Asia, or on the sand-swept plains of Numidia, or by the burning margin of the far-off Nile—wherever we find him, there he is the acknowledged monarch of all. The lightnings of his eye spread terror around his path, and the forests tremble to the deep bass of his roar. Even at home, confined as we are accustomed to see him, he still bears the essence of his nobility about with him; and as he paces the narrow limits of his cage, and gazes with a far-away look in his eyes over the heads of the human throng in front of him, he seems to accept the homage of their admiration with kingly indifference, as if it were nothing more than his due. No one ever tires of looking at a lion: his strong lithe limbs, his shaggy mane; his never-failing gracefulness when in motion, his sovereign dignity in repose; his broad high-arching forehead, his large lustrous eyes filled full as it were with human intelligence, and his well-proportioned massive countenance that is almost human in its outlines—all these attract and retain the gaze of the spectator, as one of the most splendid combinations in nature of majestic beauty with surpassing strength.

This old favourite has recently been made the subject of a series of charming papers in *Land and Water*, by that prince among born naturalists, Frank Buckland. Mr Buckland's love for animals appears to be without stint or limit—is as universal as the most benevolent of Ancient Mariners might wish; yet if he has a favour for one of them more than another, that one is the lion. He has not, like Gordon Cumming, shot lions—we do not know if he would care to do so; but he has certainly paid them more attention otherwise than any lion-hunter ever did. He is always pleased to look at them living, or to dissect them when dead; and when he has done either, he will tell you all about it as very few can.

The occasion of his present series of papers on the lion, was the presentation to him by a friend of a grand old French volume on Natural History, by M. Perrault. It was published in 1676—two hundred and four years ago; and is a huge folio, one foot ten inches by one foot five inches, of a very ancient and venerable appearance, and of considerable weight. 'The binding of the book,' he says, 'must have been originally handsome, being formed of leather, bearing a coat of arms with a crown and three lilies in the centre, whence I conclude that it has, at some time or other,

been the property of one of the kings of France. The binding is now all over cracks, and looks as if it had been scorched by fire.' It contains reports of the dissection of thirty animals—the lion, lioness, chameleon, dromedary, bear, beaver, &c.—with an engraving of each. 'Where M. Perrault got all these animals from is surprising; he does not tell us this in the preface, but I gather from an incidental remark that they were given to him by the then directors of the animals in the Parc de Vincennes.'

The anatomy of the above-mentioned animals, as made out by this old French naturalist, is not different from what it is now. In the case of the lion, he notices the size of the head as remarkable, and consisting principally in the extraordinary abundance of the muscles which cover the skull, and the great size of the bones which compose the jaws. Curiously enough, 'M. Perrault does not say a word about the existence of a claw at the end of the lion's tail. This is a very old myth. The story is that the lion has a claw at the end of his tail, by means of which he lashes himself into fury. Some years ago,' continues Mr Buckland, 'a great discussion took place on this point, and I examined the tails of a great many lions. The origin of the idea is the fact that occasionally is found right in the centre of the tuft of hair at the end of the tail, a hardened tip of skin which looks something like a claw. I would ask my readers to search for this tail claw in all specimens of lions' skins to which they have access; especially in such places as the establishments of taxidermists, museum galleries, and furriers' shops.' We fear the hook must be given up.

Mr Buckland goes on to say: 'The very peculiar formation of the lion's tongue did not escape the notice of our anatomist, but he does not say much about it. I have now in my hand the dried tongue of a lion; it is covered with sharp-pointed horny papillæ, set very thickly upon its surface. The papillæ on the front portion of the tongue are much larger than those in the rear part of the tongue, but the smaller ones are set much closer together than those in front. Each papilla consists of a horny spine, the point of which is curved and set directly backwards, reminding me much of the spines on the tail of the thornback ray. On applying this lion's tongue to the cheek, I find that the roughness is so great that with a little pressure a wound might easily be made in the human skin. The use of this is to scrape off the meat from the bones of the animals, for the lion is not a great bone-eater—he leaves the bones for the hyænas to crack, these animals having teeth especially constructed for the cracking of bones. This peculiar roughness of the tongue is also present, but in a less degree, in the common cat, and it can be seen when the cat is lapping milk, but still better if the tongue of a defunct specimen be taken out, put for a while in spirits, and then pinned out tight on a board. This rough tongue is of great importance to the health of the lion.'

In this connection, it may be mentioned that the knowledge that lions do not thrive well when fed on meat that is skinned, has hitherto been thought by Mr Buckland and others to be a modern discovery. But this old French naturalist seems to have made the discovery for himself. 'M. Perrault received a lion which had been sick for some time. He was puzzled by certain appearances in the stomach, and found out that they had been giving the lion young lambs and goats freshly killed, but that they were foolish enough to skin them before putting them in to the lion for his dinner, therefore the remedy was worse than the disease. He advises, therefore, that the hair should always be left on animals given to the lions for food, as it acts in a sanitary manner in the economy of the creature.

'M. Perrault then describes and figures the wonderful piece of anatomy by means of which the sharp-pointed claws are kept within a sheath, as it were, of hair, and how it happens that when the lion is walking about no one would guess that he had such formidable claws. These claws are capable of being instantly protruded; but, at the same time, there is a short, wonderful ligament, which is self-acting, and which, like an india-rubber spring, retracts the claw into its case in a moment. The lungs of the lion are very large, with nine lobes. The larynx or voice-box is admirably formed, and capable of making terrible roarings. There is nothing particular about the heart. The carotids are small, probably because the brain is small. The head appears large, on account of the crest of bone which gives attachment to the great muscles which work the lower jaw, and which have the effect of leaving the peculiarly formed forehead which those who have studied lions know so well. At first sight it would seem difficult to kill a lion; but the fact of the peculiar forehead of the lion being the tender place, like the heel of Achilles, was not unknown to the ancient anatomist, for Theocritus is reported to have advised Hercules, when he went out to kill the Nemean lion, to stun him with his club and finish him off by strangling him with his hands.'

Regarding two points which Mr Buckland thinks are very remarkable in the anatomy of the lion, the book is silent. These relate (1) to the brain, and (2) to the humerus or arm-bone of the lion. As to the first, Mr Buckland says that 'whereas the brain would be likely to be shaken and concussed when the lion makes his spring upon his prey, we find that the cavity of the skull which contains the brain is not, as in the skull of the dog, a continuous hollow like a cocoa-nut, but is divided across its middle by a diaphragm or solid curtain of bone, the operation of which is to prevent the big brain or cerebrum pressing its weight upon the cerebellum or little brain, so that we see that an admirable provision has been made that the brain shall not suffer by the animal taking the terrific leaps which we know he is capable of doing.' As to the second point, that relating to the arm-bone of the lion, Mr Buckland finds in this bone a contrivance which he has not seen mentioned in any books. 'The business of the lion,' he says, 'is to hold on to his prey by means of the flexor muscles of the forearm. When once he has a claw-hold, the lion seldom or never lets go. The continuous and powerful action of the muscles of the forearm

would be very likely to press upon and interfere with the nerves which supply the forearm. Now, how is this obviated? It is done in a most wonderful manner. Just where the great nerve which would supply the muscles of the forearm would be subjected to the greatest pressure, there we find a bridge of bone thrown across from one point of the main forearm to the other, and by passing underneath this bridge of bone the nerve escapes the injury it might otherwise be liable to.' The same singular provision is to be found in the forearm of the common cat.

As to the appearance and habits of the lion in his native haunts, only a few are privileged to speak—only such men as Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Dr Livingstone, Sir Samuel Baker, and the like. The several accounts which travellers and hunters have given of the lion in his wild condition are singularly concurrent, Dr Livingstone being perhaps the chief exception. His description of the lion has a somewhat disenchanting effect on the reader, and not by any means favourable to the monarch of the forest, either as regards the qualities of nobility or courage. But with so many equally qualified observers against this distinguished traveller, his opinions on the subject must be regarded as exceptional. Gordon Cumming was one of the most attentive and experienced observers of the lion, and with a few quotations from one of his most interesting descriptions, we will bring this notice to a close.

'The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost any beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature. Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of English cattle.

'One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, four or more, regularly taking up their parts. They roar loudest in cold frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite

parties; and when one roars all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear.

'The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain-side. He is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowling. Lions are ever most active, daring, and presuming on dark and stormy nights, and consequently on such occasions the traveller ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves; they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning, and when the moon rose late they drank at a very early hour in the night. Owing to the tawny colour of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark, and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about lions is their eyes, which in a dark night glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule, and lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those which have.'

THE ART OF MAKING EXCUSES.

WE are no believers in that old epigram of Saint Augustine, 'Qui se excusat, accusat,' or in its more familiar French dress, 'Qui s'excuse, s'accuse;' but we do not go the length of thinking that every poor sinner who has got himself into trouble with his betters or his peers, becomes his own accuser if he ventures to say a word in self-defence.

Whether Self-excusation belongs properly to the domain of Science or Art, is a debatable point, but we are persuaded that in all its ramifications, self-defence prefers the warm and picturesque groves of Art to the cold and arid steppes of Science. We hope to shew that there is very little Law, and a strong dash of Genius, in the art we are about to consider.

In the first place, Self-excusation of the highest order is never literal in its methods, nor direct in its ways. Its true home is in the Green Isle, and it has never blossomed in our hard soil, although occasionally, like a seed blown across the sea, it has led a colonial sort of life among us. It despises our ideas of logical sequence. It has its

therefores and *because*s; but they are not symbols of the way in which commonplace people reason. Take, for example, the following dialogue in an old play between the Squire and his Servant.

Squire. What day of the week is this, Roger?

Servant. Sunday, your Honour.

Squire. Then, bring me another dram.

Blind indeed is that man who does not see at once that the Squire was a brilliant professor of our art, from the triumphant way in which he uses that word *then*. Here is a chain of thought far too subtle for ordinary mortals, and especially for the disciples of Forbes-Mackenzie.

We doubt if our own dear favourite Charles Lamb was quite equal to the Squire in his famous Self-excusation at the India Office. 'Mr Lamb,' said the senior of the department, 'I really must complain of your so frequently coming to the office late in the morning.' 'Sir,' said the dauntless Charles, 'there is truth indeed in your accusation; but do I not atone for my fault by going away early in the afternoon?'

Self-excusation is often charmingly unconscious of its own charms. Like so many of good Dean Ramsay's 'characters,' it is quite ignorant of what others so much applaud in it. It has a fresh simplicity and a naive ignorance of the ways of the world that are perfectly delightful. There is an old story which was a particular favourite of Lord Orford's, that may serve to illustrate our meaning. 'I hate that woman,' said a gentleman, looking at one who had been his nurse. 'What! hate your old nurse?' cried his friends in remonstrance. 'Yes,' rejoined he; 'she changed me at the nurse.' The man's excuse for his malevolence towards the poor woman placed his own identity in grave question, and led the way to a long series of problems vastly perplexing to his wife and children.

We would rather attribute to this same unconsciousness, than to audacity, the reply of the medical student who, when told by his examiners that it was utterly hopeless for him to think of ever becoming a physician, urged in deprecation of a final pluck, 'that he could even now cure a child.'

Self-excusation has within it an element which nearly allies it to Wit. 'It is the design of Wit,' says Dr Campbell, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, 'to excite in the mind an agreeable surprise, and that arising, not from anything marvellous in the subject, but from the strange assemblage of related ideas presented to the mind.' Now, it is this 'surprise' that forms the link between Wit and the high art of Self-excusation. In the latter, the surprise may be generated by striking irrelevancy, or by fertility of resource, or by the gallant rush to a *dernier ressort*, which when all other helps have failed, comes to the rescue in the emergencies of despair.

We do not remember a better example of conspicuous irrelevancy than is displayed by an American story which we think deserves to be told at full length. A young gentleman of that absurd type which is becoming gradually more common in America, under the delusion that it is the transatlantic representative of the British aristocrat, requested an excellent songstress in a drawing-room to sing him a song the title of which he could not perfectly recall, but he was sure it

contained the words 'my mother.' The lady replied that it was not easy to identify the song from this fragmentary title, inasmuch as many songs were dedicated to the honours of maternity. Was it, *Just before the Battle, Mother?*—No; it had nothing to do with war.

Was it, *Mother, I've come Home to die?*—No; it was not so sad.

Was it, *Mother, be proud of your Boy in Blue?*—No; it was certainly not naval.

Was it, *My Mother bids me bind my Hair?*—No; it had nothing to do with unkempt children.

Could it be, *Let me kiss him for his Mother?*—No; this particular mother employed no deputies in her demonstrations of affection.

'Well,' said the amiable songstress in despair, 'I am most anxious to oblige you; but I cannot supply you with both memory and music. When you can remember the name of the song, I will endeavour to sing it.'

In a few moments, the suppliant burst out with delight that he had now recovered the title, which was, *My Mother's Teeth are falling out.*

The company, shocked at the taste which desired such a song from the fairest of her sex, rose to their feet with the intention of hanging the miscreant on the nearest lamp-post; and had actually precipitated him half-way down-stairs, when he suddenly remembered that he was mistaken in the title, which he would now correct, if they would allow him one moment's respite. The song, he now said, had nothing to do with his mother at all, but was properly entitled, *My Father's Hair is turning gray.* He added that he could only account for the *lapsus* which had involved him in such peril, by his having a bad memory for dates!

We have observed the same kind of masterly irrelevancy in the sort of excuses which people tender for their shortcomings in attendance at church. We were told not long ago by an Episcopal clergyman in the Granite City, that he had been much amused by the explanation which a grave Aberdonian gave of the paucity of attendance at the daily services of the church: 'You see, sir, the City of Glasgow Bank failure has created a general depression of trade.'

We have said that fertility of resource is a distinguishing mark of great proficiency in the art of Self-excusation. Perhaps we may be pardoned for retelling an old Oxford story in exemplification of our assertion. An undergraduate was summoned before one of the Dons for not attending the seven o'clock morning chapel.

'Sir,' said the Don, 'let me hear what you have to say in excuse of your persistent absence from morning prayers.'

'Sir,' replied the delinquent, 'the service is too late for me to be present.'

'Too late, sir! How can seven in the morning be considered a late hour?'

'Well,' replied the ingenious offender, 'were the hour four or five, or even six, I might manage to be present; but to expect a man to sit up till seven o'clock in the morning in order to go to church, is more than human nature will endure!'

A similar illustration of fertility of resource is recounted, we think by Dean Ramsay, in the story of the dying rustic who 'speered' at the parish minister if there would be any whisky in heaven. On being rebuked for this mundane anxiety and

irreverent curiosity, Sandy replied in self-excuse: 'That it wasna because he wad tak ony if it were offered him, but jist in respect that it wad look weel on the table.'

Lastly, we must not overlook the gallant fight with back to the wall which a professor of this fine art will conduct when hard pressed by on-coming foes. We have not forgotten that Highland teetotaler who was found drinking the mountain-dew at his breakfast in some wayside inn where he thought he would not be known. 'Och Donald, and we thoct ye were an abstainer!' exclaimed a deacon who happened to look in quite unexpectedly. 'And so I am,' replied the detected culprit, who scorned to suggest that his beverage was only toast-and-water—'so I am; but ye ken, my frien', that I am no a bigoted ane.'

We have been led to analyse the art of Self-excusation by the popularity which it is daily assuming among all classes of our fellow-mortals. The British Genius is regularly developing the skill with which it attempts to evade duties. Our preachers endeavour to repress it; but they seldom bring home as clearly as is desirable the foundations upon which it rests, and the appliances it summons to its assistance. If the pocket, or the energies, or self-indulgence, can be relieved from pressure, the mind of man is wonderfully quick and successful in manufacturing a shield, embellished with as many figures as the shield of Achilles. We take great delight in asking the loan of this useful weapon, taking it home and examining its structure. Would we had the pen of a Homer to represent all the whimsical embossments we sometimes find upon its surface!

THE HAPPY MAN.

By day, no biting cares assail
My peaceful, calm, contented breast;
By night, my slumbers never fail
Of welcome rest.

Soon as the Sun, with orient beams,
Gilds the fair chambers of the Day,
Musing, I trace the murmuring streams
That wind their way.

Around me Nature fills the scene
With boundless plenty and delight;
And touched with joy sincere, serene,
I bless the sight.

I bless the kind creating Power
Exerted thus for frail mankind;
At whose command descends the shower,
And blows the wind.

Happy the man who thus at ease,
Content with that which Nature gives;
Him guilty terrors never seize;
He truly lives.

ROBERT BROWN.

ERRATUM.—*Journal* for November 6, p. 713, line 22, last word, for *steam* read *sailing*.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 885.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

EXPLORING IN THE FAR NORTH.

THE ice-region of the North is full of marvellous grandeur and mystery. It is not only mysterious in itself, but likewise in much of its history. Known to us only as associated with everything barren, frigid, and forbidding, it yet possesses charms and even beauties that are specially its own. For nearly the whole year, its frozen waters and frozen land present phenomena startling almost beyond imagination. Turn the eye whither you will, in a space of some fifteen hundred miles diameter around the geographical Pole, immense masses and fields of ice only are seen in every conceivable form, whether on the partly hidden land, or the all but completely covered sea. On the one hand may be towering mountains of rock, soaring high in majestic grandeur, and encircled or divided from each other by mighty glaciers and fields of ice; on the other, there may be presented a seemingly limitless level of solid ice varying from eight to fourteen feet in thickness, and in parts thrown up into enormous ridges, sometimes forty feet high, and of irregular lengths, with huge ice-islands called bergs scattered about upon its surface.

If it be the open season of summer, these bergs may be seen floating about in stately splendour, or occasionally when caught in currents and eddies, tearing along with ominous violence. If there be a storm, and the ocean has burst through and broken up the ice, the scene presented is a very wild one, and the utmost dexterity is required on the part of the mariner to avert danger from the masses dashing against the vessel's side. If it be calm, or moderate weather, the pictures Nature puts before the eye are marvellous. If the sky is clear, thousands of fairy-like castles or crystal cities thrown into ruins, appear to view. Refracted images of all imaginable forms dance before you. In the air may be seen, inverted, some distant object which in reality is far below the line of ordinary vision. Sometimes the sun does not look round, but oval; or perhaps there may appear to be four suns, or at night four moons,

lighting up the icebergs. In winter also, the whole of one part of the heavens is often illuminated by the splendid coruscations of the Aurora Borealis. In summer, according to the latitude, there is no sunset for weeks; and during winter there is total darkness for a like period. The cold is intense, except occasionally. Even in autumn, thick ice will sometimes form in one night; and in winter or spring the register is generally from thirty to sixty degrees below zero. Still, if proper precautions be taken, even this extreme temperature is bearable.

Now, it is through such a region as this that explorers have to make their way. How they do it is a story often told, yet always interesting. In the first place, their ships are more than ordinarily strengthened to encounter ice; yet very often no common skill or human power is of any avail, and constant watchfulness of ice-movements is needed. In summer the ice breaks away from the coast of Greenland, and not unfrequently leaves a narrow tortuous passage round what is called Melville Bay. It is, however, exceedingly dangerous, and ships are often detained here a long while. The exploring expedition of 1850 was fixed here for some weeks, and the vessel to which the writer belonged, made only twelve miles in a fortnight. Here too, whaling-ships are often crushed. The ice takes a 'run' during gales and strong currents, and will sometimes actually break up and cover over a ship in a few minutes. The *Hecla*, Parry's old ship, was thus caught. In less than twenty minutes nothing was seen of her but the top of her mast-head and the end of her jib-boom. An American whaler was also similarly served in twenty minutes; and the *Breadalbane*, further on, was actually sliced by a run of ice, and sank out of sight when the pressure was removed.

If the explorer has succeeded in passing Melville Bay, then Lancaster Sound or Smith Sound is entered. Seldom is this done till near the close of summer; consequently, it is necessary to find some safe harbour in which to winter. Some ships have had no such shelter, and have drifted

about—as did the two American vessels in 1850–51—all through the dark and bitter season. But supposing a winter harbour is found; then the ships are housed or covered in, and the crews properly attended to. What is next done in the way of wisely maintaining health by proper amusements, education, and exercise, would take too long to tell. Enough to say that, except on the occasion of the last official Polar expedition, very little mortality has occurred. Indeed, health in the Arctic regions is more to be depended upon than in tropical climes.

During winter, all hands are employed in making preparation for spring travelling. Then, when March arrives, sledges are packed, officers and men appointed, and away these hardy explorers go, over ice and snow, along barren shores into unknown wastes, hundreds and hundreds of miles, without the slightest hesitation. Strange too, how accurately they mark their way, and even prearrange where separate parties shall again meet in certain localities at first only fixed by geographical science and assumed configuration of land.

But the better to understand this, let us try and picture a scene as it actually occurred. Upon the solid ice there, you might have seen a congregation of what look like human beings. Sledges and Eskimo dogs are with them. Officers as well as sailors, numbering about a hundred, are dressed in uncouth garbs that make them look anything but civilised men. Furs are worn by those who can get them, and woollens lined with fur by others. Also masks for the nose, and goggles for preserving the eyes. It is very cold, and every protection is needed to prevent frost-bite. No one is left by himself. Companionship is absolutely necessary, in order that the one may keep a look out upon the other's face; as when frost attacks the nose and other exposed parts of the face, it is at first unfelt by the sufferer himself. His companion, as soon as he sees symptoms of this, takes up a handful of snow, and rubs the affected part hard for a few moments, and thus prevents any spread of the mischief.

While this is going on in one place, others are busy trying to keep the dogs in order. These restive creatures, harnessed to the sledges, get entangled with each other, or every now and then run in between the men's legs. Presently, however, all the party have arrived at the place appointed. There, the chief of the entire expedition carefully examines their several equipments, and addresses them in appropriate terms, pointing out what each has to do. The several sledges are named, and have flags with certain mottoes selected by the officers attached to them. Many of those mottoes bear upon the subject of the search; and several of the flags are cherished on account of the fair hands at home—some sister, or some one still dearer—who lovingly made them. Every sledge has an officer, and from six to eight men. All the officers desire to go; but the post of honour is given first to the highest—even to the captains of ships—then to the humblest in turn. And now, all have received their orders, and been addressed as to their respective duties; and after a few kind and sometimes tender partings between old comrades, the hardy explorers buckle to their work, and shortly, separate, each band on its way to

traverse hundreds of miles of frozen ocean or of bleak inhospitable coast.

Away they go! Over miles and miles of dreary wastes. Prying and seeking and examining wherever aught presents itself that would seem to have been placed there by others like themselves. Weary, footsore, snow-blind, lame, weak strong again, often frozen nearly stiff, and battling with wind and sleet and icy particles that cut the face as though with a keen razor. Still they trudge on, through barren and hitherto unknown places. Occasionally they break out into song, and thus rouse themselves again, and perforce renew their flagging strength.

The sledge, when loaded with provisions, tents, spare clothing, instruments, firearms, and spirits of wine for fuel, generally weighs about one thousand two hundred pounds, or say one hundred and ninety pounds per man. This weight, then, the men have to pull along over the ice, smooth or rough, and oftener amongst thrown-up ridges, as best they can. A belt round each man is then attached to the rope belonging to the sledge, and thus should it happen, as is sometimes the case, that one of the party falls through a broken bit of ice, he is speedily pulled out again. In such cases some rapid exercise is necessary to prevent the serious consequences that might otherwise ensue.

When dinner-hour arrives, the party halts for a short time to eat the allowance previously made up for each person. Then they drink their small quantum of grog, a proceeding which is usually accomplished while running up and down the ice to keep up the circulation and escape being frost-bitten. The pork which has been cooked on board is almost always so hard that it breaks like biscuit; and the drinking utensils are usually covered with a non-conducting substance to prevent the cold from taking the skin off the lips.

But night is the worst part of the time—that is, the sleeping period; for we should mention that sometimes the party travels by night and sleeps by day, on account of the greater advantage from the absence of glare, &c. When the day's march of perhaps ten miles is ended, the tent is pitched on as comfortable a bit of ice as can be found. This tent is generally fourteen feet long by eight feet broad and eight feet high. There is a flap at the bottom, made to pull outwards and be covered with snow. The door is made of double curtains like a porch, to keep out the snow-drift, and afford shelter to the cook or look-out man. Generally, the tent has four small holes in the top to permit the escape of steam and breath, which otherwise condenses and falls in a shower of fine snow. The tent is so pitched as to have the door on the opposite side of the prevailing wind. The cooking apparatus is just within the porch. When the tent is put up and made secure, a waterproof floorcloth is laid upon the ice, and upon this is placed another of canvas. The whole party, officers and all, then make themselves as comfortable as they can together. The provisions are served out, and doffing their fur boots they wrap their benumbed feet in moccasins or flannels, and, without undressing, get into bags made of stout blankets and about seven feet long, so as to cover head and all. Then throwing themselves down upon the covered ice, packed like herrings in a barrel, they seek, in

slumber, a forgetfulness of their strange and far from enviable position.

What they endure may be gathered from the following quotations. In one official report, it is stated that 'the men agreed in voting noses a nuisance in this country; from their prominent position they are usually the first part frost-bitten; also whiskers and moustaches were sentenced, as not only being useless but very inconvenient, the former catching the snow-drift, and one's breath freezing on the latter, forms an icicle not easily removed.'

'April 30.—Near one o'clock A.M., lunched. At these low temperatures [ten to twenty-five degrees below zero] the fat of salt-pork becomes hard and breaks like suet; and as the temperature falls below minus twenty-five degrees, our rum becomes thick. To drink out of a pannikin without leaving the skin of one's lips attached to it, requires considerable experience and caution. The bottles of water carried by the men in their breasts were generally frozen after an hour or two; and after repeated trials it was found that inside the trousers waistband was the best place to carry them, and retain their contents in a fluid state.' Another officer has said that 'he found the brandy congealed, though placed next the skin.'

With reference to their sleeping accommodation, Captain McClinton said: 'Latterly, our fur blankets and sleeping-bags have been rapidly getting more filled with frost. The latter are quite wet when thawed at night. Nor have we been able to prevent their getting into this state; the greatest care has been taken to protect them from the snow; the men's clothes brushed before coming into the tent, and the tent and floorcloth repeatedly brushed. It is chiefly caused by the condensation of vapour from our warm meals, and of our breath, which falls in minute frozen particles. We have holes cut in the top of the tent to permit the escape of vapour, but the temperature inside is always low enough to condense it before it can ascend so high. The quantity of moisture from one's breath is surprising; the very small aperture we usually leave at the mouth of our bags to breathe through, is coated with ice by the morning. Some of the men wear a loose over-all duck dress; but even the inside of this is covered with frost after a hard day's work in low temperatures, and requires to be well brushed off.'

'As is usual for the first few days of a journey, the men suffer much from thirst. Besides a pint of chocolate at breakfast, and half a pint of tea at supper, they have their water-bottles, which hold two-thirds of a pint, filled three times a day; but several of these have burst already, in consequence of the water freezing within them, although carried inside their outer garments.'

Dr Sutherland says: 'How water could be kept from freezing in the tents when the temperature was fifty-seven degrees below freezing-point, is best known to those who made the attempt. A tin flask, half-full, which the person who had the cooking for the day, took into his blanket-bag, and a gutta-percha flask holding two pints, which I took into my own blanket-bag, and kept on the outside of my vest within two folds of woollen cloth, became frozen quite hard, and it was not without considerable difficulty that we got the ice thawed out afterwards. . . I took the one that belonged to my tent into my armpit for two or

three successive nights before the ice became all dissolved, the water being always removed as it was produced.'

In the morning, when aroused by him whose turn it is to watch, all the misery of Arctic travelling is then experienced. Who is there that has not some idea of this from what is occasionally felt after a night's watching or abstinence from rest? The first dawn of morning seems even worse than the past midnight. Judge, then, what it must be there in a solitary tent on the ice-floe, thousands of miles from home, and often hundreds of miles away from their other comrades! To awaken in such a scene is truly wretched. A pannikin of hot chocolate is generally the first thing given. Then comes the frightful agony of forcing the feet into boots often frozen hard as iron, while all the time the breath—despite the ventilators for it to escape—comes down in a shower of very fine snow. But at last they are again ready, and once more away they go across the wide floe, and, when near the land, along the lonely shore. Sometimes this sort of tent-life is beguiled with songs and occasional music; and the companionable pipe is invariably sought before sleep.

Amongst other contrivances to aid the travelling parties in their search, was that of kites. In the expedition to which I was attached, we took out several, the gift of the late Mr Benjamin Smith, whose son, Mr Leigh Smith, has lately made such remarkable voyages and explorations by Spitzbergen and Franz-Joseph Land.

Another plan to give our missing friends some notice of the search for them, was that of using balloons. The gas being generated on board, a balloon would be sent up with hundreds of printed coloured satin or paper slips attached to a slow match; and these were destined to fall over a certain space. The message printed on these slips certified where relief could be found. But it is doubtful if ever one was seen, for out of many thousands sent up, I believe none were ever come across again by any of our travelling parties.

Where the sledges are pulled by dogs, the labour to the men is of course much less, though it requires a good driver to manage these animals. Their performances, however, are very extraordinary. They will go many hundreds of miles in consecutive journeys, and only require ordinary attention. With a load of one thousand pounds, a team of six dogs will go as fast as a man can walk.

On the expedition in which the writer was engaged, searching parties made dépôts of provisions, wherever suitable, *en route*, so as to pick them up on return. But other dépôts were also formed by the ships' crews for relief of a missing expedition. These dépôts were so built up as to prevent bears or other animals from getting at the stores, though occasionally slight havoc was done to some. It is astonishing the amount of provisions stowed away in various dépôts up in the Arctic regions beyond where whalers or even Eskimo go. In one place were deposited eleven thousand and sixty-five pounds of biscuit, sixteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight pounds of flour, nearly ten thousand pounds of salt meats, over ten thousand pounds of preserved meats and soups; besides vast quantities of groceries, vegetables, fruits, pemmican, wines, spirits, tobacco,

clothing, boots, &c. So far as the relieving of the missing expedition was concerned, the foregoing provisions, &c. were left in vain. Years afterwards they were found untouched.

These few notes of what is to be faced and endured by Arctic explorers, may be of interest at a time when the recent American search expedition has drawn public attention once more to the subject of Arctic Exploration.

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

CHAPTER II.

ON the following morning Robert Ware, the Cheadlewoods' confidential clerk, was sitting alone in the office. The brothers were both from home. Jonathan had gone to the Docks to make inquiries respecting vessels from New York, and business had taken Barnabas to one of the law-courts. The clerk was very busy this morning. He had a rare talent for work, and the Cheadlewoods knew how to profit by his unflagging industry. Robert Ware was a young man who had risen in life through his own inherent energy and ability. The son of a Lancashire operative, he had inherited from his mother—a sickly meditative woman—a passion for books; and from his father, the plodding perseverance which insures success. In spite of many hinderances, Robert had managed to get an education, and at the age of twenty had come up to London, a sharp, steady youth, with a light purse, but a well-stored mind, and an honest determination to do well in the world. Chance had brought him into contact with the Cheadlewoods, and the keen insight of Jonathan had detected the young man's good business abilities, and had resolved to profit by them. He was engaged as a clerk with a small salary to commence with, which was gradually raised as the brothers saw more and more clearly the desirability of retaining his services. For some years Robert was satisfied with his position, and happy in devoting his leisure hours to study; but after a while he began to look forward into the future, and then there awoke a longing to win some higher status than that of a mere clerk. At length he intimated to his employers his wish to better his position. It was then that they offered to give him his 'articles,' an offer which he gratefully accepted. Robert was a good-natured fellow: he was aware of the meanness and avarice of the Cheadlewoods; but he did not despise them as most men would have done. He pitied them for the misery they inflicted on themselves. At times indeed Mr Jonathan's actions would inspire him with contempt; but he did not suffer this feeling to betray itself in word or look, nor ever complained of the amount of work he was expected to perform.

As we have said, Robert Ware was very busy this morning, and his occupation was of so absorbing a nature, that he did not notice the stopping of a vehicle outside the house, till the noise of a hackney coachman's knock arrested his attention. He took it for granted that this knock

announced some importunate client, and with a gesture of impatience at the interruption, he moved to the window and looked out. He was somewhat surprised by what he saw. A coach stood at the door, from which a tall dark man with long black hair, heavy moustaches, and the appearance of a foreigner, was assisting a young lady to alight. 'There must be some mistake,' muttered Robert to himself, looking intently at the young and pretty girl whom her companion was leading to the door, at which the housekeeper Mrs Rasper had now appeared; 'these people have come to the wrong house.'

But, no; this did not appear to be the case. There was a few minutes' talk, in which Mrs Rasper's harsh, grating voice was audible above all the rest, and then the door of the office was thrown open, and in a tone of more than usual asperity the housekeeper announced Miss Cheadlewood.

Robert looked up in astonishment as he caught the name, and there was something ludicrous in the stare of amazement with which he confronted the young lady. She stepped forward quickly, and her large bright eyes seemed to take in every object within view, as with a rapid glance around the room, she said impetuously: 'So my uncles are from home, I am told; but they knew I was coming: they had my letter, I suppose?'

Robert was puzzled by this sudden question. His intercourse with the Cheadlewoods was entirely limited to business matters, and he knew nothing of their family affairs.

'I do not know; I do not understand,' he stammered. 'Mr Cheadlewood will soon be in, I trust.'

Here the gentleman interposed with an explanation. He spoke English well, though with a foreign accent. 'This lady is the niece of the Messrs Cheadlewood,' he said; 'and the only child of my late friend, Mr Silas Cheadlewood, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making during a brief residence in New York. It was her father's wish that upon his decease Miss Cheadlewood should at once seek the protection of her uncles, and as I was about starting for England at the time of her great loss, I was only too happy to escort the young lady to this country. Now you understand our appearance here.'

Robert bowed, and tried to look satisfied with this explanation; but he felt in an awkward position. He brought forward chairs, and invited the unexpected visitors to sit down and await Messrs Cheadlewoods' return. Then he went back to his desk, and made an effort to resume his work. But this was difficult with such distracting influences about him. Again and again his eye wandered from his task to rest upon the girl who sat within a few yards of him, talking in a quick, low tone to her strange-looking companion. She appeared very young, scarcely eighteen one would have judged her, though in reality she was older. She was dressed in mourning; but to increase her comfort whilst travelling, had thrown over her black garments a large shawl of Rob Roy tartan, whose bright colour well became her saucy style, of beauty. She had a small round face, with dimpled chin, and rosy, wilful mouth. Her

forehead was half-hidden by the thick curling dark locks which fell over it; whilst, escaping from beneath her bonnet, long ringlets clustered in profusion at the back of her beautifully rounded throat. Her eyes were of the darkest, deepest blue, fringed with long black lashes and shadowed by delicately pencilled eyebrows.

Such charms could not fail to attract the eye, and Robert Ware might well be pardoned if for once his diligence was scarcely proof against the temptation which assailed it. He observed with some suspicion Miss Cheadlewood's companion. Although he had the air of a gentleman, he was but shabbily dressed, and he had an uneasy, furtive look in his eyes, which Robert did not approve. He wondered if he sustained any relationship to Miss Cheadlewood beyond that of mere friendship. He was far older than she; in all probability his age verged upon forty. Yet there was something lover-like in the devotion with which he hung over the young lady, and listened to every word she uttered; and she also appeared to entertain for him a warm regard. As he conceived this idea, the strong aversion to foreigners said to be characteristic of our insular nation made itself powerfully felt in Robert Ware's breast.

It was a relief to him when the foreigner rose, and intimating that a business engagement prevented his further stay, bade his protégée an impressive adieu, promising to call in a few days to inquire for her welfare, and make the acquaintance of her uncles. The young lady seemed reluctant to part from him. She accompanied him to the door, and lingered there to say a few parting words. Through the window Robert could see them as they stood together on the step, and thus gazing he saw the stranger lift the girl's hand to his lips as he took his departure.

Tears were shining in Miss Cheadlewood's eyes as she came back into the room. 'That is the best friend I have in the world,' she said abruptly, as if to explain her emotion; 'he is Count Grimaldi.'

'Indeed, Miss; a count!'

'Yes, that is his title, for he is of a noble Italian family, although he is now poor and unknown. He has lost all his property and has been very unfortunate.'

'Have you known him long?' asked Robert with a lawyer's caution.

The girl's face flushed. 'Only since a few weeks before my father's death,' she replied in a low, tremulous voice; 'we were lodging in the same house. My father was poor too,' she added. (Robert soon learned that reticence was not a distinguishing trait in Miss Cheadlewood's character.) 'He earned money by copying for the lawyers. I used to help him. I can copy deeds as well as any one. I have turned out many such documents as that you have before you.' And advancing to Robert's side, she placed her finger on the parchment which lay on his desk.

'Indeed!' said Robert in surprise; 'I did not know that women ever did such work as this.'

'I don't suppose many do,' she replied; 'but father taught me. He said I might be glad to earn my living by copying some day.'

'And the Count? how did he support himself?' asked Robert.

'I do not know,' answered the girl simply; 'I never saw him do any work. I don't suppose such a gentleman could work. He was often away for several days at a time; but he never told us where he went, nor what he did.' She sat down again as she said this, and looked about her with a weary look. 'O dear, I wish those uncles of mine would come, for I am so tired. We only landed this morning, after a dreadfully trying voyage.'

'Perhaps you would be more comfortable in the next room,' said Robert, opening the door of the small back-parlour.

Miss Cheadlewood peeped into the room, but did not seem inclined to enter. There was no fire in the grate, and the old straight-backed arm-chair which stood by the gloomy hearth was not inviting. She drew back. 'No; thank you. I would rather stay here with you if you have no objection. Shall I disturb you by remaining?'

Robert politely assured her to the contrary, and again offered her a seat.

'Are they very rich?' she asked presently.

'Whom do you mean?' inquired Robert.

'Why, my uncles, of course.' This was said with some touch of impatience in her tone.

'I cannot say,' answered the young man discreetly. 'You must know, Miss Cheadlewood, that I am only your uncles' clerk, and though they give me their confidence in matters of business, they do not see fit to acquaint me, nor do I wish to be acquainted with their private affairs.'

'But you must know,' she returned in the same tone; 'you cannot help knowing whether they are rich or not. My father used to say he was sure they were making money as fast as they could. I have no doubt they are immensely rich. Well, if it is so, I shall always think they were horribly mean to allow my father to struggle on in poverty till his health broke down.' Here the voice grew tremulous, the rosy lips quivered, and Robert feared that an outburst of weeping would follow. His heart was full of compassion for the pretty young creature before him. What effect her tears might have had upon him it is impossible to say, for just at this moment the outer door opened, and as the step of Mr Jonathan was heard in the passage, the girl regained her self-possession with marvellous quickness, and stood up prepared to meet him.

Jonathan assumed an air of business-like expectancy at the sight of the young lady. It did not occur to him that this was the niece whose proposed arrival had so disconcerted him. He imagined that the lady had come on business, and with a polite but ungraceful bow, and an assumption of his most oily manner, he awaited her speech.

'You are my uncle, I suppose?' she said as her quick eyes scanned him, taking in every detail of his unlovely appearance. 'I hope you had my letter to prepare you for my coming.'

'Ah!' he ejaculated with a rapid change of manner, the smile disappearing from his face in a twinkling, and a hard, sharp look taking its place. 'So you are my niece, are you? Yes; we had your letter, but not till last night; and I've just been to the Docks to inquire for your vessel. How is it that I missed you, I wonder?'

'We landed at Gravesend,' explained the young lady; 'we thought it would save time.'

'We?' he repeated. 'Are you not alone?'

'Yes; but a friend who travelled with me kindly brought me to this house.'

'Indeed; what was her name?'

Miss Cheadlewood looked annoyed by this question. Her cheek flushed, but she held up her head proudly and answered: 'It was a gentleman. His name is Grimaldi.'

'Grimaldi? A foreigner, I suppose!' said Jonathan snappishly, in a tone intended to convey his contempt for all foreigners.

'Yes; he is a foreigner,' she returned.

At this moment Barnabas Cheadlewood made his appearance. His greeting to his niece was more cordial than his brother's had been. He did his best to infuse a little affection into his manner, but the fount of human kindness within his breast had sunk so low, that it was hard to force any to the surface, and in spite of his efforts, his coldness chilled her.

'I am afraid you are not glad to see me, uncle,' she said; 'is it very inconvenient for you to receive me?'

'O no; we are pleased to see you,' said Barnabas in his slow, deliberate manner. 'We naturally feel an interest in you for the sake of your poor dear father, whose life has been cut off so sadly. It was a great grief to me to learn of my brother's untimely death.' No undertaker could have looked more solemn than did Mr Barnabas Cheadlewood at this moment, as he raised his eyes to the ceiling, and mournfully shook his head. It is to be hoped he believed in the genuineness of the grief he professed.

'We shall be happy for you to remain with us for a few days,' put in Jonathan, anxious to correct any impression of unstinted hospitality, which his brother's words might have conveyed; 'till you can look about you, you know, and decide on your plans for the future. What is your name, by-the-by?'

'Mopsy,' replied his niece.—'Margery, I mean,' hastily correcting herself. 'Father always called me Mopsy.' She was near breaking down as she uttered her pet-name; but she bit her lip desperately, and by force of will drove back the tide of emotion.

It now occurred to Barnabas Cheadlewood that his niece might be glad to remove her wraps, and summoning Mrs Rasper, he desired her to take the young lady to the room which had been hastily prepared for her. And as Mopsy followed the sour-faced old woman up the dark rickety staircase, she felt that a very few days in that dreary house would be more than bearable.

'What do you think of the girl?' Barnabas asked his brother a few minutes later, in the privacy of the back-room.

'Oh, it's easy to see what the girl is,' groaned out Jonathan—'vain and frivolous, and extravagant; women who look like that, always are. I foresee that she will give us a good deal of trouble.' By which it will be seen that Jonathan Cheadlewood did not believe it possible for beauty and discretion to go hand in hand.

The vision of his employers' lovely niece lingered in Robert Ware's mind that night. It puzzled him to think that so fair a being was akin to the Cheadlewoods. How wretched a home for her seemed that gloomy old house. What prospect of happiness could there be for one so young, in

the society of those two narrow-minded old men, whose hearts were as dry and unfeeling as the yellow parchments over which they loved to pore? Then he remembered that Mr Jonathan had hinted that his niece was only welcome to remain with them for a few days. For a few days; and what then? Would they have the heartlessness to send that lovely young girl to earn her own living, and win her own way in the world as best she might, when they could so well afford to provide for her? A flood of hot indignation against Mr Jonathan surged over Robert's mind at this thought. He had long cherished secret contempt for the man; now he positively detested him.

The lawyer's clerk was not a romantic young man. Hitherto his one aim in life had been to improve and develop his own powers, and to pave the way for future success; and although he was five-and-twenty years of age, no flame of love had as yet been kindled in the heart of Robert Ware. All the more probable was it that the fire, once lighted, would burn with strong and steady heat. It is often upon such natures, outwardly so cold and constrained, that the passion the most suddenly fastens. Robert would never have admitted that he was one to experience 'love at first sight'; and yet, the 'stound' had come; for the fascination which Miss Cheadlewood's presence had exerted upon him, and the attraction which now made it impossible for him to banish her from his thoughts, was the awakening of a love which was destined to grow stronger and stronger till the happiness of his life was involved in its satisfaction.

In spite of the desire to be rid of her, which her uncle Jonathan had evinced, and her own shrinking from the dreary aspect of her uncles' home, Margery stayed on in the old house. Mr Barnabas quickly discovered his niece's skill as a copyist, and did not scruple to make use of it. He represented to his brother that as the girl had been ill-educated, and was unfit for a governess, and there seemed no other means by which she might earn her living, it would be well to retain her in the house as a copying clerk, giving her a home in lieu of salary. The parsimonious Jonathan saw that the girl's services, procured at so economical a rate, would be of great value, and agreed to the arrangement. Mopsy having no choice but to accede to their plan, it was no happy life she now led, and Robert Ware often wondered that she could endure it. But from her earliest days Mopsy had been used to 'rough it,' and had thus learned a knack of adapting herself to circumstances, and making the best of things however dark they might look. She toiled without a murmur at the wearisome work her uncles gave her; and they were no gentle task-masters.

It never entered their heads that the girl needed fresh air, and a little recreation now and then. Nor did she remind them of the fact, but watched her opportunity, and when they were away, would sometimes slip out of the house and take a walk by herself. It was often necessary to work late at night, or rise early in the morning, to make up for the time thus lost. The copying she undertook naturally brought her into close connection with Robert Ware. Sometimes they worked together in the office, and between whiles there would be an opportunity for a few minutes' friendly chat. Mopsy was never a whit more reserved than she

had been on the day of their first acquaintance. She looked upon Robert as a friend, and talked to him freely of all that was in her mind. How tenderly he prized her childlike confidences, and how hard he found it to maintain the calm, cool, elderly manner, which he deemed befitting his position, need not be told. The girl seemed so free and glad in his presence. It was as if a weight were lifted from her spirits, when her uncles went out, and left her alone with Robert. Then the fun and frolic belonging to her nature leaped forth, and Robert had hard work to keep his gravity as he listened to her witty remarks or watched her mischievous pranks. He was of course aware of the stolen walks in which she indulged in the absence of her guardians. A word from him would have kept her at home; but he, whom his fair companion had made her confidant, could not refuse her this indulgence, when she pleaded for it. He disliked the idea of her walking alone in the London streets, where her appearance was almost certain to attract attention; but as she carefully attended to his directions, and never went far from the house, he soon ceased to feel anxious during her absence.

Barnabas Cheadlewood observed the intimacy which was springing up between these two, and strange to say he approved of it. His cunning mind was devising a matrimonial scheme. Not, as we know, that he was one to smile upon early marriages, or to sympathise with young love. But ever since the day when Margery's letter had arrived just as he was considering the duty of making a last will and testament, he had entertained the idea that his niece must be his heiress. Perhaps some compunction for the severity with which he had treated her father urged him thus to make amends to Margery. Yet the thought of his property passing into the hands of one so young and thoughtless was unsatisfactory, till the notion occurred to him that he might leave his money to Robert Ware, on condition that he should marry Margery Cheadlewood. Barnabas had a high opinion of the young man's business ability and prudence of character. He believed him to be of a thrifty and cautious turn of mind. Painful as it was to think of relinquishing his precious gains at the call of Death, there was comfort in imagining them in the hands of one who would know how to husband his resources, and to add to them by wise investment. The more Barnabas deliberated upon the idea—an idea, however, which he did not confide to his brother—the better he liked it; the only difficulty to a man of his avaricious and world-loving nature being to rise to the occasion and act upon it.

INDUSTRIAL MIGRATIONS.

THE question of industrial migration has scarcely received the attention that it deserves; and indeed it is only of late years that it has been at all studied with any recognition of its importance, or the advisability of so regulating it as to make it a matter of systematic advantage to the country. It is an element—as we have on former occasions insisted—and a very powerful one, which is always with us, and perpetually affecting the influx and reflux of the population; and this

not only on a small and local scale, but, as we shall see presently, sometimes of enormous extent and irrepressible volume. In Great Britain, where happily we are free from any violent transitions either social or political, we nevertheless find labour migration a constant characteristic amongst the industrial classes, which is chiefly due to the simple fact that the population has outrun the means of its own support. The labour markets being glutted, workmen are compelled to seek fresh fields of industry. A quarter of a century ago, a labourer in a country parish was a fixture there, and it seldom came into his head that he should ever require or be able to leave it. Although he grumbled much—and with good reason—at the unsatisfactory nature of his surroundings, and the hopeless outlook of the future, he clung tenaciously to the locality where he had been brought up and had worked every day of his life. Rumours of changes and movements affecting other classes of working-men occasionally filtered through a month-old paper, and set him thinking in a lethargic kind of way, without, however, imagining that any possibility of change could come to him. But nowadays, he not only hears quickly of them, but takes part in them himself; and if any great crisis reaches him, such as a wages dispute, he is prepared to move himself off to another part of the country, or even to Canada or New Zealand.

As to the operative classes, migration is being reduced to a system, and especially amongst those sections of workmen who may be termed the rank and file of industrial labour. Upon any small provocation, and sometimes upon none at all, workmen of this grade will start off on an undefined tramp, leaving their wives and families to shift in the best way they can. The worst feature of it all is, that the tramp is undefined. The man goes east, west, north, or south, upon the slightest report that work is to be found there. Sometimes his trade society helps him on the road; but he soon drifts into a dependence for his night's lodging upon the casual ward, whence he issues next morning with a fresh deterioration of personal appearance and self-respect. Arrived at a larger town, he forms one of the army of idlers who may be seen any day standing with their hands in their pockets, regarding with a sort of complacent fatalism any work that may be going on in the shape of building or other out-of-door employment. The mischief of it all is, not that work is scarce in some places and workmen too plentiful, for that will always be happening in a country so thickly populated as ours, but that no efforts appear to be made to direct their migrations into some wholesome and properly organised stream. A very little trouble on the part of the authorities, such as the town-council, the police, or the guardians, might enable the workmen to ascertain for the asking, what were the prospects of employment within the radius of the next twenty miles; and thus a systematic distribution of labour of a really useful kind might be kept up throughout the land, while at the same time any plethora of useless and idle hands would be prevented in any given place. Thus many a workman would be saved from drifting hopelessly to the bad, while the rate-payers' pockets would be palpably lightened.

Our chief object in this paper is, however,

to give some account of the systematic industrial migrations—for ours are clearly unsystematic—which prevail in different parts of the world, and which often form most characteristic features in the social life of a nation. In many parts of the continent, and especially in Germany, it has long been a custom amongst the young unmarried artisans who have completed their apprenticeship, to wander from town to town for two or three years before settling in life; and so well recognised is this fact, that in large cities such as Hamburg, there are special lodging-houses called *Herbergen* for travelling workmen, who find in them not only their apartments, but also tools for their trades, particularly when these are of a heavy kind, and cannot conveniently be carried about with them when on tramp. The length of stay in each town is entirely at the discretion of the workman, who usually bends his footsteps to some place which excels in his particular branch, such as Dresden for tailors' work, Berlin for lock-making, Vienna for leather-work, &c.; so that he may have an opportunity of entering into a workshop there and perfecting himself, while at the same time he earns something towards his expenses. If, however, he is unsuccessful in obtaining that employment, and cannot afford to remain there without it, he is helped on the way to the next town by the contributions of the trade. Until within the last dozen years or so, the guilds or trades-unions were legally compelled to assist him; but this was altered by the legislature, and it is now only a voluntary proceeding, though one which is rigorously adhered to.

These wandering workmen do not confine their movements to their own country, but visit France, Italy, England, and Belgium, anywhere indeed where they fancy that they can gain either money or improvement; and to this is probably owing the ubiquitousness of the German artisan, who carries his individual industry over the world to a far greater extent than the workmen of any other nation. As a rule, he sees a good deal more of the world than his fellow-countrymen do, and he takes care to profit by his experience. The itinerant lodging-houses just mentioned have played in their day a considerable part in the distribution of the labour market, for from the special character of the guests, the employers were in the habit of frequenting them for the purpose of employing workmen; and thus they became, so to speak, a kind of labour exchange, where the arrangements of industrial supply and demand took place. But labour matters are altering in Germany as elsewhere, and the system of *Herbergen* is dying out, although there is no lack of accommodation for the travelling workman under the auspices of the special trades or the various religious bodies.

The itinerant system is prevalent also in Switzerland, though to a much less degree, owing probably to the distance and sparseness of the industrial centres. Great hospitality is shewn to the workman on his march, most of the towns and communes helping him forward with a night's lodging and his keep. In Germany, under the old guild laws, itinerancy was not only encouraged but enjoined, and especially in certain trades, such as bookbinding, in which the candidate for business was obliged to wander for three years, under pain of not being able to take the freedom

of his guild: while the cigar-trade in Saxony has a union for the main object of providing funds to enable members of the trade to wander. Masons on the continent are frequently a migratory body, not for the purpose of learning, like the German artisans, but as regular season-visitors to a town or country, in the same way that the Irish reaper makes his annual migration to the English harvest. It is said that there are two thousand masons and bricklayers in Leipzig, scarcely any of whom live in the city, but in the neighbouring villages. They are mostly birds of passage, coming from the Voigtland or hill-country in the spring, and returning in late autumn, when the weather becomes too severe for outdoor work. The same thing takes place in North Italy, the masons in Milan having no fixed home, but migrating periodically from the various parts of Lombardy, and sleeping where they can. In the slack building season, they make their way to other districts, and even to France and Germany, where, from their well-known skilfulness, they are always sure of employment. The labour market at Marseilles, particularly in road-making, quarrying, and what may be termed heavy work, is principally supplied by Piedmontese, who, however, in times of trade depression return to their Italian homes, where they can subsist at a far cheaper rate than in the high-priced French cities. On the other hand, French artisans return the compliment by migrating into Italy, though they are principally of the class of skilled labourers. In most of the Italian glass-works are to be found French workmen; and in one on the banks of the Lago Maggiore, they are all of that nationality, who return to their own country when the work of the furnace is completed, migrating again to Italy when their services are required. In towns like Nice, labour is seldom stationary, the upholsterers, cabinetmakers, and other similar trades migrating for the season from the departments in the south of France; and it is estimated that from four to five thousand persons are thus constantly on the wing. French workmen do not, as a rule, carry their itinerant ways, or what used to be called the *tour de force*, to such an extent as the Germans, although, before they settle down, they are fond of a little knocking about. A workman from Nantes will go for a year or two to Bordeaux or *vice versa*; but in general the great goal for all the trades is Paris, and the fact that 'Paris is France,' is perhaps one reason why the travelling instinct is more limited among the French.

Agricultural labour is generally migratory on a larger scale than that of skilled artisans; and this is very observable in Eastern Europe, where the migration is very systematic, and performed with a certain regard to business principles. Mr Petre, in his Report on the Industrial Classes of Prussia, tells us, that at the outset, an experienced man is deputed to go and 'prospect' the district, and see whether it will suit; after which he makes a contract for the work, so as to be in readiness for the labouring party, which travels from two to three hundred miles to fulfil the engagement. A large proportion of the population east of the Vistula regularly migrates in this manner to the more fertile lowlands, returning home for the winter. In the north of Germany, the labour for the beet-root districts, occupying enormous areas near Magdeburg, and throughout Pomerania, is regularly

undertaken by migratory bands from the southern Harz; and the province of Westphalia annually sends forth its contingent of labourers for the Netherlands. This has become such an established system, that the men are called *Hollandsgänger*. In the island of Corsica too, the inhabitants of which consider it too degrading to occupy themselves with manual labour, all agricultural field-work is undertaken by bodies of Italian peasants from the opposite mainland. In Corsica, they are known by the general name of *Lucchese*, and are held in considerable contempt by the proud and revengeful natives, it being a common saying of any disagreeable work, that 'it is only fit for a *Lucchese*.'

Another phase of industrial migration is found amongst the Germans, in the shape of working colonies established under peculiar conditions in foreign countries. Home associations and the sentiment of Fatherland are exceedingly strong in Germany, and the result is, that in these colonies they cling together with remarkable fervour, carrying their language, customs, and manners with them, and implanting a very distinct national tone in the midst of the country of their adoption. A good example of this is seen in South Australia, where three flourishing villages, Rosenthal, Hahndorf, and Lobethal—the last containing tweed and other woollen factories—are almost exclusively inhabited by Germans, who are remarkable for their industry and thrift.

Similar colonies exist in a much more unpromising country than Australia—namely, in Turkey in Asia: one at a place called Amasia, about sixty miles inland from Samsoun; the other in Palestine, a little south of Acre, called Haifa. Both these colonies appear to have been founded under some feeling of religious sentiment, as a society called the 'Temple' exists in Würtemberg, which has spread rapidly into adjoining districts, its object being to elevate the degraded condition of Turkey by introducing modern forms of cultivation and industry. Both these experiments have met with success, and particularly the one at Haifa, where not only has a large cultivation of vines taken place along the slopes of Mount Carmel, but many industries suitable to the land and climate have been undertaken, with profit not only to the colonists, but also to the natives who have learned to follow their example.

Some remarkable German colonies were also founded in the early part of the present century in Southern Russia, on the policy originated by Peter the Great, and acted upon by Russian Emperors until the time of the late Czar, the idea being to encourage the migration of industrial labour to a part of the empire which was very sparsely populated, and where land was of little value, owing to the absence of communication. To this end, certain crown-lands were placed at the disposal of the settlers, each of whom had from sixty to eighty acres allotted, free of all taxes and dues for a certain term of years. What was of greater importance to the colonists, they were exempt from military conscription, and independent of the oppressive rule of local authorities, although amenable to the general laws of the country. These colonies flourished up to the time of the Crimean War; but after that, they began to decline, and the government took no further steps to encourage the movement, partly because it

gave offence to the Russian members of the community, and partly because the colonists objected to stay after they had accumulated some means, and preferred going back to their native place. At the present day, the United States is the great centre of attraction to German industrialists, who migrate thither in large numbers, especially the Würtembergers, who have the most wandering proclivities of all the German people. Throughout America indeed, society would come badly off for domestic service were it not for the continual immigrations of Irish, now largely supplemented by Germans, and to a less extent by Scandinavians, who do not disdain to occupy that sphere of industry which the Americans themselves think beneath them. In the extreme east of Europe, the migratory tendency is frequently very marked. In some parts of Russia, whole villages are to be found populated at certain seasons of the year only by women and children. The men are away in the pursuit of their trades, leaving the women to plough, sow, and reap, to fill the offices of policeman and tax-gatherer, and in fact, to discharge those duties which elsewhere are undertaken by men. On the shores of the White Sea, women even drive the post-carts, whence that branch of the public service is frequently called *saryanny* or the petticoat post. A similar state of things is prevalent in Portugal, the village of Tifa near Viana, being entirely inhabited by women, who undertake the whole agricultural labour of the district; while the men migrate to other places, returning only at considerable intervals.

In conclusion, it may be stated that no country can provide more than a certain amount of work for its inhabitants; and when these outgrow that work, an exodus must take place, in the natural course of things. The continuously increasing population of Great Britain means a continuous overflow of labour-seekers, and a consequent exodus either to the colonies or to other parts where work is to be had. Thus, as we have on former occasions hinted, labour will gradually overspread regions which at present are little better than barren wastes.

JOHN POLTRIGGAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER I.

When many a merry tale and many a song
Cheered the rough road, we wished the rough road
long;
The rough road, then, returning in a round,
Mocked our enchanted steps, for all was fairy ground.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

'Do you believe in the Cornish Pixies?' asked my fellow-traveller, as side by side, our contiguous elbows in rather uncomfortable proximity, we jolted along on the seat of a badly sprung two-wheel. Our journey that evening—it was Christmas Eve, by-the-by—was a matter of about ten miles—from one moorland village to another; and we had just rattled over the roughly paved street, and left behind us the whitewashed walls and slated roofs of one of those quaint, oddly-built little hamlets which abound in the western parts of Cornwall. My companion was a 'thoroughbred' Cornishman; and I, a native of a midland

county, had dwelt long enough in the shadow of the western hills, and within hearing of the eternal waves that break on Cornwall's rock-bound shore, to find my sympathies—strengthened as they had been, by a thousand pleasant memories and happy associations—drawn powerfully to the land of Trebigan and the Pixies.

'Believe in the Cornish Pixies?' I returned, in answer to my friend's inquiry. 'Well, John, there are a hundred things one might wish to believe in; the difficulty lies in working up the requisite amount of faith. You, a Cornishman born and bred, are doubtless true to your allegiance to the Small People—a race that would soon become extinct, I suppose, were it not for Cornishmen's loyalty, shewn by their belief in its existence. I, Cornish in sentiment, but only partly so in conviction, whilst entertaining the idea as a pleasant fancy, am tempted to doubt its counterpart in fact.'

'That you have taken the popular side of the question, it cannot be denied,' answered John Poltriggan solemnly; 'nor that the railway and telegraph systems—those terrible giants of modern growth—bid fair to banish the poor Pixy from even his last stronghold; for there are but few of us now, though Cornishmen to the backbone we may be, who would not be ashamed to own *seriously* to a belief in "Pixydom." The western hills, it would seem, though far removed from the centre of civilisation, have caught at last a few straggling rays from the rising sun of general enlightenment; and by their invigorating influence, we, the denizens of those hills, have grown from children into men—have put away childish things for the more substantial, though far less pretty playthings that become the dignity of our higher estate.'

'And yet it is pleasant, and by no means derogating from that higher estate,' I rejoined, in the strain of John's metaphor, 'for grown men to stoop, and again handle with interest the toys which delighted them so much in their childhood; though they cannot, it is true, again become children, and regard them in the light in which they were presented to their infant eyes.'

'Quite so,' replied Poltriggan. 'And there can be no fitter season for such a recreation than genial Christmas-tide, when the breach that time has made 'twixt old and young is bridged over by those kindly sentiments and feelings which are common to all ages of life.'

We had now reached the level of a plateau of dreary moorland, broken only by an occasional church-tower or the crumbling stack of some forsaken mine-shaft; and the road, crossing it in a tolerably straight line, could be seen—for there were no walls or hedgerows to obstruct the view—lying out in the moonlight for a mile or more before us. We lighted our cigars, and drew our travelling-rugs more snugly about us, for the air was keen and frosty, and we had but just quitted the warmth of a genial fireside. My friend and I were amongst those who had departed

on the breaking-up of a small and, be it said, select gathering, which had formed around the family hearth of a comfortable hostelry situated in the main street of the village we had just left; and our fancies were even now powerfully wrought up by the somewhat weird tales, one of which, in accordance with a time-honoured Christmas custom, it had fallen to each of us in his turn to relate for the entertainment of the company.

Having thus made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, we enjoyed for a brief interval our full-flavoured cigars and our own wayward thoughts. My companion was the first to break the silence.

'If you are not already weary of narrative,' he began, comfortably alternating his words with the puffs of his tobacco-smoke, 'I will put together, as coherently as I am able, the fragments of a tale I became acquainted with in these parts when a young man. It is founded on a belief, at the time very general in West Cornwall, that the Small People, Fairies, or Pixies as they are locally known and called, frequently concern themselves in the affairs of mortal men.'

'A capital idea, John!' I broke in, eagerly catching at what would obviously lessen the tedium of our ten-mile drive. 'Far from having wearied me, the tales we have heard to-night have but quickened my mental appetite for anything in the shape of a story. By all means let me hear something about the Cornish Pixies. Time and place could not be more appropriate.'

A glorious night was this Christmas Eve! The air was keen and bracing, and the full-orbed moon shone out brightly from the clear, frosty heavens, spreading over the heath-clad moor, which stretched away on all sides of us, a mantle of the softest radiance—a night whereon any man, who was not an exceptionally bad one, would grasp with a hearty grip the hand of his neighbour, and rejoice in the mere fact that he lived and breathed the pure air of heaven—a night whereon all the kindly associations of the season find a cordial welcome in our hearts, when the feelings are aroused, and the imagination is quickened, and we fain would lend an indulgent ear to

A TALE OF THE PIXIES.

In a picturesque valley of West Cornwall, there stands to this day an old-fashioned farmhouse, over-shadowed by tall elms and spreading sycamores, and looking away, in the genial summer-time, across rich green pastures and fields of growing corn.

In this old house, twenty years ago or more, dwelt Joseph Tremerton—a worthy man, and a very fair sample of the thorough-going Cornish farmer—kind, genial, hospitable, appreciating a jest, but severe upon occasion, and industrious and thrifty to a remarkable degree. For well nigh forty years he had farmed the little estate of Kingstonbrea; and the crops he raised on soil in

many parts poor, were the wonder and envy of the farmers around. Seldom a season passed that he could not, when all debts had been paid, add a good round sum to the little fortune that was growing apace in his banker's hands.

With Joseph lived Margery—the wife whom he had won to his heart in the early days of his youth; and Philip their only child, who at the date of our story had just completed his twentieth year. Philip was a broad-shouldered, well-made youth; tall, active, supple, and strong; with rich, ruddy, sun-burned complexion, hazel eyes, and curling locks of chestnut brown. Neighbours would say that at times there would be a vague dreaminess—a moody, far-away speculation, in those brown orbs of Philip's, which would be strangely out of keeping with his strong muscular development and rude robust health; and it was perhaps this same expression, suggestive of latent potentialities, which had in part made him the hero he was in that romantic Cornish valley. More than one comely lass, it was reported, had been careful to heighten the effect of her personal charms, in the hope of beguiling the heart of the handsome young farmer. But whether it was that Philip was unusually fastidious, or that he had set up in his heart an ideal of the wife who alone could render him happy, it was certain that the evident charms of these maidens failed to make any serious impression upon him. And, piqued at the seeming indifference with which he had regarded their daughters, the good farmers' wives joined in declaring that, 'a young man so provokingly callous might expect the tables turned upon him, if ever his heart should be smitten.'

Ere long an opportunity was afforded them of testing the truth of this unpleasant prediction. Philip's heart was undoubtedly smitten; and she who had dealt the fatal blow realised completely, we may suppose, the ideal which he had all along cherished in his soul. No mean ideal it was, if it were not transcended by its living embodiment. Rachel Silverlocke—daughter of the hostess of the *Pendragon Arms* at Kenlyn—was one the fame of whose beauty was talked of in all the country round; and numerous, it was said, were the rejected suitors who had severally retired from her presence, doubtless to bewail ever afterwards their blank and unhappy lot. But with Philip the result was in some sort different. His handsome features and shapely form, together with a quiet and unassuming manner, failed not to make a decided impression on the fair maiden's heart; and ere long, contrary to what it would seem the good wives had expected, the innkeeper's daughter was induced to accept, with evident grace, the homage paid to her by the farmer's stalwart son.

These kindred spirits had chanced to meet at a Christmas gathering of young people under the friendly roof of the *Pendragon Arms*; and it was here, in the beauty's own home, that Philip, in the first instance, had gazed with delight on a glorious mass of sun-brightened hair—had sought to fathom the pearly depths of soft gray eyes, overshadowed by long sweeping lashes—had viewed with silent esteem the harmonious curves of a sylph-like figure, and had listened entranced to a voice that thrilled with exquisite sweetness of tone! Such physical perfection in woman had perhaps never before presented itself within the somewhat limited range of Philip Tremerton's social experience; and

it would not be exceeding the truth to aver that he then and there formed a resolve to win for his wife this fair one.

Certainly, Rachel Silverlocke's beauty was such as is rarely possessed by women in her relatively humble position, being marked by a delicacy and refinement met with almost exclusively in the higher ranks of life. It is not surprising, therefore, that conscious of possessing a dowry so precious, she had been unwilling to bestow her hand on the first, or even the second candidate who had presented himself for it.

Dances of a rather primitive description formed the staple of that evening's entertainment at the *Pendragon Arms*, and in these performances Philip and Rachel were frequently 'partners,' acquitting themselves in a highly creditable manner by virtue of the natural grace of movement they possessed. A game at cards followed in due course, and again Philip and Rachel were partners.

It was no fault of theirs, however, that at the termination of the game, when the players were rising from the table, some evil-disposed person should have attempted a sorry jest about 'partners for life!' and that all eyes should then have been focused on the handsome pair, and a laugh have broken out at their expense, in which everybody joined except themselves. But so it had happened. And this eventful evening may be set down as marking the commencement of Philip Tremerton's courtship; a courtship which, if it had the approval of the worthy hostess of the *Pendragon*, was sanctioned no less readily by the good people at Kingstonsbrea; and this, be it observed, mainly by reason of the two following circumstances. In the first place, the elderly couple believed Rachel Silverlocke to be a very respectable and worthy young person, calculated to become in every way one of the best of wives, and most dutiful and affectionate of daughters-in-law. And in the second place—and of course of entirely secondary importance—there were good grounds for believing that Rachel was the heiress to a tidy little fortune, bequeathed to her by her late father; a life-interest in which, together with the business of the *Pendragon*, being all that had been left to the widow.

Now, we have allowed it to be inferred that Philip Tremerton's attentions to her daughter had received the stamp of Mrs Silverlocke's approval. Such an inference, however, must be accepted with a little qualification. It is true that the anxious mother failed to discover any weak point in young Tremerton's moral character; nor was she able to pick holes in the reputation for respectability enjoyed by his family; for the Tremertons had held up their heads and kept their own in that valley for more than one generation past. No; it could not be denied that Philip was a very worthy young man, nor that he had come of an unexceptionable stock. But then, upon the other hand, the inheritance above mentioned, together with her great natural beauty, had rendered the innkeeper's daughter a person of considerable importance; so much so, that in the circle of her acquaintances she had come to be regarded as a valuable prize for any man who should be fortunate enough to win her—an opinion shared, doubtless, by Mrs Silverlocke herself; and hence we may believe that that

judicious matron had resolved that a jewel so precious in her keeping, should not pass too readily out of hand.

It was seldom, however, that Philip Tremerton found himself an unwelcome guest at the *Pendragon Arms*. Its observant mistress had probably foreseen from the first the course that events were destined to take, and accordingly restricted herself to amiably restraining as occasion required, the devoted aspirant to her daughter's hand; which had the salutary effect of revealing her authority as sole parent and guardian of the beautiful heiress, and maybe of keeping within bounds the advances of the ardent lover when they threatened to exceed the limits of conventional rules.

Kenlyn was at least three miles from Kingstombrea; and as home duties in connection with his father's farm occupied Philip the greater part of each day, the evening only was available for him to visit the little market-town. Three of these in the week, however, found him wending his way along the road that connected the two places; and it was strange to observe how, in course of time, the circumstances of each visit came to resemble, in many minute particulars, those of every other. Now, it had soon occurred to Philip that to walk up straight to the private door of the *Pendragon*, and having announced his arrival by a hearty knock, to inquire if Miss Silverlocke were within, would, in view of the relation in which he stood to the inmates, be a much too deliberate and formal, and perhaps too bold a method of procedure. His habit was therefore to saunter carelessly in at the bar, like any ordinary customer, and if that retreat held an occupant, to strengthen the impression which the latter would doubtless receive, of its being but a casual visit, by demanding of the barman, in a rather loud and authoritative tone of voice: 'A glass of the best home-brewed; and please to look sharp about it.' The barman, knowing his ways, would smile faintly to himself, try to 'look sharp,' and produce the desired potation. Moodily and in silence would Philip quaff the foam-crested nut-brown liquor; and then, as though the thought had but just occurred to him, would turn again to the barman with the inquiry: 'Is your mistress at home, Robert?' in which he would of course be supposed to refer to Mrs Silverlocke herself. It was rarely indeed he would ask if Miss Silverlocke were at home, and then only whilst closely examining a map of the highways of the county, or drawing, in an absent manner, a design with his cane in the sawdust on the floor.

Presently, the worthy hostess, Margurita Silverlocke, or the 'Dragon,' as some irreverent persons had named her, would emerge from the inner sanctuary of the bar—a comfortable little parlour situated in the rear. (A rather portly description of personage was Mrs Silverlocke, on the advanced side of fifty, but in good preservation, whose dark glossy hair, worn in short ringlets, shewed no traces of the white frosts of time. Her manner towards strangers savoured a little of old-fashioned coldness and formality; but generally, as she became better acquainted with them, the ice of her reserve would thaw quickly enough, and reveal the underlying kindness and generosity of her nature.)

'Good-evening to you, Mr Tremerton,' she would say, shaking hands with him across the counter; 'you are indeed the last person I expected to see here to-night' (with a faintly significant smile), 'but very glad for all that! You have had a long walk, sir?'

To which Philip would reply, that it had been rather a long walk, but it had done him no harm—that he rather liked walking than otherwise, especially when the road was hard, the air frosty, and so on, to the same general effect. And after the usual inquiries had been made, and replied to, with respect to the good people at Kingstombrea, the amiable Margurita would rather suddenly retire again to the recesses of the inner sanctuary; in which direction would now be heard at intervals a voice, the clear silvery tones of which would send a thrill of delight through the breast of our hero, as impatiently he lingered in the bar. And, oh! how poor Philip's heart would throb and jump and flutter, like an unruly bird shut up in a cage, during the few minutes that would elapse before the good hostess would return from that haven of bliss with a speech fashioned after the following: 'There is a fire in the little sitting-room, Mr Tremerton. I don't know if it will be of any use to ask you to take a chair beside it' (the 'Dragon' had a certain dry humour in her mental composition). 'My daughter is there with her work; but that need not hinder you, if you would care to go and warm yourself.'

Poor Philip's cheeks would appear as though they needed but little warming! But he would murmur his thanks, and reply that he really did feel rather chilly, and that he was sure he should find a seat by the fireside a very acceptable one; which latter affirmation we may suppose to have been made with perfect sincerity and truth. And then, in the wake of Mrs Silverlocke, he would walk through the bar, and up a flight of steps and along a short corridor, and so on to the cosy little room, wherein would be seated, with book or fancy needle-work, the adorable Rachel, stately and demure, but surpassing sweet withal, whose love-fraught eyes and lips of ruby red seemed to half-belie the Diana-like sedateness of her brow! There, in the quiet seclusion of that delicious sanctuary, with but very occasional visits from the 'Dragon,'—made ostensibly for the purpose of stirring the fire—would those delicious evenings be passed, whiled away in the sweet converse of happy lovers, which could not by any chance prove interesting to a third party.

Thus, it will appear that the course of Philip Tremerton's true love was running pretty smoothly; nothing, it is certain, had occurred as yet to disturb love's gently flowing tide. The winter gave place to spring, and spring lapsed into summer, and still these delightful visits to the *Pendragon* were repeated with unbroken regularity. Indeed, young Tremerton's engagement to the beautiful heiress had come to be regarded as a well-established fact in Kenlyn and the neighbourhood; and those rejected suitors whose hearts we may suppose to have been hopelessly shattered by their rejection, cast rancorous eyes on the man who had drawn the envied prize. But it was now that, without the slightest warning, a calamity came upon the confident lover which dashed him at once from the summit of unclouded happiness to a troubled sea of doubt and galling perplexity.

Imagine our friend's utter bewilderment and dismay when, one luckless summer morning, the postman brought to him at Kingstonbrea the following curt, severe and, to him, most inexplicable letter:

THE PENDRAGON ARMS, KENLYN.

June 23, 18—.

SIR—Accept this as an intimation of my desire that the attentions you have thought fit to bestow on my daughter—attentions which, through a misplaced confidence in you, I have permitted her to receive so long—be immediately discontinued; and that any understanding which may have existed between Rachel and yourself be buried for ever in the past. Under the circumstances, an explanation cannot possibly be needed; your own perfidious heart will tell you that—happily, before it would have been too late—your true character has been revealed.—MARGURITA SILVERLOCKE.

P.S.—It will be but doing justice to myself to add that Rachel has sanctioned unreservedly every word of the above, and that she entirely appreciates the motive with which I address you these lines.

M. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON FIREMAN.

WITHIN a period of about twenty years, London has been the scene of numerous extensive conflagrations, some of which, by their magnitude and the incidents which occurred at them, are deserving of being recalled to the memory of our readers. Not a few were productive of great loss of life, fifteen human beings having perished at one in Bloomsbury in March 1858, although the dimensions of this fire were far from leading one to expect so great a misfortune. But I purpose to notice only such as were distinguished for their unusual extent, not omitting explosions, which in most cases are marked with a fatality that ordinary fires are free from.

The first that claims attention was the explosion at the Firework Factories of Madame Cotton, in the Westminster Road, in July 1858, when three hundred persons were more or less injured, and three at least to a fatal extent. The premises of Madame Cotton were then unusually stocked with the articles of her trade, as the season was just at its height, and she was busily engaged fulfilling an order for the approaching Vauxhall fête. On this account, the fire—which originated in an upper part of the building—was bound to have most appalling results; and in effect, the explosion, or rather series of explosions which followed, were beyond description terrific. The whole city it might be said was in a panic. For miles around, the houses were shaken to their foundations; and the inmates, with their children in their arms, came rushing into the streets in a state bordering on frenzy, crying piteously for instructions as to where they were to run for safety. Just as the fire-engines arrived, and as the turncock had drawn on the main for supplying them, the whole building, except a portion of the external walls, was blown into the air; and rockets, Catherine-wheels, and the more powerful description of fireworks, exploded, creating the wildest excitement, as men, women, and children were dashed to the ground by the terrible force of

the explosion. Portions of the building were hurled to a great distance; and the surrounding houses without exception were to a greater or less extent injured by the concussion or the force of projected debris. The lives lost under the circumstances were happily few; but the injuries received—some of which were of a shocking character—bore testimony by their number to the disastrous effects of the explosion.

In the same year, on August 26, Long Acre was the scene of a tremendous conflagration, when the extensive premises of Messrs Kesterton the harness-makers and coach-builders were almost entirely consumed, and numerous adjoining buildings, including St Martin's Hall, greatly injured. This fire occurred during the night, and was a sight which can only be witnessed in the hushed stillness of a sleeping city, when the sensation of ascending columns of lurid light entrance the gaze, and hold it spell-bound by their fierceness and grandeur. The fire, devouring the vast extent of woodwork with which the place was filled, spread with terrible rapidity, and the crackling timber told how fast it travelled. The flames were of astounding magnitude; they lit up the surrounding district as if a million household fires were ablaze; and the light was so great, that the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, Westminster Abbey, and the west end and city church steeples were brilliantly illuminated, and their architectural proportions brought out in grand relief. At one time, when the fire was at its height, and whilst two firemen of the brigade were at work, the heat melted the front iron shutters; and the lead on the interior of the coach-factory and the hall ran down in a molten state like streams of glittering silver, and falling on the back of a fireman, so seriously burned him, that his removal to the hospital was instantly necessary. The fire raged throughout the day; and the damage to property was of great extent. No lives, however, seem to have been lost.

But no fire since the great historical one of 1666, has been witnessed in London equal to that which broke out in Tooley Street on the evening of June 22, 1861. No pen could describe the sensation which the sight aroused in the spectators; even my comrades of the Brigade, whose constant experience and familiarity with the 'devouring element' create indifference in regard to the spectacles they so often encounter, were at once impressed by the enormous character of this huge conflagration. The outbreak took place in the extensive premises known as Cotton's Wharf, and the bonded warehouses belonging to Messrs Scovell. These buildings occupied a space of three acres, embracing eight or nine warehouses six stories in height, which were filled with valuable merchandise of every description, and with combustible material such as saltpetre, tallow, oils, hemp and cotton. When the engines arrived from Watling Street, Mr Braidwood, who was then chief, predicted the fire would be of great magnitude, and prepared accordingly to put forth all his energies to cope with it. His men needed no words to inspire them with a proper appreciation of their task, but at once put on that silent air of determination which characterises the men of the Brigade. At first, no flame could be seen, but an increasing denseness of smoke, which made any approach to the floors impracticable. Stationing

his men in the most advantageous spots, Mr Braidwood directed their efforts with his usual care and coolness; but these were found to produce but little effect. About an hour after its outbreak, the fire burst forth with great fury; and the whole of the main building from basement to roof became enveloped in a mass of fire. Immediately it spread and caught the adjoining warehouses, which were soon gutted, the tallow and oil which they contained running through the loopholes in a stream as the warehouses ignited. It was about this stage of the fire that Mr Braidwood was killed. Several times he had come to cheer his men by his presence and give them some refreshment, which they sorely needed; and whilst thus assisting the men posted at the western gateway, a terrific explosion suddenly occurred. Mr Henderson—then foreman of the southern district of the Brigade—shouted for all to run. The men dropped their branches. Two, along with Mr Henderson, escaped by the front gateway; and the others ran in the opposite direction on to the wharf, where they jumped into the river. Mr Braidwood made an effort to follow Mr Henderson, but was struck down by the upper part of the wall, and buried beneath some tons of brickwork. Some of the men rushed to extricate him, hopeless as the task was; but another explosion happening, they were compelled to flee.

Soon the report spread of Mr Braidwood's death; and the sad news had a gloomy effect on the men. Mr Henderson then assumed the superintendence, and every effort was put forth to arrest the terrible progress of the conflagration, which was now perhaps the most imposing scene ever witnessed during the century. Although the sun had not yet set, all London told the tale of fire; far and near, its lurid light was cast on the public buildings, and the east end was darkened with the clouds of smoke that floated from the burning pile. Probably, never before had such a mass of human beings been crowded together in the metropolis. London Bridge and the surrounding thoroughfares being blocked impassably, and every coign of vantage, even to the gallery of the Monument, taken possession of by excited spectators. The fire raged ceaselessly for many hours, notwithstanding the countless streams of water poured on it; and a stronger breeze would have borne it in all directions across the river, to the Custom-house, the Tower, and the shipping, which at low water would be fatally exposed, and taking in Bermondsey and Southwark, nearer-hand districts, which would speedily have been laid in ashes. Happily, the air was calm, and remained so up to four o'clock next morning, fully eleven hours after the outbreak of the fire, whose further course was then arrested. Not, however, without the most intense exertions of the men, to whom the recollection of this fire must ever continue vivid, from the overpowering heat which they stood, and the protracted fruitlessness of their efforts in mastering the terrible flames. The fire continued burning several days in its circumscribed area, affording the gratification of curiosity and wonder to countless multitudes during its continuance, and attracting among others the Prince of Wales and the late Premier, then Mr Disraeli. The fatalities were confined to Mr Braidwood, and to a few others who lost their lives by falling into the river in the crush for

positions on the balustrades of the bridge. The damage to property was immense—it reached not far short of three millions sterling.

Happily, such appalling disasters are now less to be dreaded, owing to the greatly increased efficiency of the Brigade's appliances, and the promptitude displayed in arriving at the scene of danger, as well as the abundant supply of water that may now be calculated on. But it is only within a recent period that the Brigade has achieved this admirable condition.

PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

THERE is no greater tyrant in a house than a bad-tempered person. There may be no particular tyranny in his actions, or even words; for looks and manner are of themselves quite sufficient to keep a whole household in awe. Bad temper does not consist entirely of passion; in fact, passionate people are often of an affectionate disposition, and injure themselves more than any one else. But the *really* bad-tempered person governs the household. All the other members of it are in a perpetual state of conspiracy as to how he shall be pleased and kept in good-humour. He must have the most comfortable chair in the cosiest corner; the meals must be regulated both as to time and food according to his pleasure; nothing must be done without considering how it will affect him; and all this because, if he be put out, he knows how to make the house unbearable to every one. We use the masculine pronoun in speaking of the bad-tempered person, though the distemper belongs to both sexes. Perhaps it predominates in women; for men have to begin early to fight their way in the world, and so learn to be tolerant; and the bustle and worry of life make them glad of peace and quietness. But a very large number of women remain in comfortable homes, with no particular object in life but marriage; and when they are disappointed of this, settle down into bad temper. At this time of the year, we are more forcibly reminded than at any other of the various family tempers. Sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts and cousins, all meet.

Perhaps we are an amiable family, and are deep in consideration as to how we shall keep Aunt Elizabeth in good temper during the week she is with us; or how we shall prevent Aunt Susan and Aunt Jane from falling out, as they invariably do at Christmas-time, before they have been in the house twelve hours.

Or we may be a family where a spoiled daughter holds sway, who does not see why she should take the trouble to be agreeable to old-fogyish aunts and poor cousins; and so she makes the former feel very uncomfortable, and snubs the latter, and makes Christmas a time to be dreaded.

Or we may have a large family of children, and a regular Christmas visitor in the shape of a rich bachelor brother, who we fondly hope will never marry; which seems probable, as he considers himself far too precious to bestow on any woman.

Our brother has a temper as well as money; and we implore the children to be very polite to Uncle Tom, and not get in his way, as he hates anything in the shape of youth—though he endeavours by various artificial means to keep a youthful appearance himself. But it is in vain that we speak. Before his departure, Uncle Tom has expressed himself in very strong terms concerning 'those noisy brats,' and mutters some threat about never coming again.

Or we may have for master of the house one of those people who cannot see why we should have all this rubbish and nonsense at Christmas-time, spoiling our digestion with unwholesome food, and putting out the postal arrangements with these ridiculous bits of coloured pasteboard. We live in positive trembling of having to announce that we intend to do something in the way of a Christmas-tree for the children.

Or we may have for mistress a woman who lives in a perpetual state of grumble all the year round at the weight of her household duties, and who at Christmas is so overwhelmed with them, and takes such good care to overwhelm every one else, that you feel that every mouthful of plum-pudding you eat has been made with groans and sighs.

It is a curious psychological fact that bad-tempered people generally profess a good deal of piety, and claim to be morally better than those around them. Their very sulkiness may be described as shutting themselves up in their own righteousness. They get what we call a sulky fit, but what they flatter themselves is an expression of self-justification. They refuse to speak for some time because they fancy that those who have offended them are not worthy to be spoken to, and that their silence will be a punishment—which it really is to the sensitive good-natured ones, who are only too anxious to keep peace at any price. They are willing to take the blame, and to do anything if only the bad-tempered person will relax. And when he does relax, are we not extravagantly enthusiastic, and vow that after all he, or she, is really very good? In fact, it may be said that we are so 'grateful for small mercies' from bad-tempered people, that we altogether over-estimate their virtues in our delight at anything like kind treatment from them; and so perhaps in the end they get a great deal more praise than those 'who pursue the even tenor of their way.' And then it is a curious physical fact that bad-tempered people seem scarcely ever to have a serious illness, yet are always ailing. If the tyrant of the house has a headache, no one else dares to complain; that headache is the chief event of the family while it lasts. Or if any other member of the house happens to have a cold or sore throat or any disease, the bad-tempered person probably remarks in a martyr-like tone, 'I feel very bad myself,' which is as much as to say, you need not expect sympathy from some one who is suffering more than yourself.

There are philosophers who maintain that all mental defects may be traced to some physical cause. If this is so, we imagine there must be too much gall or acid in the blood of bad-tempered people. But on the other hand, there are philosophers who maintain that the mind governs the body. In that case, might we not so govern our

tempers as to prevent the gall from entering the blood? The very word temper suggests temperament or constitution; but whether the body acts more on the mind than the mind on the body, is still a moot-point. Be that as it may, we all of us have at least some will of our own; and if we cannot altogether eradicate our evil temper, we can go a great way towards keeping it in control.

It is quite impossible for a family to live happily together unless every member of it makes some sacrifice of his or her desires and wants, for the benefit of the others. At this time, when we commemorate the coming of Him who was to bring 'peace and good-will' on earth, we ought more especially to remember this. The young should treat their elder relations with deference and affection, and make allowance for the temper that has been perhaps tried by many misfortunes; the elder ones should try and remember their own early days, and be lenient to the faults of youth. And finally, the bad-tempered ones, as they are generally so regular in their religious duties, should let the Church lessons sink deep enough into their hearts, to clear away all the gall and bitterness.

MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS OF VULGAR WALL-POSTERS.

In his address on Art, delivered at the Social Science Congress, Edinburgh, in October of this year, Professor Richmond passed some justly merited strictures upon the vulgarity of the large advertisement-posters which deface the walls of our larger cities. He said: 'It was asked in the earlier part of my address, what agencies are at work in our great cities which are acting against the artistic development and good taste of the poorer class? Now, there is one which will at once appeal to us all. What a means the system of large advertising pictures might be made, if rightly used, for the education of taste among the lower classes! What a blot and abuse it is in our streets as at present used! It is difficult to find words strong enough to declaim against the miles of walls which are covered with vulgar and revolting placards. And now the Brobdingnagian dimensions they assume are positively alarming in their gigantic hideousness. We have an inspector of plays, an inspector who is bound to see that no public morals are injured by what is produced upon the public stage. Why should we not have an inspector of moral tastes for our still more public streets? It will perhaps be said that this would be interfering with the liberty of the subject, that you could not exercise such a right without injury to it. But you have an inspector of architecture; you are obliged to build to a certain symmetry with other houses; the frontage of your house must be in accordance with the frontage of your neighbour's house; and furthermore, alas! for the beauty of our streets, the houses must look as much as possible as though they were turned out of the same mould.

'Well, we will admit that this supervision is a failure, and that the laws under which it acts are detrimental to beauty, invention, and variety. But it need scarcely be thought that such transient works as advertisements would be injured in the subject of their tastes by an artistic overseer, who would have the public good taste at his heart. I say transient advertisements; this in a sense they

are; but in another sense they are the very reverse; for their bad and vile Art is lowering to the taste of the very class we are most anxious to elevate, and must leave behind it an indelible injury, the reverse of transient.

'If those who advertise would get the advice of good artists, and there are among our best designers those who would gladly assist in such a worthy cause, not only would they profit by the attraction well-designed advertisements would have, but also they would, instead of doing a public harm, as they are now doing, by using a powerful weapon in an ostentatious and vulgar way, be public benefactors, by disseminating good art in the most public manner possible. We all know the admirable work done by Mr Walter Crane in his *Baby's Opera*, and by Mr Caldecott in his illustrations to *John Gilpin*, and other excellent designs. Taking these two artists, whose facility and taste especially fit them both for designing where rapidity of invention and execution, humour and pathos, are such necessities, let us imagine what a difference there would be on the hoarding-boards, omnibus interiors, and railway stations, if the works here were executed under the supervision of such excellent designers. Where at present our eyes are disgusted, our sense of all refinement insulted, we should—and what is still more important, the workmen and labourers would—find something worth looking at, something which, instead of lowering, would elevate taste.'

In these strictures, Professor Richmond has our cordial sympathy.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WALKING.

A careful summary is given by the *Lancet* of the manner in which M. Marey has investigated some points in the physiology of walking. 'Some time ago he devised an apparatus for registering the steps, which he has called an *odograph*. It consists of a small cylinder, rotating by means of clock-work in its interior; and of a pen which marks on the cylinder, and is raised at each step by an impulse communicated by a ball of air beneath the sole. Observations have been made on a number of young soldiers. It was ascertained that the step is longer in going up hill than in going down hill. It is shorter when a burden is carried; longer with low than with high heeled boots; longer when the sole is thick and prolonged a little beyond the foot, than when it is short and flexible. It thus appears that the heel may with benefit be almost indefinitely lowered; while it is disadvantageous to prolong the sole of the boot beyond a certain limit, or to give it an absolute rigidity. Some influences which lengthen the step lessen its frequency; so in going up hill, the step becomes at the same time longer and less frequent. In walking on level ground, the length of the step and its frequency are always proportioned; the quicker the walk, the longer the step.

'Nature here proves the folly of the high heel in a most practical manner; and the objection to them in men is equally applicable to ladies; and if they could only see themselves as they totter along perched up on high heels and walking as if stepping on egg-shells, their ludicrous appearance would at once stop the fashion. Any one accustomed to country-life and long walks on the hills,

must have felt that terrible leg-weariness which a day's shopping with a lady entails. The slow irregular walk, the frequent pauses, and the difficulty of taking short steps with proper balance, are trials well known to men. Without a good-shaped low-heeled boot, no lady, however pretty her foot or graceful her carriage, can walk becomingly, with ease to herself, and a proper flexion of the muscles of the feet and legs. Half the ricked ankles come from heels being too high to form a proper steady base for the weight of the body, and the narrow pointed toes prevent their proper expansion and use. Make a footprint in the sand and then go and place your boot in it—what a margin there will be! Horses even, with a horny hoof, suffer terribly if their shoes are cramped and do not allow the foot to expand.

'Much more might be written of the accompanying ills of tight and high-heeled boots; but as long as women will bear the pain so as to appear taller and to have tiny feet, so long will they do violence to Nature's gifts. Legs and feet were given us for use, to exercise the body upon. In fact, so cramped up and stilted has fashion made the walk nowadays, that a lady with wooden legs might pass muster in the Park undiscovered.'

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE Christmas bells are pealing sweet;
The snow lies thickly at our feet;
All, all around is calm and fair;
A holy stillness fills the air!
Warbles the Robin on the spray,
The holly spray:
What does he say to-day, to-day,
What does he say?

He sings the song of Peace—Good-will
To all the nations of the earth;
He sings of Gratitude to Him
Who for our sakes this day had birth;
He sings of Perfect Brotherhood,
Of rendering for Evil—Good;
He sings of Injuries forgiven;
Of Love, that makes of earth a heaven!

'Take ye, in my thanksgiving, part!
He carols from his little heart:
'Make with mine own, your voices heard;
Let Man be grateful as the Bird!
All this the Robin sings to-day,
To-day, to-day,
Perched high upon the holly spray!

A. H. BALDWIN.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 886.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY AMONGST THE NAGAS.

SOME thirty-five years ago, my late husband, then a young man, accepted an appointment under the Assam Tea Company, and after an absence of a few years, returned home. We had been brought up together as children, indeed we were distantly related; and although Willie was some six or seven years my senior, he always declared I was to be his wife. He had bought an outlying Garden of the Company's, and asked me to return with him as his wife, to superintend his home in the far-distant jungles of Assam. So, when he was twenty-four and I barely eighteen, we were married in our quiet Scotch kirk, and left shortly afterwards for Calcutta by the newly established Overland Route.

In 1845 there were no steamers plying up the Brahmaputra River, so, after reaching Calcutta, we had the prospect of a three months' voyage in boats. I was assured I should find it a monotonous journey; and notwithstanding the many and varied scenes which we daily witnessed, I must own I was heartily glad when we arrived at Nazareh, the headquarters of the Assam Tea Company. Here we were hospitably entertained by the manager and officers of the Company; and after a few days' rest, left for our home, a five days' journey on elephants. We arrived safely at our destination, not much the worse for our trip, but much shaken by the jolting of the elephants and much bitten by the mosquitos *en route*. My husband had been formerly manager here; and on the Company's concentrating their Gardens and selling some of the outlying ones, he had purchased this, and therefore not only knew the place well, but was well known by all the neighbouring tribes, who used to bring him seed of the indigenous tea-plant, found growing wild amidst their hills.

Our house, I found, was a long building, with front and back verandahs, raised on piles five feet high—with a wooden floor, plank sides, and

thatched roof, situated in a picturesque spot close to a mountain stream, and at the foot of the Naga Hills. The building itself was somewhat desolate-looking, and but poorly furnished; but I had brought many nicknacks with me, and in a few days our home looked all the brighter for them. Our nearest European neighbours were eleven miles off. In front of our house, between it and the river, we had a small garden, in which in the cold season most English flowers thrive amazingly. On our left we had a large kitchen-garden; and on our right, a large inclosed space where we kept goats, fowls, geese, ducks, &c. In our rear lay the Tea Garden. We had then about seventy acres of old tea, about fifty acres of new; and in a very short time we had some thirty more acres cleared, ready for planting.

Every morning at daybreak I was up, and sometimes accompanied Willie in his rounds. He never went out without his gun, and seldom returned home empty-handed; for pea-fowl, pheasants, and jungle-fowl were abundant in the Garden itself; and by going to a swamp a few miles off, buffaloes, deer, pig, and tigers were in plenty; and as my husband was an enthusiastic sportsman, I always accompanied him in the back-seat of the howdah; and I must own that I almost enjoyed the sport as much as he did, till one day I met with an accident, by being thrown from my elephant's back, and my husband would never take me out again.

Two years sped. We had been doing well. We had nearly three hundred acres under plant; and although our life was an uneventful one, its monotony was occasionally broken by a visit from some neighbouring tea-planter, or some gentleman in search of a suitable locality for opening out a Garden, or by some officer of the 2d Assam Light Infantry on sport intent. I had no children; but found plenty of employment in household matters, in establishing schools for the coolies' children, in looking after the sick and the welfare generally of our dependants.

I soon learned Bengalee and Assamese; but although the Nagas often paid us visits, and we

were apparently the best of friends, I had not succeeded in learning any of their language, nor did I acquire any confidence in them; but we lived, as we thought, in perfect security, and although we heard of occasional raids by the Hill tribes, they were not in our direction. The Nagas are a sturdy, ugly, treacherous, but withal brave race, much given to head-hunting, like most of the tribes on our north-eastern frontier; but they had been severely handled by our troops not long before, and it was thought they had settled down into peaceable folks.

Things went on quietly enough till November 1847. My husband had just left for a few days on one of his half-yearly journeys. I had been very busy all day; the season was an unusually sickly one, and our hospital was full of sick women and children, on whom I had been attending all day; and I was thoroughly tired before I retired to rest. I had noticed many Nagas, unaccompanied by any of their women, go past our lines that day; and though I had been told it was a bad sign when these savages came down into the plains alone, I never gave it a thought; and after seeing everything made fast, I went to bed. I had not been asleep for more than an hour or two, when I was awakened by the most fearful yells and screams of men, women, and children, together with the glare of our tea-houses and coolie-lines on fire! I had just time to spring out of bed and to put on a few clothes, when our own bungalow was surrounded by a band of savages, armed with spears and clubs, and carrying torches, which they threw on to our roof. The place was instantaneously in flames; and to escape suffocation, I rushed out as I was, and was immediately felled to the ground, and lay insensible for some time. When I recovered, I found myself pinioned, whilst all around me was desolation. Our late home was a mass of charred and smoking ruins; and oh! horror of horrors, a pile of heads of men, women, and children was lying close by me! The savages were hunting about for more victims. Many of them were drunk, and covered with blood; and every now and then an agonising scream and an exultant laugh would proclaim that some wretch had been but too successful in his search, and that another poor coolie had been discovered and sacrificed.

This dreadful scene lasted fully two hours, when the Nagas seemed satisfied that there were no more victims alive, and gathered together round where I lay, and apparently discussed what my fate was to be. Some were evidently clamorous for my head; others—and amongst them I fancied were some who had been in the habit of visiting us—were more humanely inclined; and at one time I thought it would end in a fight between the two factions. But another and stronger party, headed by a chief whom I recognised as one to whom my husband had shewn much kindness, and whose child had been nursed by me through a dangerous illness, at once decided my fate, by ordering a stretcher to be prepared, on which I was placed, and carried by two men along a jungle-path leading to the mountains. My head was fearfully swollen from the blow I had received; I suffered tortures from racking pains in the head, and also from cold, for I was but partially dressed, and the weather in

Assam, especially in the hilly districts, is bitterly cold from November to the middle of February. As if my other miseries were not enough, I was almost eaten alive by mosquitos; and every now and then, horrid tree-leeches would fall down upon me as we brushed through the jungle, immediately fasten on me, and suck away till from repletion they fell off. We moved at a rapid rate all the remainder of that night and till noon next day, when we halted for an hour by a stream, and where I must have again become insensible, for I remember nothing further till the starry sky above proclaimed night once more; but still our party hurried on, nor did we halt till close on daybreak. A small party or advance-guard then went on, whilst the main body rested, and formed into something like a procession. At dawn, the sound of gongs and drums was heard approaching us. The chief who had interposed to save my life, headed the savages; immediately behind him came relays of men, two and two, carrying on a pole between them some eight or ten heads; then our two elephants and ponies; then myself on the stretcher; then a few of the best-looking girls and female children, who had been spared to become the slaves of their captors; and last of all, a miscellaneous collection of loot.

As we wound round the hill, up a steep path, leading to the fortified village, the savages began to yell forth a chant; many of them danced and capered; whilst the women coo-oo-ed and clapped their hands, bowing their heads to the ground as we passed by; and amidst the yelling of men, women, and children, the beating of tom-toms, gongs, and instruments resembling those called cholera horns of India, we entered the stockade by a narrow doorway. The stockade itself was nearly a square, each face about one hundred and seventy-five yards long. On three sides there were houses, built in long lines, and well raised off the ground; and the fourth side, the only one apparently approachable by an enemy, was strongly fortified, and the space in front *pangied*. Pangies are bamboo spikes, hardened, sharpened, and jagged, driven into the ground for some distance round every stockade, and covered over with fallen leaves. Often they are poisoned. They will go through the toughest sole, and once in the foot, cannot be extracted; and if poisoned, death follows in an hour or two. Hence, they are greatly dreaded. Several gingalls were placed, and rude towers flanked the position, on which were collected huge stones, or rather rocks, ready to hurl down upon an invading foe. In the centre of the stockade was a long pole, and arranged round it were human heads, besides those of gayals, buffaloes, and deer; whilst tied tightly down to five pegs were as many gayals, which were forthwith slain.

Copious draughts of an intoxicating drink made of fermented rice were drunk. The women then formed in a ring, and danced round the pole to a slow measure, twice or thrice; then leaned down, with their heads bowed to the ground, whilst amidst a perfect fury of tom-toms and gongs, the ceremony of flaying the slain cattle commenced. And after another march round the pole and a general chorus, a chief stepped to the front and made an oration, which was greatly applauded. The women danced round hand in hand, and opening out into two parties, allowed the men

with the gayals' heads to enter, and closed up the space behind them. The five heads were placed equidistant from one another and from the pole; both men and women stepped over them with a mincing gait, clapping their hands and keeping time to the rude music; salaaming at the same time to the human heads. They did this twice; then joining hands, men in the inner ring, and women in the outer, danced round furiously, and suddenly broke off into small parties; and whilst the warriors, weary from their long and hurried journey, retired to rest, the women and those who had not joined in the foray, cut up the gayals, and prepared the evening feast.

The foregoing, which is but a faint description of the frightful and disgusting scene, was not over till past noon. I had been apparently forgotten while it lasted. I lay tied to the stretcher, without the least shelter from the sun, a silent and horrified spectator of this shocking spectacle. The sun had raised blisters over my face, neck, and shoulders. I was taken to the chief's house, and liberated; but being unable to move, I was carried into a corner and there deposited, where I soon became unconscious; raging fever set in; and all I remembered for some time was incessant drumming, and night made hideous with debauchery and diabolical rites and noises; but whether it was really so, I cannot state positively, for I was light-headed many days; and when I recovered sufficiently to notice occurrences, I had lost all reckoning, and knew neither the date of the month nor the days of the week, nor the duration of my illness.

For days and weeks I lingered between life and death, and I fear I did pray for death more than once, for the agony I suffered, not only bodily but mentally, was fearful. How I lived through it all, I do not know. The chief's wife whose child I had tended, poured congee or rice-water down my throat twice or thrice a day; but beyond this I took no nourishment for upwards of a month; and from a rather comely and plump young woman, I became the most fearful scarecrow possible, reduced to mere skin and bone; and in this state, though scarcely able to stand, I had to toil and work like the other women. Whilst I was with them, which I ascertained afterwards was close upon six months, the horrors of the date of my arrival were frequently repeated, for there was a general and most unexpected rising amongst the Hill people. Police there was none; the troops were too few and too scattered to be of any use, so the savages had it pretty much their own way.

All this time I had never heard a word of my husband. I knew his indomitable character, and was sure he would not be satisfied with mere rumours or surmises, but would search for me till he ascertained beyond a doubt whether I was dead or alive, and would rescue me or die in the attempt. I had now learned some of the Naga language, but did not let any of them know of my knowledge; and now and then I was cheered by hearing them say a force was advancing into the Hills; but alas! my exultation was shortlived, for the commandant, who was a very inefficient officer, allowed himself to be surprised and beaten back with severe loss; and sad to say, amongst the heads brought in by the savages, I recognised one as that of poor young S—, who had but lately joined the regi-

ment, and who had been our guest but nine months before. On another occasion I recognised two brothers, tea-planters, who had lived about twenty miles from us, and who, it appears, had made a desperate resistance before being overpowered by numbers, and slain. Whenever the raiders returned, how my heart sank with dread! for I feared to find amongst their ghastly trophies the head of my dear husband.

The savages seldom brought back any captives; they only cared for heads; but occasionally, when they came across a young girl, they brought her back with them. All those hitherto brought in were from a different part of the district from ours, and I neither knew them, nor they of my husband; but at last a young Eurasian girl, whom I had known or rather seen in Nazareth, was brought in; and through her I learned that my husband was alive, but nearly heartbroken, and that he was serving with Captain C—'s force, and exposing his life recklessly, and extremely savage with his commander for his incompetence and want of skill. But, said the girl, it was rumoured that a general-officer, with fresh troops from Calcutta, was shortly expected; that Captain C— had been recalled; and that although an immediate attack on the savages was forbidden, B—, of the 3d Light Infantry, a well-known resolute and efficient officer, with a part of his regiment, had been sent to keep up a strict blockade, and that he had established posts along the base of the Hills, about fifteen miles off.

I think the Nagas looked upon me as a harmless idiot, for they allowed me to wander about the stockade without hindrance; and I learned that though apparently impregnable on three faces, yet that a secret passage existed in the north face, by which they could retreat in case of need. My heart was aching to rejoin my husband, especially when I learned he was so near; so I determined to escape. I did not now refuse the food set apart for me, but for a week or ten days husbanded my strength, and ate and drank all they offered me. Buoyed up by hope, my health greatly improved, and my strength came back rapidly. My own scanty clothes had worn off my back long ago, and I was now dressed like a Naga woman, with only a shift and petticoat; I had neither shoes nor stockings, yet I made up my mind to try to escape directly the nights were sufficiently dark for that purpose; and I was further assisted by another orgie of the savages, who had again surprised a post, brought home more heads, and had another heavy drink and debauch. Whilst the devilry was at its height, commending myself to an all-powerful Ruler, I stepped into the secret passage, and fled not only for my life but for dear liberty, home, and husband. I knew enough of Captain B—'s character to be sure that if I succeeded in reaching his camp, and he learned the secret of the passage by which I had escaped, he would be anxious to surprise the enemy's stronghold. I was doubtful whether my strength would enable me to reach his outposts; but I was sure I never could guide the troops back, even if I had the courage to return to such a detestable spot. So I took a bundle of cotton with me, and left a little here and there from the end of the secret passage to the main pathway, which led down the ghaut. Although the night was pitchy dark, I had no difficulty, once I was

out of the secret passage, in finding the path down to the plains; and the distance between it and the stockade was barely a quarter of a mile. Where the path diverged, I stuck a forked stick with a good handful of cotton in it and pointing towards the direction to be taken. I knew wild beasts abounded in these jungles; but so joyous was I at the idea of escape, I gave them no heed, but hurried down as fast as my unprotected feet would carry me. I had anticipated a good five hours' march; but imagine my delight when I was challenged by a Goorkha of the 3d Light Infantry (now the 44th Light Infantry) before I had been two hours on the journey. I could have hugged the ugly but brave little soldier; but as I was to all intents and purposes a Naga in dress and dirt, he would not allow me to pass his post; and I was at a loss what to do, and all but crying, when I heard my own husband's voice asking what the row was about! Regardless of the sentry, I rushed forward, and crying, 'O Willie, don't you know me?' fell into my husband's arms; and barely escaped a thrust made at me by the honest little Goorkha, who thought I was some witch of a Naga intent on mischief!

It would be useless trying to describe the next few moments. Half crying, half laughing, I clung to my dear one, thankful to feel his protecting arms once more round me, and told him in a few words what I had suffered, and how I had escaped. He thought the news so important that he urged me to see Captain B—— at once, utterly unfit though I was to see any civilised being. He told me the information I could give might be the making of him and Captain B——; that our Garden was destroyed, and we all but penniless; and if he could render government some important service, he might get employment. So, for his dear sake, I instantly consented; and in a marvellously short time B—— was in our hut. I told him of the revelry in the enemy's camp, of the secret passage, and the means I had adopted of pointing out the route to it, and also of all the horrors I had witnessed. My transient strength had been already overtaxed. I was dead-beat; and my husband persuaded me to lie down; and in a few moments I was fast asleep; the first really refreshing and happy sleep I had had during the past six months.

No sooner was I asleep, than my husband offered to lead the stormers—they were short of officers, owing to sickness and casualties—and Captain B—— decided to capture the enemy's post by a *coup de main*; and within half an hour, one hundred and fifty Goorkhas under Willie, with a reserve of another hundred and fifty under Captain B—— himself, were *en route*. They found the forked stick as I had described; and the cotton scattered about led them direct to the secret passage, and they were inside the stockade before a single Naga suspected the presence of an enemy. The troops entered just before daybreak, when the savages were in their most profound sleep, and but few escaped the vengeance they so well merited. It appeared that Captain B——, finding the Nagas slipping through his lines, owing to their extent, had drawn the cordon closer on the enemy, and I had thus fortunately found his outposts so much nearer than I had anticipated. Our loss was not severe—only a few men; but my poor husband was severely wounded; and when I awoke from nearly

fifteen hours' sleep and found him lying in the hut, a mass of bandages, and with scarcely strength to speak to me, I was nearly beside myself, and was very nearly upbraiding him for having left me and risked his life; but Captain B—— came in, and told me my husband had behaved in the most gallant manner, and that he had recommended him for a commission.

Careful nursing soon brought Willie round; and when he was able to move, we went to Seelsaugor, where, what with being with my husband, and seeing kindly European faces round me, and happiness instead of despair staring me in the face, I improved so much, that in three months people declared I was as bonnie as before my misfortunes.

Three days after Captain B——'s successful attack and destruction of the principal stronghold of the Nagas, the Brigadier arrived; but instead of praising that gallant officer he reprimanded him for disobedience of orders in attacking the enemy; which so disgusted B——, that he accepted an appointment offered him in the Civil branch of the administration of the province; in which he greatly distinguished himself, and rose to the highest posts. He was also somewhat consoled by a private letter from the Commander-in-chief, praising him highly for his promptitude and gallantry, and regretting that he was unable publicly to notice his claims in the face of the General's division orders; but that he would do so indirectly; and also that he had much pleasure in recommending my husband for a commission to the Directors of the Honourable the East India Company; which he received in due time; and though he began his military service somewhat late in life, his subsequent career in the Sutlej and Punjab wars, on Lord Raglan's staff in the Crimea, and during the Mutinies, are too well known to need repetition. He rapidly rose to be a field-officer, a C.B. and V.C. for conspicuous bravery in the field; but he fell as a gallant soldier should, with his face to the foe, in the final assault on Lucknow; and I, his widow, shall ever remember the cause which led to his career as a soldier, and the harrowing period passed by me as a captive amongst the Nagas.

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

CHAPTER III.

ONE evening about this time Mopsy was sitting in her own room up-stairs busily engaged in finishing some copying, which should have been done earlier in the day. It was close upon midnight, and the girl's eyes ached sorely as she strained them to write by the light of the solitary tallow-candle. She was feeling worn out, but she kept at her work with desperate energy. Presently, to her vexation she discovered that a paper necessary to the completion of her work was missing. She must have left it down-stairs in the back-room, where she had been writing earlier in the evening. For a moment she was at a loss what to do, but summoning up her courage she resolved to go in search of it. It was not pleasant to think of going down into those dreary rooms after every one in the house had retired to rest, but the work was

important, and it would be far more unpleasant to encounter her uncle Jonathan's angry looks if he found her task unfinished. So, candle in hand, and treading as lightly as possible, she proceeded down the dark, rickety staircase. Having reached the gloomy hall, the unwonted presence of a human being at that time of night caused unbounded consternation to a company of black-beetles who were holding a social meeting. The sight of this 'black-watch' filled the girl with horror, and she retreated a few steps up the staircase, and was about to give up the undertaking, when she perceived a light coming from beneath the door of the back-room. Who could be there at this late hour? Her uncles were believers in the early to bed and early to rise theory, and were usually most regular in their habits. Curiosity getting the better of fear, Mopsy moved nearer to the door. She now saw that it was ajar, and with a cautious movement she pushed it a trifle wider open, and peeped into the room. To her surprise she beheld her uncle Barnabas standing within. He, like herself, had evidently descended for some purpose after he had retired to his room, for he wore a loose, greasy-looking dressing-gown, and carried a bedroom-candlestick in his hand. Afraid though she was of attracting his attention, Margery could not draw back. Her uncle's appearance was so mysterious, that she felt constrained to stand and watch his movements.

Placing his candle on the mantel-shelf, he turned to the side of the fireplace, and apparently touching some hidden spring there, caused the wooden panel to slide back, disclosing a small iron safe neatly fitted into the side of the wall. Taking a bunch of keys from the pocket of his dressing-gown, he proceeded to open this safe. With a hard rasping sound the lock flew back. A heavy substantial-looking cash-box stood just within the door. Drawing this forth, he sat down in his chair, and placing the box on his knees, he unlocked it, and began to examine its contents. There was money in the box; how much Mopsy could not tell, but she heard the yellow coins chink as her uncle turned them over in his tremulous fingers. There were crisp bank-notes too in the box; she heard the peculiar rustle of the paper as he took up roll after roll, gazing at them, with the covetous joy of a miser irradiating his features.

But miser though he was, Mr Cheadlewood was not guilty of the folly of keeping his gold at hand, that he might have the joy of fingering it. Margery knew how it was that he chanced to have so much in the house this night. She had heard him complain to his brother that a client had paid a long-standing account too late in the day for the money to be taken to the bank. She recalled the peculiar chuckle with which Mr Jonathan had prefaced his remark, that it was well to get the money at any hour, and it would be as safe in the house as at the bank, since it

need be a clever thief who could discover where they kept their cash-box. Mopsy now saw the point of that last observation, and she laughed to herself to think how angry her uncles would be, if they knew that she had discovered their secret hiding-place.

Our heroine felt a sort of contemptuous pity for her poor old uncle as she looked at him now. She had already suspected his miserly propensities; now she saw plainly that he was indeed one who loved money for money's own sake, and to whom the hard, dead coin, which represented wealth, was dearer than the love of any human being. She watched till she saw him close the cash-box and replace it in the safe; then, as he made a movement towards the door, she slipped back quickly, and with rapid yet noiseless steps, made her way to her own room, from which she did not again dare to descend.

The following day was a general holiday. Mopsy would not have known the fact, however—for the work of the office went on as usual—if she had not heard her uncle Barnabas regret that, as all the banks were closed, the money he had received must needs remain in the house for another day.

In the course of the day, Mopsy had a visit from her friend Count Grimaldi. She had been expecting him for many weeks, until at last she had ceased to hope that he would come and see her as he had promised. Again and again she had harrowed Robert's feelings by her frank avowal of her longing to see the Count, and her disappointment at his non-appearance. Robert consoled with her as best he could, whilst conscious of an ardent wish that the foreigner might keep away altogether. It cost him no slight pang, therefore, that day, as he and Mopsy sat together in the office, to hear her cry of delight as she recognised the Count at the door, and darted forward to welcome that distinguished individual.

Perhaps Margery guessed that Robert was incapable of appreciating the Count's peculiar talents, for she did not introduce her friend to his presence; but taking advantage of her uncles' absence, she led the gentleman into the back-room, with many assurances of her pleasure at seeing him, and questions as to what he had been doing in the interval since they parted. The Count's answers to her questions were not ready, but he was all courtesy and devotion, and Mopsy felt flattered by his charming manner. His assumption of regret on learning that both the Messrs Cheadlewood happened to be out, did credit to his powers of dissimulation, considering that he had been sauntering about the neighbourhood of the house for more than an hour, and had not dared to enter till he had watched Margery's uncles safe off the premises.

Having skillfully evaded the girl's more pointed questions, the gentleman at last condescended to give some account of himself. It was a mournful but vague tale of disappointed hopes and unrecognised merit. He had been induced to come to England on the promise of a person of influence to procure him a post under government. This individual, although under deep obligations to Grimaldi, had nevertheless ignored his promise, and treated his benefactor with the utmost ingratitude and injustice. Not content

with refusing him the promised assistance, he had striven to cast discredit upon the Count's character, and thus render it impossible for him to gain a position such as he was qualified to fill. Indeed, so well had his malice succeeded, that ever since the Count's arrival in England the latter had vainly attempted to obtain employment, till now his money was all gone, and he was absolutely penniless, unable to procure himself either a meal or a night's lodging.

The Count's manner of narrating his misfortunes was pathetic in the extreme, and Mopsy was deeply touched by it. It pained her sympathetic heart to think of one who had been intimately connected with herself and her father—one whom she revered as of noble birth being reduced to such straits. Moreover, the Count's appearance made a powerful appeal to her pity. Never before had she beheld him so shabby and miserable. Any one glancing at him now, would scarcely take him for a gentleman, much less a nobleman.

'Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry for you,' exclaimed the girl, in a burst of sympathy; 'what can I do? Is there no way in which I can help you?'

The nobleman was profuse in apologies. He would not have dared to tell her of his troubles if he had imagined she would take them thus to heart. And yet it made him infinitely happy to know that she felt for him. No; there was nothing she could do for him, unless—well, if she very much desired to serve him, there was a small matter, a very trivial thing indeed.

'Pray, tell me,' urged Mopsy as he hesitated to name the slight favour.

Well, he was really ashamed to name such a thing; but if Miss Cheadlewood would be so kind as to oblige him with the loan of a few shillings, just to help him over the next day or two, till a friend who would not fail to find him employment should arrive in London, he should feel exceedingly indebted to her.

Mopsy's cheeks crimsoned at his words. 'A few shillings!' He might have said a few pence, and it would be equally impossible for her to help him.

'Oh, I am so grieved,' she cried in a tone of the utmost distress; 'I would give you all my money if I had any, but I have none, absolutely none. My uncles do not give me a penny.'

The Count's face changed. He had not calculated on this; but he made an effort to hide his disappointment.

'It is nothing,' he said lightly; 'pray, do not let my difficulties trouble you. I thought that as a friend you might like to lend me the money rather than that I should have recourse to other means; but it will make little difference to me. For your own sake, my dear Miss Margery, I am vexed to hear what you say. How can your uncles treat you so? They are rich, are they not?'

'Oh, very,' exclaimed Mopsy; 'but they are very mean. Do you know, Uncle Barnabas is really an old miser. Fancy! I saw him last night in this room, sitting counting his money, when he supposed every one else was in bed.'

'Indeed,' said the Count, whose countenance suddenly betrayed a look of deep interest, 'Do you mean to say that he keeps his money in the house?'

'Not much of it, as a rule,' replied Mopsy; 'but

this was some which came in yesterday afternoon, too late to be sent to the bank.—Stay; I will shew you where it is.' You would never guess the place.' And with a quick movement she touched the tiny knob, which her sharp eyes had discerned beside the mantel-shelf, and suddenly the panel glided back and revealed the iron safe within.

'Dear me, how curious, how very ingenious,' exclaimed her friend, leaning forward with eagerness to examine the safe. It was wonderful how it interested him. He went quite close to it, and felt the safe all over, examined the lock, and made as careful a survey of the whole concern as if he contemplated making a similar one. The safe was an old one, and by no means so secure as the Cheadlewoods believed, unless they imagined its safety to depend upon the ingenuity with which it was hidden from sight, rather than upon the strength of the lock.

Mopsy, half-frightened at what she had done, was anxious to close the panel again as quickly as possible; but the count would not allow her to do so till he had examined the safe as fully as he desired. 'A very clever contrivance,' he said. 'I suppose your uncle keeps his ready money here. He must be a very rich man.'

'Yes, I believe so,' said the girl as she hastily pushed back the panel.

'And you will be a rich woman, Miss Margery, when you inherit his fortune; for of course he must mean to make you his heiress.'

'Me,' stammered Mopsy, flushing with surprise at an idea which had never before occurred to her—'me; do you mean it—do you think Uncle will leave me his money?'

'Why, surely; to whom else can he leave it? He has no child, nor nephew. The wealth of both your uncles must come to you in time. Ah! you will indeed be a rich woman. You will scorn the poor Count then; you will spurn his friendship.'

'Never!' cried the girl impetuously, coming forward and giving the Count her hand. 'You who were my friend when I was poor and lonely, shall always be my friend; and if ever I am rich, as you think I shall be, though I can scarcely believe it, I shall want to give you some of my money.'

'Ah,' ejaculated the Count, drawing her nearer to him, 'you make me too happy.' And then he bent his head and murmured some words, which made the girl's cheeks flush crimson. Her thoughts had at that instant been planning an innocent scheme for the temporary relief of her unfortunate friend; and making the Count's embarrassing words (whatever they were) a pretext for quitting his presence for a few moments, she hurriedly left the room.

It was some minutes ere Mopsy returned, and just as she was about to enter the room, she fancied she heard the peculiar click of the spring in the wooden panel which hid the safe; but when she opened the door all was as she left it, and Grimaldi stood with his back to the mantel-shelf, and his arms folded before him.

'I am so sorry that I cannot lend you the money you need,' said Miss Cheadlewood in a faltering tone; 'but I have brought you my dear father's watch. I should not like to part

with it altogether, but I thought you might meanwhile be able to—to get for it some money. When you are better off, as you surely will be before long, you can return the watch to me.'

'You are too kind to me, my dear Margery,' exclaimed the Count with feeling; 'but I really do not like to take this from you.'

'Oh, do take it,' urged the girl; 'I would so much rather you did. Indeed, I shall feel quite unhappy if you refuse.'

'Then I cannot make you unhappy,' said the Count, graciously accepting the large, old-fashioned gold watch which Margery pressed into his hand; 'and I promise to restore it to you at the first opportunity. And now with a thousand thanks for your generosity, I must bid you good-bye.—No; I must not stay longer, much as I should like to do so.' And with a hurried leave-taking the Count was gone.

Mopsy went back to her work with flushed cheeks and agitated manner. Robert's heart sank within him as he noted her looks. 'Your friend has paid you a long visit,' he remarked.

The girl's colour deepened, and the long, dark lashes drooped over her downcast eyes as she murmured: 'Indeed? The time did not seem long to me.'

The clerk's heart grew heavier, and his dislike to distinguished foreigners more bitter than before. He watched Mopsy closely during the remainder of the day, and observed that she spoke little, and her thoughts seemed far away. He was right in surmising that Mopsy's mind dwelt on the Count. The story of his misfortunes had made a deep impression on her susceptible nature. Moreover, a few words which he had uttered kept recurring to her mind, bringing each time a tide of warm colour to her cheeks. Whether she can respond to his attachment or not, a girl's heart is apt to be tender towards her first lover; and to Mopsy in her lonely orphanhood there was something inexpressibly sweet in the thought of being beloved.

Her sleep that night was broken and unrefreshing. Wild dreams attended her slumbers, in which both Count Grimaldi and Robert Ware figured in the most remarkable manner. Once on awaking she fancied she heard footsteps and strange noises in the rooms below. But curious noises were not unfrequently heard in that ruinous old dwelling, and the wind which was whistling round the house and fiercely rattling windows and doors, might well be held accountable. So Mopsy easily persuaded herself that it was fancy, and fell again into uneasy sleep. When next she awoke it was considerably past her usual hour, and remembering that her uncle Jonathan had frequently lectured her on the virtue of early rising, Mopsy sprang hastily from bed. As she made her toilet, she was conscious of unusual bustle and confusion below. She could hear her uncles' voices raised high above their ordinary pitch, speaking in great excitement, whilst Mrs Rasper's shrill voice chimed in at intervals. Wondering what could have occurred to disturb the serenity of the household, Mopsy quickened her movements, and was soon down-stairs. The door of the back-parlour stood open, and inside the room she saw her uncles and Mrs Rasper—all three looking greatly agitated. Mopsy caught the words, 'Robbers,' 'House-breakers,' 'Police.'

'What is the matter?' she cried as she entered. 'Have robbers broken into the house?'

'Ay, or at least one robber has,' exclaimed her uncle Jonathan, pointing to an opening in the wall from which the panel had been pushed back. 'See! the lock of that safe has been picked, and the cash-box carried away.'

'Containing no less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds,' groaned her uncle Barnabas, whose distress it was piteous to behold. 'Such a loss—such a terrible loss! And the numbers of the notes not taken!'

'Depend upon it, Barnabas, there is more in this than meets the eye,' remarked Jonathan with bitter emphasis. 'It is very remarkable, to say the least of it, that the cash-box should be taken away just on the very night when it happened to contain an unusually large sum of money.'

'But who could have known that the money was there; and what thief could have discovered our safe?' moaned Barnabas.

'Ah, that is the question,' returned Mr Jonathan, eyeing Margery suspiciously. 'I feel sure that it was no ordinary thief who did this thing; or if so, he must have received information from some one acquainted with our concerns.'

'I hope you don't mean me,' put in Mrs Rasper hotly. 'I'm sure I could not inform the thief, for I never know'd of no safes there.'

'Silence, woman! you need not attempt to clear yourself before you are accused,' interposed Jonathan sharply.

'Perhaps the young lady can tell you something about it,' suggested Mrs Rasper, her voice growing sharper with spite. 'I know as how she was a-talking to a strange man in this very room yesterday morning.'

Mopsy's face had grown deadly pale, and her limbs trembled beneath her as she listened to their words. With her first knowledge of the crime there had flashed on her mind the terrible possibility that the Count was the criminal. She remembered the minuteness with which he had inspected the safe, and how on returning to the room after her brief absence she had heard a sound, which had led her for a moment to believe that he had been examining the safe in her absence. But swiftly as the thought came did she drive it back. No; it was impossible: it was monstrous to think of such a thing. The Count a housebreaker! It was a mere coincidence that the robbery should have happened on the night following his visit. She was indignant at Mrs Rasper's insinuation.

'How dare you say such a thing?' she cried, turning angrily upon the woman; 'that "strange man," as you call him, is a gentleman and a Count. He was my father's friend, and he is my friend. It is impossible that he could have had anything to do with the robbery.'

But of this Mopsy's uncles were naturally less confident, and the reluctant answers the poor girl gave to their questions only strengthened their suspicions, till at length they forced her to confess how she had first learned of the existence of the safe, and how in a careless moment she had thoughtlessly shewn it to her friend.

The wrath of the brothers Cheadlewood was fearful to witness; and the epithets they hurled at their luckless niece were harsh as they were unjust. She was a mean, artful girl; she was a spy; she

was little better than a thief herself, for she had harboured and befriended a thief. They rued the day she had entered their house.

Jonathan Cheadlewood was, however, in his heart, apart from the mere loss of the money, not altogether displeased with what had transpired; for he had not forgotten the chance words that had fallen from his brother at first when their niece had come, as to making her their heir; and he was satisfied from what he saw and heard in connection with this misfortune that no such folly was now possible on the part of his brother.

Mopsy bore the situation with overwhelming anguish. Over and above her distress at being thus blamed was the painful dread lest her uncles' words should prove true, and the Count be indeed the man they represented him to be.

Robert Ware on reaching the office was horror-struck upon learning what had happened. He felt much sorrow and pity for Mopsy; but when she appealed to him to declare that it was impossible that the Count could have taken the money, he shook his head, and could say nothing. He had not Mopsy's unbounded faith in distinguished foreigners, and it seemed to him that appearances were much against her noble acquaintance. The manner in which the robbery had been effected shewed that it was the work of some one well acquainted with the interior of the house. The robber had entered by the office-window, having cut his way through the shutter and forced open the window. From the office he had passed into the back-room, and there in the most expert manner had forced back the lock of the safe; and having abstracted the cash-box, had made good his escape.

Bringing his cool common-sense to bear on the matter, Robert Ware was of opinion that the Cheadlewoods were right in judging the Count to be the offender. His heart ached for Mopsy. It was a day of trial to her. Jonathan Cheadlewood lost no time in putting the affair into the hands of the police, and ere long these functionaries arrived on the scene, and she was obliged to reply to their searching questions. All the evidence appeared to lead to one miserable conclusion. But it remained for Mopsy herself to discover conclusive proof of her friend's guilt. That afternoon, while gazing from the window through which the thief had passed, her foot trod on something hard; and stooping to discover what it was, she lifted a clasp-knife, which she recognised at a glance as the Count's, and which that adroit individual had evidently dropped in his hurried exit. Margery could not be mistaken; she had often seen it in his hand, and once on their voyage home he had amused her by a sight of the various little tools which were comprised in this article. It was furnished with a cork-screw, a gimlet, and a screw-driver; and now as she picked it up, the screw-driver was drawn out, as if it had been lately used.

It was a painful discovery for poor Margery. She could now no longer doubt that the Count was guilty. And this was the man whom she had regarded as her best friend! Alas for the trust of her heart! she had been grievously deceived. Mopsy hid the knife in her pocket, thankful that she, and no one else, had discovered it. Meanwhile, her uncles treated her

with great severity, and but for Robert's constant kindness she would have been miserable beyond endurance. Her face grew pale and thin, and her once, lustrous eyes wore the sad, patient expression of hopeless misery.

THAMES CONSERVATORS AND THEIR DUTIES.

THE most commercial river in the British dominions flows through what is now the greatest city in the world. Arising out of this fact, a singular contest was carried on for several centuries as to who should be the commander or owner of the Thames, its waters, its bed beneath the waters, and the margin of foreshore on each bank alternately flooded and laid bare every tide. The sovereign of the realm and the Lord Mayor of London have fought many a battle about it. Somewhat over twenty years ago an article in this *Journal* gave an outline of the curious struggle; but so many important changes have since taken place, that it becomes desirable to present a few paragraphs giving a sketch of the present state of the question.

The Lord Mayor, representing the Corporation and the City of London generally, claimed many years ago, as we have implied, extensive powers of control over the navigation and fishery of the Thames. Quite early in the fifteenth century Sir John Woodcock, in one particular year Lord Mayor, ordered the destruction of all weirs and fishing-nets from Staines down to the Medway, in consequence of the injury which they occasioned both to the fishery and the navigation. Towards the close of the same century, the Corporation were intrusted by act of parliament with controlling powers over the banks of the river alternately laid bare and flooded through the cause just mentioned. In the time of Queen Elizabeth orders were issued for regulating the close or reserve times for all the various kinds of Thames fish, and prohibiting any fishing for the choice and delicate little whitebait at any point above London. Whether this was done to monopolise the dainty for the banquets of the City magnates and the freemen of the great companies or guilds, history saith not.

The Lord High Admiral, about the period just named, began to dispute the right of the Corporation to the possession and exercise of such great powers. Litigation ensued, which nearly always ended in favour of the Corporation, who could appeal to acts of parliament and still more ancient royal charters as proving the validity of the right claimed. James I., probably as a result of the litigation, gave a new charter recognising and sanctioning the Corporation as bailiffs or conservators of the noble river; and subsequent statutes acknowledged the authoritative character of this charter. A stone called *London Stone* was set up on the north bank of the river near Staines, to mark the upper or western limit of the jurisdiction; the lower or eastern limit being denoted by the opening known as Yantlet Creek on the Kentish shore, and the village of Leigh on that of Essex. The distance between these two extremes is no

less than eighty miles—a formidable grasp for the citizens and the Corporation.

All these powers are now transferred, with many alterations and additions, to a Board of Conservancy, with headquarters in Trinity Square near the Tower and the river. About twenty years back, an act of parliament endeavoured to set at rest several jarring interests concerned in the matter, by careful selection of twelve Conservators. Seven years later another statute added six more to the members of the Board. Two years ago another act again was passed, establishing arrangements under which the river is at present managed. The jurisdiction now extends so far westward as to Cricklade in Gloucestershire: from Staines to that point is named the *Upper Thames*; and from Staines down to Yantlet Creek, the *Lower Thames*. The present Board is thus singularly made up—the Lord Mayor, two Aldermen, and four Common Councilmen, to represent the City and Corporation; two members appointed or nominated by the Board of Trade; two by the Admiralty; two by the Trinity House; two by the owners of shipping registered in the port of London; two by owners of lighters and steam-tugs; one by the owners of river passenger-steamers; one by dock-owners and wharfingers; and four to represent various interests on the Upper Thames. If so many doctors should occasionally differ (which is more than probable), the vote of a majority decides the point at issue. A large staff of persons is employed as river-keepers, river-inspectors, harbour-masters, inspectors of nuisances, inspectors of explosives—with the necessary supply of row-boats, sailing-cutters, and steam-launches for their use.

The rules laid down by the Board for the practical management of the Thames and its banks are numerous and fully set forth. The officers are to remove any obstructing vessel or craft out of the way, and make the owner pay the cost of so doing. On the Upper Thames no steamer may ply between Teddington Lock and Cricklade at such speed as to endanger any other craft, or to injure the banks by driving up surf. No person is allowed to ride or drive on the towing-path, or unload anything on it, or place any vessel on the shore in front of it, or take any sand or gravel from the banks. No vessel is to remain in any lock a longer time than is necessary to pass through, nor towed along the path except by a rope sufficiently elevated to protect the banks, gates, &c. from injury. All kinds of craft pay toll or dues, varying in amount for pleasure-boats, house-boats (to form a floating dwelling for a whole family of humble river-folk), pleasure-steamers, skiffs, randans, canoes, punts, dingies, and shallops; these tolls will secure a free passage through the up-river locks at any time. The Conservators are also owners and managers of ferry-boats above Teddington, the use of which can be obtained for conveying passengers, vehicles, horses, and other live-stock across the river, at specified fares.

In like manner, strict rules are laid down for the fishery of the Thames. Salmon, salmon-trout (if any should by chance appear!), trout, pike, jack, perch, roach, rudd, barbel, bream, chub, carp, tench, grayling, gudgeon, dace, cray-fish, bleak, minnow—all are under rule; and close-time or fence is defined for the various kinds. The kinds

of net to be prohibited, and the size and weight below which the several sorts of fish must not be taken, are also stated.

The Conservators have the handling of rather a large sum of money every year. In 1879 they received about eighty thousand pounds in tonnage-dues, pier-dues, tolls, canal and water companies' payments, rents for accommodation, fines and penalties, ballast-licenses, raising and removing wrecks and obstructions, the use of moorings and mooring-chain service-craft, hire of tugs, hopper-barges, and dredgers. All this refers to the Lower Thames; the Upper Thames brought in an additional sum of sixteen thousand pounds, raising the amount to nearly six figures. The expenditure, about equal to the receipts, was made up of a multitude of items, mostly in salaries and wages.

New duties have recently been intrusted to the Board. Consequent on the great injury wrought by floods and high tides on the low-lying parts of the river-banks, the legislation is taking that matter in hand. Also a statute is now in force to prevent the passing of sewage or other offensive or deleterious refuse into the river above the intake of the companies supplying the metropolis with water. Inspectors are sent by the Board to ferret out any infringement of the rules; and notices are sent giving warning. These notices are addressed to poor-law guardians, mayors, &c. of corporate towns, local boards, sanitary authorities, churchwardens, and other bodies. The Board may enforce the observance of the law in these matters, by fines and penalties if necessary.

Thus we see that the Conservators of the Thames are tolerably busy persons.

JOHN POLTRIGGAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER II.

It is necessary to the proper unfolding of our story that we should here refer to certain incidents that occurred a few days previous to the receipt of the foregoing communication.

There lived at the time in a wretched hovel, standing a few yards back from the Kenlyn turnpike, and at no great distance from Kingstombrea, an old and wrinkled woman. So far as was known, she had neither friends nor kindred. She had come into the neighbourhood a few years before footsore and in rags, with all her worldly goods tied up in a small bundle. At first, she had occupied a neatly furnished cottage belonging to Joseph Tremerton, who, being unable to secure the rent from her, and failing likewise to prevail with her to quit the house quietly, served her, after much commendable forbearance on his part, with the usual writ of ejectment. This justifiable act of the farmer's, the old woman keenly resented; she never met him afterwards without grinning derisively in his face, spitting with emphasis on the ground; and using certain epithets the mention of which would shock ears polite. Now, whether her personal appearance, by no means prepossessing, was in a great measure accountable for the imputation, or whether it rested on grounds more plausible, it was certain

that Martha Macguire was pretty generally believed to be a practiser of the Black Art, the prevailing opinion having been that she had bartered her soul to the Evil One for the power of working mischief, herself undetected, on whomsoever might have offended her. Had Joseph Tremerton, therefore, been a timid or superstitious man, he would have stood in mortal awe of a visitation of evil in some shape or another from the above quarter, on account of the grudge that was owed him. Being, on the contrary, brave and not over-credulous, and doubting moreover, Martha's ability to injure him seriously in any way in which she might hope to escape detection, he regarded her without fear, and returned silent contempt for the unmerited abuse which she heaped upon him. Nevertheless, Martha was rightly set down as a dangerous woman by nearly all who knew her, and was rigorously shunned by her neighbours, who believing her to be a witch, told absurd tales about her—of prayers muttered backwards, midnight incantations, and supernatural flights through the air on a broomstick. Certainly the old woman's pretensions, mode of life, and evident eccentricity tended rather to confirm, in the minds of a people prone to superstition, the truth of the reports concerning her. As a matter of fact, however, Martha was an adept in the art of extorting money; but the means she used were anything but supernatural. Fortune-telling was her professed avocation, by which she eked out the resources she derived from the charity of the 'great folk,' who had from the first held out a helping hand to, and compassionated the 'poor, friendless, stranger woman.'

It chanced, then, that as Philip Tremerton was returning one evening from the *Pendragon*, he espied this old beldam sitting upon a log of wood by the door of her hovel, where she was apparently enjoying the night-breeze and the rays of the full-moon. Philip was in right good humour that night, for the fair Rachel had been unusually affable, and he felt in consequence well pleased with himself and with all the world besides.

'Good-evening to you, Martha,' he said, stepping carelessly up to her. 'How fares it with Martha Macguire to-night?'

'Lor, Master Philip, is it you?' whined the old crone in return. 'The times be changed, methinks, that such a fine gentleman as you have become should step out of his way to have word of mouth with the likes of me!—Thank you, Master Philip, I'm as well as an old woman of nigh upon eighty years can fairly expect to be; though, to be sure, 'tis sore, sore work when the rheumatiz strikes home to these old limbs of mine!—But how fares it with Master Philip and his pretty little lady-love at Kenlyn? I dare swear he's reckoned a valiant youth to have won the daughter of the Dragon!' And parting her toothless jaws, the blear-eyed hag grinned in the moonlight at her own facetious Sally. 'Sure, sure, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and all is not gold that glitters,' she went on, stringing together a number of proverbs more or less appropriate; 'but evil's the day when the course of true love is ruffled by the winds of adversity! Master Philip, I reckon, has his bird in the hand, which, all the world over, is worth a score in the bush!' Again she grinned, uttering a strange, shrill,

mocking laugh, which jarred very unpleasantly on Philip's wondering ears.

'Martha Macguire,' he began, when she had ceased laughing, 'it is reported in these parts that you are a marvellously wise woman, having deep knowledge of things your neighbours never so much as heard of, and that the gift has been bestowed upon you of foreseeing future events. Robin Hawthorne and Bessie Linnet had their fortunes told by you just before they were married; and from what I have heard them say, I should imagine that your predictions had so far been pretty well borne out. Now, I have but little faith in fortune-telling; but since you have made a lucky guess in one instance, you may chance to do so in another. Be kind enough, therefore, to foretell the future of Philip Tremerton of Kingstonbrea.'

'Lack-a-day! the poor fortune-tellers have a hard time of it in these evil days. The great folk don't believe in 'em, and the common folk think bad of 'em; and so between the two their craft is like enough to die a speedy death, through no fault of their own. It will pleasure me, Master Philip, to tell you your fortune; but a silver sixpence must first cross my palm, to brighten the second-sight.'

Our hero was generous that evening. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and brought up from the bottom thereof a silver shilling. 'Take this, Martha,' said he, giving her the coin; 'and be sure you keep nothing back.'

A singularly incongruous pair they formed, standing out upon a patch of bright greensward, and fully revealed in the broad summer moonlight—the old and withered woman holding in her shrivelled palm the hand of the stalwart country swain.

'A short line for good crosses here,' she began in the jargon of her craft; 'and a long line for good, stretches right across the palm! The course of your true love has run pretty smoothly as yet, Master Philip. But what is this I see near the ball of the thumb? A long deep furrow, that forebodes much ill! See how dangerously it sweeps along, and meets, ay, and *crosses* the long line for good! O Master Philip, Master Philip!' she went on in a whining tone; 'the pity of the thing!—To think that all has been for naught; that you have wooed but in vain; for most unhappy the fate of the lover, and short indeed his love-dream, when the lines cross so!' She dropped his hand, and as though overcome by pity for the man whose unhappy future she so clearly foresaw, hung down her head, and with eyes fixed on the ground, became absorbed apparently in a train of perplexing thought.

Despite his avowed disinclination to believe in the fortune-teller's art, Philip at that moment was conscious of a cold shudder. The words of the soothsayer, uttered with a solemn and sympathising accent, had made a deep impression upon him, for somehow he felt that they had been spoken in all sincerity and truth. He made an effort, however, to shake off the gloomy depression which had fallen upon him. 'Is there no way, Martha,' he asked, 'in which the evil that threatens to blast my life may be averted?'

But Martha was still to all appearance absorbed in her own meditations, and did not reply until the question had been repeated. 'Philip Tremerton'

ton,' she then made answer, looking up quickly, 'it is now many years ago that your father turned the poor helpless woman from the door, when she had scarcely a shoe to her foot, and not a sixpence in the world to bless herself with. It was a hard, cruel act. But let by-gones be by-gones. She no longer bears him ill-will, and would rather do a good than a bad turn for one of his flesh and blood. The evil may indeed be averted, Master Philip; and the means by which it may be so, are in my hands to give or keep back!'

'If gold can purchase so signal a service of you, Martha, only name the price, and it shall be paid.'

'It is fitting, young man, that you should speak of gold! The herbs whose juices compose my philter have cost me many a blistered heel in long weary tramps over the hillside in the night-time; for they are rare—very rare, and must be gathered at the fall of the moon. But I will not be hard upon you, Master Philip; for one golden sovereign the potion shall be yours!'

Again Philip's hand found its way into his pocket, but not quite so readily as on the first occasion, and emerged therefrom with the demanded coin betwixt the fingers.

'Follow me!' said the fortune-teller, when he had given her the money. 'My dwelling is a humble one, but will shelter you, whilst my philter is preparing.'

Philip accordingly followed his strange companion across the threshold of her ill-conditioned mud hovel; and taking a seat by the fire, warmed himself—for the night had become chilly—at its mouldering embers. It grieves us sorely thus to shew how readily our hero became the dupe of this designing old woman. It must be remembered, however, that Philip was in love, and that whilst under the influence of the tender passion, a man cannot be regarded quite as a free agent, his thoughts, feelings, and actions being determined by a motive-power often directly antagonistic to the guiding principle of his life.

Martha Macguire now busied herself by collecting from various cupboards and drawers, bundles of dried herbs, and phials containing different coloured liquids; portions of the contents of which, together with the herbs, she placed in a metal pot, and setting the vessel over a slow fire, began stirring its contents with an iron ladle, reciting the while, in a low monotonous key, such doggerel rhymes of obscure meaning as the following:

Thy lady-love's hair,
Now silky and fair,
Will grow white and wan
Before all is done.

Hie away, hie away, over the sea!
'Tis an old, old tale,
That will ne'er grow stale
So long as in greenwood grows the tree.

And again:

Stir the pot quickly;
O'er a young man's love
Dangers hang thickly,
As the stars set above!

Stir the pot faster;
Ay, make it boil!
I will o'er-master;
Danger I'll foil.

'And now, Master Philip,' said Martha presently, rising and pouring off the liquor into an earthenware vessel, 'the draught is prepared, and the charm complete! As the wind drives before it the sear yellow leaf, so will this potion sweep every danger from the path of young love! Drink it to the dregs, whilst the magical power works!'

Philip received the proffered cup; but it was not without some misgivings that he raised it to his lips. Evil things were said of Martha Macguire; and the remembrance of these now filled him with apprehension and awe; so that it required no little effort on his part to summon sufficient courage to swallow a medicament prepared by her hands. But then, was she not an exceedingly wise woman, who could read the future as clearly as a book? And had she not discerned, about to befall him, some dire calamity that would shatter his heart of hearts? And then, again, had she not apprised him of his danger, in a voice which savoured of truth and heart-felt sympathy? Surely, therefore, both literally and figuratively, he held his fate in his own hands; and rather would he die than live to see the day when Rachel Silverlocke should be lost to him for ever. The bare thought of this turned the balance of his wavering determination, and having lifted the beaker a second time to his lips, he disposed of its nauseous contents at one deep draught.

And here let us pause again, to offer some slight apology for Philip, guilty of what may be deemed an act of unpardonable folly. At the date of our story, albeit not many years ago, a strong belief in witchcraft was prevalent amongst the lower and middle class population of West Cornwall, where the farmers' sons and daughters—and maybe others of yet higher degree—made it a practice to consult, in all affairs of the heart, certain cunning women, reputed to have the power of foreseeing, and to some extent controlling the course of future events; so that Philip Tremerton, in confiding on this occasion in Martha Macguire, was but following a custom then in vogue with persons of his condition in life in that part of the shire.

He had not long swallowed the draught, however, before a peculiar dizziness attacked him; his head swam, and everything around him seemed to be moving upwards and downwards in the most bewildering manner imaginable. A cold numbness then spread over his body, and all sounds struck dull and muffled on his ear, as though they came from a considerable distance. Alarmed at symptoms so unusual, he made an effort to rise, and was completely dismayed to find that his strength had quite deserted him.

'You old harridan!' he spluttered out angrily; 'you have given me poison instead of a love-philter! I'll have you burnt for a—for a—wi——' But his ideas became confused, and his utterance thick. A curtain of impenetrable cloud appeared to be closing in around him; and with a shrill, mocking laugh ringing in his ears, he became bereft of thought and feeling, and remembered nothing more.

How long he remained in a state of insensibility, Philip Tremerton never knew; but with returning consciousness came a feeling of coldness to his face and neck. He opened his eyes to see

Martha Macguire standing before him, rather vigorously slapping his face with a towel, which she dipped from time to time in a bowl of spring water.

'So ho! he's just himself again,' she croaked on seeing his eyelids lifted; 'coming around as right as a trivet, I'll be dare sworn! Ah, well-a-day! it was a wee bit too strong for him; but it will work all the more surely.'

Philip, whose brain was in a strangely dazed and bewildered condition, could not, at first, fully take in the circumstances of the situation; but after a few minutes, his faculties having cleared a little, he noticed on a three-legged piece of furniture, which, as an apology for a table, occupied the centre of the floor, what, he felt sure, he had not previously seen upon it—a lighted candle and writing materials, apparently but just used; and, what struck him as singularly inexplicable, lying beside them an open sheet of note-paper, on which he recognised, or fancied he recognised, his own handwriting. He was about to remark on the latter circumstance, when Martha, seeing the direction his eyes had taken, hastily snatched up the written paper, and folding it in her sinewy fingers, concealed it carefully in her bosom. He saw, therefore, that any question he might put concerning it would probably be useless, and his enfeebled condition precluded him, at that moment, from resolutely demanding an explanation.

The door of the cottage stood open, admitting the cool night-breeze, which, as it played on Philip's face, helped to remove the lingering effects of the vile decoction which had so grievously disordered his faculties. By its freshening influence, strength, feeling, and clearness of perception gradually returned to him; and he felt at last that he had once more recovered his senses and the wonted power in his limbs.

'Martha Macguire,' he said, rising, preparatory to taking his leave; 'it is my firm belief, in spite of your avowed interest in my welfare, that you have made me the victim of a sorcerer's trick; for some base purpose of your own. But mark you! if evil comes of it to me or to mine, do not expect to escape the keen edge of my resentment!'

A low, derisive chuckle was the only response the aged dame thought proper to make; and Philip stepped out into the night, congratulating himself that, though minus a guinea, he quitted the witch's dwelling with sound life in his body. Was it fancy, or did he really hear, as he wended his way homewards that night, the croaking voice of the hag, chanting again that extraordinary ditty which had apparently assisted her in the preparation of her potion?

Thy lady-love's hair,
Now silky and fair,
Will grow white and wan
Before all is done.

Hie away, hie away, over the sea!
'Tis an old, old tale,
That will ne'er grow stale
So long as in greenwood grows the tree.

But Philip hastened on. He had heard and seen enough of Martha Macguire for one night at least; and he quickened his pace, to get out of hearing of the possible sound of her voice. As a

neighbouring clock struck twelve, he reached his father's farmstead.

And so the next day came, and the next; again Philip visited the *Pendragon*; and the hours sped swiftly along with him, 'on the wings of love's sweet dream,' ere that fatal morning came on which was thrust into his hand the letter which, as we have seen, so rudely dashed his hopes to the ground and overwhelmed him with sore perplexity. When on this occasion he had recovered from the first stunning effect of the blow, and had regained sufficient power of thought to reflect, it occurred to him, in view of the incidents just related, that Martha Macguire, if she were not indeed wholly accountable in the matter, had at least taken a very prominent part in bringing about the present disastrous state of things. And yet, how she had induced Mrs Silverlocke, except, forsooth, by means that were supernatural, to address so harsh and uncompromising a letter to him, he was certainly at some loss to conjecture. But what should he do? Would it serve any good purpose to present himself to the writer of the letter, and strenuously asserting his ignorance of a justifiable cause, demand an explanation of the severe and unmerited treatment he had received at her hands? No; he thought it certainly would not; for if—as appeared but too probable—she had what she believed to be good grounds for doubting his constancy to her daughter, it was not likely she would lend a very patient hearing to his protestations—however genuine they might be—of injured innocence. Rather should he go at once to the probable fountain-head of the mischief, and braving a second time the dangers of sorcery and witchcraft, extort from Martha Macguire, by dint of threat and expostulation, what share she had really had in bringing down this crushing weight of evil on his head.

The same evening, therefore, found him on his way to the fortune-teller's cottage; the road, being a short-cut, taking him through rich green pastures and fields of growing corn. It was one of those delightful evenings, suggestive of ineffable peace and quietude, which are sometimes met with at the end of June, when Nature, having decked herself out in all the leafy luxuriance of midsummer splendour, enjoys for a brief season the languor of her well-earned repose. The air was pure and soft, and came redolent of wild-thyme and honeysuckle from the warm and balmy south; whilst across a broad plain of checkered wood and meadow-land fell shadows long and deep, in which, where the sedgy meadows bordered on the running brook, and tall bulrushes bent to the passing breeze, red and piebald cattle were ruminating in the enjoyment of calm content.

Philip was not dead to the charms of external nature; and he enjoyed, so far as the great weight at his heart would allow him to enjoy anything, this peaceful evening scene.

The pathway he pursued brought him at length to a moss-grown stile, which marked at this point the termination of cultivated land; and stepping over it, he entered a shadowy wood, crowded with tangled undergrowth. Hawthorn, oak, and hazel interlaced their branches in a dense network overhead; whilst the banks to right and left were covered with delicate moss and mazy masses of fern, the long pendent fronds of which overlapped the grass-grown way. Here and there, the stately

foxglove up-reared its shaft of purple bells in strong relief against the shady spaces between the tree-stems. And from everywhere came the warbling and piping notes of birds; the gale drew gentle music from the leaves; and the sunbeams stealing through the leaf-wrought canopy above, made patines of glowing and flickering light on the ground, and on the moss-flecked trunks of the trees.

Philip, as he threaded his way through the mazes of this silvan labyrinth, pushing before him now and again the branches that obstructed his path, became conscious of an unusual lethargy creeping over him, which weighed heavily on his spirits and weakened his physical powers. And it was now that it occurred to him that, for no reason which he could strictly define, his purposed interview with Martha Macguire could prove no other than barren of result. But he still pushed forwards, following the roadway over the side of a shelving bank, and paused at length on the brink of a purling watercourse, which, overhung by trees, meandered through the dell. And as he stood dreamily gazing on its rippling surface, it appeared to him that this little woodland brook typified in its varying flow the progress of his own unfortunate love. There, at the base of yonder moss-clad rock, how deep and strong the current; further down, how smooth and placid and sweet, smiling in the broad light of day, and reflecting the vaporous clouds and ethereal tints of the sky; but just at his feet how sorely troubled and vexed, as it battled with the obstructing weeds, and seethed over its pebble-strewn course! He had not courage enough to look farther below, but turned away with a sickening pain at his heart; and overcome by a weariness which prostrated both mind and body, threw himself down at the foot of a dark-leaved oak. Whilst here, a half-wakeful dreaminess stole over him, in which the twittering of the birds, the music of the leaves, and the purling of the little brook at his feet seemed so many far-away sounds, breaking softly on his ear, and soothing his troubled spirit to luxurious rest. Presently, his ideas became confused; he could not quite remember where he was, but thought, somehow, that his beloved Rachel was by his side, whispering sweet words of gracious trust. Then the sounds got to be still farther away, and became very faint indeed; until they ceased altogether, and Philip's weary soul lapsed into oblivious sleep.

THE RUFF AND REEVE.

As the face of England is altered by the progress of drainage and the cutting down of woods and copses, the birds which were formerly numerous amongst us, and enjoyed the solitude which fen and forest afforded them, are gradually disappearing. Some may even be regarded as practically extinct, appearing only once or twice a year in the form of forlorn wanderers who have lost their way on their passage, or some venerable bird striving in vain to discover the spot where as a nestling it was hatched and reared. If we search England through, we shall probably find that it possesses as many birds now as it did a century ago; but the

catalogue has lost that agreeable *variety* which then existed. There are more partridges in our fields and innumerable more pheasants in our copses; but the rarer birds of the fen and the forest have ceased to dwell with us. The heron still lingers, being in some places protected; but the stork and the crane have gone; and the bittern comes to us only as a rare visitant. The avocet, the spoonbill, the stilt-plover, and other forms of exquisite beauty, are now all but banished from Great Britain, only occurring as rare and exceptional immigrants at uncertain periods.

By the naturalist however, and especially by the gourmet, the foregoing could be better spared than that pretty little plover the Ruff, and his graceful consort the Reeve—the former name being applied to the male, the latter to the female. Once abundant on the wastes of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, and plentiful throughout the broad fens of these counties, this bird now exists in England only in Leadenhall Market, as a Dutch visitor, and even this in small numbers and at uncertain intervals. But even when most numerous, the bird was always a puzzle to us. It arrived at the regular period of migration, the month of April; and then remained with us a few months only. The Reeve, the female, is a sober-looking bird, somewhat like a snipe, except that the bill is much shorter. The plumage, as we remember it when the bird was a yearly visitant to our shores, had shades of blackish-brown and gray above, and white below. Not so however, the male bird, the Ruff. At ordinary periods, it is true, he could hardly be distinguished from the Reeve except by his larger size; but the moment the courting season came on, he donned his best and gayest plumage and set out 'a-wooing.' His aspect became at once bold and vigorous; his cheeks, previously covered with a pale flaccid skin, became crimson with excitement; whilst round his neck shot out a prodigious frill of feathers, which completely surrounded and almost buried his head. Hence his name; for the appendage bore a strong general resemblance to those peculiar frills so much in vogue with court ladies in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Thus arrayed, he alighted in an open place, some elevated spot or hillock in the marsh, and immediately began to march round in a circle, doing this so regularly, that the ground was fairly beaten down. As soon as a single Reeve shewed herself, all the Ruffs in the neighbourhood began to struggle for the right to woo the lady; and so severe were these battles, that Linnæus christened the species with the appropriate name *pugnax*. The prize of these contests would probably fall to the strongest or most pugnacious of the male rivals; and as the Ruff, unlike any other birds of this family, is polygamous, a successful combatant might fly off with half-a-dozen fair admirers. When the courting season was over, all this finery disappeared; the ruff rapidly fell off; the crimson cheeks became

pale and flaccid; and the hitherto pugnacious bird became as quiet as a lamb.

One marked peculiarity was, that this ornamental appendage, the ruff, was almost never of the same colour or markings. Amongst one hundred birds carefully examined, the resemblance was only perfect in two; some are as to groundwork black; others white; others brown, of various shades; and these again are marked with shadings of black, brown, or white.

The Zoological Society tried a few years ago to ascertain whether, after its annual moulting, the bird resumed the same coloured ruff. Portraits were taken of the birds, which were numbered, and a corresponding number was affixed on a small tablet to the bird's leg. The result was that the colour of the ruff was found to be the same in each succeeding year.

Whilst the poor Ruff, however, was parading his plumage on his hill of combat, a subtle enemy, man, was plotting his destruction. The fowler had concealed close by the haunt of the birds a long net, under which he introduced some stuffed Reeves, and then imitated the cry of the bird. It did not take long before the impassioned Ruffs rushed under the net, which falling upon them, captured them in considerable numbers. The naturalist Pennant tells us of forty-four birds taken in one haul in the fens of Lincolnshire, and that one fowler would take forty to fifty dozen in a season. Mr Lubbock, in his *Fauna of Norfolk*, says that in that county, nets were never used to take these birds, but snares made of horsehair.

Ruff and Reeve, eaten *au naturel*, were very different from the same birds after they had been fed and fattened. To prepare them for the table, the birds were fed in confinement on hempseed, bread, milk, and sugar, till they attained the perfection of plumpness. The preliminary feeding and preparation of the Ruff for the market was indeed in itself an art. 'Great judgment is required,' says Pennant, 'in taking the proper time for killing them (when they are at the highest pitch of fatness); for if that is neglected, the birds are apt to fall away. In preparing them for table, they are dressed like a woodcock, with their intestines or "trail;" and when killed at the critical time, say the epicures, are reckoned the most delicious of all morsels.'

Mr Stevenson, writing of this species in his *Birds of Norfolk*, says: 'At the present time [1870] the neighbourhood of Hickling Broad is annually visited by a few; but should they become exterminated, the last of the Norfolk Ruffs will have disappeared.'

In Lincolnshire, the bird now only occurs occasionally in the spring months, but in very limited numbers. In the autumn, it is more frequently met with, being then on passage through the district. At this season, however, the Ruff has entirely lost all traces of his brilliant nuptial plumage, the beautiful collar having been shed about the end of June.

The writer of this met, a few years ago, an old Lincolnshire lawyer whose experience just touched the golden days of wild-fowl shooting. He said he had often shot the Ruff and eaten it, but found it, like all the genus, 'marshy' and insipid. On one occasion, however, an epicure asked him to sup on these birds, fattened in the usual way; and my informant said that the recollection of that supper remained after forty years!

SOME YULE-TIDE MYSTERIES.

BY A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.

I AM a member of a large and flourishing family, and I must say the month before Christmas is a most mysterious period. The first indication of the commencement of this mysterious period is to be perceived in our faces and our manœuvres. A meditative air is obvious—notes are made and hastily concealed—purses flit about more than is their wont—and there is a general tendency to isolation, foreign to the natural gregarious habits of the family. Innocent and vague questions are asked, as: 'What do you think of such and such a thing? What's your opinion of So-and-so's works? What is the best colour for winter wear? Do you think red, or blue? Have you seen this or that in So-and-so's shop-window?' And such questions are answered in a like innocent, vague, but truthful manner. As time proceeds, mysterious lonely walks are taken by the various members, who are never seen to return, but are believed to creep in under the shelter of the dark afternoon. To the experienced ear, a low single knock might be heard, and then a stealthy foot upon the stairs, and the tiniest rustle of paper, as some one in outdoor habiliment, with numerous appendages, is believed to glide up-stairs and disappear within the portals of his or her especial *sanctum*.

The other members of the family are assembled in the dining-room or drawing-room, or scattered about the house. Could they possibly have heard the low single knock, the stealthy, outdoor-accounted foot upon the stairs, the rustle of paper? No; they continue through all as before, their faces beaming with blissful unconsciousness. Perhaps a cart will stop at the door; a loud knock is heard; it is answered; and a large rustling parcel is about to enter, followed by the innocently absent face of the maid, when she is suddenly stopped at the door by an agitated member, and the large, aggravatingly rustling brown-paper culprit is violently and rapidly expelled. The agitated member is gone from the room for a brief space, then returns to the others with a book that was evidently in request, and all is as before.

In course of time, the maid, for some reason or other, seldom attempts to enter a room after the occurrence of a loud single knock; but the 'noiseless' step and the 'noiseless' rustle of brown-paper may be heard, and then no more; but it requires the most experienced ear for that. As

time passes, the family becomes still more isolated. Each member adjourns to his or her particular room; and from some of these retreats emerge sounds like unto sawing and hammering; from others, nothing is heard. A change of tactics is also observed whilst walking about the house from one room to another; cautious footsteps are silently and mutually prohibited; a tune is loudly hummed; a bounding step is adopted; the handle of a room-door is considerably rattled before entry, and appears very hard to manage. Sometimes it proves rather unfortunate; and despite the bounding step, the tune, and the rattling handle, sufficient time has not been allowed for the gathering up of the—the 'plain-work' of the unwary one; in which case the intruding member sees nothing, but makes as rapid an exit as can be done with a view to its looking natural. By silent mutual consent also, in spite of the unusual preparations occasionally disclosed, and in spite of the general air of mystery, nothing is ever observed; no inquiries are ever made, no tongue ever slips so far as to ask 'What's in there? Where did that come from? What's this?' Every room is sacred to its particular owner; former public repositories are silently annexed, and as silently yielded.

All is mystery. The conversation almost assumes an artificial form; vague and wary subjects are introduced; all bears an air of concealment. As Christmas draws nearer and nearer, the mystery becomes more and more concentrated, the various members more and more isolated; engagements are put off; marvellously early hours are found necessary; the usual occupations are deserted. What is this mystery?

It is Christmas Eve! The members of our large and flourishing family are together again; much laughing and talking is the order of the evening; the house is being decorated, and every eligible—and according to mother, every ineligible—space is usurped by holly, laurels, and mistletoe; the carpet seeming to have a peculiar fascination for the holly-berries.

But what is that remarkable contrivance in the corner of the room? A string is stretched across from the key of the bookcase to the bell-handle; and attached to the string a long row of stockings and socks, with a label to each! We are interested in this startling apparition; we watch it. The decorations are completed; the room is empty; through the dim light of the lowered gas, the hazy form of one of the family might be discerned. The form approaches with measured tread and slow, directs its steps to the long weird line in the corner. It—the form—is laden with parcels, all shapes and sizes; it examines the labels, and one by one the parcels disappear.

It is one o'clock A.M. The house is hushed; the mysterious socks and stockings still hang mysteriously on the string, but they have assumed mysterious shapes; the toes are full, the heels are full, the legs are full; the floor beneath is laden with—the Christmas presents. There, from that unsentimental-looking line depends the mystery

of the last few weeks; there are revealed the many labours of love so mysteriously in process; there are contained the many tokens of heartfelt wishes and of tender affection.

It is much the fashion nowadays to run down Christmas; to call it a nondescript day, with a shrug of the shoulders; to connect it with annual bills and solemn family parties. But for us—I speak for our large and flourishing family—it is the same as it was years ago, and we are the same—almost! The conventional garb of increasing age is thrown aside; we are children once more, and the same old programme is rehearsed—with a few exceptions. For instance, when we were young—I mean *very* young—one of the most carefully preserved rules for Christmas Eve was the performance of a sort of wild Indian war-dance on one of the largest beds in the house. I remember we greatly revelled in that war-dance. I need hardly say it is not perpetrated now. The system of presents also is slightly different. It was the custom many years ago for us to purchase our presents *en masse*—that is, we would all journey out together hand-in-hand, and straightway repair to a certain fascinating toy-shop. One would then solemnly enter, whilst all the rest remained consciously outside, with strict injunctions 'not to look in.' When the first one returned, a second disappeared within the toy-shop portals, and so on throughout the family. The next process was for each to discover, by a carefully arranged series of questions, what the others had bought. As a rule, before the day was out we all knew exactly the various gifts our brothers and sisters had purchased; nevertheless, a certain air of secrecy was maintained. The presents, moreover, had a nominated price; the seniors' standard was sixpence, the juniors' was not expected to be so much. But we appreciated them quite the same; in fact the sixpenny present was looked upon as something quite grand.

After the purchasing was duly completed, the treasures were, with many giggles, carried home. The happy purchasers would then spend no little time gazing at them, arranged in their respective rooms for that purpose. Then each, would visit every other's room—strictly one by one—to inspect the purchases and to give praises thereon. And this was generally repeated daily, until the to-be-gifts were in the possession of the destined owners; and as ample supplies of string and paper had to be unbound and rebound each time, many precious hours were required for the process.

We laugh when we think of ourselves at that time, and we laugh at ourselves now. I wonder whether we shall ever be exactly like rational beings at Christmas? It is so hard to leave off all customs, especially when they recall the happiest time of one's existence. And it is really a great relief sometimes to imagine one's self about six, in short frocks and pinafores, and to skip about accordingly, and laugh and talk accordingly. It makes one feel more resigned to increasing age, and to the gravity and decorous pace of convention.

I am afraid you will think, from what I have said, that our large and flourishing family is somewhat wild at times. Only for a very short time—once a year; when we let off the superfluous spirits of twelve long months; and after that we are as good and orderly a family as you would wish to

see. Please, forgive me for thus becoming my own family herald; but as no one else is likely to perform on our inestimable family trumpet, I have no choice in the matter.

A MODEL FREE LIBRARY CATALOGUE.

NEXT to having a good library is the necessity of possessing a good catalogue. Without the latter indeed, if the collection of books is an extensive one, some of the chief advantages of a library are lost. The variety of forms and systems of cataloguing is very great, and with equally varying degrees of value so far as their utility is concerned. For instance, the books in very large libraries are sometimes catalogued almost solely under the names of the authors, with the disadvantage that unless a reader knows the name of an author on any given subject, it is next to impossible to find what is wanted. We know a library, one of the best in the kingdom, where the catalogue itself comprises many volumes, in which the author's name forms almost the only key to the finding of any book. The consequence is, that if a reader is in search of works on a specific subject, he is nearly helpless unless he can name one or more writers on that subject. There may be a score of valuable works in the library treating of the matter in hand, and were these grouped together in a subject-catalogue, the advantage to the student would be immense; as it is, the books are practically closed to him, especially if the subject be out of the beaten track of literary or scientific research, simply because he may not be able to indicate the names of the authors. An index-catalogue such as we would desiderate, need not be a large book: the subjects themselves should be indexed, with a mere reference under each subject to the name of the author. And a very valuable purpose in all libraries such a catalogue would serve.

Now that Free Libraries are being instituted throughout the country, the subject of cataloguing is one that must in course of time require attention on the part of the managers of these libraries. In such a matter, we do not know a better catalogue to be employed as a model than that of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Public Libraries, just completed by the chief librarian there, Mr W. J. Haggerston. It is but a single volume of three hundred and thirty pages, for a library of twenty thousand volumes; yet to these twenty thousand volumes no less than eighty thousand references are here given. 'Each work is entered, first under the author's name, next under the subject title, and where that title is compound, the entries are then extended so as to cover the entire field of subjects embraced in the work. For example: Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel is catalogued under the following headings, namely—Stanford as publisher; Wallace (Professor Alfred R.) as the author; Geography and Ethnology as subjects; while cross references are also given to the following places described in the work—Australia, Malay Archipelago, New Zealand, Philippine Islands, Polynesia, Tasmania, Van Diemen's Land, and Victoria.' Besides this, the catalogue also serves as an index to the chief articles in the leading magazines and reviews. For instance, *Blackwood's Magazine* is so treated from its commencement in 1817 to 1879; *Chambers's Journal* from its commencement in 1832; the *Contemporary Review* from

its commencement in 1866; the *Edinburgh Review* from its commencement in 1802; and so on with the others, in alphabetical order. This cannot fail to be of great help both to the students of special subjects and to the general reader, who may wish to unearth from the rich mine of English serial-publications a few of the literary gems which might otherwise lie hidden in dust and obscurity. In the case also of authors whose works extend through a series of volumes, such as Scott, De Quincey, &c., the general contents of each volume is given, so that those who wish to consult the author, know at once which volume to ask for. Altogether, it is a marvel how so much valuable information can have been condensed into such small space.

'THE CHILDREN LAUGHED AND SANG.'

It was in the chill December
That the Angel of Death came by,
And he rustled his wings of darkness
As he swept through the wintry sky :
A household of happy creatures
Dwelt quiet, and free from care,
And the Angel stole in softly,
And stood all silent there.
(But the children laughed and sang at their play ;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.)

And the Angel swiftly in silence
Struck home the mortal blow,
And in the wintry morning
He laid the father low :
And wildly the sorrowful mother,
Bewildered and stunned with woe,
Wailed in her lone bereavement,
And wished that *she* too might go !
(But the children laughed and sang at their play ;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.)

Cold in the lonely chamber
Lay the father's form at rest ;
And they laid the delicate flower-wreaths
Upon his quiet breast ;
And forth from his home they bore him,
And hid him from sound and sight ;
And they heaped the cold earth above him
While the children's feet trod light.
(But the boys went home to their happy play ;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.)

And often the childish footsteps
Are turned to their father's grave,
Where the grass, with its glistening hoar-frost,
Lies over that heart so brave ;
And sometimes they watch their mother
Bending in sorrow and pain ;
And they say in their childish voices :
'Will Papa never come again ?'
(But soon they laugh and sing at their play ;
Never a fear nor, a pang have they.)

So God in His infinite pity
Shuts the eyes of the children dear,
And they see not the fell Destroyer,
Though their eyes are so bright and clear.
And I said: 'There's no Past for the children
With its terrible pangs and stings ;
And for them no brooding Future
Spreadeth its threatening wings.
All they see is the Present—To-day ;
And so they laugh and sing at their play.' J. H.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 887.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

ONE OF ALADDIN'S CHILDREN.

I.

THE theatre was crowded. Plenty of eager little faces were there, peeping out of every corner, from stalls, and boxes, and densely thronged galleries; for this was the pantomime. The old folks were enjoying a children's story again for one night; the young folks stared and laughed and whispered and clapped their hands, and hoped it was not half over yet. Aladdin had become a flesh-and-blood reality at last. They could see him setting out with the old man, and journeying from the city; they watched him, and trembled with expectation when he was sent down into the cave. Aladdin's Cave! When that became reality, the stage seemed to lie under a spell of veritable 'glamour might.' Back through the twilight of the long, long cavern, Aladdin went wandering and searching, while its rocky walls expanded and out of the gloom the underground garden took shape, full of dim suggestions of glimmering in the distance and sparkling overhead, and all the pantomime mystery that preludes growing splendour.

It was then that Aladdin found the Lamp, and brought it forward from its hiding-place, shining with a weird light of enchantment, that shewed, in changing opalescent colours dim as moonlight, the magic-garden with its grandeur of tropical foliage, palm-like trees, and sparkling jewel-fruit. The applauding house held its breath in a dead hush, when in the dreamy atmosphere of the garden there was a universal stir. Without a sound, except that orchestral music of mystery familiar to every one, countless little fairy beings, unseen before, had started from their lurking-place as if drawn to 'the wonderful lamp.' Little children in all the glitter and beauty of fairyland were hiding and peeping out among the tall grass, clinging to the lofty branches, sliding down the leafy length of hanging creepers. Where a moment before, no eye had imagined the semblance of a living thing, everywhere was

multitudinous beautiful young life, stirring with feathery lightness or poised as if by enchantment. Aladdin raised the lamp high above his head. Out burst the light with sudden brilliance, till the cave was all aglow with sun-like splendour. Out broke the music, mystery no more, but a whirlwind sound of gladness. And one fairy-child, raised by some means that seemed magic, sprang from the cup of a great open lily that had unfolded a while ago—sprang with one swift flight, and stood on the upraised silver lamp, high in mid-air—a little figure with outspread wings, and robe of dazzling whiteness, and hair that shone like a crowning halo of gold. The spreading murmur of applause swelled all at once into an uproar, drowning the music itself. Down swept the clapping and thundering with a roar of cheers—down from the topmost galleries that rose black against the roof, to the floor of the house, that surged and stamped with rough enthusiasm, and shouted Hurrah! to the echo.

A moment more—the fairy was gone from the lamp. The whole vision of splendour died away. Aladdin was alone in the deserted cavern-garden in sombre twilight. No one knew precisely what the fairy-children had to do with the story. They had no meaning except their beauty for spectacular effect. Was not that meaning enough, then? Who wanted them to have anything to do with the story? Who would sit in a crowded house for nothing but a nursery tale? No meaning but their beauty? Listen to the joy-stricken voice of thousands whispering that it was magnificent—marvellous!

II.

Outside the theatre. Snowy streets, with the snow melting wet and cold, and great flakes whirling down in driving clouds, trying to whiten the wet pavements, and coming faster and faster. It was past midnight. A work-girl, going home to a comfortable fireside, after an unusually tiring day when press of business had kept her late, was walking quickly, well shod, through a lonely part of the town, having left the shops and the

thoroughfares far behind. She was very cold, but hers was a bonnie rosy face that the snowy wind made rosier, for not long ago she had lived in the country and had no need to work all day at her sewing, and even now she seldom—very seldom—worked so late as to-night. At a quarter to eleven she had left the workroom, and had been walking fast and merrily ever since, though it was a long way in dreary weather. Supper would be ready at home. A mother's face would greet her there; and it was for that mother's sake she trudged home, swiftly, timidly, all this long distance, to save secretly a little more of her earnings. On she went, through a square, where many windows were yet brilliantly lighted up. Perhaps some within, finely clad and faring sumptuously, had seen babyhood in fairyland to-night, while she was stitching wearily. Who knows? Perhaps if they did, the sempstress passing their doors now would rest better than the pleasure-tired to-night, if only all could be known. On went the belated work-girl, her umbrella flitting steadily along among all the misty driving white. The streets were quite white here, because fewer footsteps passed; and so this girl's feet told that they were strongly shod by the hard cheery noise they made even through the film of snow, as she went by porch after porch.

But whose were the few light little steps that she heard close after her, when they made a faint small run, and then went quietly, hushed again—poor little feet, too thinly shod to be heard even if no frosting of white was on the flags? Could it be a child, out all alone under the silent snowfall, hurrying by un pitying homes, at this hour of the desolate night? The work-girl stopped. A child of seven or eight—a thin fragile little figure—came close up to her, giving one pleading look in passing—a shivering child with no shelter from the snowy wind, except the fluttering remnant of an old black shawl tightened about her shoulders.

'Stop! Come here. Come under my umbrella; it is big enough for two,' said the work-girl pleasantly.

The poor little wayfarer needed no second asking, but shrank close up to her side, and there trotted, shivering still, half-walking, half-running, looking up now and again timidly, saying nothing.

'Where do you come from, all alone at this hour?' asked the girl's kind voice.

'I'm one of Aladdin's children.'

'One of Aladdin's children!' the girl repeated. 'What is that?'

'At the theatre, miss. I get three shillings a week—I do—since the pantomimes began.' She was proud of the money part of the business, and stated it at once. 'It's Aladdin, you know, and I'm one of the children; there's lots of us.'

Poor little one out in the real world's dark, deserted streets, where were the fairy wings and the glories of Aladdin's Cave, at which the spec-

tators had smiled, and stared, and cheered? Where is your beauty, white-winged fairy of an hour ago, ragged little trader with nothing to sell but your childhood? What remains of the pageant? Only one thing. Hers was the bright hair of the fairy that stood poised above the glowing lamp; and hers it is yet—under the broken straw-hat that is pulled down over it to keep away the cold, there is the golden crown God gave her of curling baby locks.

Did the Lover of little children give their beauty for a glittering show, to be the first step to the weary dance that looks so light—at which, a few years to come, the audience will gape and stare still more?

III.

A little room, dirty and ill-furnished, with only the few scanty things that long poverty has spared. A child alone crouched among the dust and ashes of the hearth when the Dutch clock points near one! She is blowing with a broken pair of bellows such as can never fan up into fire the sparks that only wink at her and obstinately go out. A yellowish candle is burning, and the frequent fare of poor men's children, bread and dripping, is on the table as an unwonted luxury to-night. But it is fire she wants; not food—she is too tired for that. The loud music, the dazzling light, the excitement that set her pulse to fever-heat then, the glare of fire and colour, the noise, and the upheaving sea of faces—the thousand strange things that were round about her everywhere, make her sight swim yet, while she hears it all still in her overwrought brain, and her senses reel. But there is no fever-heat now. Snow whispering outside against the window-panes with the sudden gusts; cold and poverty within; and fire she has none.

Where, O little one, that but an hour ago soared white-winged to be the crown and summit of the amazing vision, when its glory made eyes glisten and the whole house ring—where is now your fairyland? Where is your fairyland of children's thoughts and children's play, or even of children's rest and sleep? Where is your childhood, poor wail that the world tosses about, pleased with you, and you with the money in your cold tight hand? Where is your father? He staggered home a few minutes ago, and, thank heaven! is gone up the bare stairs out of our sight and yours. Where is your mother? Run to her, and find your sweet foolish doll, and be a child! Mother was carried away by the men in black to the cemetery, five long years ago; but there is another mother up-stairs, and her own children and the children she came to are too many, and poverty is hard.

But why are you a fairy, little one—crying now, and then trying with a fitful glimmer of childhood to play with the poor black cat, that refuses to play with you, because it wants the fire too and creeps to the grate? Why are you a fairy? why

not be a child at home, though a child-nurse, or a child-drudge? Why be dazed with the lights, and weary with the work night after night so willingly?—why? She does not know, but others do. It is because people crowd to the theatre when children are on the stage. It is because people see the stage-spectacle enhanced when children are exhibited dressed in tinsel for a night's hire. It is because managers find them fitted by their miniature beauty to be parts of a pageant. It is because frequenters of the theatre admire their precocity in occasional parts, or relish the novelty of their attractive littleness and sweetness of voice, not daring to acknowledge to themselves the fact that the only novelty lies in the sight of childhood taking an incongruous part, at a most unsuitable hour, among the most unchildish surroundings.

But where is our poor fairy? She is there still, half asleep; too tired to fan the dead black grate for fire, too tired to rise, too tired to feel much more of cold or hunger, while she crouches on the hearth in the same spot, and her bright hair is crushed against the corner wall, sinking lower and lower. If the din of the music would only cease out of her ears, if the glare would not haunt the darkness of her closed eyes, she might fall asleep any moment. *She* has not told us why she must have the noise and glare every night, till they grow to be things of old habit in years to come. She will be a fairy, a ragged, mercenary, unfairy-like fairy; and for the hollow hard-worked fairyland of floats and pulleys, gas and limelight, she is made to barter away childish thought and useful teaching, and even that rest of nerve-force, mind, and body, which is the common necessity of all young life. Poor little one! who will pity her loss, while she is being robbed of her childhood, or—heaven only knows!—of what is infinitely more precious? With no inclination left—no room in time or thought—for any training but the laborious progress through the pasteboard fairyland to the front row of the *ballet*—unguided, most likely uncared for, all the way thither.

The meeting of the work-girl and 'one of Aladdin's children' is a fact. The truth of the rest is not exaggerated, but understated. To cite a recent case, we need only refer to the death of the boy not seven years old who was one of the chief child-singers of a well-known comic opera, and whose death, according to medical opinion, was caused by disease produced by the abnormal strain on a tender nervous system. As regards pantomime children—according to the report of the superintendent of the Westminster School Board, no less than eight hundred, aged from four years upward, are employed at the Christmas season in London alone, while such exhibitions are by no means confined to Christmas time. These ill-clad, ill-fed children begin their pantomime rehearsals early in November, and during the 'run' of the piece have often to play their part twice in the same day, being dismissed a little before midnight. Teachers distinguish at once the theatre-child, as restless, rude, forward, absent-minded, unable to learn; and the School Board Committee publishes the fact that on reliable authority they learn that the children at the theatres are sometimes exposed to very demoralising influences. Still more, on this subject there

has been quoted the opinion of a medical man whose active benevolence gave him unusual personal knowledge of the facts: 'I believe the stage-struck child is in many instances—too many—lost morally. I have watched many such cases.'

JOHN POLTRIGGAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER III.

How long he lay slumbering beneath the far-stretching boughs of that dark-leaved oak, Philip Tremerton had no clear recollection. He was aroused, however, by a voice that spoke close to his ear; and opening his eyes, he saw, in place of the sun, the moon shining brightly. A little, silvery, high-pitched, musical voice it had been, and had whispered to him these familiar words: 'Faint heart never won fair lady, Philip Tremerton!' Philip looked whence the sound had proceeded; but saw only a slight stir among the fern-fronds and the slender blades of grass; and thinking that this might have been caused by a grass-cricket, and that the voice might possibly be traceable to the insect likewise—though it was odd, certainly, that it should have mentioned his name, and spoken all so sagely—he lazily dismissed the matter from his mind, and sleep closed over him again. He had not slept long, however, before he was once more aroused, but this time by a little silver-toned bell, that tinkled, as the voice had spoken, close to his ear. He raised his head and listened, and a little bell like the first one tinkled in his farther ear. Then a bell rang out just over his head, and another just over his feet, and all around him tinkled little bells; as though each branch and spray had had one hung upon it; and the clash and the jingle of them all made such a commotion and stir of music in the air, that Philip sat up, and smiled in round-eyed wonder and delight! 'I declare I never heard such a jingling of bells in all my life before!' he exclaimed. 'What, in the name of all that's wonderful, can it mean?'

And then the tiny voice which had spoken at first again whispered in his ear, but this time with an accent of some severity. 'Slow-witted mortal!' it said, 'do you not know the sound of your own wedding-bells?'

'Wedding-bells!' reiterated Philip, now broad awake; 'who spoke of wedding-bells? There are no wedding-bells for me, I ween.' Whereat the bells ceased suddenly, and such a burst of shrill hilarious laughter arose on all sides of him, that Philip believed he was being made sport of.

'I'll not endure this mockery any longer,' he declared resolutely, and attempted to rise, but found, to his increasing bewilderment and confusion, that he no longer had the power to do so. It was as though he were bound to the earth by cords of insuperable strength; and yet so softly and lightly did they encompass his limbs, that it seemed rather a pleasure than a pain to yield to their ungalling restraint.

When the laughter had subsided, an odd little creature no bigger than one's forefinger, and clothed in tight-fitting garments of green, stepped out into the moonlight from behind a broad-leaved chicory-plant, and in order the better to see and be seen, swung himself on to the top of a large mushroom. From this eminence, the Pixy—for

such he proved to be—standing erect, and making the most of his diminutive stature, addressed in the sweetest and daintiest little voice imaginable, the following speech to our hero :

‘Philip Tremerton, listen! I am commanded by our most gracious and noble Prince Penpoltré, whose loyal subject and envoy I am, to make known to you that you have this night trespassed on ground sacred to the Pixies. Beneath this oak we gambol at midnight, hang gossamer chains, and dance the turf into circles of deeper green! It is here also we assemble to hold our solemn councils of state when aught has happened to disturb the usual tranquillity of our most peaceful realm. Wherefore, it is our noble Prince’s desire that, as a slight penalty for this intrusion on our rights, you be forthwith conducted to his illustrious presence, where perchance you may learn that which closely touches your mortal interests.—But,’ added the Pixy, observing Philip’s cheeks turn pale, and a tremor pass over his frame, ‘entertain no shadow of fear! Our noble Penpoltré is a generous and large-hearted Prince, who would scorn to play tricks on a traveller who finds himself haply in an unknown land.’ And having bowed sedately, the queer little fellow sat down upon the mushroom and dangled his legs from its edge.

Philip now, to his further surprise, discovered himself to be growing perceptibly smaller; he was evidently undergoing a gradual process of contraction; and in the end his corporeal dimensions were so vastly reduced, that they were not much in excess of those of the tiny being who sat the whole time complacently staring across at him from the mushroom. The required diminutiveness of his body having thus, it would seem, been attained, his bonds were loosened, and he felt himself borne at great velocity through the air; but in what direction he was going, he had not the faintest idea. Tree-tops, hedgerows, corn-fields, haystacks, farmhouses all flew past him at greater than railway speed; and he felt a strange dizziness and whirling in his brain, due to the rapid motion. This journey, however, like all others, had an end, and the end came at last rather suddenly. But Philip had alighted firmly on his feet; and when he looked around him, a scene burst upon his astonished gaze which he felt sure he should never forget.

A spacious hall it was—spacious at least it seemed to him in relation to his dwindled dimensions—the walls of which were formed of growing ferns, knitted together with twisted reeds, and tendrils of the pale-flowered briony. Through oblong spaces left in the elsewhere closely woven herbage, broad rays of moonlight found their way, revealing, in the centre of the space, a board spread with the daintiest of fare—daintier far, Philip thought, than any he had yet seen or tasted—served up on dishes of gold and crystal-line stone. And in various parts of Prince Penpoltré’s royal pavilion—for such it really was—were Pixy men and women. Some gathered together in groups, were engaged in lively converse, seasoned with oft-recurring flashes of piquant wit; others were listening whilst one of their party sang, supporting his own sweet voice with the most silvery of accompaniments. At the far end of the hall, overshadowed by a canopy of white lilies, was a dais of sparkling crystal; and above

it, on a throne carved out of a large fir-cone and studded with gems that flashed forth light of many colours, sat, in all the radiance of his majestic presence, the illustrious Penpoltré himself, his cup-bearers on each hand; and at his feet a bevy of beautiful sylph-like women, ready at a word from him to sing his favourite airs.

As Philip entered, a low buzz of curiosity arose from the fairy assembly, and all eyes were fixed upon him. But Philip, undismayed, stood with bold front, erect. Presently, a mace-bearer—with mace cut from the stamen of a lily—touched him lightly on the shoulder, and bidding him follow, led the way up a narrow defile to the space in front of the throne. Arriving here, our hero made a deep obeisance, prostrating himself before the mighty Prince, who, speaking in calm and measured tones, as befitted his high estate, addressed him in the following words: ‘Fair creature of mortal flesh and blood, arise! A bold or unwary youth we deem you, to have trespassed on our sacred realm. The turf-rings might have warned you that Pixies owned the ground. But enough! We seek to do you no harm; rather should we befriend you, seeing how sorely you have suffered of late by reason of your love; for next to affairs of state, the loves of mortal men have ever had our fostering care!’

He paused; whilst Philip lowered his eyes, and the colour deepened on his cheek.

‘Let it be known to you,’ resumed the Prince, ‘that in the order of poetic thought, the Pixies form a higher race than short-lived feeble men; for have they not a terrestrial immortality and a secret power over earth and air? And yet, by one of Nature’s strangest freaks, their very being is made to hang on mortal man’s belief in it: indeed, it is ordained that with the last of faithful Cornishmen their little race expires! Hence our earnest care to make all Cornwall’s sons our proselytes, so that our reign may be prolonged, and our pigmy state may prosper in the far-off days to come! Wherefore, Philip, in this bowl of limpid dew, pledge your sacred word of honour that in all the time hereafter you’ll have faith in Pixydom!’

Philip received the proffered bowl—a polished acorn-cup—and having raised it to his lips, drained it to the last drop of its pellucid contents; an act which elicited a clapping of little hands and a murmur of applause throughout the hall.

‘In return for this great service rendered,’ added the generous Penpoltré, ‘we, by charms outwitting sorcerers’ charms, shall cause the troubled channel of your love to run smooth.’

‘Then, methinks,’ replied Philip modestly, ‘that the obligation rests with me. It were not possible to doubt the reality of Pixy existence, when to-night it has been placed so palpably before me.’

Before Philip had done speaking, however, a compassionate smile spread over the face of the Pixy Prince, and a suppressed titter arose from the nobles of his court. Our friend perceived that he had made some grievous mistake.

‘Generous but simple-minded mortal,’ resumed Penpoltré, ‘know you not that in the world of men, to which you will soon return, all you have experienced here to-night will pass with your

fellow-mortals, and maybe even with yourself, for the unmeaning vagaries of a dyspeptic dream? But that you may not thus violate your plighted word, Philip Tremerton, hold forth to me your right hand.'

Philip obeyed; and the Prince with the tip of his forefinger traced in the centre of his palm a diminutive ring, which instantly became of a dusky pink.

'That mark you will bear to your dying day,' said the Pixy with a solemn air; 'and if ever you are tempted to deny our existence, your right hand will rebuke you for your want of faith. But the hour has passed. The moon pales her light. Our interview is at an end. And you are now at liberty, Philip Tremerton, to withdraw your presence from us.'

The Prince waved his jewelled hand, and Philip again made a profound obeisance. The mace-bearer once more touched him lightly on the shoulder, and retiring with face turned to the royal presence, our hero slowly retraced his steps through the pavilion.

A strain of the most ethereal music now arose from the group of beautiful women seated at the foot of the throne; and borne as it were on the wings of the melody, Philip ascended—first above the heads of the Pixies, then through an opening in the leaf-wrought roof; and so the whole scene vanished beneath him, and the music softly died away. That speedy journey through the air was repeated: farmhouses, haystacks, corn-fields, hedge-rows, tree-tops again flew past him. His brain whirled, and he could not see. Again all ended with a sudden jerk. He opened his eyes, and lo! beneath that dark-leaved oak he still lay prostrate. But the moon had gone down, and the sun had risen, and all the land was bright!

Such were Philip Tremerton's adventures in Pixyland; and seeing how events subsequently shaped themselves, it would appear that he had good cause to be grateful to the Small People for the timely aid they rendered him when involved in the midst of his troubles.

It was but a few days after this remarkable night—days passed by Philip, despite the Pixy's promise on his side of the compact to set matters right with him, in nursing distrust and feelings of rebellion against the hardness of his fate—that his Vicar sought an interview with him at Kingstonbrea, having, as he expressed it, certain information to communicate to him which might greatly affect his temporal interests. It seemed that at a late hour of the foregoing night the worthy pastor had called at the cottage of Martha Macguire, who, it was alleged, had been seized with a sudden and violent illness, which not one of the medicines she had herself prepared, and in which she was wont to place implicit confidence, appeared to touch; and having something which weighed heavily on her conscience, she had expressed a wish that the good clergyman should remove it for her, that she might thereby die the more easily. The worthy pastor found the old woman in miserable plight, groaning with pain, and muttering incoherently—inveighing against certain Small People, who obstinately persisted, she said, in sitting upon her face, pulling the hair of her head, and shrieking in her ears with such piercing shrillness that the sound had well-nigh

deafened her. The experienced divine discerned at once how matters stood—the aged dame was sinking fast; and no time was therefore to be lost. He accordingly applied himself to the work of confessing her, and by putting judicious questions in the intervals of her delirium, succeeded in extracting from her the sad story of her misdeeds, which in brief ran as follows:

That still harbouring resentment against Joseph Tremerton on account of the writ of ejectment he had served her with, she resolved, on the occasion of Philip's interview with her, to discharge to the son the debt of ill-will she had owed so long to the father; and perceiving how easily the former's credulity might be imposed upon, administered to him, in guise of a love-philter, a potent drug, the effect of which had been to place his will in complete subjection to her own. In this state—which we may suppose to have resembled that brought about by mesmerism—he, in obedience to her command, wrote a letter which she dictated to him; a letter—the same obviously, the handwriting of which he had recognised as his own on awaking from apparent stupor—which purported to be addressed by himself to a certain 'dearest Alice'—between whom and himself there would appear to have once been relations of intimacy—setting forth in the warmest terms his constancy at heart and unchanged affections, and stating distinctly that in wedding Rachel Silverlocke his sole object would be to secure to himself some portion of her fortune, having which, he hoped to be able ere long to flee with his beloved one to some happy foreign clime!—This mischief-working missive she inclosed to Mrs Silverlocke; and hence that justly incensed matron's withering, but now no longer inexplicable letter to Philip.

After this, it cannot be necessary to relate in full how the good clergyman zealously set to work to clear Philip's character in the eyes of the indignant hostess; how in the end explanations and manifold apologies were the result; how the tearful Rachel hailed with joy the solution of what she had all along regarded as some terrible mystery; how those delightful visits to the *Pen-dragon* were resumed by Philip, now all the sweeter for the brief interruption they had had; and then, how long, purposeless rambles through woodland, grove, and sedgy meadow were made by two happy lovers in the soft summer twilight—all this, and a good deal more, needs no setting forth in finely-spun phrase. Suffice it to say that in due time the happy day arrived which saw Philip Tremerton and Rachel Silverlocke united. The bells of Kenlyn rang out a merry peal on that propitious morn. And Philip, as he sat listening to them, indulging the while in many a rose-coloured day-dream of the wedded life before him, smiled slyly to himself. He was thinking of the Pixies, and that now at least it was permitted him to recognise the sound of his own wedding-bells!

Having thus brought his narrative to a close, John Poltriggan relapsed into silence; and I, mentally passing in review the various incidents of his remarkable story, was silent likewise. We were now drawing near to the moorland village for which we had set out, the lights of the cottage windows being plainly visible in the distance before us.

'I cannot honestly say, John,' I remarked presently, 'that your story has quite convinced me of the real existence of the Small People. Granting Philip Tremerton to have been—what I do not doubt for a moment he really was—a thoroughly respectable and reliable young man, not given by any means to romancing, is it not just possible he may have dreamt all these strange things, having fallen asleep with a fancy preternaturally excited?'

'I think that is highly probable,' replied Poltriggan moodily; 'but be that as it may, it is at least certain that Philip Tremerton and I are one and the same person. I have but told you the story—with some exaggeration, it is true, in favour of the personal appearance of the hero—of my own youthful love!'

NEW REPORTING ARRANGEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WHEN the British Parliament again meets, the Reporters' Gallery will present a somewhat different appearance from that which it has been wont to bear hitherto. In the first place, it will be greater in extent; in the second, it will contain perhaps twice as many reporters as have heretofore been allowed the privilege of a seat. After a long and severe struggle, the incidents of which have scarcely been observed by the general public, the provincial newspapers have at length succeeded in breaking up the monopoly of the metropolitan journals. Up to the present time, the seats in 'the Gallery' have been divided between the chief London newspapers and the great press organisations, such as the Press Association and the Central News. Even the familiar 'London Correspondent,' unless he had the fortune to be a 'Gallery hand' for some metropolitan daily, was not allowed to penetrate to the sacred space above the head of the Speaker. He has been obliged to content himself with being a mere 'lobbyist,' whose mission is to waylay the more gracious sort of members, and extract from them such items of information as might work up into interesting and readable paragraphs.

Now, however, more of the leading papers in England and Scotland will have their own representatives in the Gallery than have hitherto had that privilege, and some commotion has been created among reporting circles by the uncertainty as to who were to be the lucky men. This last concession may be regarded as almost the end of a struggle which began nearly a century and a half ago. How it commenced let Sir John Hawkins relate: 'Taking with him a friend or two, Cave found means to procure for them and himself admission into the Gallery of the House of Commons, or to some concealed station in the other House, and then they privately took down notes of the several speeches, and the general tendency and substance of the arguments. Thus furnished, Cave and his associates would adjourn to a neighbouring tavern, and compare and adjust

their notes, by means whereof, and the help of their memories, they became enabled to fix at least the substance of what they had lately heard and remarked. The reducing this crude matter into form was the work of a future day, and an abler hand—Guthrie, the historian, whom Cave retained for the purpose.' And this was the origin of Parliamentary reporting.

In Edward Cave's time, readers were content to wait a full month for an imperfect, and to some extent imaginary, report of the proceedings of parliament. Nowadays, the reports of parliamentary debates are flashed along special wires, and pour into sub-editors' rooms in the form of batches of 'flimsy' (a term to be presently explained)—from shortly after the commencement of the sitting until considerably past midnight. If a speaker who is worth reporting in full, begins his oration at, let us say, nine o'clock, a great portion of his speech will be in type at Manchester, or Liverpool, or Edinburgh, before he has reached the close of his peroration. The accomplishment of such feats demands very smart work indeed, but it is necessary to explain that no unassisted reporter is able to supply the paper which he represents with the full report of an evening's debate. As a rule, it takes four or five times as long to transcribe notes as to take them down in shorthand, so that no reporter, however expert he may chance to be, could by any possibility despatch a verbatim report of a lengthy speech in time for the next morning's paper. Yet provision has only been made for the admission of one representative of a provincial journal. How, then, is the work of parliamentary reporting to be overtaken by such provincial newspapers? This may be done by means of 'combinations.' The combination is a recent development of the science of reporting. All careful readers of newspapers must have observed that of late the principal provincial journals have begun to publish fuller and better reports of the out-of-session speeches of such men as Mr Gladstone, Mr Bright, or the Earl of Beaconsfield. Not long since, if the scene of these oratorical displays happened to be at any distance from the town in which his newspaper was published, an editor would order his report, either in a full or in a condensed form, from one of the Press agencies. If it was in his own immediate neighbourhood, he would put his whole staff to work on this single engagement. This was done on a celebrated occasion at Birmingham, when Mr Bright was supplied with a printed report of his own speech *before he had left the platform*. A feat of this kind required an immense amount of preparation, and was attended with great labour and cost.

During Mr Gladstone's Midlothian campaign, editors in all parts of the country were writing leading articles on his speeches whilst he was actually engaged in their delivery. Very shortly after the speech was concluded, they would have the full report in their hands, and the reporters, instead of labouring over their transcription, as they were wont to do, would be enjoying themselves after a hard 'spell' of work. The last of

them would in fact have finished his transcript within a quarter of an hour of the speaker's last words. Some widely circulated newspapers, such as the *Scotsman*, were able to accomplish this feat by their own staff; in other cases it was effected by 'combination.' That is to say, a provincial journal sends its best man to the scene of labour. There he meets with the best men of other papers, and seven or eight of them form themselves into 'a gang.' Some cool and experienced hand is then appointed captain, and invested with full powers. He has, we will suppose, seven men under his command. These are disposed at the side and in front of him, and he decides that they shall each have, say 'three minute turns.' When the speaker commences his oration, the captain is ready with his watch, and gives the first man his signal to begin. Exactly when the three minutes have expired, he gives a nod to his second man, who has his pencil ready for a start. Seven men taking notes for three minutes each, will occupy twenty-one minutes between them. This leaves each man with eighteen minutes in which to write out his notes, so that the first member of the combination will have written out his transcript and will be waiting to begin again by the time the seventh reporter has finished his turn. The paper for transcription is of the thin semi-transparent kind, which is known as 'flimsy,' and is sandwiched between the black sheets known as manifolds, and pinned together in batches, so that the stylet of the reporter makes a simultaneous copy for each newspaper in the combination. As soon as the first batch is handed over to the captain, he unfastens the sheets, numbers them, delivers them to a telegraph boy along with a list of the papers to which they are to be forwarded, and is ready at once for another batch. This method of reporting is at once a vast saving of time and of labour. Where there are say seven reporters besides the captain, each member of the combination will only be occupied for about eighteen minutes in the actual work of taking notes on a speech of two hours' duration. The first member of the 'gang' will have completed his work before the speaker, and the last will finish a few minutes after his oration has closed.

It is through the operation of a system like this that the provincial journals will be able to obtain full reports of even the most prolonged debates in the House of Commons; and the only additional expense to which they will be put will be the cost of telegraphy, and of maintaining an extra man in London. Still, in the long run this will be an actual saving, for the reports of the press agencies, which will be the only losers by the new arrangements, would on the whole be as costly as the system of reporting by means of combinations. Only the more important provincial newspapers, however, will be able to profit by this last addition to the liberty of the press. Even with the additions and alterations, the Gallery space of the House of Commons is still very limited, and there are already more applicants for admission than could find standing-room, even if the reporter could carry on his work by using the back of his *confrère* as a desk on which to transcribe his notes! Indeed, until either a new House is built, or the reporters are privi-

leged to take precedence of all other 'strangers,' any re-arrangements that could be devised will only tend to widen the bounds of an old monopoly.

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

CHAPTER IV.

LIKE many other robberies, that of the Cheadlewoods set at defiance all methods of official inquiry, though their niece had now no doubt in her mind that the Count was the robber. Curiously enough, she had a communication from him. One dark night the house-bell rang feebly, and when Mrs Rasper answered the summons, a boy put a parcel into her hands and instantly disappeared. The packet was addressed to Miss Cheadlewood, and on opening it Mopsy found a small box, and carefully placed within it was the watch which had been her father's. No word of explanation accompanied the packet. The poor girl was very thankful to have this possession restored to her, and glad too of the proof that there is honour amongst thieves.

Time, however, at length exerted its benign influence in favour of Margery. Robert's friendship was becoming so precious, that it helped her to forget her disappointment in the Count, and to bear with patience the harshness and suspicion with which her uncles treated her. This treatment, more especially on the part of Jonathan, was almost more than she could with patience submit to; and only the sense of her utter helplessness if driven homeless upon the world of London, prevented her on many occasions from bitterly resenting his insinuating and hurtful remarks.

But while Margery was thus suffering from the hard-hearted, unsympathetic treatment of her relatives, Robert Ware was suffering too; for he was a daily witness to the cold, sneering manner of Jonathan Cheadlewood towards her. Had she been any one but the niece of his employer—had she been in a like position with himself—he would long since have asked her to be his, to go with him for ever out of these ungenial surroundings.

While he was undergoing this conflict of suppressed feeling, a circumstance happened one day which forced things suddenly out of their state of quiescence, and necessitated a different line of conduct on his part.

Margery had seated herself one morning in the room where he worked, in order to do some copying, when he observed that she was paler than usual, and evidently suffering. For some time she worked on silently, and then all at once tossed her pen on the desk, and announced her inability to do more that morning, so much was she affected by headache and a general feeling of illness. Robert advised her to put on her bonnet and go out into the open air for an hour. Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood was absent on business, and would not be back for a few hours.

She had not been gone very long when Mr Jonathan unexpectedly returned. He entered the room—looked about—went over to where his

niece had been engaged—saw that her work was unfinished—and tossing the papers, which he had lifted, back upon the table, angrily demanded of the clerk where she was.

‘Miss Cheadlewood did not feel well, and I advised her to go out for a little into the open air.’

‘You advised her!’ said Jonathan, with something more than his usual bitterness. ‘Who authorised you to advise what was contrary to my instructions?’

Robert did not answer.

‘Do you hear me? I ask, who gave you authority to interfere with my arrangements? She has been three days over this paper, and here it is still unfinished! And yet you would advise her to run away and leave it! Are you not ashamed of yourself, sir, after all my brother and I have done for you? I suppose you would rather fritter away your time in making love to this useless, penniless brat, than attend to your employers’ interests.’

The worthy clerk for the first time in all his communications with the Cheadlewoods, felt his temper giving way. ‘I do not think, sir,’ said he, ‘that I merit this rebuke at your hand. I am fully conscious of the favours you have done me, and am grateful for them; but I could not see the young lady suffer as she evidently did without suggesting some remedy, and I am sure she will make up for it when she returns.’

‘When she returns? It would be no grief to me she never did return; though apparently it might be to you, who are possibly making love to the chit for the sake of the money you may think she will inherit. But you are mistaken; no daughter of such a father will ever touch a penny of my brother’s money or mine.’

‘Sir,’ said Robert, ‘this is an insult which I do not deserve. It would ill become me, as your servant, to make such advances to your niece as you insinuate; and I would rather quit your employment at once than submit to such base reflections on my character.’

‘Your character? What character did you ever have but what the Cheadlewoods gave you? But pray do not remain here a moment longer than you choose. Go; and take her with you if you like.’

At this moment, as chance would have it, his brother Barnabas entered the room; and close behind him was Margery. She had heard the conclusion of the quarrel, and only too readily guessed that she was the cause of it.

Barnabas looked at his brother without speaking. The latter was wild with passion, and upbraided his brother in rude terms for ever harbouring this ‘American offcast,’ as he called his niece, about their house. Barnabas, at no time a very patient man, and whose state of health rendered him less capable of self-control than was his wont, gradually became irritated to such a degree by his brother’s taunts and menaces, that at one time the two onlookers were afraid of immediate and serious consequences. And there is no saying but some catastrophe might have ensued—for both were passionate men, and neither had been living very agreeably with the other of late—had not Barnabas suddenly reeled against the wall, as if struck by an unseen hand, and the next moment fallen insensible on the floor.

Robert, who had instantly hurried out for aid, speedily returned accompanied by a physician who lived in the same street, who no sooner saw the patient, than he pronounced it a case of paralysis, and took instant measures for his recovery. In this he was partially successful, though he held out no hope of ultimate recovery; and having seen the patient conveyed to his room and placed on his bed, he gave Margery instructions as to the treatment to be observed, and departed.

His brother Jonathan had at first been struck with consternation by what had happened; and after the doctor had left, he repaired to his room and shut himself in. Robert Ware, meanwhile, sat listless at his desk, pondering over all that had occurred. He did not, now that he was calmer, wish to act hastily on Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood’s order of dismissal; nor could he bring himself to leave the house without again seeing Margery. While he thus remained in a state of uncertainty, Mrs Rasper entered the room, and without speaking a word, placed a note on the desk before him. It was addressed in the well-known crabbed handwriting of Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood:

SIR—After your conduct towards me to-day, it is impossible that you can longer be retained in the service of this firm; but in order that no undue advantage may be taken of you, it is at your pleasure to continue with us for a month longer, when you will understand your engagement must definitely come to an end.

JONATHAN CHEADLEWOOD.

Robert’s natural impulse, as he crushed the letter in his hand, was to quit the house that moment, never to return; but just then he felt the touch of a soft hand upon his shoulder.

It was Margery. At a glance he saw that she was much moved, and the same glance also shewed how changed her appearance had suddenly become. Her face was pale and anxious; and instead of that play of merry roguish light which once kindled in her eyes, there was the soft subdued lustre of tearful unrest. She was the first to speak.

‘You are not going away?’ she said.

‘Yes, Miss Cheadlewood,’ replied Robert. ‘I must go. I could not stay longer with self-respect.’

‘But indeed you shall not leave us. I will go to my uncle and plead for you. I alone am to blame for all this; and you shall not suffer so for me. Oh,’ she cried, ‘that I had never come to this house! My life, like my poor dear father’s, seems destined to misery and disappointment. Do not you add to that misery by leaving me also.’ And she leant her arm upon the desk and sobbed bitterly.

Such distress in one he so deeply loved was more than Robert could resist. He seized her hand, and in a few hurried words had breathed out to her the passion of his heart, a passion suppressed throughout all these weary yet delightful months. ‘Margery,’ he continued—and his voice was tremulous with emotion—‘I was poor, and therefore dared not speak of love, and I am poorer to-day than ever. Forgive what I have said, and let us part in peace.’

He still retained the hand, which, in truth, she

was in no haste to withdraw; and as she lifted her eyes to his, Robert Ware saw that his love was returned. 'Though you were poor as Lazarus,' she said, 'I could go with you to the world's end.'

It was the old story. Love in young hearts is never more triumphant than when the owners of these hearts are beset with difficulties real or imagined; and with these two lovers, it was no merely fanciful sorrow that thus gave zest to their passion; for both were poor, and both were desolate and unfriended; and at this moment they but drank, in conscious companionship together, that cup of sweet and deep affection which till now they had been content to sip in silence and isolation.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the scene. It is sufficient to state that the result of their interview was that Robert decided, at the special request of Margery, to take advantage of the month's notice which old Jonathan had given him; and they were hopeful that in the interval they might be able so to arrange matters that when he left the employment of the Cheadlewoods, she too would go with him.

But now the Cheadlewoods were to learn the true value of their niece. Mopsy could not be said to have much love for her stricken relative; but a sense of duty, mingled with pity for his sad state, incited her to serve him to the utmost. The experience gained during her father's illness had taught her to perform skilfully the duties of a sick-room. With a woman's tender care and self-forgetfulness she ministered at his bedside, and watched the feeble sufferer, till at last, within ten days of the first attack, the weary struggle was over, and plodding hands and scheming brain were for ever stilled in Death.

One of the first things which Mr. Jonathan Cheadlewood did after his brother's illness assumed a form that beyond all doubt promised to be fatal, was to open his brother's safe and his other repositories, in order to ascertain whether or not he had executed a will. But his most diligent searches for such a document were, to his intense satisfaction, fruitless.

On the funeral day of his brother, the office, though closed to outward semblance, was not really so; for Jonathan had returned in the afternoon to his accustomed seat in his business-room; and Robert Ware was engaged in arranging the papers of the deceased partner, and making up an inventory of them for the surviving representative of the firm. While so occupied, the door-bell rang; and in a few minutes Mrs Rasper, in a rusty black gown that had done funeral duty twenty years before at the last obsequies of the deceased Mr Rasper, ushered a little wry-necked man into the room, whom Robert knew to be a neighbouring solicitor, of whose ability to do 'sharp' things the brothers Cheadlewood had long entertained a reverential and emulous admiration. Mr Windup, for that was his name, requesting to know if Mr Cheadlewood was at leisure, as he desired a few minutes' conference with him, was ushered by Robert into his master's room; and was about to withdraw, when Mr Windup, to his astonishment, requested the clerk to remain.

'I regret,' began Mr Windup, addressing Mr Cheadlewood, 'that the death of my dear friend, your late lamented brother, should have necessitated this intrusion on your privacy at a time

when the sacredness of grief is—necessitates—that is, calls for other—for thoughts of a different kind.'

It was evident that Mr Windup was not accustomed to the Chadband type of oratory, and could better have recited for an hour the heads of a process, or dictated a dozen affidavits of bankruptcy, than spoken five minutes on any subject that called for expressions of human sympathy or grief. Unfortunately, there were no 'forms' of funeral condolences in his law-books, and Mr Windup's knowledge of life or letters did not extend beyond these.

To this speech Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood murmured, rather than spoke, some words of reply; but what they were could only be guessed. Mr Windup then continued:

'But duty, friend Cheadlewood, is duty; and as your late lamented brother'—this seemed to be a phrase on which the speaker rather prided himself, for with a slight cough he repeated it—'your late lamented brother was good enough to honour me with his confidence in certain matters of business, in the performance of which it was my privilege to draw up for him a testamentary disposition, it is now my duty to lay the terms of that disposition before you.' And as he spoke, he slowly drew from an inside receptacle of his greatcoat a roll of parchment duly taped and sealed.

Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood stared blankly at him for a few seconds, as if considering with himself whether he dreamed or not. 'A—what?' he murmured, as if speaking to himself—'a will?'

'Yes, Mr Cheadlewood,' said Mr Windup, bowing, 'that is what I meant to indicate—it is his will—the will of the late Mr Barnabas Cheadlewood, bachelor.'

'That cannot be,' said Jonathan excitedly, and rising to his feet. 'My brother never acquainted me of any such document, and I am sure he would not have arranged his affairs without consulting me.'

'That may be, Mr Cheadlewood,' replied Mr Windup calmly—'may very well be; and nothing more proper between two gentlemen who so long and so honourably carried on the business of their profession together'—and here Mr Windup bowed again. He was clearly bent on being complimentary to his brother professional. Without giving Mr Cheadlewood time to reply, he proceeded: 'But, as I already said, since your late lamented brother placed this matter in my hands, I have only a simple duty to perform; and when that is performed, I hope you, sir, will have no occasion to find fault with the manner in which it has been executed.'

This was a very ingenious conclusion, and might convey whatever meaning Mr Cheadlewood should please to put upon it. The latter was apparently disposed to construe it in an agreeable sense, for he bowed, and asked Mr Windup, for the first time, to be seated.

Mr Windup took the proffered chair, and setting his hat upon the table, suggested that still another person had better be present to witness the reading of the will, and further suggested that this person should be Miss Margery Cheadlewood. Mr Jonathan nodded his acquiescence in this; and Robert Ware, who had hitherto stood a silent listener to what had passed, rang the bell and requested Mrs

Rasper to convey the message to Miss Cheadlewood. In a short time she appeared; and after paying his respects to her, Mr Windup in a few words explained the nature of his business, and proceeded to read the contents of the will.

Margery turned her eyes listlessly upon him. She cared little to hear the contents of the document. She was looking pale and wan, and her eyes were red with recent tears, for she was weakened by her arduous service in the sick-room, and felt keenly the gloom of this day which recalled the memory of a sorer bereavement. Robert Ware regarded her with anxiety, and longed to cheer her. Indeed, his mind was so occupied with Margery as Mr Windup broke the seal, and began to read, that he scarcely noted the words with which the will commenced, and listened like one in a dream, till the startling words fell upon his ears: 'I devise and bequeath all the residue of my real and personal property to my clerk, ROBERT WARE, a young man for whom I have a high regard, solely on condition that he shall marry my niece, MARGERY CHEADLEWOOD, the daughter of my deceased brother, SILAS CHEADLEWOOD, within twelve months of my demise.'

It would be difficult to say which of the three listeners was most startled by these words.

Jonathan Cheadlewood seemed as if choking, and involuntarily gasped for breath. 'Most extraordinary!' he ejaculated—'most extraordinary! What could Barnabas mean by it? He could not have known what he was doing: that attack must have been coming on when he wrote this. He was never one to take such fancies in his head.—When,' demanded he sharply of Mr Windup—'when was this deed executed?'

'About two months before the attack which ended in his death.'

At these words, Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood, hissing some ejaculation between his teeth, rose and walked out of the room, without exchanging another word.

What further passed between Mr Windup and the two whom his message had thus rendered more wealthy, if not more happy, would little interest the reader; and what passed between these two after Mr Windup had taken his leave of them, any sagacious reader may guess.

Margery and Robert were soon afterwards happily married. Jonathan Cheadlewood always grudged his niece her money, and was horrified at the extravagance which the young pair displayed in hiring a pretty little house at Brixton. But in spite of his imprudence, as Mr Jonathan deemed it, Ware did well in his profession, and won for himself an honourable position.

Of Margery's old friend the Count, nothing was heard till some years later, when Robert, reading in the newspapers an account of the capture of a notorious burglar, who had been concerned in many extensive and mysterious robberies, learned that at one time the thief had been compelled to seek refuge in New York, and whilst there had passed himself off as a reduced foreigner of distinguished family, assuming the title of Count Grimaldi.

Jonathan Cheadlewood toiled on in the old fashion, saving and extorting to the utmost farthing, till at length came for him also, and suddenly as in the case of his brother, the forced rest; and with it his money, like that of

his brother, passed into the hands of his niece and her husband, who did more good with it in one year than he had done in all the years of his miserable life.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

Rarey the Horse-tamer.—Every one remembers the advent of Rarey to England, and the perfect furor created by his wonderful feats of horse-taming. It may surprise many to learn that before he came out in this character, Rarey had had no previous experience with horses, and that the lad gained the foundation of his great power over the horse by closely studying the methods that have from time immemorial been constantly practised by the circus trainer. Nevertheless, the power which he exercised over the wildest and most stubborn horses struck every beholder with wonder. Animals which on account of their furious temper had been given up by trainers and grooms as hopeless, were speedily rendered amenable to reason by his subtle treatment. The *fortiter in re* always gave place to the *suaviter in modo*. Rarey never feared a horse, and never gave the animal grounds for supposing that such a sentiment was possible. Introduced into his presence, sometimes at the risk of those who did so, the horse-trainer soon established a friendly footing with his dangerous equine companion. Bidding the astonished grooms leave the animal and himself to their own company, Rarey calmly surveyed his patient, and proceeded to coax and wheedle and stroke first the head, then the neck, and finally the forequarters, until he had in a measure allayed the fears and softened the ire of the animal. This, he termed 'gentling.' Next, by a series of quietly executed manœuvres—one of which was the strapping up of the forefeet—the biped had the quadruped lying helpless at his feet, subdued and docile enough to permit of the man reclining at full length upon the prostrate horse! After a while the straps were removed, and upon the animal regaining his feet, Rarey would quietly mount and ride him out of the inclosure.

The point of chief importance in the management of a horse is to study his humours and whims; not with the idea of actually giving way to them, but in order to attain the desired end through them. The trainer must not play a hectoring part, he must 'stoop to conquer.' Every horse of spirit is nervous at strange noises and strange sights; and equally so at having articles to which he is unaccustomed placed upon his back or neck or head. Let him see all that is going on. *Take him into your confidence.* If he is about to be bridled for the first time, the way *not* to do it is to hold him by the forelock and mane, while you vainly endeavour to force the strange thing over his head. The way to *do* it, is not to seem anxious to do it at all; let the horse see the bridle, and sniff at it; let him know

that there is not much harm in it. He will then let you quietly put the apparatus over his head without fear or resistance.

A peculiar method is requisite to make a horse lie down, more particularly if you are a stranger to him. Having accustomed the horse to your presence, having fed him from your hand, and stroked and caressed and 'gentled' him, he will look upon you as a friend, and be ready to obey you. A series of little taps upon one foreleg, and he is down upon one knee; the other knee is made to follow. In this position, the horse will submit to be gently rolled over on to his side, almost as though in a trance. Let each act be gentle and he is content. Once the horse is down, he becomes your slave; and this first victory may be best confirmed and subsequent lessons rendered less troublesome, by feeding him with some choice morsel while he is down; or if he will not eat in that position, directly he arises. Do not let your victory have in it any sting of defeat for him. The nearer that the trainer approaches to the spirit thus indicated, the more successful he will be; and if he wanders too far from it, he will achieve no success at all.

Some years ago, General Airey in the course of a conversation with me, most fully indorsed the above views as to the great power of mingled firmness and kindness. But firmness and kindness *alone*, without a knowledge of horses' temperaments, without great tact and insight into their individual characters, will be of little if any service with extremely stubborn and fractious animals. A proof of this was given by Rarey before General Airey's own eyes. These two gentlemen happened to meet at Mason's livery-stables, and a discussion was raised respecting the powers of the American tamer. The General did not believe that Rarey was gifted with any special power; he was of opinion that if a horse was beyond the influence of combined firmness and kindness, he was beyond our influence altogether. There was in Mason's stables an utterly intractable steed, well known to General Airey, which had never yet been harnessed; or if harnessed, had resisted all efforts to drive him. He was an irreconcilable. The General said that if Rarey had any special power, he would be able to bring it to bear upon this horse. Rarey at once undertook that he would unaided harness the horse, hitch him to a brake, and drive him up and down Piccadilly. The challenge was accepted; the General frankly reiterating his full conviction that neither Rarey nor any one else could do it. But in an incredibly short time Rarey emerged from the stable with the horse harnessed as he had promised, and drove him as quietly as a lamb up and down Piccadilly.

The Remarkable Memory of Horses.—It scarcely needs stating that a good memory is indispensable in learning anything. And if a horse has to learn a trick or routine performance, he can only do so by remembering it from time to time of going through it. Both horses and dogs have wonderful memories; but I will narrate one or two instances relating to the horse.

I was once driving to Long-Milford in Suffolk at a spot where there was a bridge leading over a river. As we approached the bridge, the horse

pulled up, and would not move on again without whipping. For some time I was at a loss to account for this freak; but it afterwards occurred to me that the last time I had crossed that bridge and with the same horse, I had pulled up at that very spot to speak to a man I had met.

Unless there is a reason to the contrary, we always prefer occupying the same field each time we visit a town. Sometimes it happens that the stud-groom, who is generally with the first wagon, forgets which field it is. But by giving the horse his head and leaving him to himself, he will most certainly pull up at the right gate. The groom never finds him to be wrong, and drives straight in.

When in Southampton some years since, I had to pass up High Street daily, and had a different horse almost every day. Whichever horse I had, he would slacken speed at the *Star Hotel* and want to turn into the yard. Upon mentioning this to the stud-groom, he explained that five years previously, when the circus was in Southampton, the stud had been stabled at the *Star*, and the horses had not forgotten the place again.

Their Remarkable Intelligence.—I have my opinion, founded upon close and varied observation, that horses can and do convey to each other very exact intelligence by the various sounds they produce, from the proud, sonorous neighings of a full-spirited horse, down to the whinnies and snortings and other little sounds with which all keepers of horses are familiar. Once, in a long stable containing twenty stalls in a row, a horse at the one end was dying. Near the other end was a horse of a timid disposition, which shewed marked signs of dread and extreme nervousness, as though conscious of what was going on; trembling from head to foot, and streaming with perspiration. I feel convinced that intelligence of what was passing had reached this horse, and that being of a nervous temperament, the poor animal had been troubled to the painful extent we had witnessed.

Another example of a different kind. It often happened that I was away from the Company for weeks and months at a stretch; and on some of these occasions I had to return along the road by which the circus was coming, thus meeting the vans one after the other all down the line. When yet there was some distance between myself and the nearest van, my horse would scent or see the head van-horse and salute him with a loud neigh. This would be at once answered by the van-horse, which seemed to pass the signal to the rear down the line, where it was taken up from horse to horse to the very end, perhaps three-quarters of a mile away. Then as I rapidly drove by and met the vans, each horse would turn towards mine as he passed, greeting him with a friendly and joyous neigh; apparently holding a short conversation in passing, as though welcoming each other after a separation. For it must be noted that it was *only after long absence* that such demonstrations took place.

How to Water a Horse.—On the question of giving a horse water, when to do it and when not, much popular ignorance exists. Every one knows that, 'while one man can take a horse to the water, twenty can't make him drink.' But every one does not stop to think that it is because he is

not thirsty that he will not drink. Now, if a horse is given an unlimited supply of water after a long dry run, he drinks heartily, and is in danger of suffering from colic in consequence. The usual method is to let the horse cool down before he drinks. That is very good as far as it goes; but is a remedy only where a prevention would be far better. When a horse is doing a long distance, offer him water frequently—as frequently as possible without inconvenience. He will either sip a mouthful or so, or none at all. The instincts of the horse serve the same end as reason in man. Let the horse use his instincts freely, and as a rule he will never indulge to his own injury.

Sensitive Taste and Smell of the Horse.—Horses have a quick scent and delicate palate. The least impurity in the water or in the vessel that contains it, will frequently cause the horse to refuse it. A curious incident bearing upon this point happened some years ago when a London distiller was suspected of conveying a large quantity of spirits off his premises without paying duty. An excise officer had his attention drawn to a horse-trough which was so situated that it might have been possible to run the spirits through it and away in some manner underground, in the night. But professional evidence was adduced to prove that, had such been the practice, horses would never have drunk out of it as they did; for the odour of the strong raw spirits would have clung to the trough and tainted the water.

Here is an illustration of the natural instinct of the horse when guided by his sense of smell. One of our men had bought or had been given the skin of a lion which had recently died; and as the circus was just leaving the town, he threw it on to the driver's seat of one of the vans, to have it tanned at the next town. The horse in that van was a very quiet one, that had been with the circus for years. Nevertheless, the animal immediately shewed signs of fear, which increased in spite of all endeavours to pacify him. Then, breaking loose from all restraint, he kicked and reared and plunged about in the wildest manner until he had broken the harness and escaped. Various conjectures might be made as to the manner in which the horse's fears were aroused; but I think it probable that all those creatures which are liable to become the prey of carnivorous beasts, have been endowed by nature with an instinct which enables them to distinguish their foes from other animals.

English equestrians, and their blood-relations from over the water, are by far superior to those of any other nation. All over the continent, performers from England or the States are eagerly sought for and readily engaged. In fact there is scarcely a foreign circus of any note in which the bulk of the performers are not English artistes. It is curious that, on the other hand, continental circuses are much more important, and on a grander scale than those of England and America. In the first place, most of them have seven days a week, and Sunday the chief of them all, on which to gather in the golden harvest, as compared with six days in England and two or three other countries. Again, they receive in a much greater degree the direct and systematic patronage of

the nobility and of royalty itself, thus placing the circus on the same recognised footing as the stage.

Among other sovereigns of Europe, the Emperor and Empress of Austria are great patrons of the circus. When the Austrian Crown Prince was in England in 1878, he chanced to arrive in Glasgow while we were staying there, and honoured our circus with a visit. After the performance was over, the Prince was pleased to express his very great satisfaction with what he had witnessed. Knowing that our Imperial guest was a great admirer of the horse, I asked him if he would like to inspect our stud. Having graciously consented to do so, the Prince with his suite made the tour of the stables, exhibiting great interest in the various horses, and spending three-quarters of an hour in the inspection.

Comparing the foregoing Recollections to a procession of familiar characters and well-remembered incidents, I feel that I cannot do better than close the array with Royalty in the person of the Austrian Crown Prince; and having done so, turn to my audience for their generous criticism of the performance as a whole, make my bow, and pass out of the Ring.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW book by Mr Darwin is something to brighten the dark days of December, and inspire students with warmth as they pore over his propositions and conclusions. As the title—*The Power of Movement in Plants*—implies, the eminent naturalist and philosopher has been working once more in the borderland between the animal and the vegetable worlds, and now he makes known how much they have in common. But his chief object, as he explains, 'is to describe and connect together several large classes of movement, common to almost all plants. The most widely prevalent movement is essentially of the same nature as that of the stem of a climbing plant, which bends successively to all points of the compass, so that the tip revolves.' The methods of observation were singularly delicate and ingenious so that even the movements of the radicles of seeds could be noted. Certain plants which fold their leaves together at night, and, familiarly speaking, go to sleep, were prevented by pinning the leaves out horizontally: the leaves thus treated were killed by frost, while similar plants left to fold their leaves in the natural way were not killed. The effects of light, of touch, and of other influences, as described in this interesting volume, seem wonderful: especially remarkable is the sensitiveness of the tip of the radicle, which detects light, moisture, hardness, and softness, and behaves accordingly. In Mr Darwin's words: 'It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle thus endowed, and having the power of directing the movements of the adjoining parts, acts like the brain of one of the lower animals; the brain being seated within the anterior end of the body,

receiving impressions from the sense-organs, and directing the several movements.'

It is well known to naturalists that the growth of the science of biology owes very much to investigations by diligent students of what are commonly spoken of as the inferior animals. Among these are found elementary organisms which enable the investigator to see a long way back towards the origin of life. It is in the sea that they most abound; hence a cruise on the sea, or a sojourn on the shore, is indispensable to an earnest student of natural history. Formerly, he had great difficulties in procuring specimens, and but few facilities for proper examination thereof. But now there are Zoological Stations on the coasts of maritime countries where marine animals are as abundant as the appliances for study are ample. Foremost among them is the Stazione Zoologica at Naples, a truly palatial building, containing laboratories, classified collections, an aquarium, with tanks capacious enough to hold four hundred and forty cubic metres of water. By a canal communicating directly with the sea, the water is brought into huge underground cisterns, where in about ten days it deposits impurities, and is then raised by a 'California' pump to the tanks. The sea is a generous nurse, and the Bay of Naples is a highly fecund breeding-place; hence the number and variety of animals of all dimensions dwelling in the tanks are remarkable, and to naturalists eminently gratifying and instructive. The laboratories and working-rooms are furnished with proper tables, implements, and apparatus for purposes of investigation; trained assistants for indoor work are in attendance, and boats, nets, dredges, and boatmen are provided for outdoor work, and a good reference library of scientific books completes the resources of the establishment. Dr Dohrn is director, and an account of the work done is published from time to time, with illustrations.

Any naturalist desirous of working in the Stazione may hire a table with use of the appliances above mentioned for seventy-five pounds a year. Of the twenty tables now let, three are taken by the Prussian, and four by the Italian government; Russia has two; eight other countries in Europe each one; the British Association and the University of Cambridge have also tables. Thus students or professors can be sent by their patrons to study natural history at Naples, in confident hope that their time will be well employed.

The United States Fish Commission have recently discovered that the Spanish mackerel (*Cybius maculatum*) breeds largely in certain parts of Chesapeake Bay. Artificial propagation was tried, and with marked success: the eggs hatched within twenty-four hours after fecundation, and the young fry, though among the most minute of fishes, are described as 'hardy and easy to transport.' In consequence of this gratifying result, the experiment will be repeated next year on a great scale; and there is good reason

to believe that the Spanish mackerel, an excellent fish, will ere long be abundant in the waters south of Sandy Hook. The common periwinkle was formerly unknown on the western side of the Atlantic; but within recent years it has appeared and multiplied to a surprising extent on the coast of New England.

Professor Pickering of Harvard College Observatory, United States, in making a survey of the heavens, has discovered many, before unknown, planetary nebulae. These luminous objects are so numerous that the observer must exercise great self-control. 'The eye,' says the Professor, 'is constantly deceived, and an object thought to be a nebula is seen to be a star when the telescope is stopped.' There are some rays to which the eye appears to be especially sensitive, and the strain produced by observing a number of appearances in a second and judging and comparing, is so severe, that rest becomes necessary at the end of half an hour. The number seems incredible. Professor Pickering remarks: 'A count of the number of stars to be seen at a time in fields taken at random shews that the spectra of over ten thousand stars are often examined in this time.' Thus far, he estimates that he has observed the spectra of about a hundred thousand stars, 'although only about one-hundredth part of the heavens has as yet been explored.'

The antimony hitherto made use of in commerce has been extracted from an impure ore at a cost which has affected the price of the article, and made it as much as that of tin or copper. The chief supplies have been found in Algeria, Spain, and Ceylon. Great was the surprise, therefore, of metallurgists and smelters when, about a year ago, announcement was made that 'vast lodes of almost pure oxide of antimony' had been discovered in the province of Sonora, Mexico, not more than thirty miles from the Gulf of California. Mines have been opened with encouraging results, the metal being so plentiful that in some places it appears above ground in the form of humps and ridges. Obviously, this discovery will have a marked influence upon the production of metallic antimony, and its importance in trade.

German chemists find that a constant supply of oxygen is very favourable to fermentation; for on passing air through a fermenting mash, the number of yeast-cells is largely increased, and twice the usual quantity of liquid can be fermented. They find also that plants such as wheat, barley, and sugar-cane get rid of a certain quantity of superfluous material through their roots.

In the ordinary way of converting coal into coke there is enormous waste of what are called 'by-products,' namely, tar and ammoniacal liquor; and this waste is accompanied by annoying and hurtful effects on the surrounding neighbourhood. It has been estimated that the coke ovens in Northumberland and Durham discharge into the atmosphere in the course of a year from sixty to eighty thousand tons of sulphurous acid.

In the Report of the Royal Commission on Noxious Vapours published in 1877, we are told that 'all vegetation near coke ovens conducted on the older method suffers severely. The growth of trees is checked or destroyed, fences are killed, crops of every description are injured, cattle suffer, and upon many occasions the effect of the vapours emitted by coke ovens is terrible.' From the salubrious not less than the economical point of view, the old way of coke-making is open to condemnation. From the mineral statistics of the United Kingdom, it appears that six million tons of pig-iron are manufactured annually; and for this, seven million tons of coke are required. If this huge quantity of coke were made by the new process, the by-products would be worth more than a million pounds sterling. This handsome total is absolutely wasted in coke-making in the old way.

'It is well known,' says Mr H. Simon of Manchester, in the *Journal* of the Iron and Steel Institute, 'that there exists an almost unlimited demand for sulphate of ammonia for agricultural purposes—all the more so as the natural manures, such as guano and saltpetre, are getting scarcer and scarcer, or deteriorating with respect to the quantity of nitrogen they contain.'

By the new process, the coke is converted in an air-tight oven: the noxious gases are led through flues which heat the sides of the oven as well as the bottom, and thus produce a better quality of coke. 'The volatile products of the coal distillation rise by a gas-pipe, and pass through a range of pipes kept cool by external wetting, so that the tar and ammoniacal liquor become condensed and separated from the combustible gas.'

Foreigners, and not without reason, look upon the English as a wasteful folk. The foregoing may be taken as a striking case in point. True economy seeks ever to make the very best of that which we possess for the time being. We have heard much of late about hard times with the farmers. Mr Scott Burn, in the *Journal* of the Royal Agricultural Society, gives them an instructive chapter on the 'Utilisation of Waste Substances, and economical Management of Materials, Machines, and Appliances on the Farm.'

In connection with this, we mention that the same Society offer a gold and a silver medal to be awarded in 1881 for the best and second-best machine for binding sheaves of grain: the binder not to be wire, and the trials to take place next harvest. And they (that is, the Society) have accepted a Twenty-pound Prize offered by a Countess for an essay 'On the Benefit to Flocks and Herds which would accrue from giving them access to Running Water instead of Stagnant Ponds.'

'Ten Years' Railway Statistics' is the title of a paper in the *Journal* of the Statistical Society, full of surprising facts, and setting forth such an amount of trade and traffic throughout the kingdom as seems almost incredible. In 1869, the money receipts from first-class passengers amounted to L.3,868,000: they went up to nearly four millions and three-quarters in 1875, and then went down to the total of 1869 nearly. In the same period, second-class receipts have fallen from

nearly five million pounds to L.3,459,000. Third-class receipts, on the other hand, have more than doubled: they were L.6,837,000 in 1869; went up to L.14,246,000 in 1878, and were L.13,869,000 in 1879. Here is matter for reflection as well as surprise: the receipts from third-class passengers are considerably greater than the receipts from first and second class passengers put together. Other important gains in the ten years are on minerals and general merchandise, which shew an increase of L.10,972,000.

In a statistical paper on increase of population by Mr Price Williams, a table is given containing an estimate of the prospective increase of the population of London during three hundred and ten years from 1871. As a census is to be taken next year, we shall soon see whether the estimate of 3,708,600 for the population of London in 1881 is trustworthy or not. In 1891 it is to be, according to Mr Williams, 4,158,800; in 1901, 4,598,000; in 2001, 7,690,900; in 2101, 8,758,500; and 9,015,300 in 2181. If London fogs are distressing in our day, may we not pity the Londoners of two hundred years hence?

The Report of the Local Government Board on the adulteration of Food and Drugs for the year 1879 is satisfactory in so far as it shews some diminution of fraud; but on the other hand is unsatisfactory, for it shews that adulteration is still too largely and mischievously practised. The number of analyses made in the year by the public analysts was 17,049, and among these, 2535 cases of adulteration were detected. Coffee appears to be a favourite article with the tricky trader, for two hundred and thirty-six fraudulent samples stand highest on the list; spirits other than gin come next with two hundred and twenty-four; mustard figures for one hundred and seventy-six; drugs and butter, each one hundred and seventy-one; gin, one hundred and thirty-one; milk, one hundred and one; and bread, ninety-five. In some of the London districts the adulteration of milk is notorious; but sixty-seven samples examined in St James's, Westminster, and twenty-two in Limehouse, were all pronounced genuine. Of the large provincial towns, Birmingham 'enjoys' the most unenviable reputation, for out of sixty-two samples of milk tested, thirty-seven were adulterated; Manchester shews eighteen out of fifty-two; Liverpool, thirty-two out of one hundred and sixty; Sheffield three out of twenty-three; and Leeds, two out of thirty-four. Sometimes an alkali is added to strengthen doubtful milk; but generally the adulteration is water only, though at times, as is to be feared, bad water.

A quart of genuine milk which costs fivepence is said to be as nutritious as a pound of beef which costs tenpence. The annual quantity of milk delivered and sold in London is twenty-three million gallons, valued at two million pounds sterling. If one-fourth part of the total quantity of milk be adulterated with sixteen per cent. of water—as may be assumed from the Reports of the analysts—then Londoners are made to pay from seventy to eighty thousand pounds for water sold to them as milk. Evidently, there is ample room yet for the operation of the Act and the punishment of fraudulent dealers.

Of butterine or beef-fat, six million pounds are exported yearly from New York to Rotterdam and other ports in the north of Europe, where it is

mixed with milk and colouring matters, and undergoes a churning which makes it look like genuine butter, and is then shipped to this country for sale.

Especially deplorable in this record of dishonesty is the adulteration of drugs, whereby the medicines that should counteract disease and mitigate pain and suffering, are rendered useless if not deleterious. Base minds availing themselves of the noble science of chemistry, prostitute it to base ends, and drag it down to the arts which are most contaminated by artfulness. 'He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

The Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, whose headquarters are 17 Bloomsbury Square, have just published an *Historical Sketch of the Progress of Pharmacy in Great Britain*, which is what it purports to be, and gives 'an account of the early but unsuccessful attempts made to separate pharmacy from the practice of medicine in this country.' It begins with the days when to use medicine and practise witchcraft were regarded as one and the same thing; exposes the knaveries that flourished in the days of credulity and ignorance, some of them very amusing; presents illustrative anecdotes and biographical sketches, and shews the beginning and growth of the law for regulating the practice of medicine and sale of drugs; and further embodies a history of the endeavours 'successfully made to found an institution with the object of raising up a race of qualified men devoted to the practice of pharmacy as a distinct occupation.'

Colonel Prjévalski, an intrepid and persevering Russian, has long been engaged in exploring the unknown mountain region of Tibet, where the heights as compared with Switzerland are as Switzerland compared with Scotland. Two of the greatest of the rivers of China rise somewhere among those tallest of mountains, and at eight thousand feet above the sea, the Yellow River is already a broad swift stream. Two hundred miles of the course of this river, through Colonel Prjévalski's exertions, may now be added to geographical maps, and certainty substituted for surmise; but the explorer was baffled in his hope of reaching the 'Star-spread Sea,' an inland lake supposed to be the source of the mighty stream. Travelling in that country is no holiday pastime; everything is of the hugest and most forbidding character; and gorges, which are so deep that they cannot be crossed, but must be doubled, are so frequent, that direct advance along the course of the principal river is perpetually retarded: nothing is to be done without the most obstinate perseverance. When the Colonel's Report comes to be printed, will it inspire Alpine Clubs to follow his footsteps?

That Algeria abounds in archæological remains will perhaps surprise many readers. Major Heales, F.S.A., in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries, states that as regards ancient buildings no country in the world can compare with Algeria. 'Megalithic structures,' he says, 'are almost innumerable, some evidently monumental, of a distinct type; while of the ordinary Kit's Coty House type, a hundred might be found within the space of a few acres.' There are also many remains of Roman and Byzantine architecture; and very remarkable is the old burial-place at Tipasá, a small place on the coast about sixty miles west of Algiers. There may be seen 'literally thousands'

of stone coffins. The ground being too hard and rocky to admit of grave-digging, the coffins packed close together, and covered with stone lids, were placed on the surface. What was their origin? As Major Heales remarks: 'There is nothing whatever to give the faintest indication of the people by whom, or the period at which they were made, except that their collocation about the church, and their almost invariable position with foot to the east, may be deemed a certain indication of their Christian origin.' Evidently, a travelling antiquary, able to rough it, would have a rich field for exploration in Algeria.

Voltaire once said, referring to scientific discoveries: 'Les jeunes gens verront de belles choses.' That they have seen excellent things and in profusion, will be readily acknowledged by all who remember what science has achieved since those words were spoken. To the observant mind, each year seems more memorable than the last, for there are wider applications of accumulated experience. And if we count the tale of the present year, we find it not unworthy of those that have gone before. Something memorable must belong to the year which saw the further developments of electricity in the production of light and motive-power, and as a substitute for sunshine in the ripening of fruit—the swifter methods in telegraphy—the application of the spectroscope to astronomical research and to meteorological uses—the indications that the telephone may be employed at extreme distances—the discovery of the photophone—the renewed endeavours to send telegraphic signals through earth and water without wires—vigorous explorations in Tibet the 'inaccessible,' in the torrid regions of Africa, and the frozen core of the polar circle—the enlarging of our knowledge of meteorology—the manifold mechanical contrivances—the conversion of raw iron into good steel, and many more which will be recorded in the annals of 1880.

And now the year draws towards its close; and 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.'

NON-POISONOUS WALL-PAPERS.

Frequent protests have been made by medical men and others interested in the health of the community, against the extensive use that is made in house-decoration of papers which are coloured by preparations that contain more or less of such deleterious substances as arsenic, lead, and copper. In the green papers especially, arsenic is present to an injurious degree; and where such papers cover the walls of sitting-rooms, and more particularly bedrooms, the health of the inmates is often known materially to suffer. We have pleasure, therefore, in calling attention to the fact that non-poisonous colours may now be had for such 'destemper' work as the above. The manufacturers of these colours are Messrs Mander Brothers, of Wolverhampton and London. The colours are at once of a beautiful and inexpensive character, and, we are assured, are harmless. People are inclined to be conservative in their habits, and to be slow to adopt new proposals; but if families, when intending to re-decorate their houses, were to insist upon the workman supplying only non-poisonous colours, we have the testimony of medical men that a very constant danger to health would thereby be removed.

THE BALANCE SHEET.

ANOTHER year has passed away ;
 A New Year's morn has now begun :
 To most, it comes with joy and glee—
 To me, with none !

It comes with solemn face and grave,
 And whispers of the buried Past ;
 And bending low, it asks of me :
 'How spent, the last ?

'Where is the record of the work ?
 Where is the ledger, kept for Heaven ?
 How has the book been posted up ?
 What statement given ?'

I open it, and turn the leaves,
 And pondering, page by page explore ;
 Here, on the first, its title—clear,
 It needs no more !

The next is fairly ruled and lined,
 And even a wish for good is penned :
 How, without prayer to God for help,
 Will such wish end ?

Here is a page bears careful trace,
 Written with firmest hand and true ;
 No surface-reading critic, sure,
 Finds fault with *you* !

What stands upon this blotted page ?
 Scarce the caligraphy I know.
 Ah ! I remember ! Late I wrote—
 The light burned low.

But what now follows ? Startling fact !
 I turn the pages o'er and o'er,
 Each after each contains a *blank*,
 And nothing more !

Ah ! here at last, a well-filled page,
 Its lines in full, traced through and through ;
 You must contain some treasure trove—
 Some good in *you*.

And is it so ? Ah no ! ah no !
 I find of Earth, what's earthly here ;
 Earth's joys, earth's pleasures, earth's renown,
 On *you* appear.

I read its lengthy-worded tones,
 Its boast—what 'I' have done and do ;
 How shall I on its pompous page
 Strike balance true ?

No ! Close the book, and seal it up ;
 Anew I dare not through it go ;
 The lesson which it well has taught,
 By heart I know !

Could we but blot out of our lives
 The days and hours we've spent in vain,
 How easily might be summed up
 What would remain !

And if our years for Him were spent,
 Doing His work—*His work alone*,
 We need not fear the 'Balance Sheet,'
 When Life is done !

M. HOLDEN.

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A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

END OF SEVENTEENTH VOLUME

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 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

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